THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 38.

Business Cards.

E. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

LOOMIS & LUSH.
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 324 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Lackawanna and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS. WM. D. LUSH.
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON.
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMON.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

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

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

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

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

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Has opened an office, at the foot of Chestnut street, near the Catholic Church, where he can be consulted at all times.
Montrose, April 25, 1871. 1y

J. D. VAIL,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
E. P. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

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

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13. 1869.

O. H. HAWLEY,
DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 8, '69.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Rebel Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
may 4, 69. Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug 1 69. Great Bend, Pa.

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

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

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Shop on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1869.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints Boots and Shoes, Hats & Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes Groceries, Provisions, &c., New Milford, Pa.

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 3 p. m.
Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door south of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
SHERMAN STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stove-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being some of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1843. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug 69

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

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

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

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES, RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES,
CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS,
PLATED SAND, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES,
FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING
TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS
CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES,
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS
FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 1869. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!
CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium! Also the Great Ohio National Premium, held at Mansfield, in 1870.
And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!
The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.
The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and light and heavy grass.
One cutting apparatus is perfect. No brake and one patent knife-head. It is beyond doubt the strongest Machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being perfectly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 3, 1871.—tf SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

The Land of Tares.

Know ye the land where the Radical Vulture
Is the emblem of Satraps who rule its fair soil!
Where all is protected except Agriculture,
And labor is free—to pay taxes and toil;
Where the farmer is robbed when he sell his Production,
And robbed once again when he buys what he needs;
Where the over-gorged Vulture croaks "more" for Protection,
Where the hard-working yeoman at every pore bleeds;
Where the Bondholder sits on his throne like a vampire,
And cuts off his coupons untax'd, at his ease,
While the soldier who fought thro' flood, field and fire
Is taxed for the steel-bands screw'd on at his knees;
Where the Lion lies down with the Lamb—in his belly—
And the shoddies proclaim, "the millenium has come!"
Where Grant spreads his peace over the desolate valley—
Where Negroes make laws and Blind Justice is dumb;
Where all things are changed and a new nomenclature
Is given to all things both sides of the grave;
Where the gospel is preached to suit sordid nature,
And Hell is abolished to suit every knave;
Where "success" is the standard for right that such follow—
Where to steal half a million is glorious and bold;
Where the truth is eclipsed by the almighty dollar,"
And the Devil is worshipped in purple and gold,
Where the Eagle is down, and "E Pluribus Unum"
Is scouted, ignored and trailed in the dust;
Where the many are ruled by the few greedy new-men
Who have stamped on a nickel, in God how they trust
'Twas the Home of the Brave, 'twas the Land of the Free,
Where our sires nursed with blood fair Liberty's tree.
Must we now be all slaves in the South, in the West?
Is there, then, no refuge for the millions oppressed?
Shall thieves hold us down and rob us and keep all?
Oh! what is the remedy for the good people?
We want no new party with ideas erratic;
No, stick to the platform, the Old Democratic!
Up with the Eagle and down with the Vulture—
Make these our vows, and each day renew them!
For Free Trade, Equal Taxes, and Free Agriculture,
For God's blessing on them, and "E Pluribus Unum!"

That Line Fence.

Old Farmer Smith came home in a miff
From his field the other day,
While his sweet wife, the pride of his life,
At her wheel was spinning away.

And ever anon, a gay little song
With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
And his wrathful brow is clearing now,
Under her cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk! put away your work,
And listen to what I say:
What can I do but a quarrel brew
With the man across the way?

"I have built my fence, but he won't commence
To lay a single rail;
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin—
I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why John, dear John, how you do go on!
I am afraid it will be as they say."
"No, no, little wife, I have heard that strife
In a lawyer's hands don't pay."

"He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,
I am told that he said he would:
"And you know, long ago, law wrought me so,
I vowed that I never should.

"So what can I do, that I will not rue,
To the man across the way?"
"If that's what you want, I can help you haunt
That man with the spectre gray!

"Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,
And then you have gained a neighbor;
It will cost you more to peep in the door
Of a court, and much more labor.

"Just use your good sense—let's build him a fence
And shame bad act out of the fellow,"
They built up his part, and sent to his heart
Love's dart, where the good thoughts mellow

That very same night, by the candle light,
They opened, with interest, a letter,
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair
Said the man was growing better.

Brevities and Witicisms.

—Used up—the lightening rod.

—Song of the oyster—Keep me in my little bed.

—Nobody's child—Joshua, who was the son of Nun.

—Every good business man has his own Bismarck.

—Applicable to an angel—What on earth are you doing?

—Money that is not "hush money,"—money loaned on call.

—Never attempt to form an opinion of a woman by her sighs.

—To make both ends meet, have the butcher take out the bone.

—A Western editor reports money "close, but not close enough to be reached."

—Court is a verb, active, indicative, mood, present tense, and agrees with all the girls.

—In the question of heads or tails?—Grant invariably says tails, if they are cocktails.

—During peace a regiment is quartered; during war times it is occasionally cut to pieces.

Miscellaneous.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

There was something about Barbara that everybody liked. She was a plain little woman, with gray eyes and soft brown hair, and there wasn't a particle of personal magnetism in her voice or manner, as there ought to have been if she'd any idea of her duty as a heroine. But if you had taken one good look into those gray eyes of hers, you'd have understood at once the secret of her popularity, and that it was the overflowing love and sympathy and kindliness of her nature that so endeared her to the heart of her acquaintances. I never heard her called anything else but Barbara, and it was some time before I found out that this quaint and old fashioned name so exactly suited to her, was prefixed to the unromantic one of Smith. I don't know that it made any difference, but I should really have preferred that her ancestors had been known by some other appellation, and it was only on account of his name, as Barbara herself declared that I tried to make a match between her and Mr. Stanhope, a widower with seven children.

It was while I was teaching in K—— that I first met Barbara. The children under my charge were a noisy, ferocious set, and I was nearly worried to death that night, when she overtook me on my way home from school. She introduced herself to me without any formality (I believe she had a presentiment that I was in trouble and needed a friend,) and we soon chatted as familiarly as if we had been acquainted for years.

After that Barbara and I met often, and I grew to love her and look up to her as if she had been an elder sister. Kind as she was to everybody, she seemed to regard me with peculiar affection, and one day I found out the reason.

"You remind me so much of a friend who was dear to me years ago," she said, smiling, but with a mist in her eyes.

"O! Barbara won't you tell me who it was?" I asked, eagerly.

"You are a true daughter of Mother Eve, Kitty. You mustn't be so curious."

"But it isn't that, Barbara; I want to know something about you."

"Something about me! Is the child crazy, or does she think I'm a disguised thief or housebreaker?"

"No, no; why can't you understand? It is what you said and did when you wasn't any older than I am that I'd like to know, and why—why—why—"

"Why I never married, is that it?"

I crimsoned with shame, but there was such a roguish twinkle in Barbara's eyes, I could not help confessing that was what I meant.

"I'm as certain as can be you had ever so many offers," I said, confidently, "for I've seen your picture, taken when you were twenty; and although not extraordinary pretty (Barbara raised her hands in horror) it is the kind of face we are sure to like."

"Your candor is quite refreshing, Miss Kitty. And so you don't think I was extraordinary pretty, even at twenty?"

"Of course I don't, and why should I mind telling you so? But for all that I'm sure you had a lover, and I want to know something about him."

"It is a long story, Kitty, and a sad one," she said, her face clouding over; "but I've thought sometimes that I ought to tell it for your own good. You often imagine that Will is countried, and doesn't care as much for dress and appearance as he ought to, and it would be a lesson to you that you'd never forget, not to value such things for more than they are worth.

Will was my betrothed—a plain, honest-hearted farmer—and I loved him dearly, although he wasn't as refined and polished outwardly as I should have liked him to be.

"Never mind Will," said I, pettishly; "but tell me the story."

There was a brief silence, and then she began:

"I was just nineteen when I first met John Nelson. (I started at the sound of that name, and almost uttered an exclamation of surprise, But Barbara was too much absorbed to notice it.) He was a farmer, like Will; well educated, but rough and uncouth in his manners, and I wasn't particularly prepossessed in his favor at first. But a circumstance happened soon after our acquaintance that revealed the true character of the man, and gained him not only my gratitude but my everlasting respect and admiration.

"I had gone out skating with a gay party of friends on the river that ran past our village. The ice seemed thick enough and no one thought of danger. We were all overflowing with fun and merriment and prompted by some imp of mischief, I challenged three of the young men to a race—John Nelson was one of the number. Of the other two, one was my especial admirer, Harry Dubois, the other Mark Smith, my cousin. I was an expert skater, and so were my pursuers, and looking back a few minutes after we started, I perceived that they were gaining on me. I was in a fever of excitement; and skated on faster and faster, scarcely noticing whither I was going until, just as a cry of alarm burst from some one behind me, I sank into an airhole and disappeared beneath the ice. I have no consciousness of what happened afterward, but my friends told me that it was John Nelson who went down into the airhole and saved my life at the risk of his own. It was an act from which even a brave man might have shrunk, for the chances were that it would do no good, and that both of us would be drowned. Harry and Mark attempted to hold him back but he flung them aside and plunged into the water, and brought me out of the icy depths.

"Mark gave me the details of the scene afterward, ending with the assertion, emphatically expressed, 'John Nelson is a hero if ever there was one, and its my opinion that he worships the very ground that you tread upon. Why, his little finger is worth more than Harry Dubois, body and soul together, and if you refuse him for that jacknape, I'll never speak to you as long as I live.'"

"Nonsense!" I said, laughing, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so, I can't very well refuse any one until I am asked, can I?"

"Well, I don't know about that: women have curious ways of doing things, and I don't pretend to understand them."

"But you wouldn't have me marry a man simply because he saved me from drowning, would you?"

"Yes I would, if you couldn't find any better reason for doing so."

"From that time forth, everybody talked to me about John Nelson, and it tried me dreadfully. All my girl friends said it was so romantic, just like a story, you know, and of course, to make the finale perfect, I'd have to marry the hero. I cannot say that this idea was particularly distasteful to me, only I didn't like to have it talked about so much. I had known that John Nelson loved me even before the adventure on the ice; not that he had ever said so in exact words, but there are other ways of telling such things just as convincing. The knowledge flattered me as it would any woman, but I had no intention of accepting him, for he didn't at all come up to my idea of a husband. He was plain and uncultivated, and a farmer, too, and I decided to fix my affections upon some knightly, courtly gentleman engaged in intellectual pursuits, although to be sure I hadn't met any one as yet that answered these requirements. As for Harry Dubois, he did well enough to flirt with, and that was all.

"But somehow, I felt directly toward John Nelson from the time he saved my life. It wasn't gratitude, nor was it love, although it ripened into such a feeling. I began to think less of outward appearance, and more of the truth and innate worth that was in this man. At first we were shy and distant when we met, and I don't think he understood a word of what I said when I tried to thank him for saving my life, we were both so embarrassed. It was not any wonder either, considering that we knew exactly what people were saying about us, and that everything we ought to do was already planned beforehand. But the weeks went by, and our reserve wore off, and when in early spring John Nelson asked me to be his wife, I was as happy a girl as ever drew breath. I forgot that he was rough and uncouth, and a farmer, I knew that I loved him, and that he was strong, and true, and self-reliant. I didn't give so much as a single sigh to my lost ideal; John Nelson, just as he was satisfied all the needs of my nature. Oh! if I could have felt thus always. But I did not. I was weak enough to place him in contrast with one of more polished exterior and to feel mortified at the choice I had made.

"Early in June a traveling artist took up his quarters in our village, for the purpose of making a few sketches of the picturesque hills and valleys lying around us.

He was a man of graceful, courtly bearing, who had mingled in the best society that Europe or America afforded, and who could interest one for hours with descriptions of the scenes and places he had visited. Although, on reflecting upon his character since, I am convinced he possessed unbounded egotism, but he disguised it in such a way that it was rather attractive than otherwise. From the very first, I was his special favorite.

"No one understands me so well," he said. "The rest are cold and practical; you are an enthusiast, full of fire and imagination, and read my heart like an open book. You follow me in the wildest flights of fancy, and sympathize with all my aspirations. Ah, Barbara, you have the true poet soul."

"Full of pride and delight, I listened to this high-flown language and began to feel dissatisfied with my lover that he didn't talk to me in that style. For the highest praise that John had ever bestowed upon me was to call me his 'neat little housewife,' and he never said a word to me about poetry or imagination. He seemed to think that plain, practical, every-day common sense was all that was necessary in this life, and to have no conception of the higher needs of one's nature. Then, too, Paul Leslie was so polite and chivalrous; and paid me such delicate little attentions; why couldn't John do the same? His awkwardness jarred on my nerves terribly and there were times when I couldn't help showing it. I tried not to think of it, and to comfort myself with the knowledge of his sterling worth and integrity, but didn't succeed very well. Nor did it help the matter any that Paul seemed to regard me in the light of a martyr, about to be led to the stake. I don't mean that he said so, he was too courteous for that, but looks are often more eloquent than words.

"Matters went on in this way for some time, and as my intimacy with Paul progressed, the breach between John and myself widened. I never thought then, weak fool that I was, that it was my vanity to which Paul ministered, and not the spiritual hunger that we talked about so much. But so it was, and I understood it all afterwards, and how far inferior to John this Paul Leslie was in all that constitutes true manliness. John didn't say much, but I was convinced that he felt our estrangement deeply, and I believe it made me a little wretched, for a way down in my heart I loved him still, and it frightened me to think of losing him. But I was wayward and perverse, and couldn't see what a reckless course I was pursuing, and that even a patient, forbearing heart like his might be tried too far. And so the bitter end to all my folly came at last.

"Everything that happened that day is written on my brain in letters of fire. I had been out in the woods with Paul, and was more than ever dissatisfied with such a future as John could offer me, when he came in, looking white and stern, and without a word of greeting, said, "Barbara, this must not go on any longer; Paul Leslie is neither a good nor an honest man, and I will not have him so intimate with my betrothed wife."

"You will not?" I exclaimed angrily.

"And how will you help yourself, I should like to know? Do you imagine that because you are jealous, I'm going to give him up, the only friend in the world that truly appreciates me?"

"Listen to me, Barbara; I know this man better than you do. He is not what you think him. He has imposed upon you with his false, insidious words."

"Stop!" I interrupted, "I will not hear anything more. He is a gentleman, and I have wished a hundred times that you were more like him."

"God help me! is it possible?" And he staggered as if some one had struck him a blow. "Are you in earnest? Do you really mean what you say?"

My heart relented, but I was too proud to let him see it, and so I said coldly: "I am in the habit of saying what I mean."

"And you won't give this friendship up even to please me?" he asked in tones of pathos and entreaty.

"I will not, John Nelson."

"Then, Barbara," he said, in a low husky voice, "we must separate. I give you back your freedom. God bless you and make you happy."

"And before I could realize the meaning of these words, he was outside of the door and far down the street. But after a momentary feeling of terror, I consoled myself with the reflection that I should see him again in the morning, and that everything would be explained. I was mistaken. He never returned, and from that day to this, John Nelson has been to me as one of the dead."

Barbara paused, as if overcome with emotion.

"But where did he go? What became of him?" I asked softly.

"I never heard, except that he had sold out his farm within a day or two afterward, and was reported to have sailed for South America. And then, Kitty, when I had lost him forever, I knew how I loved him, and in my agony of remorse would have humbled myself before him and begged for his love and forgiveness, had I been able to find him. Too late I understood the noble, generous heart that I had trampled under my feet. Like mocking ghosts, the harsh and cruel words I had said to him rose up before me, and my punishment seemed almost greater than I could bear."

"I fairly hated the sight of Paul Leslie after John left, for I felt that the shipwreck which I had made of my happiness was mainly owing to his influence. He returned to the city in the beginning of Autumn, and I actually felt relieved when he went away. I heard afterward, but don't know how true it was, that he had a wife and two children."

"But there is one thing, Barbara, that you haven't told me," said I, eagerly. "Did all this happen in K——, or somewhere else?"

"Hadn't I ever told you, Kitty, that I was born and brought up in the little village of N——, Massachusetts, thousands of miles from here. My mother died before I was a year old, and when a few months after John's disappearance, I lost my father, I sold out everything, for I wanted to get away from the painful associations connected with N——, I traveled for a year or two, and then settled down in K——, where I have been living ever since, doing what little I can to retrieve the folly and weakness of my girlhood."

"But didn't you ever think that John Nelson might come back sometime. And what would you do if such a thing were to happen, and he too had remained faithful and wanted you to marry him?"

"O! Kitty, don't?" and a few hot tears fell from Barbara's eye.

I was penitent in a moment. "Forgive me," I entreated. "How could I be so thoughtless!"

She kissed me but said nothing, and so by tacit agreement the subject was dropped between us.

But that night in the privacy of my own room, I wrote a long letter, traitor that I was, full of all that Barbara had told me, and that letter commenced: "My Dear Uncle," and was subscribed "Your Affectionate Niece," and, the strangest part of all, was directed on the outside to "John Nelson." Ah! Barbara, you little thought that while you were telling me of your own sad past, you were explaining a mystery that had puzzled me for years—why my bachelor uncle had never married. And I had more right than you knew of to look like your lost lover, for I was the child of his only sister.

I was in a fever of excitement after sending that letter, and began to haunt the post-office long before an answer could have possibly arrived. But I did not have to wait many days, for one night, just as I was dismissing my pupils, Uncle John walked into the school-room. Almost before I had time to greet him he said:

"O, Kitty! where is Barbara! You can't think what your letter has done for me. After I came back from South America I tried to find out what had become of her, and whether she was married or not; but everybody in N——, had lost all trace of her. Let us go to her at once."

I could not help smiling at his lover-like eagerness.

Fortunately we found her at home. I wanted to go in first alone and prepare her for what was coming; but Uncle John would not hear a word of it, and so we entered the parlor together. She was sitting by the window, and came forward at once.

"Dear Barbara," said I, without waiting for greeting, "let me introduce you to my uncle."

She turned and reached forth her hand in welcome, but meeting his look steadily fixed upon her face, started back.

"Don't you know me, Barbara?" he cried, holding out his arm, and then, well, I'm sure I can't tell you what happened then, for I didn't wait to see."

I ran out of the room, and it was more than an hour afterward when Barbara came to me, looking fairly radiant, and said: "You little witch! why didn't you tell me that John Nelson was your uncle? I've a good mind not to forgive you."

"But you must, and thank me besides," retorted I, "for just think of it, if it hadn't been for me you'd have been Barbara Smith to the end of your days."

She laughed and blushed just like a young girl, and looked prettier than I had ever seen her before. I can't help thinking from observation made on that occasion, that happiness has a wonderfully rejuvenating effect.

Uncle John went home in a day or two, but somehow it began to be whispered about in K——, that Barbara had a beau, and was about to be married, and no one was surprised therefore, when that really happened. She was more generally known and loved than anybody else there, but Uncle didn't feel called upon to sacrifice her to public good; he "needed a wife worse than K—— did an old maid," he declared.

Both Will and Barbara urged me so that I concluded to be married at the same time that she was, and I can't say that I have had any reason to regret it since. But you've no curiosity to hear about my affairs, and as I have disposed of my heroine in the legitimate way adopted by all story-tellers, I'll merely say in conclusion that she makes an excellent wife and housekeeper, and isn't the least bit "fussy" or "old-maidish."

Dickens' First Night in Boston.

How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe. He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land on first arriving at a Trans-atlantic hotel. "Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentleman came forward to greet him. Ah, how happy and buoyant he was then. Young, handsome, almost worshipped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honor—surely it was a sight long to be remembered and never wholly to be forgotten. The splendor of his endowments and the personal interest he had won to himself called forth all the enthusiasm of old and young America, and I am glad to have been among the first to witness his arrival. You ask me what was his appearance as he ran—or rather flew—up the steps of the hotel, and sprang into the hall. He seemed all on fire with curiosity, and alive as I never saw mortal before. From top to toe every fibre of his body was unrestrained and alert. What vigor, what keenness, what freshness of spirit, possessed him. He laughed all over, and did not care who heard him! He seemed like the Emperor of Cheerfulness on a cruise of pleasure, determined to conquer a real or two of fun every hour of his overflowing existence. That night impressed itself on my memory for all time, so far as I am concerned with things sublunary. It was Dickens, the true "Boz," in flesh and blood, who stood before us at last, and with my companions, three or four lads of my own age, I determined to sit up late that night. None of us then, of course, had the honor of an acquaintance with the delighted stranger, and I little thought that I should afterwards come to know him in the heaton way of friendship and live with him day after day in years far distant; that I should ever be so near to him that he would reveal to me his joys and his sorrows, and thus that I should learn the story of his life from his own lips.

About midnight on that eventful landing "Boz"—everybody called him "Boz" in those days—having finished his supper, came down into the office of the hotel, and joining the young Earl of M——, his fellow voyager, sallied out for a first look at Boston streets. It was a stinging night, and the moon was at the full. Every object stood out sharp and glittering, and "Boz," muffled up in a shaggy fur coat, ran over the shining frozen snow, wisely keeping the middle of the street for the most part. We boys followed cautiously behind, but near enough not to loose any of the fun. Of course the gentlemen soon lost their way on emerging into Washington from Tremont street. Dickens kept up one continuous shout of uproarious laughter as he went forward reading the signs on the shops, and observing the "architecture" of the new country into which he had dropped as if from the clouds. When the two arrived opposite the "Old South Church," Dickens screamed. To this day, Jack, I could never tell why. Was it, think you, because of its fancied resemblance to St. Paul's or the Abbey? I declare to you that the mystery of that shout is still a mystery to me! If bell-handles had been noses during that rollicking ramble, what a quantity of Boston features would have been disturbed that night! Dickens seemed unable to keep his fingers off the inviting door knobs that protruded from the doors as he went past, and he pulled them with such vigor that one actually came off in his hand. Up one street, down another, into alleys, through back yards, we saw the merry twain proceed. It was evident to us they had not the remotest suspicion how they were ever to find their way back to the Tremont House. Not a watchman was discernable, and we felt it would be reserved for us to guide them back to their lodgings. About one o'clock they approached us and asked their way to the hotel. The Earl put the question to our party, and Dickens spoke never a word, but stood by beaten his hand feet for warmth, the night having grown fiercely cold. Delighted with our luck, we volunteered to pilot the lost pair to Tremont, and only wished we had miles to walk back with them instead of only a few blocks. When we got near the steps of the hotel, Dickens turned to one of our party and asked, "What is the punishment in this city when a person is detected in the act of pulling off a door-bell handle?" With admirable promptness, the lad looked him knowingly in the eye, and answered, "The heaviest possible, sir; he is instantly deprived of his Pickwick!"

—From the Atlantic Monthly.

—At Nashville, Tenn., Judge Baxter has decided the State tax on lawyers to be unconstitutional. The Legislature ordered a tax of $50 per annum as privilege to be levied on the lawyers; one of them, named Colyer, paid the tax under protest and sued for its recovery; the suit resulting in this decision. The matter will be carried to the Supreme Court.

—Why does a railroad conductor punch a hole in your ticket—because you can't pass through without.

Love in the Oil District.

In Clarion county, near the celebrated oil districts known as Parker's Landing, and not a great distance from where the Clarion river mingles its pellucid waters with the swift-rolling tide of the Allegheny, has lived for years a man named Howitt, who coming to the country in its humble existence by following his profession of horse-shoeing, managed to eke out a bare maintenance.

When the oil excitement brought numbers of speculators to that section of Pennsylvania, it was discovered that the blacksmith's farm was a series of oil wells, and he sold it for a large sum, purchasing for himself a stylish residence in the neighborhood.

Here, with his only daughter Laura, now of marriageable age, he lived happily until fate threw in his daughter's way an affinity—a young man named Harry Richardson, a driller by occupation, and as poor as a church mouse.

She sought his society (her father had long since forbidden his coming to the house,) and hardly a day passed but she was seen in the derrick, watching the pulsations of the walking beam and her own heart at the same time, and listening to his stories of adventures by flood and (oil) field.

"She loved him for the danger he had passed," and he loved her because she believed his yarns, and no one else would.

Finally, one fine day, as he had just finished a terrible recital of escape from death by a falling sand-pump pulley, she shrieked, and said she "wished that Heaven had made her such aman," when Harry abandoned the timber crew rope and caught the fair Laura to his petroleum-stained bosom wiped the benzine from off his brow and lips, kissed her, and said:

"I am the man!"

While enjoying the few moments succeeding their betrothal—blissful moments that only come twice in a man's lifetime; once when he finds his mother's preserves, and the other as mentioned—the lovers were startled by the entrance of the village blacksmith, who seized his daughter, and without a word to the disconsolate Henry, carried Laura home and locked her up.

Days passed without communication between the lovers, and while Laura grew thin, Henry experienced bad luck. His tools got lost; the sand-pumps bursted, and his heart promised soon to follow suit.

But just here a happy thought struck him. Outside the derrick was several hundred feet of gas-pipe. He could not lay a telegraph wire, but he might lay a pipe line to Mr. Laura's house, through which, perchance, two hearts could "beat as one," and hold communion sweet, in spite of the free pipe bill.

No sooner suggested than acted upon. That night he laid six hundred and eighty-one feet of half inch gas pipe under ground, between his derrick and the prison of his betrothed.

A happy junction with the eave-spout was effected during the next night, and shortly afterwards messages were sent and received between the lovers, Laura having brought the end of the water pipe close to her window, and Henry had his end of the line directly beneath his pillow, where after he was "off tour," he would whisper words of undying affection, that only ended when he fell asleep and the pipe slipped out of his hand.

But while "love giggled at the locksmith," the blacksmith was prepared to snort right out at love.

One day while Laura was at dinner, her father had, while looking around the room, discovered the misplaced pipe, and, while gazing with a critic's eye, at the strange spectacle, was more startled by the soft words, coming apparently from the cistern:

"Laura, dear is the old man at home?"

Mr. Howitt smelt a mouse.

He did more than that—he inhaled the genuine odor of a wharf rat; but saying nothing, descended the stairs, and returned with a pint of oily-looking liquid, which he handled with extreme care.

Making a cartridge of paper that would hold nearly all the mixture, he inserted it into the pipe several feet, and then placing a bar of iron upon the cartridge, called loudly enough to be heard through cartridge, pipe and all:

"Henry, my dear, are you there?"

Quickly came the faint reply:

"Yes, Laura."

"Place your ear at the hole, Henry."

Here the parent raised a sledge hammer and struck the iron rod.

An earthquake followed, before the echoes of which had rolled away, could be seen the disappearance of an engine house in mid-air, followed by the gable end of the Howitt mansion.

Now for the sequel.

In his anxiety to see "how it was himself," old Howitt remained too near the pipe, and when the glycerine went off, he did also, and was picked up in Armstrong country a few days later.

But where was Henry.

Instead of applying his ear to the hole he had stepped to the derrick a moment, during which the explosion occurred. He was only stunned and a few moments later met his betrothed running to see if he was hurt.

They fled at once to a neighboring justice of the peace, and were married.

They have patched up the old house, and are happy, through the mysterious disappearance of their father was a subject of conversation for months after.

This is the story, as told to us by an old man who lives near. Henry and Laura heard the noise and also saw where the ground had been torn up by the father's vengeful experiment.

If any one doubts this story, the derrick is still to be seen.

—A large amount of the property of the Mississippi and Pacific Railroad Company, but not including any railroad stock, was advertised for sale in St. Louis on Saturday morning, to satisfy unpaid tax bills amounting to $24,500. The sale took place on Tuesday, the 29 of August.

—Why does the gorilla prefer the tropics to any other part of the world? Because it is the only place he can call his zone.