THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 4, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 40.

Business Cards.

B. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

LOOMIS & LUSK.
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 124 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS. WM. D. LUSK.
Scranton, Sept. 7th, 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; Cute brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzie—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 23, 1871. 1y

J. D. VAIL,
HOMŒOPATHIC 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.
L. F. 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 B. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
B. 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. M. 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 Claims attended to. Office 2 doors below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 4 6t Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug 1 6t 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.—Foot of 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, etc., 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 8 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 north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
BENJAMIN 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, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Fishing Tackle, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—Keeping one of the most numerous, attractive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [ap'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 special 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 RAILSPIKES. RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES. CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS, PLATED BANDS, 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 PAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 21, 1871. 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 Premiums, held at Mansfield, in 1870.
Also 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.
The cutting apparatus is perfect. No broke and one second 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.

County Institute.

Mottoes repeated by members of County Institute, held at Susquehanna Depot, at roll-call on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, August 30 and 31, 1871:

"How the home brightens where the heart presides."

"Good counsel is like unto well-water, that must be drawn up with pump or bucket; ill counsel is like to conduit water which, if the cock be but turned, runs out alone."

"Pride lurks in the folds of a drab dress as well as in one of crimson or green."

"There is nothing like trying."

"Educate men and you keep them from crime."

"Study to be quiet and to do your own business."

"The mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceedingly small.
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

"Better it is to be humble in spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud."

"Commit thy works unto the Lord and thy thoughts shall be established."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Be true in word and deed."

"Moments tarry not for improvement."

"Never let present duties go unfinished."

"Be not weary in well-doing."

"Beauty unaccompanied by virtue is as a flower without perfume."

"It is easier to preach than to practice."

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blessed,
But, O what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn."

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there,
There is no household howsoe'er defended,
But finds one vacant chair."

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

"Love God and love thy brother man;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power."

"Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience come what may,
Alike with earth and heaven sincere,
With heart and brow and bosom clear,
Fear God and know no other fear."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility."

"Kind words cost little and are worth much."

"Cheerful looks make every dish a feast, and 'tis that crowns a welcome."

"All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits."

"Right learned is ye pedagogue,
Full apt to read and spell,
And cke to teach ye parts of speech,
And strap ye urchins well.
For as 'tis meet to soak ye feet,
Ye aching head to mend,
Ye yonker's pate to stimulate
We beats ye other ende."

"If the sun shines make the most of it, if it rains, let it rain."

"Position is one thing, defining it another."

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

"Learn to unlearn what you have learned amiss."

"Order is Heaven's first law."

"It was by dilligence and perseverance that the mouse ate the cable into."

"Independence should be our aim."

"Example better than precept."

"Judge not that ye be not judged."

"Order and method render all things easy."

"To hope and to shrive
Is the way to thrive."

"All is not gold that glitters,"

"Work while the day lasts."

"Speak well of a friend, of an enemy say nothing."

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

"Discretion is the perfection of wisdom."

"He that scoffs at the crooked has need to go very upright himself."

"Be thou first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who stays till *all* befriend."

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds aim the archer little meant,
And many a word at random spoken,
May wound or heal a heart that's broken."

"Keep an inventory of your friends, rather than your goods."

"Forgiveness is the noblest revenge."

"One kind word will gain more friends than ten angry ones."

"A word fully spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"When the head says 'I will,' fate folds her hands."

"Train a child in the way he should go."

"Try to improve the time well."

"Be not weary in well-doing."

"Books like friends should be well chosen."

"Whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"The faults of others should always remind us of our own."

"A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity."

"Work for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon,
Till brightest hours with labor,
Rest cometh sure and soon;
Give every playing minute
Something to keep in store,
Work for the night is coming
When man works no more."

"Better live well than long."

"Study makes learned men, practice makes wise."

"A wise head keeps a close mouth, but fools are known by their much babbling."

"Wisdom is better than riches."

"As education is the main pillar upon which our Country rests, every teacher should give his best efforts to promote its welfare."

"What reason have the people of Pittsburgh to complain of our manner of conducting this Institute?

ANSWER.—For dice (Fordyce Allen) often settle momentous questions when the whole (Hull) of Pittsburgh is here ready to answer."

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

"One to-day is worth two to-morrows."

"We are never too old to learn."

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

"O wad some power the gifte gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,
Fae mony a blunder it would free us
And silly notion."

"Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones."

"Nothing is so bad as not to be good for something."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"The grain of Heaven lies within the breast as the germ of the blossom within the shut seed."

"Wise men lay up knowledge."

"Hasty climbers have sudden falls."

"A little nonsense now and than
Is relished by the best of men."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—it might have been."

"Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all."

"The highest test of character is the right use of authority."

"Never cross a bridge before you come to it, this will save half the trouble of life."

"It matters not how long we live, but how."

"Teaching school is a business both pleasant and good,
When the schools are quiet and there's plenty of wood,
But when scholars are ugly and the wood is out,
It is the meanest business there is about."

"Success is the product of the sum of our years multiplied by our good actions."

"Our cares are all to-day; our joys are all to-day; and one little word, our life, what is it but to-day!"

"Better to be brief than tedious,"

"He is well paid who is satisfied."

"Knowledge is power."

"I am nothing if not critical."

"Perseverance always conquers."

"By others faults wise men correct their own."

"The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance."

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

"A lie will run a mile while truth is putting on his boots."

"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

"Observation is the best teacher."

"Strive to learn from all things."

"Knowledge is modest, cautious and pure;
Ignorance boastful, conceited and sure."

"Govern your temper or it will govern you."

"There is a pleasure that is born of pain, the grave of all things hath its violet."

All honor to the enterprising citizens of beautiful Susquehanna for their magnificent hall, their splendid library, and their excellent public school buildings.

Miscellaneous.

An Old Maids' Society.

HOME AIR "O. M.," SPOKE OUT IN MEETING—WAS AFTERWARD WOOED, WON AND MARRIED.

Sioux City last winter had an Old Maids' Society, and they had a dinner, and speeches and a general vowing all round that they would lead a single life, and eschew the naughty men forever. But, it is said there is generally a black sheep in the flock, and so it seemed there was one in this. While vowing vengeance on the male sex, these decaying sisters were dumfounded by one of their number, Miss Panthea L. Kennedy, who arose and most charmingly flung into their midst the following bit of treason to celibacy:

"Sisters in waiting—all for husbands—we have met because we can't help ourselves, to celebrate this as a day of thanksgiving, as appointed by the Chief Magistrate. But tell me, is it to us really a day of thanksgiving? No, sisters—rather should we call it a day of mourning—and for what? For husbands? Yes, sisters, for husbands, which we feel we need (at least I do,) and also much desire. Talk to me about woman's right! We have all the rights we desire, if the men would only propose. Why don't the men propose, mamma, why don't the men propose? I don't know how you feel about it, but I know if the right man comes along and makes me an offer I won't be at your next Old Maids' dinner. No, sisters, you may talk as you will about woman's independence, it is all folly; we are always dependent, and upon man.

You may say what you like as to our being man's helpmate, or nature's noblest work, all of which man will grant us? But what pleasure or happiness can we have in our weary pilgrimage through life without man's protecting hand and care over us? None, sisters, none; and let others do as they will; for me, I am determined to have one. And I will here volunteer a piece of gratuitous advice; that is, for each of you to go and do likewise. What other relation in life so honorable as a man's companion—the wife of a loving, kind, affectionate husband? None, and in order to become such let us cultivate and practice all the virtues that so adorn our station, and that man so much admires, and my word for it, we will find husbands worthy of us. We know that men love us; know that, in our smile exists the poet's inspiration and the poet's reward; and we also know that for us patriots have died. Man is never so happy as when in our company, or rendering us a favor and why is it that each of us can't have one? Let us see to it while it is called to-day, so that when another Thanksgiving Day rolls around there will not be an old maid in Sioux City."

Behold her reward!

MARRIED.

IRVINE—KENNEDY.—At the residence of Hon. A. W. Hubbard, Sioux City, on Tuesday evening, June 27, by Rev. E. H. Avery, Mr. William D. Irvine and Miss Panthea L. Kennedy.

Ann Forret.

The following romance is told by an exchange: "This is the history of Ann Forret, who has sat knitting in the Court House at Syracuse for several terms of the Circuit Court. Seventy years ago she was born in Scotland, at Perth. When she was fifteen years old, she married a servant in her father's house and her parents discarded her. Her husband abused her and abandoned her, and then she became housekeeper to the Archibishop of Tuam, and after-wards travelled through Europe as maid to the widow of Sir John Moore. She saved money, married again (her for-ner husbend being dead) and came to this country thirty years ago, bringing with her $5,000 in gold. Her husband was a drunkard, squandered all her money, and then died. She worked hard, saved money and built a little cottage with her own hands at Syracuse, where she lived with her little son, the child of her second husband. After a while she married again, but her life was made unhappy by some meddling women who caused trouble between man and wife; part of her property was sold on an execution against her husband, procured by his connivance. She would live with him no longer, but went to work in her old way and soon had several thousand dollars invested in real estate. Her son was tenderly attached to her, and when one day not long ago a man insulted her he knocked him down, and an action for assault and battery was brought against him, there being no legal defence. She was told that it was very uncertain when the trial would come on, and so went every day to the court house, where she sat knitting and watching, while her son was away at work. On the very day when the case was called she was taken ill, and was unable to attend court. Her attorney knew nothing of her illness, her son was away expecting to be notified when wanted, and the plaintiff carried his case. The poor old lady is again plunged into trouble, and has got to that stage of life where all wants is to get her son and take him away with her to her old home in Scotland.

A California Monte Christo.

George Alfred Townsend, in a San Francisco letter to the Chicago *Tribune*, gives the account of a prominent Californian:

Alvinza Hayward is the hero of a story equal to "Monte Christo." He is a Vermonter, who operated with a man named Chamberlain in a gold lead which was full of indications, but yielded nothing tangible. Chamberlain at last went away disconsolate, giving Hayward all his interest. The latter worked at the thing for months, and was buried deeper into the ground, but at last his family was next to starving, all his laborers left him, and he knew of no friend in the world except Chamberlain.

"My God!" he said to this man, who had meantime been engaged in stock raising; "I am on the verge of a great strike. I know it. Can't you give me a little money?"

Chamberlain had been on the verge several times himself, and he shook his head sadly. But he had $3,000, his all, buried under a haystack, and he went and dug it up.

"Take it, old fellow," he said, with Californian heartiness, "do your best."

With the money Hayward recommenced and he had worked until it was all spent, and his men were reduced to a bag of beans for nourishment, when to the eye of hope the precious ore blazed suddenly up, yielding the first products of the Amadore mine, the richest in the world. When this mine was paying $40,000 a month, Hayward made over to his friend one perfect third of it. Chamberlain retired upon $1,500,000 and moved east to educate his children, Hayward buying back the whole. Finally, even Hayward grew tired, and he sold out the mine to a stock company of which Gen. Colton is President. The mine will make $450,000 net this year, and Colton said last week: "The Amador mine will hold out longer than he will."

Do not Forget your Pocket Book.

Don Piatt, of Cincinnati, is not an encouraging man to trust with a lady, it seems from an account of a droll misadventure which he gives in the Galaxy. He writes:

"I never left a depot yet that somebody was not put under my care. I don't know why this is; I suppose it is something in my countenance; if I knew what, I would have it extracted. I don't like having unprotected females and schoolboys and girls turned over to me. It's a little hard on a man. And what is the good of it? Nobody needs protection; if any one does it is a benevolent, good looking, innocent sort of man—such as the writer of this.

"I was leaving on the morning train once from Philadlphia, when a respectable looking old scoundrel in gold rimmed glasses asked me to take charge of his daughter. She could have taken charge of me. She was thirty if a day, with a face that had been on the offensive for ten years. I'd like to see any man attack that woman; I'd go odds ten to one on the scratch.

"The old fellow seemed to be in a great hurry, and thrusting the lady under my arm left the cars and drove off. In a thin, angular voice that was meant to be very sweet and was not, she asked me to take her pocket book and get the necessary ticket. I left the car for that purpose, but when I approached the opening where the ticket agent kept in solitary confinement, snaps at the world outside, I found that I had left my pocket-book under my pillow at the hotel, and what was worse, my watch with it. I had about twenty minutes, and jumping into a hack I promised the driver ten dollars if he would get to the hotel and back in time for the train. He started off at a furious rate, ran over an apple stand, crippled a venerable gentleman on the corner opposite, and in less than the time stated I and the driver found ourselves marched off to the station in the hands of the police. We were taken before a corpulent Justice of the Peace, who had as much adipose in his head as most men carry about their muscles, and it took the old fellow just two hours to try, reprimand and fine us for our drunken and disorderly conduct. Of course the train went off with my charmer. It went off without her pocket book. I never saw her again, although I made diligent search and advertised in the daily papers. But one unfortune day, some months after, I encountered a male member of her family, who made some serious charges against me connected with the desertion of a lady and stealing her pocket book. I tried to explain, but failing to get my words in satisfactorily, was forced to make an assault on this male member of her family that ended in some black eyes and bloody noses.

"Now, what was the good of putting that aged female under my care? It only led to her giving me that pocket book and the catastrophe that followed. She could just as well have gone off on the Pennsylvania Central without as with me. The thing is an outrage. If people want to put their females under the care of anybody, let them try the conductors—they are hired for such purposes—and not impose on innocent passengers."

—Fought out on this line.—*D. S. G.*

Valley Forge.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from Valley Forge, says:

Valley Forge is in a deep hollow on the west side of the Schuykill river, twenty-two miles from Philadelphia, lying directly at the mouth of a small stream known as Valley Creek. Here about the year 1740 a forge was established by Isaac Potts, a member of the family that settled Pottsgrove or Pottstown, from which it afterwards took the name of Valley Forge. In October 1777, Washington (who was encamped about fourteen miles above Philadelphia, where he marched shortly after the disastrous battle of Brandywine,) resolved to march his troops into winter quarters at the Forge, which was unquestionably the most secure spot in Eastern Pennsylvania. I do not intend, however, to write up American history, but would advise my readers, in the language of Captain Cuttle, to "overhaul the books, and, when found, make a note of it."

The first thing, of course, for a stranger to see is Washington's Headquarters, a a small two and a half story house, made of a peculiar brown colored stone, supposed to have been built about 1752. It is now inhabited by Hannah Ogden, who was born in it, and has lived there more than sixty years. She is always pleased to see visitors, and they are courteously shown over the house from cellar to garret, if they wish it. On the second floor is a small room said to have been used as a bedroom by Washington. Innumerable closets and secret receptables for papers, etc., are to be found in every corner. As we pass out of the house a large, old-fashioned clock, standing in the corner of the hall, attracts our attention, made, as the superscription states, by "Thomas Wagner, London," but with no date.

The fortification is about one half a mile off. Just on the other side are two large hills, covered by dense woods, known as Mount Joy and Mount Misery. It is popularly believed that Washington, having been lost on the latter mount, carefully spread his cloak, *a la* Sir Walter Raleigh, and kneeling, offered up an elaborate prayer, and immediately found his way to Mount Joy, where a party was searching for him. Hence the name of the hills.

About a mile beyond the Forge, on the land of Dr. J. N. Piersol of Philadelphia, is a large oak tree, through the trunk of which a cannon ball is said to have passed, and under it a Continental soldier lies buried.

How to live Happy.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is much human nature and good sense it it:

"Harmony in the married state is the very first object to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affection uninterrupted, but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other as of more value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life! And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has their pouch into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete, It would puzzle either to say why; because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affections wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant, and if important, let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of reviving the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence."

The Uses of Prosperity.

Those who have risen to prosperity by steady industry and sagacity in obtaining money seldom part with that universally esteemed and valuable ruler of destiny without securing to themselves some fully adequate or superior reward for the so-called gift, which, in nine cases out of ten, is grudgingly bestowed, and which will in time call for its pound of flesh near the heart.

Prosperity proves a blessing of a curse to ourselves in proportion to the means by which it has been secured and the manner in which it is employed. Some men rise with the occasion. If their wealth increases, liberality expands their hearts and the stream of their beneficence flows outward to deserving objects. Others become contracted and cramped by the desire for still greater gain; the more they accumulate the more thirsty do they grow for gold, and this consuming and devouring greed made them ineffably mean in small things, while in more important matters their show of liberality and generosity is but a quicksand, or a mirage, which cheats the unwary and substitutes bitter disgust for gratitude in the seeming receipients of their favor.

There are many cases of men who, having risen to affluence by hard and untiring industry, retain a strong feeling for those seeking to rise in the same way, and who are always ready to lend a helping hand to struggling merits. Such men, even if they are but few; cheer the hearts of many and stimulate the efforts of others who are cognizant of their liberality. Were there more of them in high places (wealth being regarded as the criterion of elevation) swayed by this same generous and liberal spirit, how many tears would be wiped from the eyes of the oppressed; how gladly would they exchange a feeling of injured pride, repulsive suspicion for one of unmingled admiration and gratitude, only ceasing with their lives.—*Philadelphia Record.*

[Nevada City (Cal.) Cor. of Sacramento Union.]

A Baby Show.

Walking quietly along Broad street last Wednesday evening, I became aware of an unusual excitement. Small boys, large men, curious women and slouchy Chinamen clustered thickly along the sidewalks all gazing expectantly toward the head of the street. Presently a sort of procession made its appearance in the distance. A band of diminutive hoodlums, exceedingly ragged, vociferous and dirty, accompanied the procession, beside themselves with delight and sadly marring the artistic beauty of the affair. Shouts of applause rent the air mingled with much lesser exclamations as these: "Hooray for the youngsters! Oh! the dear, sweet darlings. Bet your life. Ain't they lovely? Help catch 'em young un, me shabee, you bet! How's that for high? Bully for us? Sakes alive! Hear 'em squall." I stood for some time uncertain whether to stand or fly, until a man who knew what it all meant kindly informed me that I wouldn't get hurt if I kept cool, and didn't write anything about the affair to the *Sacramento Union*—that the procession was only a method devised by some ladies of showing the people of the town what kind of babies they had in their midst. The procession passed down Commercial and Main Streets, turned the block and came up Broad street again. I took my stand in front of the National Hotel as it passed for the last time, and took notes. There was a line of carriages drawn by little girls, and supported at the back by still smaller feminines. In the carriages were babies—lots of them—dressed to kill; fat, dimpled, chubby little innocents, and withal, as pretty as babies are in the habit of getting to be. Handsome and bewitching grown-up girls accompanied the procession, kept in countenance by benignant matrons. No prettier or more inspiring sight could have been desired, and so everybody seemed to think. More men came and stared. More little hoodlums hooted and yelled. More handsome girls got on the sidewalks and said "Oh, my!" Matrons looked benignly at their husbands; husbands looked tenderly at their wives, and scornfully and derisively at bashful young men. Bashful young men felt very badly because the handsome girls would look at them—oh! so tenderly and reproachfully—and wanted to sink down out of sight through knot-holes and cracks in the sidewalk, but not being quite able to make the rifle, rushed off to saloons, and soothed their wounded feelings with brandy straights and cigars pondering meanwhile projects of daring ambition, until grim determination and a resolve to do or die became visible in all their countenances. Altogether it was a great occasion, and the baby-show a success in every way.

Corn Husking and Harvesting Machines.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* gives the following account of a machine invented by a clergyman, which, if successful, will do away with cutting and husking corn by hand:

The machine is on two wheels and drawn by two horses. It operates on the outside row of corn, passing continuously around the field. The stalks in each hill are all cut off at once by two circular cutters, revolving towards each other, at the front of the machine. The stalks are carried thence, butts first, by revolving arms and an endless apron to a pair of fluted rollers, which grasp the stalks and carry them rapidly through. The ears, however, being too large to pass between the rollers, are pushed out of the husks in the neatest and most effective manner This is because the *joint* of the ear with the stalk is the weakest point and easily broken by contact with the rollers. The ears fall into a hopper and taken up by an elevator to a trough, whence they slide into a wagon that accompanies the machine, and carries the corn to the granary. The stalks with the husks entire are passed between the rollers to a platform. And when sufficient for a bundle to accumulate, it opens and drops them on the ground ready for binding and stacking. The machine is provided with an arrangement by which the corn when it has fallen and be lifted off the ground and brought in contact with the saws. Provisions is also made for cutting the corn while green and placing it in bundles without husking; that process to be the subject of another operation of passing between the rollers when the corn has become perfectly ripe. It is worthy of note that the husking is accomplished without shelling a grain of corn. One man and four boys with three horses have run a working model of the machine, and cut and husked corn at the rate of ten acres per day, saving the stalks and husks perfectly.

The Track of the Cholera.

John C. Peters, M. D., in the New York Evening Post, says that the cholera which comes through Northern Persia and Central Asia generally originates at at Hurdwar; that which travels up the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea almost invariably comes from Bombay. He shows how it has been carried from India to China, and worked its way through the interior, and by the Tartar caravans, into Russia. The tracks of the pest in 1831, and at the time of the Russian war, are traced. The latter was eastwardly from England to the Crimea. The cholera of 1832 forced its way from Canada along the St. Lawrence and the lake, down the Mississippi to New Orleans; while the epidemic of 1848 and 1849 reached New Orleans first, and then traveled up the Ohio and Mississippi rivers toward the lakes and Canada. As regards the present cholera progress, the cable reports six fatal cases of Asiatic cholera in Paris for the week. This shows that the pestilence is making progress—slow to be sure, but still progress. The case reported in London turns out like the Greenwich street case in New York, to be cholera morbus only.

Von Grand Ding—Dot election mit dem peeples in New Hampshire. Und how bully nice dem Republican fellers feel mit dot ding, by gradions! You know how it is mit mineels.

The Wives of Great Men.

In one of the towns of Michigan resides a legal gentleman of fine abilities, an eloquent talker, a thorough lawyer, and a good fellow generally; but he tippleth too frequently, and this habit has retarded his advancement. His party frequently promised him a position, but the poor man's failing had as frequently rendered it inexpedient just at that time. Finally the time came when the congressional nomination was within his grasp. He had a wife. She, too, wished to go to Washington. Other representatives took their spouses to the capital. She mentioned the fact to Robert.

"You expect to go, dear, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And do as other Congressmen do?"

"Yes," gruffly.

"Well, as other Congressmen take their wives, you'll take me."

"I don't care, you can go."

"But dear, you know I've never been there, nor never been out much. How do you think I'll appear among other great men's wives?"

"'Pear well enough! 'pear wel, enough!" replied Robert, beginning to get a little riled. "All great men have confounded fools for wives!"

Unfortunately for Robert, the people did not see in Robert the representative the exigencies the times demanded, and elected the other man. But what an atrocious sentiment Robert uttered!

Curiosities of Life.

Lay your finger on your pulse and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and, if we should think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before 17.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings take place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are of

Clergymen, orators and public speakers	43
Farmers	40
Workmen	33
Soldiers	32
Lawyers	29
Professors	27
Doctors	27

These statements are very instructive. Farmers and workmen do not arrive at good old age as often as the clergymen and others who perform no manual labor; but this is owing to the neglect of the laws of health, inattention to proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, dress, and the proper care of themselves after the work of the day is done. These farmers or workmen eat a heavy supper of a summer's day, and sit around the doors in their shirt sleeves; and in their tired condition and weakened circulation are easily chilled, laying the foundation for diarrhœa, bilious colic, lung fever or consumption.

Not a Texan.

It is well known that one of the New Orleans hotels is a great resort of the Texans. They seem to have a partiality for it that nothing can weaken or destroy. Nor is it unreasonable that they should, in as much as the taste and peculiarities of this gallant people are always considered by the proprietor, and, indeed, by everybody connected with the hotel. Indeed, so completely *au fait* has Mike, the monarch of the dining-room, become in his thorough knowledge of the Texan, that he prides himself in telling one at first sight. But a few days since Mike made a mistake. A tall unginly-looking specimen put in an appearance whom Mike concluded was an exotic from the Brazos. He lavished upon him every possible attention, subsidized waiters to give him the juiciest steaks and the nicest delicacies, until the old fellow rolled up his eyes in enjoyment, and lived on the fat of the land.

Mike absolutely radiated with pleasure as he saw the unmistakable gusto with which his viands were devoured; and, unable to conceal his satisfaction, he finally approached and asked how the gentleman from the Brazos was getting along.

"Very well, I thank you!" was the sedate reply.

"What's the news in Texas?" said Mike.

"Texas!" exclaimed the guest. "Oh! my friend, I have never ventured into that ungodly land."

"Sir!" ejaculated Mike, the picture of astonishment, and the perspiration breaking out in great drops on his forehead.

"I'm a minister of the gospel, and the Texans are out of the pale of mercy."

"Well!" gasped Mike, "where did you come from then?"

"From Maine, sir—from away Down East."

Mike turned away in disgust. Words were inadequate to convey his sentiments. He was gloomy and morose all day, and at night summed up the situation in the indignant soliloquy:

"And to think I've been feeding that old Yankee all the week on my best steaks. If this gets to Texas, I'm a ruined man."

—When an editor of a woman's rights paper speaks of "the most delicious, delightful, delectable, entrancing and distracting of innocent indulgences," he means a kiss.

"Pat," said a friend to an Irishman, "what would you take to strip off all your clothes, and run around my barn three times on a cold winter night?" "Begorra I think I'd take a d.—m bad cowld."

—In a pool, across the road, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, is stuck up a pole, having to it a board, with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board, the road is impassable."

—A New York belle, who was purchasing some gloves, told the clerk she wanted them of a "subdued mouse color." They were all out of that shade, but suggested "infuriated rat" as a substitute. He was discharged.