THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 29, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 48.

Business Cards.

C. E. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR AT LAW, Great Bend, Penn'a.

B. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James E. Catlin, Esq. Montrose, August 20, 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. 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.

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; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gore'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 19, 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 26, 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 H. B. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
H. 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. 12, 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 Exam. on Claims attended to. Office 2d door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
cat 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug 1 tf 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,
GARNET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—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.

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.
BILLINGS 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, 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 1849. [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 especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. R. 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 BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILLSAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS; PLASTER PARIS CEMENT; FAIR & 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 Premiums, 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 knifehead. 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.

BRADFORD Valley College, Annville, Pa. For catalogues, address L. H. HAMMOND, A. M., President.

Poet's Corner.

HANNAH JANE.

BY PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Abel Merriweather, Representative in Congress from the Thirty-third District of Indianna—Lawyer, Writer, Orator—solves one Social Problem.

She isn't half so handsome as when, twenty years agone,
At her old home in Piketon Parson Avery made us one;
The great house crowded full of guests of every degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin was white as milk,
Her brown hair—what a mess it was! and soft and fine a silk;
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace,
The form of Aphrodite, with a Madonna face.

She had but meager schooling: her little notes to me
Were full of crooked pot-hooks, and the worst orthography.
Her "dear," she spelled with double e, and "kiss," with but one s:
But when one's crazed with passion, what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when she spoke,
And every rule of syntax that old Murray made, she broke;
But she was beautiful and fresh, and I—well, I was young:
Her form and face o'erbalanced all the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school;
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a trifle more by rule;
But that was all. The neighbors round, who both of us well knew,
Said—which I believed—she was the better of the two.

All's changed: the light of seventeen's no longer in her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffeur's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

She knows but very little, and in little, are we one;
The beauty rare that more than hid that great defect is gone.
My parvenu relations now deride my homely wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod for life.

I know there is a difference: at reception and levee
The brightest, wittiest, and most famed of women smile on me;
And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men;
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant belles,
And yield to me the homage that all great success compels,
Discussing art and statecraft, and literature as well,
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Sweedenborg on "Hell."

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never quaffed,
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff laughed;
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she hardly knows the names;
She slept while I was speaking on the Alabama claim.

I can't forget— Just at this point another form appears—
The wife I wedded, as she was before my prosperous years;
I travel o'er the dreary road we traveled side by side,
And wonder what my share would be, if Justice should divide.

She had four hundred dollars left her, from the old estate;
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate.
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than mine—
'Twas how to make two hundred dollars do the work of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore,
An office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely skill,
And love for me and faith in me, and back of that a will.

I had no friends behind me—no influence to aid;
I worked and fought for every little inch of ground I made.
And how she fought beside me! never woman lived on less:
In two long years she never spent a single cent for dress.

Ah! how she cried for my when my first legal fight was won,
When our eclips passed partly by, and we stood in the sun!
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work of half a year—
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember, when my coat (the only one I had)
Was seedy grown, and threadbare, and, in fact, most "shocking bad,"
The tailor's stern remark, when I a modest order made:
"Cash is the basis, Sir, on which we tailors do our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day;
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill to pay.
I got a coat, and wore it; but alas! poor Hannah Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm weather came again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any sort,
That I might have a decent suit in which t' appear in court;
She made her last year's bonnet do that I might have a hat;
Talk of the old-time, flame-enveloped martyrs, after that!

No negro ever worked so hard: a servant's pay to save,
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave.
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook!

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored!
Her beautiful complexion, my fierce kitchen fire devoured:
Her plump, soft, round arm was once too fair to be concealed:
Hard work for me, that softness into sinewy strength congealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
Ah! with what true devotion she to that altar came,
And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it then—
All that she was, and more than that, all that she might have been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider parted:
I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl, where we started.
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength in every race:
I was far up the heights of life—she drudging at the base.

She made me take each fall the stump: she said 'twas my career:
The wild applause of listening crowds was music to my ear.
What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary solitude?
For me she lived on gladly, in unnatural widowhood.

She couldn't read my speech, but when the papers all agreed
'Twas the best one of the season, those comments she could read,
And with a gush of pride thereat, which I have never felt,
She sent them to me in a note, with half the words misspelt.

I to the Legislature went, and said that she should go,
To see the world with me, and what the world was doing, know.
With tearful smile, she answered, "No! four dollars is the pay:
The Bates House rates FOR ONE is just that sum per day."

At twenty-eight, the State-House; on the bench, at thirty-three;
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.
I nursed my powers, and grew, and made my point in life; but she—
Bearing such pack-horse weary loads, what could a woman be?

What could she be? Oh, shame! I blush to think what she has been:
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
Yes plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis true:
For me, she rubbed herself quite out: I represent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done—
Firts break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her out alone.
The world would say 'twas well, and more, would give great praise to me
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God, and me
Was not for one, or twenty years, but for eternity.
No matter what the world may think; I know, down in my heart
That if either, I'm delinquent: she has bravely done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and on the final day
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion weigh?
When the great one, made of us two, is torn apart again,
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and He knows Hannah Jane.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—Con.—Why is kissing your sweetheart like eating soup with a fork? Because it takes a long time to get enough of it.

—Buy a lottery ticket by all means. A Memphis man who invested $1,000 has just drawn two prizes of five dollars each.

—When Lord Sidmouth one day said, "My brains are gone to the dogs, this morning," his friend at once ejaculated: "Poor dog!"

—A young lady was heard to remark lately that she was glad the cold weather had come, because the mosquitoes must quit us.

—All the turkeys and chickens will be reformers about Thanksgiving time—that is, they would like to annihilate the wring business.

—The only man who writes "M. C." at both ends of his name is Hon. M. C. Kerr, member of Congress from the second district of Indiana.

—Men make their wills when dying, women are not allowed the same legal privilege because they are held to have had them during their lives.

—At this season, among things for protection of women, and at the same time something that will help to elevate them, are thick-soled shoes.

—"My Darling's Shoes," is the last soul-stirring ditty. The old man's boots and big brother's gaiters will doubtless be next worked into rhyme and music.

—There is a young chap in a Danbury school, who being asked who was called the "Father of his Country?" shrilly shouted: "Brigham Young."

—William, who used to boast that he never owed a dollar in his life and never would, in less than a year after his marriage had a little Bill to take up every day.

—The Spaniards have an old saying which tell us that "white hands never offend"—which means that the little faults and indiscretions of ladies should always be quickly pardoned.

"A fox should not be on the jury when a goose is on trial," quotes an exchange. In most trials of importance the foxes are generally defendants, while the geese are in the jury box.

—Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak panagorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

—There is a comfort yet for poor folks. A Western paper says that in this region the claim to be a millionair has become so common that to be so ranked is often looked upon as vulgar or dishonest.

—A Palpable Hit.—Secretary Belknap, in reply to an interviewer who wanted to know what would become of the army during General Sherman's absence, said he thought the newspaper men could manage it with a little help from him.

—A Massachusetts clergyman has resigned his pastorage and asked his discharge—probably believing it to be high time after being presented by his congregation with a burial lot. The hint was not the most delicate one ever heard of.

—A Lady offered a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband.—"What a good Saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the disconsolate widow; "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for."

Miscellaneous.

HOW LOUISA OSBORNE SAID "YES."

BY GEORGE L. CATLIN.

"Any letters for us this evening, Mr. Blythe?"

The quiet old postmaster looked over his spectacles from the batch of letters which had just come in by the evening mail, and which he was busily engaged in distributing. "You are a little soon," he said, "but let's see; it won't take long to run over them for you, Miss Louisa."

She looked in through the open window as he spoke, and her eyes were fixed upon the parcel of letters over which he hurriedly glanced. A beautiful bright face it was, with lustrous dark eyes, and a wealth of rich black tresses, and cheeks always ruddy with the glow of health, but now, freshened to a surpassing loveliness and bloom by the cool breeze of an afternoon in early spring—the face of a maiden budding into womanhood—glorious in the strength of her modesty and purity and innate goodness of heart.

"Only one for the whole family, and that for you, Miss Louisa," said the old man, handing her a letter.

With a heightened color in her face, she took it, glanced at the handwriting of the address, put it hastily into her pocket, and thanking the postmaster, turned away. The shadows of evening were falling upon the quiet scene, as she passed out from the portico of the unpretentious building which served the double purpose of store and post office; out under the dark shade of the cedars which lined the wayside; on, up the rising ground, past one or two other plain-looking dwellings, to the gateway before the great house she called her home. A house with broad verandas, and bay-windows and towers; a house surrounded by hot houses and shrubbery, and spacious out-buildings; a house in which were wealth, comfort, and refinement; and yet, a house in which dwelt none of her own kith and kin. Reared from infancy among its inmates, how often had she, nevertheless, longed for one heart nearer and dearer than any she had yet known; for one to whom sometimes to go to pour out the passionate wealth of affection hidden away within her. With no stinted hands were all her needs supplied. The wife whose companion she was, the little one whose daily life was wrapped up in her own, received no larger share of bounty than she did. Yet, as she stood at the gateway in that evening twilight, with the still unread letter in her pocket, there came over her:

"A wish that she scarcely dared to own,
For something better than she had known."

The children eagerly greeted her as she entered. The evening story must be told before bedtime, which was fast coming on. And then, after she had repeated to them for the hundredth time some of the good old narratives of Mother Goose, the little lips murmured their "Now I lay me," orison of angelic import; the Christian world over, the little silky heads were put to rest upon their snowy pillows, the good night word and kiss came sweet and welcome from loving lips, and then at last Louisa Osborne stole away to her room, and in another moment was seated with the letter open before her.

It was a snug, quiet, cosy place, this little bed-chamber to which she had hurried away with her prize. Everything in it was arranged with a scrupulous neatness, the walls were white as the driven snow, and here and there various bits of embroidery and handiwork were to be seen, attesting the industry of the occupant in her leisure hours. Before the embers in the grate a complacent pussy sat blinking and purring her welcome, and a canary sat perched with its head beneath its wing, in a cage above the window. To this sanctuary, so completely her own, its inmate was wont to steal away, oftentimes when the parlors below were all alive with mirth and merriment, to lose herself in some books, write numberless pages of letters, which were torn up as soon as written, so startled was she with their reflection of her innermost heart; or, what was to her a sadder and yet more exquisite enjoyment than all, to sit peering out with her yearning eyes through the ivy leaves which encircled her windows, by night into the dimness by day over the long stretch of meadow, and woodland and forest to the blue, hazy hills in the distance.

And into this, her dream life, there had come of late a new and strangely exciting vision, which went with her wherever she went; a vision of a face looking ardently, lovingly, into her own; the face of him who on that morning, with hasty hand, had penned the letter which she now held thoughtfully before her.

Save to him and to her their intimacy was known to none. Chance had thrown them together one day about a year before, and the usual acquaintance had in interviews at long intervals ripened into friendship which was more than a friendship; there had become on his part avowed tenderness and regard, on her's an increased kindness of manner, shadowed by a maidenly modesty of reserve—by an instinctive shrinking from a confession of all the new life and hope and joy to which his coming had given birth in her heart. How often, after their partings, had she reproached herself as cold and heartless, hurried to the solitude of this some little room, and penned page upon page, of hot, burning words, moistened by tears and kisses, yet on second thought to be consigned to the flames! Fully a month had elapsed since she had last seen him. Once—twice—he had written letters of kind, respectful attention, full of tenderness, and running over with thoughtful consideration for her welfare. And yet no reply had gone forth, and Arthur Griswold waited and wondered what new phase had come over the heart life of her in whom now his whole happiness was centered.

So he had written again. In the peaceful silence, broken only by the contented purring of the cat and the rustle of the ivy leaves in the night breeze without, she read:

"I hardly know, my dear Louisa, how to construe your long silence, and your long absence. Has your heart at last told you that you do not love enough to longer encourage my suit?—told you with such positive certainty that you hesitate to send the word which shall end our intimacy forever? Or have you been ill? Or have you written letters which have failed to reach me? Or, what is, perhaps, more probable than either, are you wandering in a maze of doubt and hesitation, unable to read decisively your own feelings and intentions toward me? Do you still write me letters, and fear or burn them up as soon as written? Do you look at the stars and wonder whether I am looking at them too? Do you—Ah well; I might multiply these inquiries until we were both of us weary. I will not, need not tell you how eargerly, impatiently I have waited for some word from you since the day we last parted. Will it pain you to learn that a very, very long time must in all probability elapse before we can see each other again, or even before a letter can pass between us? For I know that I am ordered by the firm to start on important business this very evening for San Francisco, to be absent it may be only three months, it may be for a year."

The half read letter fell from her trembling hands, as with a sigh she bowed her head upon the table before her, and gave herself up to reveries more real and more bitter than had ever before stolen in to cloud her young life. So long as he had remained near her, so long as she had felt that at her bidding a few hours could summon him to her side, she had courted, as woman will, delay and indecision. But now, oh! how sad, how neglected, yet how devoted still he rose up before her with those words, "it may be for a year." In that moment she would have recalled the temporizing, the silence of the past few weeks; to have stood, if only for a moment, face to face with Arthur Griswold, looking up into his blue eyes, to whisper that single, simple, sweet word, "Yes."

A sudden thought broke in upon her reveries—a thought which gave nerve to her grasp, impulse to her arm, as hurriedly seizing the half forgotten letter from where it had fallen beside her on the floor, she resumed its perusal.

"There is but one possible way, Louisa," it continued, "in which my long journey and the interval to elapse before I can hear from you can be rendered in any way tolerable to me, or can be divested of the sadness and unspeakable disappointment which will otherwise inevitably go with me. You have it in your power even at this late moment to make me, though separated from you by time and space, the happiest and bravest of men. Do you recollect how often you have told me of your watching the express train dashing by through the hollow below your place, skirting the hill, and disappearing in another moment behind? To-night, if nothing happens, I shall be one of the passengers on that train, and shall stand on the rear platform of the last car, eagerly watching as we whiz by through the night, for a single glimpse of your window ere the embankment shuts it out from view. In that single glimpse you can convey to me as much as woman's lips and woman's heart ever dared to tell, darling if you would tell me, departing, that you love me, purely, truly, fondly, forever, hold a bright light in your window as we pass, so that its glare, piercing the darkness, may bring it to me."

"Oh, how she trembled with eagerness and excitment, and grateful, freshened hope! For listen; a distant roar, each moment growing louder and nerer, told her the train was coming! Fiercer and fiercer grew each instant the shriek and clatter and whirl, irresistibly on came the iron horse, dragging his precious burden behind him. She listened, paused, hesitated—another second were too late—and then wide, wide open she threw the shutters, as with flashing eyes and a great cloud of glorious black tresses falling over her rounded shoulders, and her arms nerved by the fierce energy of a love at last outspoken, she seized the lamp which stood on the table, and held it there full and fair in the casement. For a moment the tumult and crash came up the valley with a deafening roar, as the train passed on upon its way, then the noised lied gradually away in the distance, and all was once more still in that little room where Louisa Osborne, with flushed brow and throbbing heart, had flung herself down upon her couch, a prouder and happier woman than she had ever dared hope she would be.

Meanwhile, speeding away on the wings of the wind, Arthur Griswold sat rapt in the now blissful certainty of rewarded devotion—sat dreaming of the possible future which that momentary glimpse of the light flashing out like a meteor from her window had betrayed to him. He even fancied he had been able to discern her form, her face in the window, and into all his meditations came clearer, brighter than all else, the soft, loving glance of her thoughtful eyes as she seemed to say with him, over and over again, "purely, truly, fondly, forever."

And now the journey before him seemed endless; the interval which must elapse before he could even hear from her insupportably long. Ah, thought he, that it should have required an emergency like this to purchase a confession so vital to his happiness, yet so easily spoken long ago! And then, he thought of her as she must be at that moment, trembling, flushed, excited—exhausted with emotion—yet henceforth, through separation, through good and evil report, to live for him, and him only, and forever and ever. Knowing this, what could he not bear or dare? What patience and toil would be too great with the rich reward of her companionship as their recompense?"

The train slackened its speed, and came to a stand-still at the upper station at T——, Arthur Griswold had lit a cigar and was strolling up and down the platform, when suddenly he thought he heard his name called by some one in the crowd about the doorway. He listened. Again the voice inquired, "Is there a passenger on your train by the name of Arthur Griswold?"

"Yes, here he is;" he answered, approaching the speaker; what's wanted?"

"Here's a dispatch for you from New York," said the man approaching him. It was the station operator.

"Arthur hurried to the light and read:

"Come back, we have concluded to make our arrangements.

"ROBINS & ASHLEY."

He could scarcely credit his good fortune. Recalled by the firm! What could it mean? Surely no fault of his. But what ever the cause, one thing was certain—the dispatch called him back to new life and new happiness in the presence of her who was now dearer to him than all else beside on earth.

Day after day passed away as Louisa Osborne, going through her daily round of duties and cares, kept closely locked up in her heart the blest secret that was hers and his only, and awaited with impatience the coming of tidings of the absent one. A week came and went, yet brought no news. Then another had come and well nigh gone, when one evening the old Postmaster smiled from his spectacles again as he handed her a letter addressed to herself, but in a handwriting she had never seen before. Disappointment and a vague apprehension of something wrong seized upon her as she hurried to her room and lost no time in informing herself of its contents. The phraseology and handwriting were exceedingly business like; but oh, the heart-ache, the agony of dread that they brought her! Arthur Griswold, suddenly recalled from his prossed journey, had been prostrated by an attack of brain fever, and was at death's door. During his illness he had constantly mentioned Miss Osborne's name, and that, too, in a way which left no doubt of the relations existing between him and herself. The physicians had pronounced his case a dangerous one, but said that great care and faithful nursing might yet save him. He had begged that she might be sent for. Would she come? Her presence might, the doctor thought, do more than medicine could. If she felt that she could consistently come, the writer, a near relative of the sick man, would meet her at the depot to-morrow on the arrival of the morning train. In any event, an immediate reply would be urgently desirable, and would oblige her very obedient servant, etc.

She did not read it over more than once to come to a decision. "Come to you my darling," she murmmured: "yes through fire and water, and all the obstacles in the world, I will come to you," and kneeling down in that evening silence by her bedside, she prayed—oh, how fervently, that she might have strength and judgment given her for the mission of love before her. And she must needs confess to those about her the cause of this sudden departure. Nerved to courage by love and devotion she told them all; told how day by day her heart had gone out to his until they two had become one in hope, in thought, in anticipation. Now the duty had come to her, the call was upon her. It had come soon, suddenly; yet none the less she must obey it, without swerving or faltering. Her mind was made up to take her place at his bedside at all hazards, to be his comfort, his consoler, his guardian angel. All this she had held the light full in the casement, all this and more had been comprehended in those never to be forgotten words, "Purely, truly, fondly, forever."

None knew her better than those among whom her daily life had been cast; and none could have been quicker or better persuaded that her earnestness of purpose in this matter was grounded in enduring devotion and love. And so with their Godspeed and blessing, yet with a heart heavy, and a head aching with a sleepless night, she took her seat in the morning train, and found her unknown correspondent awaiting her arrival, in readiness to conduct her to Arthur Griswold's bedside.

The hush and stillness of the sick-room, as she entered on tip-toe, cast no gloom over her heart; the sight of the pale, worn face of her beloved, as he lay sleeping before her, only made her realize anew what was upon her—

"To be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope."

He had fallen asleep during the night, and the doctor had pronounced his symptoms wre favorable. She patiently listened to the wearied attendant, and then took her seat by the bedside, tenderly watching her precious charge, now more precious than ever, and listening to his breathings, which, now peaceful and regular, gave her comfort in their promise of a change for the better.

She had been seated there thus musing she could not have told how long, when she heard the word "Darling," and looked around, saw his eyes fixed upon her with a gaze of unspeakable tenderness.

"Don't be alarmed," he whispered. "Bless you for coming to me, darling; I shall get well now."

She bent her beautiful head over his face, her eyes burned with tears of gratitude, and joy, kissed his white forhead.

"Oh, my own, own love, she murmured, "live for me, for I love you more than words can tell!"

From that hour there came to him returned life and vigor, even as the ember all but extinguished, is quickened to living, glowing flame. And on each succeeding day there came to that fond, tireless watcher the thankful consciousness that the precious life she had recalled from the verge of the river was now doubly hers for time and eternity.

"Did you ever hear of such an odd way of popping the question?" said one of a party of gentlemen gathered in the dressing-room on the occasion of a wedding party which came off not many months after, in the house on the hill.

"But stranger still, have you heard how she answered him?" inquired another.

"No," answered several listeners in a breath.

"Then, said the last speaker, "I will tell you; but first fill your glasses, gentlemen, and let us pledge a toast in advance of the narration. I propose a sentiment, 'How Louisa Osborne said "Yes."'"

Fleeing from Fires.

A correspondent writes from Michigan: A thrilling incident and miraculous escape from death was in the case of the family of five children of Mr. William Mann, of Rock Creek. When the mother saw that they must leave their home, after fighting the fire all day, she told the children (five in number) to go to the lake and she would follow as soon as she had gathered up a few articles to take with her. They reached the lake just in time to be taken into a fishing boat, which three neighbors were about to shove off in. The mother in the meantime had gathered up what she could carry, and started for the lake, but found the road that her children had taken so full of smoke and fire, and falling trees, that she took another course through the woods, coming out some distance above where the children had. She knew not whether her pets had passed through the fiery ordeal safely or not. She naturally feared the worst, but finally heard they had been taken off by the boat.

Here commences the romantic and thrilling part of the story. There was not an oar or sweep on board; a piece of board was all they had to control the boat with. For some time the boat rode gently upon the water, all the time working a little out from shore, although they did not realize, on account of the density of the smoke, how far they were getting from shore. They presumed they could easily return at their pleasure. It soon became apparent, on account of the roughness of the lake, that they were rapidly drifting into the lake, and they made all the efforts they possibly could to guide their unwieldy craft toward the shore. Hour after hour they labored, but all was in vain. They knew that if they continued to drift, death was almost sure. All were in the greatest despair.

The oldest of the children, a girl of eleven summers, was the bravest of the lot. She held the baby almost constantly during that terrible trip. On they went, the waves frequently breaking over them—of course all were wet and cold. Night came on with Egyptian darkness. After weary and long, long hours of suffering, daybreak was joyously hailed. They were sure they would soon hail some vessel. All day long they looked, until darkness again set in without seeing a sail. About two o'clock in the morning of the third day out, one of Mrs. Mann's children a boy of three summers, died from hunger and exposure; when it died it was lying in the bottom of the boat with water half over its little body. The little eleven years old girl she wanted the man in the boat to put it on the bedding, but they would not, and she was too weak and was holding the baby, and could not do it. The children did not cry much on the last day, as all were nearly exhausted. Finally, after three days and nights, they were drifted on shore at Kincardine, Ontario, where their wants were speedily attended to, and from there sent to Port Huron.

During these three days, the reader can imagine the mother's feelings. Everybody that knew of the circumstances, supposed, of course, they had gone to the bottom of the lake. The mother came into Port Huron, and at once went to the relief rooms. After making herself known, and bewailing the fate of her children in piteous sobs and moans (she had supposed them all dead till this moment), Mrs. Fred. Wells, the secretary of the relief association, told her her children were well and apparently happy. I can not picture the scene. "Oh! is it so? is it so? so?" "God bless their little hearts!" "Where are they?" "Take me to them at once!" Mrs. Wells informed her they were near by, and she would take her there at once. Another and more painful part of the story was yet to be told. Mrs. Mann How to this was a query, all the ladies in the room dreading to break the dreadful tidings to her. At last Mrs. Mann began to ask her how Emma was, and then the next one. Finally, she asked how little Charley was? No one answered for a moment. She looked up and saw at once all was not right. "Is he dead? is he dead?" and commenced weeping as only a fond and loving mother can, for the loss of her boy.

How New Jersey Got Out of the United States.

The origin of the allusions to New Jersey as foreign is said to be as follows:

After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been King of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, son of the King of Italy, sought refuge in this country, and brought much wealth with them. Joseph Bonaparte wished to build a palatial residence here, but did not desire to become a citizen, as he hoped to return to Europe. To enable him as an alien to hold real estate required a special act of the Legislature. He tried to get one passed for his benefit in several States, but failed. He was much chagrined, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the New Jersey Legislature, which body gratified both him and Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought a tract at Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare paintings, statuary, &c., were profuse, and selected with care, and the grounds laid out with exquisite taste.

Joseph Bonaparte's residence was, perhaps, the finest in America. Thousands of people visited it from all parts of the country, and were treated courteously. He was profuse with his money, and gave a great impetus to business in the little town. The Philadelphians, finding that he had apparently no end of money, and that he used it to benefit business generally, regretted, when it was too late, that they had refused to let him locate among themselves; and, to keep up their mortification, would always taunt Jerseymen with having a King—with importing the King of Spain to rule over them—they were called Spaniards and foreigners on this account. But these taunts harmed no one, as the Jerseymen lost nothing by their alluring him to settle among them, and the term "foreigner," jokingly applied to Jerseymen, has come down to a long after its origin has been forgotten, except by a few men of the past generation. Many years ago—during the reign of Louis Phillippe, we believe—both Bonaparte and Murat found they could safely return to Europe, so they sold out and returned.—*Newark Courier.*

—A Yermonter has discovered a method of tanning with leaves. Small schoolboy sure often tanned without their leaves.