The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 27, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 52.

Business Cards.

C. E. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Great Bend, Pennsylvania. 3m.

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. 224 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.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf. W. A. CROSSMON.

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., sp. 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 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,
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.
S. 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. [April 20.
R. B. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

LEWIS ENOLL,
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 Exten. on Claims attended to. Office 8 door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

H. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
[illegible]

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 69tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Apr. 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 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.
SILLIMAN 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, Presses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., being one of the most numerous, extensive, 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. [ap1'69

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 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 FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 31, 1869. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!
UNCHANGEABLE 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.
As 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.
Our 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.

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

Poet's Corner.

THE CHOPPER'S CHILD.

A POEM FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

The smoke of the Indian Summer
Darkened and doubled the hills,
And the ripe corn, like a sunset,
Shimmered along the hills;
Like a gracious glowing sunset,
Induced with rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight;

As, with the brier-buds gleaming
In her darling, dimpled hands,
Toddling slow down the steep-paths
Of the yellow stubble-lands—
Her sweet eyes full of the shadows
Of the woodland, darkly brown—
Came the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown.

Behind her streamed the splendors
Of the oaks and elms so grand,
Before her gleamed the gardens
Of the rich man of the land;
Gardens moon whose gateways
The gloomy ivy swayed,
Setting all her heart a-tremble
As she struck within their shade.

Now the chopper's low cabin
It lay nestled in the wood,
And the dwelling of the rich man
By the open highway stood,
With its pleasant porches facing
Against the morning hills,
And each separate window shining
Like a bed of daffodils.

Up above the tallest poplars
In its stateliness it rose,
With its carved and curious gables,
And its marble porticoes;
But she did not see the grandeur,
And she thought her father's oaks
Were finer than the cedars
Clipt so close along the walks.

So, in that full confiding
The unworldly only know,
Through the gateway, down the garden,
Upon the marble portico,
Her bare feet brown as bees' wings,
And her hands of brier-buds full,
On, along the fleecy crimson
Of the carpets of dyed wool,

With a modest glance uplifted
Through the lashes drooping down,
Came the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown;
Still and steady, like a shadow
Sliding inward from the wood,
Till before the lady-mistress
Of the house, at last, she stood.

O as sweet as summer sunshine
Was the lady dame to see,
With the chopper's little daughter,
Like a shadow at her knee!
O green as leaves of clover
Were the broideries of her train,
And her hand'it shone with jewels
Like a lilly with the rain.

And the priest before the altar,
As she swam along the aisle,
Reading out the sacred lesson,
Reading it consciously, the while!
The long roll of the organ
Drew across a silken stir,
And when he named a saint, it was
As if he named but her.

But the chopper's child undazzled
(She was born amid the splendors
Of the glorious autumn woods)—
And so sweetly and so serenely
Met the cold and cheerless face,
Her own olive with blushes,
E'en as one who gives a grace;

As she said, the accents falling
In a pretty, childish way;
"To-morrow, then to-morrow
Will have brought Thanksgiving Day;
And my mother will be happy,
And be honored, so she said,
To have the landlord's lady
Taste her honey and her bread."

Then slowly spake the lady.
As disdainfully she smiled,
"Live you not in yonder cabin?
Are you not the chopper's child?
And your foolish mother bids me
To Thanksgiving, do you say?
What is it, little starveling,
That you give thanks for, pray?"

One bashful moment's silence—
Then hushing up her pain,
And sweetness growing out of it
As the rose does out of rain—
She stripped the woolen kerchief
From off her shining head,
As one might strip the outer husk
From the golden ear, and said:

"What have we to give thanks for?
Why, Just our daily bread!"
And then with all her little pride
And blushing out so red—
"Perhaps, too, the sunshine
Can come and lie on our floor,
With none of your icy columns
To shut it from the door!"

"What have we to give thanks for?"
And a smile illumed her tears,
As a star the broken vapors,
When it suddenly appears;
And she answered, all her bosom
Throbbing up and down so fast;
"Because my poor sick brother
Is asleep at last, at last.

"Asleep beneath the daisies;
But when the drenching rain
Has put them out, we know the dew
Will light them up again;
And we make and keep Thanksgiving
With the best the house affords,
Since, if we live, or if we die,
We know we are the Lord's.

That out of His hands of mercy
Not the least of us can fall;
But we have ten thousand blessings,
And I cannot name them all!
O see them yourself, good Madam—
I will come and show you the way—
After the morrow, the morrow again
Will be the great, glad day."

And, tucking up her tresses
In the kerchief of gray wool,
Where they gleamed like golden lights
In the autumn mists so dull,
She crossed the crimson carpets,
With her rose-buds in her hands,
And climb up the sheep-paths
Of the yellow stubble-lands.

That evening, when the corn-fields
Had lost the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight,
Apart from her great possessions
And from all the world apart,
Knelt the lady-wife and mistress
Of the rich man's house and heart.

Knelt she, all her spirit broken,
And the shame she could not speak
Burning out upon the darkness
From the fires upon her cheek;
And prayed the Lord of the harvest
To make her meek and mild,
And as faithful in Thanksgiving
As the chopper's child. —ALICE CARY.

—A long-headed fellow—An alligator.
—The editor's scissors are his *staff* pen.
—The American Ham-burg—Cincinnati.
—A welcome ship at any time—Friendship.
—Forced politeness—Bowing to circumstances.

Miscellaneous.

THE LOST LETTER.

I remember the day when grandfather took "old Welch's boy" into his office, just as well as I remember anything that happened yesterday, though it is sixty years ago. Grandfather was a lawyer—Lawyer Place the folks called him—and he had got on very well indeed; owned a fine piece of land, and a house that was the pride of Gosstown, on the hill—the aristocratic part of Gosstown, where all the handsome dwellings were—and had I don't know how much in bank stock and gold besides. And there were always a couple of boys in the office; and no one had been sent away for idleness, and grandfather was looking for another.

"Would it do to try Welch's boy?" said he. "He's looking for a place, and the schoolmaster speaks well of him, and the minister too; but then, you see he is old Welch's boy—that's the worst of it."

"No matter grandpa," said I. "Try him, I'll go security. I know he's good. Do try him."

You see Walter Welch and I were not quite strangers. He lived in the low part of the town, low in every sense—full of the people from the factory, and lying among the marshes, out of which agues come up and shook the poor folks who lived in the damp little houses. And his father was tipsy old Welch, who had killed his wife with cruelty, and was killing himself with rum. And Walter was shabby and poor enough, Heaven knows; but he had a gentlemanly way with him for all, and a good face and sweet voice; and he had saved my pet poodle from some boys who were going to kill it, and he climbed down the precipice where there was just a foothold between him and death, to get me a flower I had said in his hearing I wanted. And at Sunday-school he was the brightest and best boy of them all. And it seemed so hard that the sins of his drunken father should descend upon innocent Walter. And so I plead with grandfather, and, because he had decided to do so perhaps—for why should he listen to a girl of fifteen?—told me, at last, that he would hire the lad.

I can see him as he looked when he came into the office—a tall, slender boy with fair hair and a bright flush of color in his cheek; as pretty a boy of seventeen as one could meet anywhere, though his clothes were so worn and dingy. I can see him sitting at the tall desk writing, an hour after, as though he had been there forever, and grandfather and old Mr. Ames nodding to each other as who should say, "He'll do."

I can see myself too, with my hair all in puffs, and my white muslin frock and kid slippers, sitting before the fire in our parlor afterward, working at a fruit-piece in floss silks on white satin.

It was the oddest room you ever saw, full of curious things that travelled a good deal, and had filled the house with curiosities. There were pictures and statuettes, and rare china and Chinese idols, and drinking vessels from Turkey and long Turkish pipes, and bits of indian bead work, and a real Persian carpet; and scattered over the ceiling, Cupids and cherubs, and festoons of roses, painted there by a French artist who had great talent, they said, though he lived and died without being rich or famous. But the pride of the room was the great mantle-piece, brought from Italy, all covered with carvings that told some wonderful mythological story. Ah, what a fool I am! There it stands. It was older than grandfather when he had brought it in pieces over the ocean, and it will outlast the baby there in its cradle. And as for not knowing the story, it's the old one, I'm thinking; there's Cupid, and a shepherd and a shepherdess, and it's the girl that Cupid is taking aim at. Our hearts are tenderest, is why he wounds them worse. "Men have died, and worms have eaten them; but not for love;" but many a woman has died of love, in good sound earnest I believe.

I was too young to think of such things then. But after a while I dropped my work, and sat looking at the carvings, as I often did, and thinking of the pretty faces of the shepherdess and shepherd, and how through the crack at the back of the shelf my gold thimble had rolled a week ago, and laid there out of reach among the mortar that held it in its place, though I'd fished for it by hours together. Perhaps Welch's boy would one day get it out for me, he was so smart and kind.

"Well, in a week or two I asked him and he tried but in vain. It was a day when grandfather and old Mr. Ames were both away and we had a long, long talk. The brightest boy he was—the best and dearest boy. I wished that I had a brother like him dozens of times. We were always so very sociable after that. He told me some of his troubles and I felt sorry for him from my heart. It makes a woman love any one so much more, to be just a little sorry for him. Innocent, childish love it was, but even then it was love all the same that I felt for Walter Welch.

It does not seem much to tell after all. We grew older both of us. They said I was a beauty and I was grandfather's heiress. Two or three came courting me before I was eighteen, and before that time Old Welch had brought a new disgrace upon his son by mixing himself up with a robbery. I saw the foolish old man taken by to jail, and I cried a little for Walter's sake. He did not forsake his father even then, but went to visit him, and did all he could for him. He was as pale as death could be, when I saw him again; but he said no word about it, and of course I did not. But I wanted, O how I wanted to tell him that no one could think less of him for any such misfortune.

It was Garret Gray, who owned the woolen mills, who came a courting me just then. They were a good family, the Grays, and fine looking too. Every girl in town envied me, I do believe, when he walked beside me, or danced with me at the Assembly balls. He made no secret of liking me; he was a man out and out; and I wondered that I did not like him better; but you see, Walter was in my mind. And get one man in your mind, there is little room for another.

But all the while he said nothing. He was two and twenty by that time; and he had come to be a clerk in grandfather's office, and was regularly studying law. We were men and women, and if he had liked me as I thought he did once, he surely would have spoken, if it were only a word or two. He was very kind and friendly, but no more; and if those shepherdess had had eyes to see and tongues to speak with, they would have stories enough to tell of those days. I hated the thoughts of being an old maid, as every girl does; but how could I marry any but the one I loved? and he did not ask me. A look now and then made my heart flutter, or a sigh troubled and pleased me, but a girl must wait for words. I waited in vain. And Garret Gray courting me so warmly, and I thought, as girls must be, that torture should not wring my love from me as long as I was not sure it was returned, tried to seem cold to Walter, and did not mind seeming warm enough to Garret Gray, for I cared nothing for him. I knew he was poor enough, but I would be rich. And I knew he was old Welch's son; but that made no difference, I pined for a kiss of a loving word from him, as starving people long for bread. The one great joy of earth seemed to me the hope of being Walter's wife. I'm so old now that I don't mind telling you the truth; then I'd have died first.

One day we sat together before the fire blazing under that great mantel-piece—grandfather and his partner, Walter and I. It was uncle's birthday, and we had a little feast, and Walter — just as well thought of after five years in the office as any one there—had been asked to taste the old wine grandfather prided himself on. And we were talking of what had happened in the town, and of how Dolly Rose was married.

"And Japeth courted her five years," said grandfather. "Afraid to ask her the question all the while, and she came near jilting him out of pique; but he's got her after all."

"Served him right if she had jilted him," said I. "If a man loves a girl, let him say so out and out, or else let her not wait for him.

"A man may be to bold sometime, and presume on kindness," said Walter, "and be huffed for his pains."

"He'll know her mind at least," said he, "and she'll know his. It's death to have to wait. I should think so, at least."

I blushed when I said that, I knew, and Walter blushed too. I wished I had not spoken. He was silent all the evening after that; but when he left us he shook hands, and kept my hand in his a little while, and looked at me in a way that made my heart beat furiously.

I laid awake all night, and only fell asleep when the sun was rising; and it was so late when I arose, that the maid was dusting the parlor, and—awkward thing!—had got a feather fan half way down behind the mantle piece. We [illegible] out of sorts that day and scolding came natural.

"Oh, if I had not made that speech! I thought. What did Walter think of it? And I asked myself that question more than once, for from that I never saw him again. I did not go to the office, nor he come to the parlor, and on Saturday grandfather came in to tea, and sat down with a face half puzzled and half angry, and said:

"There's a piece of news for you, Effie. Walter has gone."

"Gone where?' I asked, turning cold.

"Left us," said grandfather, "Effie, there is something queer about this. Have you been hurting him?"

"He never gave me a chance to hurt him, grandpa," said I; and the truth would out then, "If he had—I—I could not have hurt him, grandpa, dear. He never liked me one bit, though I liked him."

And grandpa said: "Ah Effie, it's dangerous leaving young folks much together. I wish things had been different, for I like Walter. No matter. Kiss me, Effie."

So I kissed him. We never spoke of Walter, and he never again—never, never! To me it was as if he were dead; but I could not cry for him as if he had been. And after awhile Garret Gray made me listen to him, and we were married. And oh, the sin and the shame! I did not love him one bit. I married just so that Walter might not think I pined after him.

You couldn't expect much happiness from such a marriage, none came. It was my fault I suppose, as much as his. We fell out soon, and quarreled constantly.

We had a girl, and a crippled boy, who died at five years old, and I loved them dearly, and used to wonder how it was that they both had Walter's eyes. You see that sometimes a woman's children now and then look like the man she loved, whom she never even kissed, rather than like the husband she has married; and I blamed Garret for a fall the boy got, and was hard with him. In the end he ran away and left me to myself. I came back to this house then—grandfather was dead—and brought my little girl. Soon I sent her to school, and used to sit day after day, evening after evening, before this old mantle-piece, watching Cupid with his bow, and the shepherd and shepherdess, the stairs down below there, and thinking of old times and Walter. My hair turned gray early, my figure shrunk, and my face wrinkled. They called me old Mrs. Gray when I was forty, just as they do now.

Do you believe in mesmerism? I do, a little. There was something that drew me constantly to that old mantle-piece, kept me touching it, and looking at it, something very strange, as you'll believe, when I've told you all.

My girl grew up and married, and came to live with me, and her children climed about my knee and made me tell them about the figures on the marble there; and in my old age a kind of calm came to me—a sort of happiness, as though I rested; and I looked back on the girl I had been once, and on the woman I had been afterward, pityingly, as though they were other people. Why not? The Effie they had named after me, my granddaughter Effie, was as old now as I, when I fell in love with Walter Welch; her mother older than I when I brought her back to my own home, and settled down to my dull, lonely life.

Two weeks ago, Effie came and told me she was going to be married. She was all blushes and smiles.

It seemed odd enough to me; but I promised her a handsome gift and wished her all good wishes, and felt as pleased as her mother did in setting the house in order, and seeing all was nice and neat,—I'm not feeble yet, though I'm seventy-five.

We had new carpets sent from the city, and the great parlor was newly painted, all but the ceiling. And my daughter would have the grand old mantle-piece reset; for the crack behind was a great gap now, and it really was in danger of falling. A mason came for the purpose, and we stood, woman-like, watching him. He took the pieces down one by one, and there was the mortar with all sorts of things in it. There was a knitting pin, and here a paper-folder of poor grandfather's and matches and a china jar cover, and there was my thimble—my gold thimble—lost sixty years before. And here's a letter, said the mason, handing it to me. I looked at it. It was black with dust, and sealed as though it had never been opened. I put on my glasses. My maiden name was written upon it—Miss Effie Place—and the hand. I knew it, though I had not seen it for all these years, was Walter Welch's.

"What's the matter mother?" said my daughter.

"An old letter, dear, said I. "It brings old times back, that's all!"

And I went away to my room and sat down there by the window, and read that letter for the first time, fifty-five years after it was written—read my only love-letter from the only man I ever loved, half a century after date.

"DEAR EFFIE," it began, "you think a man who is worth much should not be a coward, even in love. So do I. Therefore I begin as I do. Dear Effie, I love you. I want you for my wife. I never can be happy without you, and if you can make me happy by saying that you like me, for Heaven's sake do so, for you can't guess what a condition of mind I am in. I know I'm not quite all I ought to be towards you, I know how heavy my poor father's disgrace lies upon me; but I love you, and I'll try my best to make you proud of me, if you can think of me at all. I cannot speak to you of my heart, I cannot even write as I would, but I love you better than Garret Gray could love any woman, and I think you would be happier with me. If your answer is Yes, please send me just one little line. If it is no, don't say anything. I will understand it and go away. When I have sealed this I will put it on the mantle-piece in the parlor, where you will be sure to find it. And whatever you answer, I shall always be your true and tender lover,

"WALTER WELCH."

[illegible]

I hadn't cried before for twenty years. But I cried when I read that letter like a child. The clumsy maid had brushed it into the crack in the mantle, and never told me; and so all my life had been altered—and all his perhaps, for he had a loving heart—by a switch of a maids dusting brush, and a crack in an old mantle-piece. And I wonder whether he lives or is dead; and whether he ever married. But I wouldn't care to have him know the truth now; it's all too long gone by, and we are as much dead to each other as though the sod was over us.

The New Intoxicant.

CHLORAL IN BEER.—The British Medical "Journal" discusses a letter which Baron Liebig lately wrote to a friend in London, in which he stated, as a matter of interest, the quantity of charcoal that a certain manufacturer turns out weekly. The amount appeared surprisingly great, and the professor added, as a possible explanation, "Some say it gets into our beer." He probably did not expect that his familiar friend would publish this morsel of unauthenticated gossip. A nonprofessional journal reads the great German chemist's remarks, and from small beginnings, the idea has taken shape and has been extensively repeated in the press in a more or less authoritive form. Dr. Oscar Liebreich, the discoverer of chloral as a medical agent has made a communication to our Berlin correspondent on this subject. He states that there is no ground whatever to suppose that the drug is employed to adulterate beer, and that the public may be at once disabused of this notion. The strong bad taste of the drug fortunately disqualifies it for this nefarious use, and its soporific effects upon the constitution are such as to make it totally unadapted to counterfeit the qualities of the genuine beer. The presumed enormous demand for chloral has been authoritatively explained on the ground that the "newest popular vice is to take chloral." Ladies, it has been announced, are especially addicted to it, and it is doing at least as much harm as our old enemy, alcohol. The drug is kept in thousands of dressing-cases, and those who begin its use often grow so addicted to it that they pass their lives in a sort of contented stupification. One seems to find here evidence of the facile power of generalization, that writers devoted to social philosophy possess in an eminent degree. If, indeed, so vast a body of women possessing dressing-case have, within a year or two, come to pass their lives in a sort of contented stupefaction, so astounding a consummation has been brought about without attracting the notice that it calls for. It is just possible that husbands and fathers are so pleased with the contentment and the stupefaction of the ladies that they have held their peace. In the mean time, it may be well to remember that chloral is used medically, under skilled observation, in the same cases continuously from day to day, and often for periods of weeks and months together, without injury, and the aggregate of all those doses presents a very considerable amount. There are at present no data which indicate its use for other than medical purposes. Such a use would be highly dangerous, and the statements which have been circulated affirming it to exist are mischievous.

—A sure way to stop a woman's mouth Kiss it.

The Raven.

We have heard of Dicken's two ravens, towards them he showed so much fondness that Douglas Jerrold said jocosely, he was raven mad. One of his pets, he tells us, had "good gifts," but nevertheless lost his life by the "youthful indiscretion" of eating "a pound or two of white lead."

Alas! it is just what a juvenile ravenous raven would do; for he is a glutton like his parents, without their cunning. The second raven, Dickens, says, "new-pointed the greater part of the garden-wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing—but after some three years he too was taken ill, and died before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back, with a sepulchral cry of "Cuckoo!" Since then, adds Dickens mournfully, I've been ravenless. The great author himself is now silent in death, but his affection towards all living creatures, "man and bird and beasts," still lives and endears his memory to many thousands of mankind; for in this respect, like his own Barnaby, "he was known to every bird and beast about the place, and had a name for every one of them." But we are reminded also, when we look upon the raven, of Southey, Byron, Longfellow and Poe, who have told us something of the pranks, virtuous and vicious, of this clever bird; and of Goldsmith also, who says he "heard a raven sing the 'Black Joke' with distinctness, truth, and humor." There can be no doubt about the linguistic powers, of our hero throughout all ages, for he is at the head of talking birds. One of his ancient ancestors, tired of the monotony of the temple of Castor, gravely entered a tailor's shop, and remained there apparently only to amuse himself by pronouncing aloud to gasping Romans the names of the Emperor Tiberius and the Royal Family. He was awarded after death by a magnificent interment. Another, addicted to peeping and listening from the porch of a chapel during devine service, heard the minister say repeatedly, "Let us pray." On the occasion of a tea-party at the Squire's Hall, this animal was brought into the drawing-room to amuse the assembled company with his tricks. Set down, he looked about him, nothing abashed. Presently kenning an old well known antiquary, clad in a dark snuff-colored suit, whose head and shoulders only were visible over the top of a high-backed chair, on which the worthy man happened at the very moment to be kneeling, our sable hero, assuming a solemn attitude, gave out slowly, and in pulpit tones, "Let us pray!" Another, who sat up his abode at a posting house in Yorkshire, guarded the fidelity of a watch invariably demanded with a loud, "Ostler, come and take the gentleman's horse!" Another, long accustomed to ramble about a nobleman's park in Wiltshire (Marquis of Ailesbury's,) when surrounded by a crowd of unwelcome rooks and crows, would cutely lift up his head, and imitating the voice of a man, shout out, "Holloa!" and the consternation of his affrighted companions, who took flight instantly, seemed to give him infinite merriment. Another, called the "Parson," lived in a stable, and observed that when the groom tickled his favorite horse behind the shoulder, the hind legs of the horse would go up, and the groom would frequently say to the playful animal, "Ha, Jack; go it, old fellow!" One day the groom heard capers and noise in the stable, and approaching the door was astonished by the sound of his own voice —"Ha, Jack; go it, old fellow!" Upon entering the stable, he found the raven perched on the horse's hind quarters, pulling hairs out of Jack's tail, and responding regularly to the horse's kicks with the groom's exclamation, "Ha, Jack; go it, old fellow!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

An Eccentric Bride.

The marriage of Florence, the only daughter of Lester Wallack, and Mr. Arthur Sewall, has been duly chronicled in the daily papers, but it seems that this union was not consummated without some difficulty. The New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* writes concerning the event as follows:

The bride was quite young, considered pretty, and all the world (in New York) knows that she has peculiarities peculiarly her own. During the solemnities of a bridal ceremony it was supposed she would forego the ways and manners that have made her conspicuous in her father's theatre, and in public generally. Unfounded supposition. The church was well filled. The bridal cortage arrived, passed up the long covered passage to the vestibule, and no peal of the organ fell on Florence's ear. "What," screamed the bride, with a church full of people in front and a crowd of guests pressing in behind; "No music? I won't be married without music." Several ladies here filled the open door behind the bridal party. The ushers were sent flying after an organist. The bride in streaming white silk, flowing veil and orange wreath, turned upon the crowd motioning them back, she cried; "You can't come in here now, till I pass into church, keep the door somebody." Her father cried in vain to calm her. Her proposed husband ventured a word, but she shut him up summarily. No organist was found, the invited guests outside the chapel door were clamorous, and the disappointed damsel reluctantly went up the aisle and was married. As the benediction was pronounced she commenced an animated argument with the happy Sewell. As she passed out of the church, half-way down the aisle she spied Tom Baker, the leader of the orchestra at Wallack's and sung out: "Here, what's the reason I had no music?" Unabashed, the gallant Baker replied; "Why didn't you let me know. I've seen blushing brides, tearful brides, and agitated brides, but it Miss Wallack had been getting married every day for five years she couldn't have been a more self-possessed and easy-acting bride than she proved herself.

Worse than a Tragedy.

The Chicago *Mail* tells this sad domestic story: The central figure is a bold, bad man, but too successful in his efforts to despoil. This man is a sufferer by the fire, and, prompted by humanity, an acquaintance received him and his supposed wife to her home on the West Side. To the house of this hospitable woman others, also sufferers, kept coming until the good lady found her time so absorbed in the kind offices of chairity that she had little time to observe particularly the social habits of her guests, and still less to detect utterly unexpected and ingrate infamy.

She had a daughter, an accomplished, beautiful daughter, lately married to an honorable man, whom her mother's love could not permit to live elsewhere than under the roof which sheltered herself. The daughter loved the husband and the husband loved the daughter. The befriended villian was pleasing to them all. The daughter liked him, but the mother gave no thought, for was he not a married man? Was his wife not under the same roof, and did they not love each other?

One day, however, and by accident, the mother overheard this supposed wife and her husband (?) in loud and threatening conversation. From it the astonished mother learned that "Mrs. B." was the wife of another man, and had been led from her home by this man who had promised to "put her through a divorce, pay all expenses, and then marry her?" She learned more. She found that the reputation of her own daughter was in jeopardy, and that jealousy of her had caused these high words between this man and his victim.

Thoroughly aroused now the mother began to investigate, and found that by costly presents, assiduous attentions, flattering words and ways besides promises to get divorces and marry," this wretch had too successfully carried out his base purposes. But how to save her daughter! She first sought the so-called "Mrs. B." told her she knew all—found the woman at last, penitent, and willing to do all she could to aid in the restoration to respectability of the already demoralized daughter.

The daughter heard all. The tale of evil in its insidious progress, slow at first but finally swift and all conquering in its approaches. Then she laughed lightly and said, "it couldn't be true." The mother at once ordered "B." to seek quarters elsewhere, hoping to win back her daughter, if she could only rescue her from his baleful eye and influence. Too late! Her daughter had fled from her mother's arms, and again the seducer of female virtue laughs back in mockery, and the heart broken mother cries to God for the only comfort still left her—the grave!

Turkey Breeding.

We raise poultry chiefly for the table. What the producer wants in his stock is good quality of flesh, early maturity and capacity to make the most flesh out of a given amount of food. A turkey weighing fifteen pounds is just as good for the table as one weighing thirty, and most housekeepers would prefer them under twelve pounds. In most markets the lighter weights would bring the higher price. It is only in the region of large hotels and boarding houses that the very large birds bring an extra price. It takes about three years for a turkey to attain his largest weight. If at twelve months a gobbler reach thirty pounds live weight, at two years he would reach thirty-five, and at three years forty or a little more. But it is rare to get a male bird over forty pounds, and then it is generally by some process of stuffing that destroys his stamina and sometimes his life. This weight is excelled sometimes, but about the time one thinks he is almost sure of a forty-five pounder, the prodigy sickens and dies. It may be assumed, then, that forty pounds is about the limit in which a vigorous turkey cock may be safely carried, and from half to two-thirds of that weight is the last safe limit for the hens. With breeders of this size and a little under we should get large, strong chicks, that will economize food and mature earlier than the offspring of common sized birds. No birds yield more quickly to treatment than the turkey. The influence of a large-sized gobbler in a flock is immediately visible in the increased size of the chicks. The introduction of wild blood increases the hardiness of the young. A larger proportion of the eggs will hatch and a much larger number of the young will be likely to grow up. With a little painstaking it is quite easy to breed to any desired shade of plumage. —*American Agriculturalist.*

How a Young Widower Got "Help."

The Decatur (Ill.) Republican tells this story: The trials of a young widower, who resides not so very far from here, in trying to get "help," are worth relating. After becoming almost discouraged by his many failures, he at last drew up in front of a small dwelling among the hills, and asked the customary question: "Can you tell me where I can get a woman to do the work in a farm-house?" "Where are you from?" asked the old man, viewing the handsome horse and buggy with a critical air. "My name is ——, and I came from ——." "Oh, yes! I've heard of you; you lost your wife a spell ago. Well, I've got six gals—good gals, too, and you may take your pick among 'em for a wife; but they wouldn't none of 'em think of going out'ter work. I should believe you should take Hannah, because she's the oldest, and her chance ain't quite so good, seein' as she's nigh sighted, and can't hear very well; but if you don't want her, you can take your pick of the others." Our friend went in, selected the best looking one, drove to the Justice and was married, and carried his bride home that very night, having secured a permanent and efficient house-keeper, who proves thus far very satisfactory, with no question of wages, and no limit to the work she is expected to do.

—Boarding house bread—Tie but a little faded flour.