

The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY JANUARY 3, 1872. *L. B. Clark* VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 1.

Business Cards.

C. E. BALDWIN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Great Bend, Pennsylvania.
B. L. BALDWIN,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office with James C. Carnally, Esq. Company Block, Montrose, August 20, 1871.
LOUIS & LISK,
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 23, Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties. Wm. D. Lusk, Scranton, Sept. 18, 1871.
W. A. CROSSON,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Chamberlain's Office, W. A. Crosson, Montrose, Sept. 18, 1871.
C. G. FARMER,
MCKENZIE & FAUBUS,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Illustrated) Pa., p. 1, 1871.
DR. W. W. SMITH,
Dentist, Residence at his dwelling, northeast corner of the public building. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Montrose, Pa., 1871.
THE BARBER—HOT! HOT! HOT!
Charles J. Barber, the barber, has removed his office, just up stairs, there you will find every hair a shiner, beard a conqueror. One door. Montrose, June 2, 1871. C. JOHNSON.
J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa., 1871.
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, February 8, 1871.
J. D. VAIL,
Notary Public in and for Pennsylvania. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will continue to take all calls in relation to which he may be consulted. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fish & Webster. Montrose, February 8, 1871.
LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Messrs. Fitch, Montrose, Pa., 1871.
CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealers in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Leather and Harness. Making and repairing done neatly. Work made to order and repaired. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1872.
LITTLE & BLESSEE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office on the corner of Market and Chestnut streets, Montrose, Pa. J. B. Little, E. Blessee.
LEWIS KNOLL,
FRANZIS J. HAY, DISTINGUISHED.
Shop in the new building, where he will be found ready to attend to all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa., Oct. 13, 1870.
O. J. HAWLEY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, House, Cap, Book, Shoe, Bindery, Hat, Cloth, Leg, Pants, Oil, etc., New Bedford, Pa. (Sept. 2, 1871).
DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend, Pa. Office on Chestnut street, opposite Barman House, G. Bend, Pa. (Sept. 12, 1871).
A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office in the corner below Day's Store. Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1872).
M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer and Insurance Agent, Friendville, Pa.
C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer, Great Bend, Pa.
AM ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer, Scranton, Pa.
JOHN GLOVER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Main Street, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All alterations made to suit. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.
W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1871).
H. BURNETT,
SALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stone, Dry, etc., Oil, and Paints. Boarding House, Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Sept. 2, 1871).
STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS, AT Scranton, Pa. Office in Montrose, Pa. First floor of the building, corner of Chestnut and Main streets, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1871).
ABEL TURBELL,
SALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Glass, Groceries, Family Groceries, Hardware, etc., etc. Residence, Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Sept. 2, 1871).
D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 20, 1872).
DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Montrose, Pa. Office at his residence, at the corner of Main and Chestnut streets, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1871).
DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Give special attention to diseases of the Heart, and of the Lungs, and all other diseases of the internal organs. Office at Seale's Hotel. (Aug. 1, 1871).
BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dry Goods, Groceries, Family Groceries, Hardware, etc., etc. Residence, Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Sept. 2, 1871).
HUNT BROTHERS,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDERS HARDWARE.
MINE RAIL, CONVEYERS & T. RAIL RIGGING
CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, RIGGING, AND
WHEELS, HUBS, STRUTS, AND
PLATED IRON, NAILS, ETC.
FELLOES, GREAT SPINDLES, ROLLS, ETC.
AVULS, VICES, SPINDLES, DISCS, BELLOWS
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, DRILLING, PACKING
BRONZE, CAST IRON, PLASTER, PAINTS,
CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES,
BRONZE WINDMILLS, GEARING & FINDINGS
FAIRBANK'S SCALES,
Scranton, March 24, 1873.
IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATENTED HOME MANUFACTURE!
CHANGABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premiums. It holds the Ohio National Premiums. It holds the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums.
The great feature, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a cast case, in the centre of the machine, effectually protecting it from dirt and dust.
The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one-third slower, without stop, the shaft being lifted to the bottom position, and the machine running on its own wheels.
An excellent apparatus for breaking and one-half inch and under. It is a powerful and simple machine for the world, and can be used in any place perfectly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 1871. S. AYRE BROS.
ERADY Valley College, Ansville, Pa. For catalogue, address J. H. Hays, Ansville, Pa. President.

Poe's Corner.

Nuita Vestigia Beatorum.
These noble lines—from the Southern Magazine for the current month—preaching eloquently by the sublime heroism of Pease, come with peculiar grace and effect from a member of the first ever lost to target the peaceful heritage of War:
THE GOSPEL OF LADON.
[What the South says to Mrs. Children]
I have smoothed from my forehead its sadness,
Thou over! Thank Heaven therefor!
I would hide now with garments of gladness
The ashes and sackcloth of war.
Not a word of the Past! It has perished,
Gone down in its beauty and bloom;
Yet because it is so we must be chastised,
Shall we fight out our years at its tomb!
By the duty and honor undaunted,
Still steadfast and stern as a star,
By the laurel a Jackson has planted,
By the hopes that we buried with Lee—
Let us wrest from the Future the girdle,
That to resolute purpose belong;
Let us fling from our spirit their burdens,
And quit us like men and be strong.
I bring you, compatriots, brothers,
[As large ye dare not disdain,
Like Nature's, that beautiful mother's],
Satanalia as smooth as the main.
My valleys shall whiten all over,
With snows never born of the cold,
And grain like a Midas shall cover,
Every slope that it touches with gold.
The tink of the artisan's hammer
Shall score from the forest its glooms;
In the water-falls a clamor
Be drowned by the clash of the looms.
Thud up from your torpor, ye sleepers;
The dream you are dreaming deceives;
Go forth to the fields with the reapers,
And garner the prodigal sheaves.
With flocks, gladden meadow and mountain,
With linking herds speckle each hill,
And blend with the plash of the fountain
The rumble and roar of the mill.
Brave hearts that have wielded the sabre,
Starch spirits that stood by the gun;
Take hence to the Gospel of Labor,
The old dispensation is done!
Put hands to the plow of endeavor,
Plant foot in the deep-furrowed track;
Set face to the future, and never
One wavering moment look back.
For none who despairingly centre
Their thoughts on the By-gone, and ban
The things that are, and will be,
The on-coming kingdom of man!
MONTROSE, J. P. FARRER.

THE DYING GIRL'S BEQUEST.
BY MARY B. DODD.
Hark, sweet sister, I can hear
In the distance, voices calling—
Sounds that mean my landing ear
From the sea of rain-drops falling.
Falling like the summer rain
On a field of thistle grain.
Voices born of God, I'm sure,
Angel harpists sent in kindness,
My warm spirit to allure
From the gloom of blind blindness.
Blindness which mysteriously
Hides thy beauty sweet, from me.
All the colors of the earth
Now seem melting in the measure;
Now a bloom of heavenly birth
Flows the air with its perfume.
Treasure that I long to clasp
With my pale hand's earnest grasp.
But no longer with my hand
May I gather scattered roses;
In Death's near and noisome land
Never shall all roses bloom.
Oh! I grieve, for your dear sake,
From the world these hands to take!
Hands that learn'd of love and need,
All the while their simple creed,
Sits to do their duty,
Skill'd as last to do and know,
Must they from you idly go.
But God orders all things well,
List! the angel-voices clear,
Was that, dear, a certain fell?
For to do this duty,
Hold them—something says to me,
"Your hands are her legacy."
Now, my darling, all is peace,
All is won for which I've striven;
Love in trust has found release,
And to do this duty,
Rapturous music fills the air,
Crowned at length its work and prayer.
THE PAST.
BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.
Who looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the merest of his misspent time,
And through the shades
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hear no reproachful whisper from the wind
From his loved dead?
Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who abnegates his sting, O terrible remorse!
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
All times, a sad and unreluctant look,
Hegretful of the past?
Alas! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished for good undone:
Our best to-day
Is to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we always.
Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
Who, if he looks back
Permitted to the past, is he was,
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-man?
If he hath bidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sun-shine to the cell of sin—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed,
Or home, hath bent—
His hat not lived in vain. And while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful hearts
His great reward, and with his hope before,
Knowing that his works be nevermore
Can henceforth part.
Brevities and Witticisms.
—Said a contracted young lady: You are a co-ventus-est.
—An object of interest: Your deposit in a savings bank.
—Mixed in society—taking your grog with your friends.
—Briggs attributes the roteness of his nose to indigestion.
—A wife's kiss for money is well termed legal tender-ness.
—Milk housekeepers are generally put out when coal is put in.
—Can an aunt who dotes on her nephew be called an antidote.

Miscellaneous.

From London Society.
NINETTE, THE QUEEN OF THE RING.
The manager had tendered the services of the company for a benefit to a hospital which needed funds, and there was every prospect of a fashionable, as well as a crowded-house. Ninette, our equestrian queen, had entered more fully into the spirit of the scene than any of us, altho' we were all more than anxious to make the affair a great success.
How I loved Ninette! So oddly, too, that sometimes my own love almost bewildered me; in her persistence, having no hope in it, yet its hopelessness having no despair. It was a love that never was moved by her indifference or scorn, and never weakened by her contempt. She was proud of her own beauty and of her power over us all, and she never attempted to hide her power, her dominating spirit, her female performer, who were all older and plainer than herself, but dominating most despotically over every male performer in the circus. But she did it so prettily and bewitchingly that I was not the only one who had laid his love at her feet to be trampled on at her will.
I had but poor health then, and this was one source of Ninette's merry sarcasms.
"Yes—with yours," I answered, intending to watch the bright forerunner, mine, to-day, in letters almost larger, for I'm going to—ride."
"Of course," I answered, with a faint smile, while I wondered a little at the sudden change in her voice. "What audience would there be if you did not ride?"
"None," she laughed. "You must wish me success before I go away. I've been telling Signor Ricardo," she added, as the manager joined us, "various particulars of his benefit. How very willing we all give our services. How all the town is interested!"
"And did she tell you?" asked Monsieur, with a pleased and excited look, "how I offered to double the price of admission if any one would promise a novelty? and how she herself immediately proposed to perform her Moorish feat? I'll show you one of the handbills. Here it is: 'Mlle. Ninette, the equestrian queen, on her magnificent steed, 'Black Hawk,' will
"O, no, no, you must not let her," I exclaimed in a hasty fear. "Oh! Monsieur, it is most rash and dangerous."
Monsieur smiled as he put the handbill back into his pocket, and Ninette arose with a vexed glance across at him.
"Do forbid her to do this," I cried again.
"Mlle. Ninette is such a superb horsewoman," the manager said, "that if she feels she can accomplish it safely and brilliantly, I feel it too. And it will make to-night's performance an unrivaled success. Standing close before you, you know, such a gorgeous and unprecedented triumph it was."
"It is a wifely risking of life," I faltered, the tears starting in my weakness. "I shall be miserable."
"I shall not," laughed Monsieur, rising. "I have too much confidence in Ninette. I don't think about her at all. Ricardo, Ninette said, to her hand as she turned to leave. "I should never have told you myself, because I know how invalids worry themselves about the safest and most trying things, and I have made up my mind to do it, and *Black Hawk* understand that same entirely."
"Oh! do not venture it, Ninette," I whispered, appealing to her in a bitter earnestness. "Say you will not."
"No—for I *must*, she answered, laughing lightly, though she spoke with odd, steady quietness.
Then I covered my eyes with my feeble hands, and let the tears flow on.
"I shall come in and see you before the performance," Ninette said, after a little pause. "Will you, Ninette?" I asked eagerly, as I battled with my cowardice. "Will you come in just as you go?"
"I hardly know about that," she answered, with a quaint, shy smile.
Monsieur had left the room then, and Ninette was standing opposite me, about to follow him.
"Ninette," I said, slowly, as I feasted my eyes on her sweet face, "when I saw you first you wore an old black habit, quite rusty, I remember; and you had a bit in your hand, with a long scarlet plume almost touching the ground. And I have never seen you since, you have always been to me as you were that day—and you always will be, dear."
"I remember that old velvet habit," she laughed. "It is a superannuated article now, and—what did you think of me then, Ricardo?"
"Just what I think now."
She laughed again, but her step was soft and lingering when she left me.
Until evening I lay and thought of her, picturing the beautiful little figure that would come to me in its gorgeous theatrical dress. The twilight glided slowly into my silent room, and then I lay and listened breathlessly, for I knew she must come soon. Yet so noiselessly she entered at last that even my waiting ears could scarcely catch the light step. Without a word she shut the door behind her. Then she stood, looking at me; her red lips parted with an irrefusable smile, and her eyes brimming over with fun. But she was clad in no gay, unusual dress; she stood there holding up in one hand the old black habit, from the other dangled the little hat with its scarlet plume; and her head was only crowned with its bright, fair curls.
"Ninette," I said, breaking my wondering silence, "seeing you so, I feel as if, through all the years that I lie helpless, I could dream that you have been in all that I wildly dreamed you might be when I saw you for the first time. Thank you for coming to see me; but you will have to change your dress again, you ride in such a different costume."
The color rushed to her cheeks, and her eyes grew hot and dark.
"Yes, very different; but cannot you think of me always as you see me now,

Baron Munchausen in California.

The following is a very fair representation, somewhat enlarged, of the "big talk" about the agricultural production of the Pacific coast which one hears in those parts:
"Two weeks ago I started on a visit to the Xo-Semite Valley. I arrived at the wharf, a moment too late to get on board, and instead of waiting until the day, I determined to go immediately to Stockton on horseback." Accordingly crossed the bay to Oakland, or as it is better known "Little Peddlington," procured a horse and rode over to the Livermore valley, where I stayed all night with a rancher, who was known in the valley as "Clamps." They call him that because he got rich by holding on to his money with a degree of fortitude not universal in the country. As supper-time approached "Clamps" asked me if I would like some eggs, and how I preferred it, hard or soft, boiled or fried. I told him I would like some eggs, and that if he would not like to have them served to me, he might as well not put them on at all. For a few moments there came Clamps and his wife, rolling an egg the size of a flour-barrel, which they boiled in a short time in a large cauldron, and then set it up on end by madam's chair at the table. A hole was made in the top of the shell, and the egg was dipped out with long handled ladle. I was astonished at the size of the egg, and observed that his hens must be enormously large. "No means," he replied. "You will not be so much surprised when I tell you that one hen did not lay this egg alone; it took seven or eight hens almost a week to lay it. It was a joint-stock production of the chicks, but still it is better than the individual responsibility plan."
"At breakfast the next morning we had more eggs, and then I went on the road to Stockton. I reached San Joaquin river at noon, and was ferried over in an unique-looking craft. While the ferryman was towing silently at his big oars, I inquired whether the ferry was profitable. "Doesn't scarcely pay for raising" the boat," he replied.
"Raising the boat?" I inquired, what do you mean by raising the boat?" "Mister," said he, "resting for a while on his oars, 'you be a stranger in these parts, hasn't you?"
I replied that I had not been long in the country.
"Then," said he, pointing to the shore, "this ere boat grew on that pumpkin vine in that patch-er-yonder."
"Grown in that pumpkin patch?" I exclaimed.
"Grown in that pumpkin patch, on a pumpkin vine. Mister, this boat is a pumpkin shell, and in two. That patch is where it grew."
"Where, over by that barn?" I inquired.
"That ain't no barn, be answered "I guess he choose to call it that. That's a pumpkin too. But I made a hole in the end and let the stock inside, and when the wet seasons set in, you see, I plug up the hole and let 'em winter there. They come out awful fat in the Spring. That big green-looking squash over yonder, I am hollerin' out to live in." "Are these the growth of the season?" I asked.
"We don't have no such difference here on the San Joaquin as growin' seasons and them others; things keep on growin' all the time till we pull 'em, or they die."
"As I was taking leave of the ferryman, he gave me a curious receipt, with the remark that I might astonish the folks in the East, with it; but, before twenty-four hours had elapsed, I cannot near having a calamity by reason of it myself."
"It was in this wise: After riding several hours in the sun I was so overcome by drowsiness as to find it impossible to keep in the saddle, and dismounting, lay down on the ground, intending to take a short nap. I had the pumpkin seed in my vest pocket. During my slumbers it fell on the ground and I rolled over it. My great fatigue caused me to oversleep myself, and I awoke in the morning, being roughly hurled over the ground in my prostrate position, with what seemed to be a rope around my body. I howled lustily for help, and my cries attracted the attention of two men who were on their way to the harvest field.
On being relieved from my perilous position the mystery became clear. It was the warmth of my body caused the pumpkin seed to sprout, and began growing, and one of the tendrils of the new vine had coiled itself around my body, dragging me along in its rapid growth a distance of more than half-a-mile before I was awakened. My deliverers had a hard run to keep pace with me, in the clutches of the pumpkin vine, and finally arrested my progress by cutting it with their scythe blades. I gave them the vine for their reward, and we counted on it less than three hundred young pumpkins, ranging from the size of a hen's egg to a flour barrel."
There is but one more thing I will not forget. Six years ago a gentleman residing near Stockton planted a grapevine by his house. In two years the building was completely enveloped in the branches of the vine, and the gentleman was surprised at seeing his dwelling starting from its foundations. The vine grew with wonderful vigor, and carried the house unharmed up to the height of sixty feet in the air, where it remained. The gentleman now reaches his front door, by means of a winding staircase around the trunk of the grape vine, and anybody who will take the trouble to go and see, will find it just as I have said.

The Road to "Dahrot.

There is nothing so funny as the narration of the case of the "Green Lalo of the Sea," who is sure he is not going to be done, and determined to show the Yankees that he is as sharp as any "wan wan." One of this class stepped into one of the ticket offices in the International Hotel block, at Suspension Bridge, the other day, and the following dialogue ensued:
"Pat—Shure is this the road to Dahrot?"
"Agent—Yes; send you right through."
"Pat—Shure it's the road road I mean, an' none o' them chablin' tumpikes."
"Agent—You want to buy the Great Western from Suspension Bridge, or the Grand Trunk from Buffalo?"
"Pat—Divil a bit! I've no clothes for a trunk, let alone money for the buyin' 'uv wan."
"Agent—Well, you want to go to Detroit and M?"
"Pat—Shure I do."
"Agent—Which line will you take?"
"Pat—Oh! any line, shure a fish-line for a trout or two perhaps."
"Agent—No, no, how would you like to go—how way?"
"Pat—How would I like to go? Shure, like a gentleman, an' the same way mo comber the little, kneading figure."
"Agent—And what way will you take?"
"Pat—Shure he said it was a zolubity quick-way."
"Agent—Then you want a ticket on the express line, give me ten dollars."
"Pat—Ten dollars! What wud I give you tin dollars for?"
"Agent—For your ticket by the express."
"Pat—Shure it's no express I want at all; it's the way to Dahrot."
"Agent—I know that; but there are three ways, as you call 'em—Express, Trunk, and Central; what line will you take?"
"Pat—(muzzled)—Ah, sh!"
"Agent—(hearing over the counter)—Come, my good fellow, what will you take?"
"Pat—(glancing at a big ink bottle that stood on the counter)—Shure I'll take a throp of whiskey, if it's the same to yure honor."
"This reply elicited an explosion of laughter from half a dozen other ticket agents who were in the same office.—One of them thinking to better matters took Pat in hand.)
"Agent—You want to go to Detroit?"
"Pat—You may say that."
"Agent—But you want to buy a ticket?"
"Pat—Divil a bit."
"Agent—What line do you want, then?"
"Pat—Shure I want to know the way to go to Dahrot."
"Agent—Well, buy a ticket, and that will show you the way."
"Pat—But wouldn't yure honor show me the way?"
"Agent—But how can you get there without the ticket?"
"Pat—Shure I want to walk."
"There were two ticket agents but no ticket sold by this operation."
A Novel Pair of Stockings.
"I believe a woman will do a good deal for a dance," said an old M. D., "they are immensely fond of sport. I remember once in my life, I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and confided to me that she had stockings to appear in, and without them her presence at a ball was out of the question."
"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said a friend.
"No; you're out. I was as poor as the doctor." "She knew that I was as poor as her doctor," but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper trigs. Now, what do you think it was?"
"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned the friend.
"Out again, sir—your'd never guess it; and only women could have laid upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs."
"Painting her legs!" exclaimed his friend.
"Fact, sir," said the doctor, "and she relied upon me for telling her if the cheat was successful."
"And was it?" inquired his friend.
"Don't be in a hurry, friend. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter."
"Oh, you old rascal," said his friend.
"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some pink coloring, and I defied all the boys in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jennie; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."
"And she went to the ball?"
"Sho did."
"And the trick succeeded?"
"Completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor Jennie! she was a merry miss; by the way, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I had made about the stockings. "Jennie," said I, "for fear you stockings should fall down while you are dancing hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?"
"Bridget, I told you to have my hot water the first thing in the morning."
"Sure, sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lay it at the door last night, so as to have it in time?"
The Wisconsin woods seem to have suffered the most severely in Door county. Of course, that Door was open, thus creating a draught and increasing the flames.
"There is a young chap in Daubury school, who being asked who was called 'The Father of his Country?' ably shouted: "Drighum 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.