# The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 3.



## 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. 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., Sep. 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 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.
E. P. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

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

**LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,**
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by R. R. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
R. R. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

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

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

**DR. S. W. DAYTON,**
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1871.—tf

**A. O. WARREN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office in office below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

**M. C. SUTTON,**
**Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,**
and 6tf Friendsville, Pa.

**C. S. GILBERT,**
**U. S. Auctioneer.**
aug1 6tf Great Bend, Pa.

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

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

**W. W. SMITH,**
CABINET AND CHAIR 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, &c., 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 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. [aug 6tf

**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. ANOS NICHOLS.
Aug. 1, 1869.

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

LEBANON Valley College, Annville, Pa. For cata-logues, address L. H. HAMMOND, A. M., President.


## Poet's Corner.

### Annie and Willie's Prayer.

The following poem written by Mrs. Sophia P. Snow is one of the most exquisitely touching and beautiful that we have ever read. It cannot fail to reach the hearts of all who peruse it, besides being peculiarly appropriate to the holidays:

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs,
For to night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this, he should never more hear,
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year,
And this was the reason that the two little heads,
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus;
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe,
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive,
You must wait just as still till I say amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee,
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony workbox that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa—dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he,
Don't let him get fretful and angry again,
At dear brother Willie and Annie, amen!"
"Pleas Desus 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is light;
I want he should dive me a nice little sed,
With bright, shiny runners, and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy;"
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds,
They were soon lost in slumber—both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had scarce ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank-stock to-day had gone down ten per cent.
But of course they forgot their troubles ere this,
And then I denied them the thrice asked for kiss.
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before,"
So saying he softly ascended the stairs,
And arriving at the door heard both of their prayers.
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears,
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten them," said he with a sigh,
How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh;
I'll atone for my harshness he inwardly said,
By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed.
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown;
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire forcing the cold driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring,
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for a tea,
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed,
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
With bright shining runners and all painted red,
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus laughing stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop,
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stocks fall ten per cent more,
Hereafter I'll make it a rule I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve.
So thinking he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied,
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found:
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things they had wanted) and left before light,
"And now," added Annie in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's Santa Claus, papa, I know."
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said,
That their dear blessed Mamma so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer!
"Then we dot up and payed dust as well as we tould,—
And Dod answered our payers; now wasn't he dood?"
"I should say that he was if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please,
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

## Brevities and Witicisms.

—Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable? Because they have got eyes to see what they are doing.

—The Ninth Regiment Band of New York talk of going to Europe to give concerts.

—The Grand Duke, when helped to some turkey, said: "Ah, bless me. Yes, that's the dish my father is always hankering after."

—An Oswego brakeman went to sleep in church, and electrified the deacon, who took up the collection, by remarking, drowsily, "That's all right; I work on this road."

—The entire wealth of the United States is estimated at $20,000,000,000. To count it will require 1,370 years, counting 60 per minute and 12 hours each day.

—Somebody told Jerrold that George Robbins, the autioneer, was dead; "and of course," added the gentleman, "His business will go to the devil." "Oh, then he'll get it again," said the wit.

—Alexis arrived in Cleveland at eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the 16th Dec., and remained in that city until two o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, the 18th. Arrangements were made for his reception by the Sunday schools.

—At one of his lectures George Francis Train shouted, "Now, then, anybody can ask me questions." Whereupon an old lady got up and said, "Mr. Train, I would like to know what makes a pot-leg always burn in two in the middle?" The great American traveler was nonplussed.

—A Negro Dialogue—"I say, Baz, where do dat comet rise at?" "It rises in the forty-six meridian ob the frigid zodiac, and laid down in de Comic Almanac." "Well, where does it set, Baz?" "Set, you black fool! It doesn't set nowhere. When it gets tired of shining it goes into its hole."

—An awful thing has happened in Harrisburg. A man was accused by his wife of infidelity to his marriage vows, when he replied that he "hoped God would paralyze his tongue if he was guilty." He had scarcely finished the sentence when his tongue refused to perform its natural functions.

—Three comets are now visible with a telescope in the heavens: Encke's, which performs its revolutions around the sun in three years and a few months; Tuttle's, first seen in 1790 by Mechain, and re-discovered in 1858, which takes between thirteen and fourteen years to describe its orbit; and Tempel's comet, discovered at Marseilles on the 14th of June last.

A Wisconsin man was taken dangerously sick. He sent for his wife to come at once and care for him. Now, the wife's mother was sick, too, and she sent this dispatch to her languishing husband: "Dear Tim: Mother is sick; I can't leave her. Do the best you can. If you die, send your body home."

A Hartford lady screamed a little at the supper table a few evenings ago, when a mouse popped out of a "doughnut" which she was conveying to her mouth, and scampered over her shoulders and neck. The lady was about to eat the mouse out of the house and home which it had just eaten itself into.

LACONIC.—During the war between the North and South a Federal colonel wrote an order to the commissariat agent for provisions, which is neat in its way. He was a man who did not waste words if his men wasted powder. The agent's name was Brown, and the order was thus directed: "Brown—beef—Body." The very bad provisions came back in due time with an equally short letter: "Body—beef—Brown."

—There is said to be a novel religious movement on foot, nothing less than a revival among the Society of Friends. This denomination, as is well known, has hitherto been noted for its conservatism and non-aggressive policy, but a new spirit has taken possession of the members, and they now propose to take a more active part in evangelical work. This movement is called a revival by the Friends themselves, and is now in full blast.

—The other night a London policeman, suspecting that something was wrong at a house through seeing the kitchen window open, knocked at the door, which was duly opened by a man, to whom the constable communicated his suspicions. The man, saying he would see, went down stairs, and soon afterward returned, remarking that it was all right, the window was broken the day before, and would be mended on the morrow. The two then bade each other good night, the policeman going away on his rounds, and the burglar, for such he proved to be, going on with his work.

—A respected gentleman, named W. E. Clayton, who resided in Clarion county, Va., committed suicide on the 30 th ult., by blowing his brains out with a shot gun. The act was done in the very midst of Clayton's children, who endeavored by their screams and entreaties to prevent their father from executing his design, but in vain. A note was found, written by the deceased, commending his children to the care of his friends, whom he named, and declaring that he took his own life because he found himself utterly unable to provide a support for his motherless children.

## Miscellaneous.

### DISAPPOINTING A LANDLORD.

A landlord by the name of Screwler had managed to have the stage stop at his house for the passengers to dine, by allowing the driver, Lewis, a *fip* a head for each dinner eaten, and the assurance that Lewis' grog should not cost him a cent; but as the tavern was ten miles from Parker's, where the passengers had formerly dined, and they did not reach it till half-past three, the landlord discovered that, what with the per centage to Lewis, and the keen appetites of the passengers, who had tasted nothing from six o'clock, he was "advancing backwards" instead of improving his purse by the operation.

The two worthies held a consultation, in which it was agreed that Lewis should be behind his time in arriving and the landlord late with his dinner, so that as soon as they had fairly commenced operations the horn should be blown and the passengers hurried off on the plea that the stage could wait no longer.

This game was played for some time with success; the hungry passengers grumbled and scolded Lew for an hour or so each day; but he pocketed the *fips* and laughed in his sleeve.

It happened about this time, that as the grumbling passengers were about leaving Parker's, the old dining house, a stout, hearty-looking man, comfortably dressed, presented himself at the coach door and took a vacant place on the middle seat. There were three ladies on the back seat, three men on the front seat, and now, that an additional passenger had been taken in, three on the middle seat, making it a full stage load. The new passenger was quite chatty and sociable, and well acquainted with men and things, and full of anecdote. He proved quite an agreeable companion. But even his versatility and good nature failed to interest his fellow-sufferers long. Hunger was too keen.

At last Screwler's fifth-rate house was gained, and after a long and tantalizing delay dinner was announced. The gentlemen with ladies had barely found time to help them, and then got cleverly agoing themselves to the tune of the fork, when

"Too-too-too-oto-o!" rang the driver's horn at the door of the dining-room, followed by his loud

"Coach right off, gentlemen! Take your seats, quick!"

Up sprang the passengers and scrambled off, some swearing and some too much under the fear of being left behind to think of anything else but getting inside the stage.

But there was one among them who was so much engaged that he did not seem to hear or see anything of all this until another blast rang into the door and Screwler touched him on the shoulder, with

"The stage is going, sir."

"But I've not half finished my dinner yet," returned the passenger, who proved to be the one taken in at Parker's, looking up in surprise and spittering forth portions of food from his well-filled mouth as he spoke.

"I'm sorry for that, sir, returned Screwler, blandly. "But I can't help it. The driver will be off in a moment. He is behind his time now, and must be in by a certain hour, or he will be discharged."

"Too-too-too-o-o-o!" screamed the horn, louder than usual, followed by

"All-on-board!" from the driver, who instantly disappeared.

"He's getting on his box now, sir, and will start in a moment," urged the landlord.

"And I've paid for my dinner! Too bad, too bad! Well, hand me back my money; I never pay for what I do not receive."

"I can't do that, sir. Sorry for you, but the fault is not mine. My dinner has been all prepared, and you're welcome to eat it."

As the matters were thus passing, the passenger did not stop long to parley. Drawing from his pocket a clean white handkerchief, neatly folded as it had left the ironing table, he hastily spread it open on the table, and turning into it a freshed dish of boiled eggs, then two or three plates of bread, with sundry little nicknackeries, he tied it on quickly, muttering to himself all the while in an undertone. Then seizing a turkey in one hand, two roasted chickens and his well-filled handkerchief in the other, he bowed to the landlord and said—

"Good-day, sir! I'll finish my dinner on the road!"

Screwler was too much surprised and confounded to interfere.

Thus equipped, the passenger made his appearance at the coach door, and crowding in, took his place on the middle seat; the ladies twittered, the men laughed or looked grave according to their humor, but our hungry passenger seemed in no way disconcerted.

"Won't you have a dish, and a knife and fork?" asked the landlord who had recovered his senses, and came forward, a few moments after the traveller had seated himself, with the articles, presenting them as he spoke with a mock, polite air, intending to dish our hero. But he was not to be thrown off his guard.

"Thank you kindly!" he said, bowing as he received the dish and carving instruments. "I had forgotten these."

As soon as the pair of chickens and the turkey were adjusted on the spacious dish, which the landlord already repented having put in the incorrigible traveler's way, the latter sang out at the top of his voice:

"All right, driver! Go ahead!"

Crack went the whip, and off rolled the stage, leaving Boniface vexed, angry, and yet amused at the ludicrousness of the whole scene.

As for the passengers, all shrunk instinctively from the meat, bread, etc., which had been so liberally provided, while the ladies turned up their pretty noses, and ejaculated in a soft, low voice:

"Disgusting!"

"Hold on here stranger, will you?" said he of the chickens and turkey. "This confounded stage jolts at such a rate that I can't carve my turkey." Indicating with his fingers as he spoke, on one side of the spacious dish upon which reposed his provender.

The individual thus addressing could do no less than obey the request; and then the same was made to his other neighbor who lent the required aid.

"And now, stranger, do you hold this bread bag?" extending his clean, well-filled handkerchief to a passenger before him. He was, in answer to this request, politely relieved of his bread, eggs, etc.

The dish was now supported on his knees and firmly held there by his next door neighbor, who began to enjoy the joke, as did most of his other fellow-passengers. In dissecting the turkey and pair of chickens, under all disadvantageous circumstances, he showed himself a skillful carver. The different parts were nicely separated, and laid about the dish neatly and quite temptingly. By this time the order of the fowls had awakened into keenness the unsatisfied appetites of the whole company, who were only waiting for an invitation to help themselves. In carving, the accomplished stranger had surrounded the edge of the dish with the pieces of turkey and chicken, leaving quite a space in the center. Into this he emptied the contents of his pocket-handkerchief, consisting of a dozen or so of boiled eggs, with bread.

"Now, ladies," he said, lifting the dish and partly turning round so that it rested on the taut leather strap that formed the moveable back of the seat, and thus was fully presented to them, "Help yourselves, I know you are hungry."

The ladies looked at the tempting exhibition, colored, and hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," he urged. "Necessity knows no law."

The temptation was too great for one hungrier than the rest, who, hesitating no longer, took the wing of a chicken in one hand and a piece of bread in the other, and forthwith commenced operations, not however before she had smiled, bowed, and said a courteous,

"Thank you, sir."

The other two ladies followed suit quite naturally, and then the men to work in right good earnest, nor paused until turkey, chickens, bread, eggs, and all had vanished. Of course, the sauce for all this was good humor, jokes and funny says in no small quantity. After the eatables had fully disappeared the empty dish was cast overboard, and all hands composed themselves, in the best temper possible, with themselves, each other, and all the world, Boniface not accepted.

Two hours and a half afterwards the stage brought up at Grimes' for tea. For some time past the late dinner arrangements had not affected the appetites of the passengers as it had done at first, much to the surprise of the landlord and "agent," and not a little to his regret. On this occasion, however, his guests seemed more inclined to laugh than to eat, and finally left the table after having taken only one cup each, with "fixins" in proportion. The secret of this leaked out before the stage moved, to the great merriment of Grimes and the coterie in his bar-room, to whom one of the passengers related the joke. Among these was the editor of a country paper.

On the next morning the whole story appeared in print, with names, places, and all detailed with much humor. This account, Parker, who most people thought knew about as much of the whole matter as anybody, had put into the form of a hand bill, two or three of which were circulated among the passengers in every stage. Of course Screwler became aware of this fact, and did not venture again to cheat the passengers out of their dinner when they consented to eat at all. But it happened two or three times a week that a whole stage load would refuse to dine with him, and thus he came off the loser. Finally he abandoned the profitless business of dining the stages, and fell back into his old was.

Whoever goes that road now gets a comfortable dinner, in good time, at Parker's, and should the old man feel in humor, will have added, by way of extra fare, a graphic sketch of the sayings and doings at Screwler's, with which our readers have just been made acquainted.

### Sunday-School Literature.

There is hardly any other subject respecting which so much folly and bad taste are shown as in the preparation of Sunday-school music and Sunday-school books. When we remember, says the New York "Sun," that the impressible minds of millions of children are more or less toned and warped by the crude music and pernicious books which are imposed upon them in Sunday-schools, this subject becomes one of exceeding importance. Imagine flabby souls and vulgar imaginations which children must have who are brought up in such Sunday-school slop as this:

"O boys! be strong in Jesus,
To toil for him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw and plane.

"O maidens! live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun."

This hymn was recently sung to a tune correspondingly detestable, by a choir of a thousand Sunday-school children, at the Brooklyn Rink, on an occasion when only music of a higher character and of greater excellence and usefulness than is usually taught in Sabbath-schools" was to be given. On the same occasion a hymn containing these stanzas was sung, as another higher character specimen:

"We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil;
For our Captain himself guards well our coasts,
To defend his church from evil.

"And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron."

These samples do not exhaust the triumphs of the inventive genius of the Sunday-School music, as witness the following comfort for cripples:

"The poor cripple has a chance for glory,
As good a chance as you or I;
Christ will listen to his story,
He will hear the cripple's cry.

"He always pities poverty,
And scorns not those who have to beg;
His grace for every woe's sufficient,
One can go to heaven with a wooden leg."

This is indeed consoling, but we are afraid it is not orthodox. Paul says that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. How then can a wooden substitute for flesh and blood inherit it? We suspect that before the author of the above hymn can make his "calling and election sure," he will have to show that one can go to heaven with a wooden head.

Too many of our Sunday-school books are as insane, aimless and silly as the above specimens of Sunday-school hymns. Those who write them know nothing about boys and girls, nor human nature, nor human life. They assume that there are only two classes of children extant—the execrably sanctimonious and the unqualifiedly wicked. Their good girls are always too sweet to be wholesome, and their good boys are usually so mean, sneaking, hypocritical and detestable that one of them could not survive half-an-hour in a play ground filled with real boys. He would be and ought to be inexorably put to death. The wicked boy of Sunday-school literature is as great a caricature as the good boy. He goes on for years committing all manner of atrocious crimes, and then, in the last page, he is suddenly converted, and goes straight to heaven for doing something which no decent boy would be guilty of doing. It is time Sunday-school libraries were purged of such villainous stuff.

### A Gentleman.

"You see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and he thought that his anger proved him a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman, I should think you would be a gentle boy first," said his teacher. "Gentleman do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much the more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he's got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons don't keep a boy from being a gentleman," said the teacher, "but a bad temper does. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must be a gentle boy."

A little further on the teacher met little Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what's the matter between you and Will, this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and it missed him and hit Will Thompson dog."

"Why did not you throw back?"

"Because, sir, my mother says that to be a gentleman I must be a gentle boy, and I thought it was best to keep out of his way till he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, after praising Peter's conduct, but kept the boys in his mind; and he lived to see Will Thomson a rowdy and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all.

Remember a gentle boy makes a gentleman.

### Cheap Pleasure.

Do you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look; they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood who is the mother of a half-dozen children. Send them a half-peck of sweet apples, and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a kind word to him, and he forgets his toils and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "you scoundrel!" and he feels miserable; but remark "I am sorry," you must try and do better. You employ a man; pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face; say "good morning as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Why will you not bestow it liberally? We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

### Charcoal for sick Cattle.

Nearly all animals become sick from improper eating. In nine cases out of ten, the digestion is wrong. Charcoal is the most efficient and rapid corrective. It will cure in a majority of cases, if properly administered. An example of its use: The hired man came in with the intelligence that one of the finest cows was very sick, and a kind neighbor proposed the usual drugs and poisons. The owner being ill and unable to examine the cow, concluded that the trouble came from some over-eating and ordered a tea-cup of pulverized charcoal given in water. It was mixed, placed in a junk bottle, the head held upwards, and the water with its charcoal poured downwards. In five minutes an improvement was visible, and in a few hours the animal was in the pasture quietly eating grass. Another instance of equal success occured with a young heifer, which became badly bloated by eating green apples after a hard wind. The bloat was so severe that the sides were almost as hard as a barrel. The old remedy, salaratus, was tried for the purpose of correcting the acidity. But the attempt to put it down always caused coughing, and it did little good. Half a tea-cup of fresh charcoal was next given. In six hours all appearance of bloat had gone, and the heifer was well.

—A widow, being cautioned by her minister about flirting, said that she knew it was wrong for unmarried ladies to flirt, but the Bible was her authority. It said "widow's mite." She was flirting awfully at last accounts, her pastor acknowledging that "widow's mite."

—Fashionable boot makers cannot always cure ladies' boots if they are bad; but they heel them.

### The California Murderess.

A reporter who interviewed Mrs. Fair, the California murderess, gives the following sketch of the result:

"Let me ask you," said the reporter, "a somewhat singular question; will you?"

"Certainly."

"Suppose that the Supreme Court refuses to allow you a new trial, would you accept a commutation of your sentence?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well it is hard to say to a woman in your position just what I mean. It is to this effect; suppose a petition was gotten up to commute your present sentence to imprisonment, would you accept it?"

"Never!" she answered, with a flush creeping across her cheek.

"What! You prefer the capital sentence?"

"Most certainly!"

"Why, may I ask? Is not life sweet to you?"

"Yes, it is; but I have a daughter who is now growing up, and should I remain in prison, she would have to stay here and visit me. She is young; she would grow up without protection, and there would always rest on her the stain of my prison life. But if I die, she would go away somewhere else, and the stain would be forgotten." As she spoke of her daughter, a mist struggled for a moment with the magnetic currents in her eyes, but almost instantly disappeared as it dried up by the heat of the surface on which it appeared.

### The Distrikt Schoolmaster.

There iz one thing in this basement world that I always look upon with mixt feelings of pity and respect.

But there iz one man in this world, to whom I always take off mi hat, and remain uncovered until he gets safely by, and that iz the distrikt schoolmaster.

When I meet him, I look upon him as a martyr just returned from the stake or on his way there to be cooked.

He leads a more lonesum and singul life than an old bachelor, and a more anxius one than an old maid.

He iz remembered just about as affectionatteli as a gide board iz by a travelin pack pedlur.

If he undertakes to make hiz scolarz luv him the chances are he will neglect their lurnin and if he don't lick now and then pretty offen, theigh will soon lick him.

The distrikt skoolmaster ain't got a friend on the flat side uv the globe. The boys snow ball him durin recess, the gals put water in his har die, and the skool cumitto makes him work for half the money that a bar-tender gets, and bord him round the naborhood, where they give him rye coffy sweetened with molasses tew drink and cod-fish bolls three times a day for vittles.

Don't talk tew me about the pashunno uv the anshunt Jobe. Jobe had pretty plenty uv biles all over him, no doubt they were all uv one breed.

Every yung one in a distrikt skool iz a bile uv a different breed, and each one needs a different kind uv poultiss tu get a good head on him.

Eany man who has kept a distrikt skool for ten years and has boarded around the naborhood ought to be mager general and have a penshun for the rest uv hiz natural days, and a hoss and wagin to dn biz gods around in.

### Curiosities of Life.

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

Half of all who live die before seventeen.

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

The married live longer than the single.

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

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

| | |
|---|---|
| Clergymen, orators and public speakers | 13 |
| Farmers | 40 |
| Workmen | 33 |
| Soldiers | 32 |
| Lawyers | 29 |
| Professors | 27 |
| Doctors | 24 |

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

### A Boy's Composition of a Mule.

The mule is one of the most useful animals we have, but not as much so as a horse. He has striped legs so has a deer. He can fling a boy over his head just when he pleases. Some mules can pull a heavy load, so can Uncle Sam's ox. Mother picks her geese in the spring, and a goat eats grass and can jump the ditch. Some girl's don't like cars, but as for me, give me a big bobtail ox. The old sow got in the tater patch the other night and it was double trouble all over the house. Ned was wanged on the occasion. Jim Kerr's big red dog bit cousin Pete's hind leg and a mule wouldn't do so. A mule has four legs, two eyes, and one tail, but my jularkee hain't got all that. If I had but one leg like Uncle Bob, I would wear a wide brimmed hat if a mink is hard to catch. A tunerment is enough to make a mule laugh; but when you have to pay to go to the party it is enough to make an elephant laugh, who is bigger as five mules (no more.)

Preferred Creditors—Those that don't dun.