The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 6.

Business Cards.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Administers Electro Thermal Baths, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases.
Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

J. F. SHOEMAKER.
Attorney at Law. Montrose, Pa. Office next door below the Tarbell House, Public Avenue.
Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

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. 234 Lackawanna Avenue. Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. Loomis. Wm. D. Lusk.
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON.
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. Crossmon.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

McKenzie. C. C. Faurot.
McKENZIE, & FAUROT.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., ap. 1, '70.

DR. W. W. SMITH,
Dentist. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Here'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

J. D. VAIL,
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE.
Fitch & Watson, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. Fitch. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. Watson.

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

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by 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, 1869.—tf

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exten'on Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
apl 6'67 Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 6'67 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.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
Billings Stroud, Charles L. Brown.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being some of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1849. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [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, Dye-stuffs, 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 21, 1872. 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, this adapting itself to hard pieces 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 strictly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 3, 1871.—tf BROS.

Poet's Corner.

THE IRON-TAILED COW.

[From the Boston Journal.]

There was an old Farmer, who lived on the plain,
And kept a fine dairy—no matter his name;
He thrived and grew rich, though no matter how—
'Tis said he was helped by his Iron-Tailed Cow!

His cows all produced the richest of milk,
Their coats were as smooth as the softest of silk;
He carded them well—took very great pains
To feed all he could of fresh Brewery grains.

His cans were all filled, and he kept up the flow;
How he did it, his neighbors all wanted to know;
And they tried all they could, but never could find
Though were blessed with a very inquiring mind.

For so many cans, from the number of cows,
Was a marvel to them, when a part of his mows
Were kept until spring, and sold very high,
And none of his herd ever seemed to be dry.

They vowed and they swore they would find out the way,
And they cudgeled their brains both by night and by day,
At last they concluded their why's and their how's,
That the farmer must certainly shingle his cows!

In order to solve and settle their doubts,
They went to his barn and examined his spouts;
To see if they all went direct to the pail,
And the found a great Cow with a long Iron-Tail!

The milkman who took all the milk from the farm,
Said that milk from *that* cow would do him much harm;
But the *cream* of the joke doesn't *lie* in the pans—
Says the fellow in Boston who looks at the cans.

The farmer at last thought it high time to talk,
Said he'd "heer'd of sich things as burnt sugar and chalk,
And one thing was sartin, to have milk nice,
It never *would* answer *to doctor it twice!*"

New the iron-tailed Cow cost but little to keep,
As all the farmers knew—when nothing is cheap—
And *comes* in so handy to fill up the pail,
As she always gives down as you lift up her tail.

This wonderful critter keeps up the supply.
When all others fail, and pastures are dry;
While the rest of the herd break out of the close,
She never runs off, though she runs at the nose!

How good it would be if the people could get
The lacteal stream, as it comes from the teat
But there's one consolation—for evil deeds past
The Devil will claim all these fellows at last.

This iron-tailed cow must surely dry up,
As twice doctored milk isn't healthy to sup;
And the greedy old farmer was left in a lurch,
And they strained him out quick from the pale of the Church!

Lexington, January 9, 1872.

RESTS.

BY MARY A. WISEWELL.

"There is no music in a rest,
But there is music's making;"
For melody is best expressed
By pause and re-awaking.

The skilled musician strikes the keys;
His sweet voice joins in singing;
He seeks not perfect harmonies
In tones forever ringing;

But mark the "rests" that lie between
With pauses full and rounded;
And clearer where they intervene
Succeeding notes are sounded.

God writes the music of our lives
In strains of rare completeness;
From Him the melody derives
What'er it has of sweetness.

The Grand Composer orders all
According to His pleasure,
And makes life's changes great and small,
Complete the rhythmic measure.

He writes it plainly—every line
A tender benefaction;
And still we murmur and repine
At "rests" of forced inaction.

Faith sees how, in His love sublime,
With patience unabating,
A loving father marks the time
Of all our weary waiting;

And how our notes made sweet and strong,
Where discord cometh never,
Shall swell at last the angel's song,
Forever and forever.

—*Hearth and Home.*

MANIFEST DESTINY.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Nothing as it was of old,
Where cities stood the cattle browse;
Weeds strike their roots through royal mould;
The lizzards bask in Cæsar's house.
What Cheops built the pyramid?
Whose dust, if any, there is hid?

If these the master races, fell,
Much more the tribes whom they o'erthrew,
From whence they came, no man can tell,
Nor whether vanished like the dew.
The same destruction now, as then,
Makes obsolete these outworn men.

The red man, whom our hardy sires,
Found in possession of the land:
Who built in woods his wigwam fires,
And smoked his pipe; or, bow in hand.
Crept on the wild deer, or the bear—
Or tracked the panther to his lair.

Whom, grim, and hard of heart to boast,
Daube! in his war-paint, stole away
With twenty devils in his breast,
To where his hated foeman lay:
Whom, if asleep he could not find,
And his strong arms in pinions bind.

To burn him at the dreadful stake—
He would devote to sudden death;—
As suddenly his scalp would take.
And mock the rattle in his breath;
Then, if pappoose and squaw he saw,
Would massacre pappoose and squaw!

Those bronze barbarians of the Past,
Cast in the moulds of hell are gone;
Their world was wanted: far and fast
We drove them towards the setting sun,
Ay.—and if future need should be,
We'll drown them in the western sea!

With iron nets we hold their trail;
They find us wheresoe'er they go;
Though fierce, they cannot make us quail,
Nor match the rifle with the bow.
We'll give them graves, and let them try
The happy hunting grounds on high!

—*Aldine for February.*

Brevities and Witticisms.

—A disagreeable vocation—Pro-vocation.

—The joy of the dumb is always unspeakable.

—The Post of the Rural Breakfast Table—Hogg.

—Always "coming to grief"—The undertaker.

—The Poet of the Seaside Breakfast-Table—Crabbe.

Miscellaneous.

THE VEILED MIRROR; OR, PICTURES OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The Old Year was fast drawing to a close. But a few hours and the advent of its successor would be hailed by merry shouts and gratulations, mingling with the merry chime of bells ringing out a noisy welcome from church towers and steeples.

Adam Hathaway, a wealthy merchant, sat in his counting room, striking a balance between his gains and losses for the year that had nearly passed. From the smile that lighted up his countenance, as he drew near the end of his task, it might safely be inferred that the result proved satisfactory.

He at length threw down his pen, after footing up the last column, and exclaimed joyfully:

"Five thousand dollars net gain in one year. That will do very well, very well, indeed if I am as greatly prospered in the year to come, it will indeed be a Happy New Year."

His meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door. He opened the door and saw standing before him a man of ordinary appearance, bearing under his arm something, the nature of which he could not conjecture, wrapt up in brown paper.

"Mr. Hathaway, I believe?" was the stranger's salutation.

"You are correct."

"Perhaps, if not particularly engaged, you will allow me a few minutes' conversation with you here."

"You are a wealthy man, Mr. Hathaway, and every year increases your possessions. May I ask what is your object in accumulating so much property?"

"This is a very singular question, sir," said the merchant, who began to entertain doubts as to his visitor's sanity, "very singular. I suppose that I am influenced by the same motives that actuate other men—the necessity of providing for my physical wants and so contributing to my happiness."

"And this contents you? But your gains are not all devoted to this purpose. This last year the over-plus has amounted to five thousand dollars."

"I know not where you have gained your information," said Mr. Hathaway, in surprise. "However, you are right."

"And what do you intend to do with this?"

"You are somewhat free with your questions, sir. However, I have no objections in answering you. I shall lay it up."

"For what purpose? I need not tell you that money, in itself, is of no value. Why, then, do you allow it to remain idle?"

"How else should I employ it? I have a comfortable house, well furnished—should I live more expensive? My table is well provided—should I live more luxuriously? My wardrobe is well supplied—should I dress more expensively?"

"To these questions I answer 'No.' But it does not follow, because you have a good house, comfortable clothing, a well supplied table, that others are equally well provided. Have you thought to give of your abundance to those who are needy; to promote your own happiness by advancing that of others?"

"I must confess that this is a duty which I have neglected. But there are almshouses and benevolent societies.—There cannot be much misery that escapes their notice," said Mr. Hathaway.

"You shall judge for yourself."

The stranger commenced unwrapping the package which he carried under his arm. It was a small mirror, with a veil hanging before it. He slowly withdrew the veil, and said: "Look!"

A change passed over the surface of the mirror. Mr. Hathaway, as he looked at it intently, found that it reflected a small room, scantily furnished, while a faint fire flickered in the grate. A bed stood in one corner of the room, on which reposed a sick man. By the side of it sat a woman, with a thin shawl over her shoulders, busily plying her needle. An infant boy lay in a cradle not far off, which a little girl, called Alice, whose wasted form and features spoke of want and privation, was rocking to sleep.

"Would you hear what they are saying?" asked the stranger.

The merchant nodded acquiescence. Immediately there came to his ear the confused noise of voices, from which he soon distinguished that of the sick man, who asked for some food.

"We have none in the house," said his wife. "I shall soon get this work finished, and then I shall be able to get some."

The husband groaned. "O that I should be obliged to remain idle on a sick bed, when I might be earning money for you and the children. The doctor says that, now the fever has gone, I need nothing but nourishing food to raise me up again. But, alas! I see no means of procuring it. Would that some rich man, out of his abundance, would supply me with but a trifle from his board. To him it would be nothing—to me, everything."

The scene vanished, and gradually another formed itself upon the surface of the mirror.

It was a small room, neatly, but not expensively, furnished. There were two occupants—a man of middle age, and a youth of a bright, intellectual countenance, which at present seemed overspread with an air of dejection.

Mr. Hathaway, to his surprise, recognized in the gentleman Mark Audley, fellow-merchant, and formerly, intimate friend, who, but a few months before, had failed in business; and, too honorable to defraud his creditors, had given up all his property. Since his failure he had been reduced to accept a clerkship.

"I am very sorry, Arthur," said he to his son, "very sorry that I could not carry my intention of entering you at college. I know your tastes have always led you to think of a professional career, but my sudden change of circumstances has placed it out of my power to gratify you. It is best for you to accept the situation which has been offered you, and enter Mr. Bellamy's store. It is a very fair situation, and will suit you as well as any."

"I believe you are right," said Arthur respectfully, "though it will be hard to resign the hopes that I have so long cherished. I met Henry Fullham to-day. He was in my class at school, and is to enter college next fall. I couldn't help envying him. How soon will Mr. Bellamy wish me to enter his store?"

"Day after to-morrow, I believe—that is, with the beginning of the year, New Year's day being considered a holiday."

"Very well; you may tell him that I will come at that time."

The scene vanished as before—a change passed over the surface of the mirror. Again the merchant looked, and to his surprise beheld the interior of his own store. A faint light was burning, by the light of which a young man, whom he recognized as Frank Durell, one of his own clerks, was reading a letter, the contents of which seemed to agitate him powerfully.

The scene was brought so near that he could, without difficulty, trace the lines, written in a delicate female hand, as follows:

"My Dear Son—You are not probably expecting to hear from me at this time! Alas! that I should have such an occasion to write. At the time of your father's death, it was supposed that, by the sacrifice of everything, we had succeeded in liquidating all his debts. Even this consolation is now denied us. I received a call from Mr. Perry, this morning, who presented, for immediate payment, a note, given by your father, for fifty dollars. Immediate payment! How, with a salary barely sufficient to support us, can we meet such a change? Can any way be devised? Mr. Perry threatens, if the money is not forthcoming, to seize our furniture. He is a hard man, and I have no hopes of appeasing him. I do not know that you can do anything to retard it; but I have thought it right to acquaint you with this new calamity.

"Your affectionate mother,

"Mary Durell."

The young man laid down the letter with an air of depression.

"I scarcely know how to provide for this new contingency," said he meditatively. "My salary is small, and it requires the strictest economy to meet my expenses. I might ask for an advance; but Mr. Hathaway is particular on that point, and I should but court a refusal. But to have my mother's furniture taken from the house—the whole amount would hardly cover the debt. There is one resource; but, alas! that I should ever think of resorting to it. I could take the money from the till, and return it when I am able. But, shall I ever be able? It would be no more nor less than robbery. At all events I will not do it to-night. Who knows but something may turn up to help us?"

The young man blew out the lamp, and left the store. The picture faded.

"I will show you another picture, somewhat different from the others; it will be the last," said the stranger.

The next scene represented the interior of a baker's shop. The baker—a coarse-featured man, with a hard, unprepossessing aspect—was waiting on a woman, thinly clad in garments more suitable for June than December. She was purchasing two loaves of bread and a few crackers. There was another customer waiting his turn. It was a gentleman with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Make haste," said the baker, rudely to the woman, who was searching for her money to pay for her purchase; I can't stop all day; and here's a gentleman that you keep waiting."

"O, never mind me; I am in no hurry," the gentleman said.

"I am afraid," said the woman, in an alarmed tone, "that I have lost my money. I had it here in my pocket; but it is gone."

"Then you may return the bread; I don't sell for nothing."

"Trust me for once, sir. I will pay you in a day or two. Otherwise, my children must go without food to-morrow."

"Cant help that. You shouldn't have been so careless."

The woman was about turning away when the voice of the other customer arrested her steps.

"How much money have you lost?" he inquired.

"It was but a half a dollar," was the reply; "but it was of consequence to me, as I can get no more for a day or two; and how we are to live then, Heaven knows."

"Perhaps that will help you to decide the question;" and he took from his pocket a five dollar bill, and handed it to her.

"O, sir," said she, her face lighting up with gratitude, "this is indeed generous and noble. The blessings of those you have befriended attend you!"

She remained to make a few purchases, and then, with a light heart, departed.

The last picture faded from the mirror; and the stranger, wrapping it up, simply said:

"You have seen how much happiness a trifling sum can produce. Will you not, out of your abundance, make a similar experiment?"

The stranger disappeared; and Mr. Hathaway awoke to find his dream terminated by the chime of the New Year's bells.

"This is something more than a dream," said he, thoughtfully. "I will, at all events, take counsel of the mystic vision; and it shall not be my fault if some hearts are not made happier through my means before another sun sets."

When the merchant arose on the following morning, it was with the light heart which always accompanies the determination to do right. He was determined that the salutation of "A happy New Year" should not be a mere matter of lip service.

"I believe," said he, to himself, "I will go and see my old friend, Mark Audley. If his son, Arthur, is really desirous of going to college, what is there to prevent my bearing the expenses? I am abundantly able, and can dispose of my money in no better way."

As he walked along with this praise worthy determination in his heart, his attention was drawn towards a little girl who was gazing with eager, wistful eyes into the window of a neighboring shop, where were displayed in tempting array, some fine oranges. He thought—nay, he was quite sure—that in her he recognized the little girl who figured in the first scene, unfolded the evening before by the mysterious mirror. By way of ascertaining, he addressed her in a pleasant tone:

"Your name is Alice, is it not?"

"Yes sir," said she, looking up surprised, and somewhat awed.

"And your father is sick, is he not?"

"Yes, sir; but he is almost well now."

"I saw you were looking at the oranges in the window. Now I will buy you a dozen if you will let me help you carry them home."

The purchase was made; and the merchant walked along, conversing with his little conductor, who soon lost her timidity.

Arrived at the little girl's house he found that he had not been deceived in his presentiments. It was the same room that he had seen pictured in the mirror. The sick man was tossing uneasily in bed when Alice entered.

"See, papa," said she joyfully; "see what nice oranges I have for you; and here is the kind gentleman who gave them to me."

The merchant, before he left the humble apartment, gave it occupants a timely donation, and made New Year's day a day of thanksgiving.

Mr. Hathaway soon found himself at the residence of his friend Audley, who gave him a warm welcome. "This is indeed kind," said he. "The friendship that adversity can not interrupt is really valuable."

Mr. Hathaway now introduced the object of his visit, asking: "What do you mean to do with Arthur? He was nearly ready to go to college, was he not?"

"He was; and this is one of the severest trials attending my reversed circumstances, that I am compelled to disappoint his long cherished wish of obtaining a college education."

"That must not be," said Mr. Hathaway. "If you and Arthur will consent, I will myself pay his charge through college."

"Mr. Hathaway," said Mr. Audley, in a glow of surprise and pleasure, "this offer evinces a noble generosity on your part that I shall never forget. You must let me tell Arthur the good news.

Mr. Audley summoned his son; and pointing to Mr. Hathaway, said: "This gentleman has offered to send you to college at his own expense."

The eyes of the youth lighted up; and he grasped the hand of his benefactor, saying, simply: "O, if you but knew how happy you have made me!"

"Mr. Hathaway took his way to the store. Arrived there, he sought out Frank Durell, and requested him to step in the office, as he wish to speak to him in private.

"Your salary is five hundred dollars a year, I believe," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Frank Durrell, somewhat surprised.

"I have come to the conclusion that this is not sufficient, and I shall therefore advance it two hundred dollars; and, as a part of it may not be unacceptable to you now, here are a hundred dollars that you may consider an advance."

"Sir," said Frank Durell, hardly believing his senses, "you cannot estimate the benefit I shall derived from this generosity. My mother who depends upon me for support, was about to be deprived of her furniture by an extortionate creditor; but this timely gift—for I must consider it so—will remove that terrible necessity. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

"You are quite welcome," said the merchant, kindly. "In future consider me your friend; and if you should at any time be in want of advice or assistance, do not scruple to confide in me."

"At least," said the merchant, thoughtfully, "I have done something to make this a 'Happy New Year' for others. The lesson conveyed in the dream of last night shall not be thrown away upon me. I will take care that many hearts shall have cause to bless the vision of The Veiled Mirror."

—A gentleman of a slightly irritable temper, calling out loudly for some hot water, from his bedroom, was unanswered. Seizing a small bureau, he shoved it before him to the head of the stairs, and sent it whirling, end over end, to the hall below. The crash was loud enough to bring out mother, daughter and all the servants. The head of the family was seated at the top of the stairs, elbows on his knees, chin resting in hands.

"Oh, father! what is the matter?" asked the frightened daughter.

"Matter!" said the old man; "why, here I have been a-callin' and callin' for yer nigh on half an hour, and now I've *telegraphed* for yer, that's all."

—A burglar was shot and killed by a trap gun, at a foundry near Newark, N. J., on a recent Saturday night. The burglar had forced a panel from a door, and thus effected an entrance. The trap gun was so fixed as to point at a drawer in which some valuable brass castings were kept, and the burglar on opening the drawer exploded the gun.

—A Mrs. Smythe, of Indianapolis, Ind., now has her fifth husband, and yet she has never changed her name. She was born a Smith, her first husband was named Smith, her second Schmidt, her third Smyth, her fourth Smithe, and her present Smythe.

—If Burns were living now, he would tell the man that wants to see himself as others see him, to run for office.

—A little girl remarked to her mamma, on going to bed: "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you." "But, mamma, I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry in the dark to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the tarts."

—Boswell once asked Johnson if there was no possible circumstance under which suicide would be justifiable. "No," said Johnson. "Well," said Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of fraud, and that he was certain to be found out?" "Why, then," was the reply, "in that case, let him go to some country where he not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

BLONDES.

A WOMAN'S OPINION OF THEM.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton writes in *Cassell's Magazine* about "Fair Women." She says:—

"The tall, dark, formidable looking woman of fiction, who is equal to any crime you like to name, and whose very presence inspires all beholders with fear or repulsion, has had her day. When we open one of the books wherein our youths and maidens learned their first lessons of life—as it is not—and we come upon a heroine with yellow hair, marvelous eyes of a greenish hue, small waist, shapely hand, and stunted if symmetrical growth, we may settle ourselves comfortably to an after-narrative of horrors; to a case or two of secret poisoning, or a bolder murder, with the chances of exposure by a full grown whiteness hidden where only an owl could hide; while bigamy will be thrown in to give the right flavor of impropriety, or perhaps, for a diversion, a marriage of that kind known to the French as 'of the thirteenth arrondissement.'

"The fair-haired heroines of modern novels have now the monopoly of all the vices, crimes—and diamonds involved; the former typical brigandess is shelved; while the chestnut-headed girls are relegated to virtue, and patience, and mildness and despair, and the loss of their lovers through the machinations of the too-fascinating and immoral blondes. It is all the difference, say the analytical novel writers, between iron and carbon, electricity and brute matter; and they give the preference to the former for that queer manifestation of character they call Force.

"Well, perhaps, there is something in the theory; though it may be carried too far. Given a fair woman, with dark, or even light hazel eyes, aquiline features, a narrow forehead, and great width between her ears, all enhanced by a nervous temperament—which is a different thing from nervousness—and we have the type of the Borgia; whence we may reasonably expect something more than would be possible to the lymphatic matron, whose worst sins are peevish humors, and whose wildest pleasure is a box at the theatre at Christmas time, with all her little ones about her. Society goes pretty smoothly between its ordained banks so far as we can see; but we are all aware of the difference between reality and appearance, and if we do not know the precise strength of the under-current, we all know that there is an under-current, and that many lives which look quite calm and respectable on the outside are turbulent and unrestrained enough below.

"So it is with your fair women of a certain type; creatures who might have sat to Guido for his angels, but whose souls are as the soul of Lilith and Melusine; the Borgias and the Brinvilliers of historic times, the 'modern Messalinas' of present life. Who does not acknowledge these women?—whose secret doings are whispered about from friend to friend—for all there is no Asmodeus, happily for them, to render roofs transparent—who go about well-lighted drawing rooms looking much like other people, save that they are, perhaps, more careful of observances, and when they give utterance to their opinions, express an edifying strictest of morality which puts the very matron herself on the list of the careless encouragers of vice. Weak as their rootlets are, they still keep their place among the honest and the honorable; perhaps because of their father's name, perhaps because of their husband's place; people all silently combining to so much kindly hypocrisy as includes their formal acceptance; though none of the better sort care for more than this.

"In society, as it is called, these frail, fair women are always surrounded by men; and by men only. They are both disliked and dreaded by other women; and they return the feeling. Between them and the rest in that dreadful hour of up-stairs retirement from the glass of claret to the first cup of tea, there is a visible but unspoken enmity. They are left alone in their blonde beauty to practice glances and gestures till the men come up; or, if any one goes over to speak to them, it is a woman of like nature but of less daring than themselves, or an innocent who does not know the goats of the drawing room from its sheep.

* * * To be sure, all fair women are not of this intense kind, and there are the doves of old time romance yet extant; blue eyed, tender, timid, virginal; who blush much, hold the creed of 'shocking,' and who would be as incapable of the sins to which their more 'electrical' sisters are prone as a child would be incapable of carrying the weight of a man. But we are bound to say that these doves are comparatively rare, while the hawks with golden wings are more abounding, and blondes 'without salt' less numerous than blondes with too much."

—Out in Illinois there is a child, now three months old, weighing but two pounds. Its length is only seven inches, and its face about the size of a watch crystal. Its tiny arms are so slender that a small finger ring can be slipped on either of them to the shoulder. This little creature is already making quite a noise in its part of the world, and hundreds have called to see it. Its parents are of standard size.

—There are 25,000 Postmasters in the country whose salaries, being under $200, the civil service regulations will not touch. There are, however, 5,109 who receive more than $200, who will, when vacancies occur have to stand a competite examination to gain the appointment which has hitherto come from the "number."

—The recent sale of the Marquis of Waterford's estates in Ireland is described by the Dublin *Post* as one of the most remarkable ever witnessed in any part of that country. The land was divided into one hundred and twenty-one lots, and brought upwards of $1,500,000. What renders this sale remarkable was the fact that most of the land was bought by tenants, some of whom paid at the rate of fifty, others forty, and none at less than thirty years' purchase.

A Man Who Preferred Death to Marriage.

Professor Flory, of Plattsburgh, committed suicide a day or two since. The Burlington *Free Press* gives the following particlars of the affair:

"Professor Flory was to have been married to a Miss Scribner, from Beekmantown, but, as the story is reported, he repented of the engagement, and on Sunday last went to the lake to drown himself, but as it appeared did not. Tuesday he became intoxicated in the early part of the day, and at noon was carried home from Witherell's and a doctor called, who gave him some medicine to quiet him. About the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Scribner, his wife, and Flory's intended, called at the house to see him, and the doctor told them they could not see him as he was sick, but they insisted on seeing him, and went into the house. Flory hearing them jumped up and ran down stairs into the basement, where there is a family living, and told the man to go up stairs and tell Scribner that he had gone. He did so, and hurried back and found that Flory had left. He went immediately in search of him, and found him hanging by the neck, dead, in the barn. He at once called assistance and cut him down, but life was extinct. His untimely death has cast a sad gloom over the entire village, as he was a man greatly respected by all, and the last person who was expected to commit such a rash act. There are some dark rumors in circulation regarding the cause for the terrible act, and the facts will no doubt be brought out at the inquest."

Pork Packing in Louisville.

The Louisville *Courier Journal* of the 4th inst., gives the annexed concerning the opening of the pork packing season in that city. There are thirteen firms in the city engaged in this business. Six have commenced killing up to this time. The season begins a very little later than usual, owing to the weather, and the latter now is not favorable for operations in this line:

"But the prospects are good for a larger business this season than the last. It is estimated that if the calculations of the pork men turn out correct, about three hundred thousand hogs will be killed in Louisville before the season closes. There were only about two hundred and forty thousand slaughtered here last year. The packers of Louisville are now paying more for hogs than is being paid at any other point. Prices here range from 4 to 4½. One gentleman bought several lots yesterday at 4¼ and a fine lot for 4½, and others are purchasing at the same figures. The pork business here differs from that of other places in the fact that there are no rib sides put up here. Rib sides are those in which, the backbone of the hog being cut in two lengthwise, half is left on each side. There is no market here for these rib sides, and therefore the only brands prepared are those known as clear rib and clear sides."

—A prominent lawyer was hailed while passing a jewelry store, by the prop'r, with; "General, come in here a moment, we have something for you to solve. If a man brings his watch to be fixed, and it costs me ten cents to do it, and I keep it a week, and charge him six dollars what per cent. do I make? We have been figuring and make it 900 per cent., and have only got up to one dollar. How much do you say it would be at six dollars?" "Well," replied the General, "I do not wonder at your perplexity, for it is well known, and the celebrated Baggage calculating machine has demonstrated, that at certain points in progressing numbers the law governing them changes. In this case the law would change, and long before it would reach the six dollars it would run out of per cent. and into what is known as larceny.—*Springfield Republican.*

—The Tallahassee (Fla.) *Sentinel* says: "The late Buckingham Smith, Esq., of St. Augustine, bequeathed his entire property in trust for the benefit of the colored people of St. Augustine. Dr. O. Bronson, who is constituted by his will the trustee, proposes to dispose of Mr. Smith's estate in that city, valued at $25,000, and to apply the proceeds, with other property, to the establishment of a hospital for the colored people, or an asylum for the aged and the orphans. It is said that Mr. Smith left about $35,000 or $40,000. Mr. Smith was a Georgian by birth."

—One day, down the avenue proceeded the dignified Conkling. Opposite the Metropolitan he was met by the Hon. William Kellogg, of Louisiana, who thus addressed him: "Hallo! How goes it Conkling?" "Sir," said the blonde, drawing himself up to his full length, "that is no way to speak to the United States Senator. I am Senator Conkling—Senator, sir." "So am I Senator," answered Kellogg, "and it's no use putting on any of your d——d frills with me. I am known as Bill Kellogg," and the Louisianan left him.—*Wash. Cor.*

—A teacher in one of our Sunday-schools recently asked one of her scholars, a promising six-year old, if dogs had souls, and was answered in the affirmative. On inquiring farther where their souls went after death, the young hopeful replied: "To the dog star."

—Barham [Tom of Ingoldsby] was at a dinner where they were telling about an invention for extracting ink from parchment, and reducing the parchment itself to pure gelatine. "Good," said Barham; "now a man may eat not only his words but his deeds."

—A Mrs. Pidgeon, in London, has recently given birth to three strong, well boys. She already has six young children, and the neighbors think it is a dreadful thing to have so many pigeons in one family before any of them are able to fly.

—James Russell Lowell has invented what has calls a new beatitude, which is. "Blessed are they who have nothing to say who can not be persuaded to say it".