The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 7.

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 Counselor at Law, Great Bend, Pennsylvania. 3m.

B. L. BALDWIN,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office with James S. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

LOOMIS & LUSK.
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 221 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. O. 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 Gere's store, below McKenzies—just one door.
Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

J. R. & 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 east 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.
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 Exemption Claims attended to. Office 2d door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 6 6m Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug 6 6m Great Bend, Pa.

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

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

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—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.
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 1843. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug'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 Boyce & 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. H. 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. H. 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 24, 1868. 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 Premium, 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.
The 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.

Poet's Corner.

POMPEY SQUASH'S TRILOGY.

A Drama of Yorkville, S. C.

I. NOON.—BEFORE THE MAYOR.

[*Mr. Squash testifies against the Ku-Klux. For Campaign Purposes.*]

"My name? It's Pompey Squash, sar!
Judge Slocum, dar, he knows—
Got free from Gin'ral Thrasher,
My wife, she washes cloes—
I totes dem roun', you know, an' c'lects de pay for dose!

"De natur' ob an caf'?
You stan' an' hear dat, Judge?
Tell um 'bout us bof—
We's joined de se'f same pledge—
You knows de League I spec', sar! I so Captain of de Lodge?

Oafs! Why, sar, God bless you,
I so magistrate, I is!
I so power to arres' you,
An' swearin's jest my bis—
I allers gits de Judge his cheapest witnesses!

You axes, "Did I ever
Hear tell o' de Ku-Klux?"
Well, boss, I didn' nebber
Think talkin' was wu'th shucks—
Dar! Pull my shirt up, Judge, so's he kin see de whulks!

Feel in dem dare furrers!
Dat Ku-Klux plough cuts deep!
Dem cowhide tee' dey worries
Wuss'n skeeters when you'se 'sleep—
But gor a'mighty, boss, I reckon I got of cheap!

Was comin' home from meeting',
One night, right 'trough de swamp;
Ole heart he 'mos' stop beating'
When I heerd de hosses tramp,
An' seed dem ghosts a marchin' behind de floatin' lamp!

Dey made a ring all roun' me,
Dem spirits ob de dead;
Dey catch me an' dey boun' me,
An' nebber a word dey said—
But gosh! dem cowhides whistled aroun' dis nigga's head!

"Who was dey all?" you axes;
Den do'n you know, boss? Well!
Dem fellers don't pay taxes,
Onless dey pays in hell!
Dey like to strangle me, so strong dere brimstone smell!

Wha' dat you savin', Jedge?
"De dead Ku-Klux be damned!
De Marshal wants to ketch
De liben' Rebel band!"
(It's Dimicrats you want! Oh, yes! I understand.)

Dar's Jone's son, Calhoun;
I seed him wid dem dar;
Dar's Kurn'l Michael Moon,
An' Cap'n Jim Debar,
Bill Simmons, Tony Hawk—I seed dem all, I swar.

I heerd Bill Simmons say
You was a Yankee sneak,
Marshal' to tell de way
Dem rebels dars to speak,
'Bout de ole government an' you, would rarely take a week.

Two dollars! for to pay
Me for dis little speech!
'I golly! dat's de way
To make de Ku-Klux screech!
De witnesses'll come whilesover you'm so rich!

II. NIGHT.—MR. SQUASH AT HOME.

[*Mr. Squash returns to the bosom of his family and warns his wife against the evils of a too active memory.*]

"Drunk! hey? What's yo' religion?
You darned old yaller Beck?
Kin walk a plank de bridge on,
An' neber jibe a speak!
You say I'm drunk agin I'll ketch you by de neck

Hyar's pay fo dat ah washin'!—
Miss Benson says you smut;
Her clocs up awful fashin';
She 'lows you don't half put
De starch in dat she pays you fo', you lazy slut!

You see dis little jug?
You put yo' nose to it
I smash you over de mug!
Hyar's yo's—a little bit,
O' coffee fer de pot, an sugar to make um sweet.

Wha' dat you say, you Beck?
"Whar I bin stealin' now?"
Ki-yah! Dis time I spec'
You laugh I tell you how
I bin done milk de Marshal samo as you milk de cow!

"Me git in trouble?"—Sho!
Dey can't git roun' dis coon!
I fix dem po' trash, 'dough,
Dat bowered me las' June!
Dere chance to fool aroun' ain't wuf a picayune!

Dare Mr. William Simmon—
I like to spile his face!
You member how dem wimmin
Druv me off Jones' place?
An' Jim Debar? Ki-yah! I'se sent dem all grace;

Reckon nex' time dat come
Dem folks 'll lemme be!
De miserable low life scum!
Gosh, Beck, you orter see
Dat Major feel de scars whar de Ku-Klux wallop me.

"I got dem for sheep stealin',
Down by the district school!"
Now, Beck! dat ar's onfeelin'!
How's I gwine turn a fool
An' tell the truf, now say? Jedge Slocum bought dis wool.

You'll git some trouble yit
You, Beck, as shore's yo' born,
Ef you don't clap a bit
On dat memory o' yourn.
Who's my gourd? Han' hyar dat jug. Guess I'll take a horn.

III. MORNING—AT HIS OLD MASTER'S

[*Mr. Squash prudently casts an anchor to windward, and, like the bird of the proverb, fouls his own nest.*]

Ole marse, good mornin' to ye;
Is all the fam'ly well?
You's lookin' peert, I see;
Got ober dat las' spell!
Beck she said ole mistis done hab another child.

Fankse, sir! I'se po'rly!
Been skeert, sar, to deaf;
I'ought las' night fo' shorely
I neber get my breaf,
Sich a mis'ry in my chest run 'cross from right to left!

You know dat Yankee Major?
Sent fo' me wid a guard?
Dat guv dis chile do anger?
Dey swore me drefful hard—
An' as fer questions! Lord, sar, dey axed dem by de yard!

I neber tole so many
Big lies sense I was born!
He swallowed all, de granny,
Like chickens gobble corn!
Take 'em a week to copy down do 'davy I hab sworn!

You 'member Slocum, marse?
Use to keep dat sto'—
Made himself so skerce
When you wanted him fer to go
An' jine yo' regiment? He couldn't fight! Oh, no!

Dat Slocum's 'lected Jedge!
He looks it ebery inch,
A settin' on de edge
Ob de court 'hog'ny bench,
An' wid his 'specs on, too, jes' like he had some sense!

A jedge o' stolen cotton,
Dat Slocum, sar, may be—
Or nigga butchered mutton!
Dem's all he'll jedge for me
Dem carpet-baggers t'inks dat we forgets we's free!

I say, sar—mum! Dat Slocum
He ax me whar you was,
I telled him yo' lumbagum
Was dreadful bad, sar. Wuss!
'F I was you, old marse, I'd jes' make mysel skerce.

Miscellaneous.

"I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

Mr. St. John entered the fashionable dry goods store of "Lovering & Brothers," to see one of the proprietors.

"He had stepped out for a moment," one of the clerks informed him.

And, withdrawing to an obscure corner, he stood waiting, with a half-amused, half comical look upon his handsome face, the streams of gaily attired women that floated past him, gazing with envious and admiring eyes upon the rich fabrics, of every hue and texture, that were suspended from the ceilings and spread out upon the broad counters.

Many of them were known to him, but he was in no mood to meet the sparkling glances and gay smiles that he knew would be showered upon him if he made them aware of his presence; for Mr. St. John was rich, and a bachelor, and had been so flattered and besieged by ambitious mammas and marriageable daughters as to make him almost resolve to always remain one.

So he stood back in the shadow, marking with curious eye unconscious betrayals of the natural dispositions, little glimpses of feminine human nature, and which the dear creatures would not have had him observe for the world.

As he stood there, the two Miss Parkers came in, charming and brilliant girls, in whose society he had passed many a pleasant hour.

They were lavish in their purchases. And, as Mr. St. John contrasted their smiling countenances with the careworn face of their father whom he met in the street scarcely an hour before, hurrying from one friend to another to borrow money to pay a note on the point of being protested, their lively chatter jarred harshly on his ears.

"Isn't it lovely?" exclaimed one of the sisters, holding up some costly lace trimmings. "I suppose pa would scold when he sees the bill; but so he would if it were only half as large."

"To be sure he would," responded the other. "And I'm not going to let the Dayton girls outshine me, you may be certain. It's my belief that they give the party simply on account of St. John's return from Europe. I suppose they are trying to catch him for Georgiana. Did you hear anything so ridiculous?"

"Never! Such a horrid taste as the girl has in dress, too! She showed me the new silk she is going to wear. Would you believe it? It is blue! And she as dark as an Indian."

"That is for the benefit of Mr. St. John; it is his favorite color. I met him on the street yesterday. How tall and handsome he has grown!"

"Yes, he is so rich. Pa says he is worth half a million, if not more."

Here the two girls passed along out of sight and hearing, quite unconscious of the proximity of the subject of their remarks.

"Good heavens!" was Mr. St. John's inward reflections; "are all women so heartless, so wrapped up in vanity and display?"

He was about to quit the store in disgust, when his attention was arrested by a low and gentle voice, which aroused a host of vague but pleasant recollections. He turned eagerly in the direction whence it proceeded; and as his eyes rested upon a slender, neatly attired lady, they lighted up with pleasure.

A woman would have noticed that the bonnet, though neat and fresh, was not of the latest style, and the mantle of last season's fashion; but men rarely observe such things. All that St. John saw was—the graceful form, the fair and gentle face of the wearer.

"Sweet Rosa Lennox!" he thought, "she looks as lovely and fragrant as her name. Can her fresh and guileless nature be so perverted as to care for nothing but outward show?"

In the meantime Rosa made a few simple purchases, quite unconscious of the eyes that were following her every look and motion.

"Is that all, Miss Lennox?" said the clerk.

"All to-day."

"If you were thinking of getting a dress, I can show you something that will please you."

"As I cannot purchase, I will not trouble you," was the low and quiet reply.

"No trouble at all, Miss," said the clerk, unrolling the goods, and spreading it out upon the counter.

It was a heavy, lustrous silk—brown, with a glint of gold in, not unlike the color of the soft hair that shaded her forehead.

It caught the eyes of the Parker girls who were passing, and they gathered eagerly around it.

"It's just the sweetest thing I ever saw!" exclaimed the oldest, enthusiastically.

"Why don't you get it, Rose? You have nothing for the party next Thursday, and it's just what you want."

"Only four dollars a yard," suggested the clerk, gathering up the silk in heavy folds, so as to display its lustre and beauty.

There was not the slightest touch of envy or regret in the soft blue eyes that rested admiringly upon it.

"It is very pretty, and quite reasonable, too, but *I cannot afford it.*"

These words were spoken quietly, and with such an entire unconsciousness that she was admitting anything painful or humiliating, that with the wonder it aroused in the hearts of her companions was mingled an involuntary respect, though it was conduct they could not have imitated and but vaguely comprehended.

St. John made inquiries in regard to Mr. Lennox the next day, and learned that he had sustained some heavy losses, but was still supposed to be doing a good business.

Presuming on his former acquaintance, he resolved to call at his house.

Despite the adulation he had received, and his really fine personal advantages, St. John was no coxcomb, and well knew that with a girl like Rosa Lennox, he must stand on his individual merits. So, not venturing to call for her, who was uppermost in his thoughts, he was shown into the family sitting-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lennox sat, with their oldest children.

Rose was among them and the blush that mounted to her cheek, the bright smile she gave him, as their eyes met, spoke a warmer welcome than even her father's extended hand and cordial greeting.

But having testified, by looks rather than words, her pleasure at seeing him, Rose left the entertainment of their guest to her parents. And, disappointed as St. John was, he could not but admire her utter unconsciousness that his visit was intended for her, and absence of all desire to attract his notice.

As he conversed with her father, his eyes wandered to the place where she sat sewing, noting every expression of the pure, young face, even to the quivers of the golden-brown lashes that shaded the rose-tinted cheek, especially the sweet womanly charm of her low, quiet tones and gentle movements.

The richest party robe never looked half so lovely as that simple home-dress of brown merino, worn with no ornament, save a dainty ruffle at the wrist and throat.

"You will be at Mrs. Dayton's to-morrow evening?" he contrived to say as he took his leave.

"No, I'm not going."

A shade of disappointment crossed St. John's face, almost immediately followed by a gleam of satisfaction as a happy thought struck him.

The next evening Rose was sitting in the parlor quiet by herself.

Her mother was up stairs with the younger children, and her father preparing to go out.

Mr. Lennox looked in upon her a moment, as he passed through the hall.

"Do you regret your decision in regard to the party, my daughter?"

"No indeed, papa," returned Rose, smiling brightly into the care-worn face.

Mr. Lennox laid his hand lovingly upon her head.

"My blessing! If I pass successfully thro' this crisis it will be owing to the strength you have given me."

"Are things looking any brighter, papa?"

"A great deal brighter, my child. You know that I told you that I could retrieve my loss if I had time. Mr. Hart, my principal creditor, has offered to give me six months. It was owing to something that Mr. St. John said to him. He is a noble-hearted young man. God bless him!"

The heart of Rose echoed this wish as her father hurried away. For the first time regrets mingled with her thoughts, as they reverted to the gay gathering, from which he had been debarred.

"I suppose HE will be there," she murmured.

"A gentleman to see Miss Rose," said Katy, opening the door.

Rose lifted her eyes, and the object of her thoughts stood before her.

"Not sorry to see me, I hope?" said St. John, taking her unresisting hand in his.

"Sorry?" Rose turned her eyes around so that he might not see how softly radiant they were.

"Oh, no," she faltered; "I—I was only surprised. I thought you would be sure to be at Mrs. Dayton's this evening."

"Shall I tell you why I did not go?" inquired St. John, as he took a seat by her side.

The cheeks of Rose grew as red beneath that earnest gaze as the flower from which she was named.

"I was just thinking about you, and wishing that I could thank you for the kindly office you performed for my dear father."

"I am going to ask him to perform for me a far more kindly one: to give to my keep the brightest and sweetest rose that ever bloomed. When he asked me what *your* wish is, oh, Rose—if I could only say *my* Rose—what shall I say to him?"

What Rose told him could be easily inferred by any one who looked in upon the two a few minutes later, and saw how quietly the head of Rose reposed upon St. John's shoulder, as though it was the most natural resting place it could find.

Rose was as modest as lovely.

"I don't see how you come to choose *me* Paul, when surrounded by so many stylish and brilliant women."

"Who would so gladly do their best to dissipate my fine fortune," returned St. John, laughing.

He then told Rose of the little scene he had witnessed in the store of "Lovering & Brothers," and how he had resolved, then and there, to do his best to win her, who, when tempted to expenditures beyond her means, had the strength of mind to say, "I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

—Strange to say, a negro minstrel most overflows with humor when he is corked up.

—Why is a man's life safest before he has had dinner? Because he can't digest then.

—We heard of a man the other day who is so mean that when he weeps he saves the tears to secure the salt.

—A revengful Tennesseean dosed a neighbor with shot recently for calling him a liar ten years ago.

—Jinks says that wedding-rings ought to be re-christened suffer-rings. He has been married five years.

Eugenie Sells Her Jewels.

London, December 25.—Is there no one at home who is desirous of making a really handsome present to "the reigning family" at the White House—a present really worth talking about? If so, let that person send over to me a check for the comparatively trifling sum of $500,000, and he shall receive by the next steamer the whole of "the jewels of an illustrious lady now in exile," which were purchased the other day by Messrs. Emanual, of Bond street, for £80,000. Of course £80,000 is only $400,000, but the odd $100,000 is none too much to be divided between the Messrs. Emanual and myself. You will guess without any difficulty that the "illustrious lady" is none other than the Empress Eugenie. Here is a list of some of the jewels, many of them, it is understood, having been the gifts of crowned heads to the unfortunate lady who has now parted with them:

Bracelet—Large fine ruby and diamonds.

Watch and chatelaine, the back jeweled in diamonds and colored precious stones: a marvelous piece of setting.

Pair of large single-stone diamond eardrops.

Bracelet—The centre a very large sapphire of splendid quality and color, set round with large brilliants on an elastic band of large diamonds.

Diamond brooch, representing the flower of an orchid, with long pendant leaves and drops.

A pair of large diamond anchors.

A sapphire and diamond necklace, of rare large sapphires, with large brilliants intervening.

An aigrette of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, arranged in Oriental fashion.

Head Ornament—Diamond rose leaves with full sized rose and buds in centre.—Purchased in the London Exhibition of 1862.

Head Ornament—Diamond wheat-ears with corn flowers and grass.

Head Ornament—Diamond olive wreaths, black beads interspersed.

Emerald cross with pearl necklace.—The emeralds are of the rarest tint and of perfect quality, and pearls all matching each other in size, form and whiteness.

Black pearl necklace—A very rare collection of large black pearls, with black and diamond snap.

Three pearl and diamond fringe pendants composed of large stones.

The Standard says:—The collection is remarkable in many ways. That the Prince Esterhazy was more valuable, but fortaste and workmanship combined, with historical interest, it is not too much to say that nothing like it has been offered for sale in England within living memory, if at all. A mere catalogue of the articles shows this. After the war between France and Austria in 1859, and when peace was concluded, the Empress had a head ornament of diamonds worked into the form of an olive wreath, with black beads introduced in it at regular intervals. The olive branch told its own story of peace, and the sombre beads with which the glittering brilliants were relieved were meant to express sorrow for the soldiers who had fallen. The workmanship is exquisite and the stones are of the first water. This magnificent ornament is valued at several thousands of pounds. It would be superfluous to pass eulogium upon the beauty or quality of the jewels. It is sufficient to know that there were many of them designed and worn by the Empress Eugenie in the days of her greatness, and that they nearly all speak of that personal taste for which she was famous. The famous cross, suspended from a pearl necklace, and represented in Winterhalter's portrait, is composed of emeralds of the finest color and purity, while the pearls all match each other in size, shape and tint. Another necklace of black pearls of large size, took years to collect, for the pearls match each other perfectly, and those versed in the subject know how great is the difficulty of procuring a sufficient number of these for a large ornament to be composed of them exclusively. There are pendants of large diamonds and pearls in fringes of ten, which were worn by the Empress in combination with the crown jewels of France. Another splendid head ornament is composed of wheat ears in diamonds, with a centre of corn flowers and grass also diamond, which were capable of being detached, and were oftener worn separately as dress ornaments than in their collected form. The watch with chateline carried by the Empress are also for sale, and form a remarkable piece of workmanship. The back of the watch, which is the size of a small or "godless" florin, is jeweled with diamonds and precious stones, which the chatelaine matches and the setting is peculiarly delicate and tasteful. The earrings, composed of immense single brilliants, were a present from the Emperor, as was a bracelet with a large sapphire in the centre and surrounded by diamonds. The last article is a really splendid bauble, and contrasts favorably with another bracelet composed of many colored stones, which is said to have been presented to the Viceroy of Egypt. The massive simplicity of the one, and the rather barbaric magnificence of the other, convey a valuable lesson on the art of selecting jewels, just as the aigrette of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls presented by the Sultan makes the exquisit head ornament of English make, bought at the Exhibition of 1862, seems the perfection of taste. The wonderfully light brooch of brilliants, made to represent an orchid with long pendant leaves and drops, is another ornament to which pure taste gives additional value. The same may be said of the necklace of large sapphires and diamonds with pearls attached to it, each pearl weighing some hundred grains, and of the large diamond anchors worn as shoulder ornaments by the Empress as patroness of the French fleet, and procured specially for the Imperial visit to Cherbourg, and indeed nearly all the ornaments offered for sale. There is not one which does not suggest state pageantry and imperial profuseness. It must not be supposed that this represents the whole of the Empress's stock of jewels. Many of these are too costly and imposing for any position in life but that which was recently occupied by their fair owner.—The Empress of Russia is understood to have purchased the celebrated suit of rubies, and it is known that there are many articles of enormous value still at Chislehurst, which will be disposed of when a purchaser can be found. Most of the jewels now at Mr. Emanuel's might be worn with propriety by any lady whose purse is long enough for their purchase, while some, such as the watch and the emerald, ruby, and diamond hoop rings, speak of daily use by the Empress.

"Riding the Goat."

The Norwalk *Gazette* tells the following humorous incident, which will be appreciated by the craft:

"Quite a novel event transpired as our Odd Fellow brothers were retiring from their hall last week, after their election of officers. An advance guard on coming out espied on the walk in front of our office entrance, a huge goat, "as black as the steeds of night." It was a purely natural impulse to seize him, and under pretence that the animal was the one belonging to the lodge, the poor brute was carried up stairs and securely shut in the entry hall. As the brothers poured out *en masse*, they were confronted by the veritable goat, who, with head erect, stood braced ready to repel any further indignity to his person, and even to dispute the passage of the hall. Here was a dilemma! Several of those who had, without flinching, ridden the fabled beast blindfolded, over platforms, tables, desks and chairs, in their initiation, fairly quailed at the prospect of these hostilities! A grand flank movement was essayed, with a view of getting the door open at the animals rear. But this ignominiously failed, as he would swing his horned battering piece around as rapidly as if hung on a swivel. The movements of our late double-ended war ships bore no comparison to the sable beast's celerity in reversing his piece. At length Vice-Grand elect Hill, was summoned, who, having just succeeded in carrying everything before him in the election up stairs, it was supposed would be equal to the emergency of routing this new adversary. Hill having served with distinguished bravery in the *Commissary Department* during the war, and having his native stratgetic inspirations fired by recent victory, soon succeeded in relieving his imprisoned brothers from their vexatious blockade. Decorating himself with collars, aprons, tinsels, etc., appropriate to his new office, he appeared before the bewildered and goat! While the attention of the animal was riveted to brother Hill's gay, gorgeous and picturesque decorations, a nimble brother darted to the rear and opened the door, when the Vice Grand shook his flaming regalias, and lifting up his voice to its most sonorous pitch, shouted AVAUNT! With one leap and bound the affrighted beast made for the street, and as he has not been seen or heard of since, the supposition is that the poor creature is still running—at large."

A Stupid Husband.

Riding on horseback just at night through the woods in Saginaw county, Michigan, I came into a clearing, in the middle of which stood a log house, its owner sitting in the open door smoking his pipe. Stopping my horse before him the following conversation ensued:

"Good evening, sir," said I.

"Good evening."

"Can I get a glass of milk of you to drink?"

"Well! I don't know. Ask the old woman."

By this time his wife was standing by his side.

While drinking it I asked:

"Think we are going to get a storm?"

"Well, I really don't know. Ask the old woman—she can tell."

"I guess we shall get one right away," said the wife.

Again I asked.

"How much land have you got cleared here?"

"Well! I don't really know. Ask the old woman—she knows."

"About nineteen acres," said she, again answering.

Just then a troop of children came running and shouting around the corner of the shanty.

"All these your children," I said.

"Don't know. Ask the old woman—she knows best."

I did not wait to hear her reply, but drew rein, and left immediately.

—A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, lest he might take it into his head to join in irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence; but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer." On this the butler was directed to remove him, and he had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke."—*Old and New.*

—The Atlanta, Ga., correspondent of the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* tells the following story: "The woman's right' act, giving a wife a cause of action against a party selling liquor or anything else to her husband while drunk, and allowing the proceeds of the fine to go to the wife, was passed. The most noticeable comment evoked by the passage of the bill came Whit. Anderson, the courteous and popular messenger of the Senate. 'Now,' said Whit., 'I can afford to get married, for my wife can easily support the family on the fines I will bring her.'"

—A writer in *Frazier's Magazine* has stated that there is a village in Bohemia the name of which is only pronounceably by sneezing three times, and adding the syllables *sischki.*

—A young lady sends us this: How to prevent chappy cheeks. Have nothing to do with cheeky chaps.

—Three synonyms: Archers, Cupid, Coquette; they all keep their beaus in a quiver.

Gleanings.

—A good farmer will never be satisfied with his farming until he see his land growing better ever year.

—One of the best farms in England is kept by a woman, and took the first prize recently offered by the Royal Agricultural Society. It is a farm of 400 acres, devoted to pasture, grain and stock. The soil was originally poor, but had been much improved by skillful treatment.

—According to the returns of the N. Y. Custom House, there was exported from Jan. 1st to Dec. 24th, 1871, 67,530,000 lbs. of cheese, and for the same time in 1870, 61,451,500 lbs., showing an increase in 1871 over 1870 of 6,078,500 lbs. In 1870, we exported only 1,394,200 lbs. of butter; last year, 1871, our exports were 8,519,700 lbs.; an increase for the past year of 6,125,500 lbs.

—The Dutch endeavored to extirpate the nutmeg from all the islands of the Moluccas except Banda, and they all had the trees removed thither for better inspection; but this attempted monopoly was completely frustrated by the mace-feeding wood pigeons. These birds conveyed and dropped the fruit beyond the assigned limits, spreading it over the whole of the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, from the Moluccas to New Guinea.

—The importance of apples as food has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated or understood. Besides contributing a large proportion of sugar, mucilage and other nutritious compounds in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances and aromatic principles as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, probably maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor.—*Liebig.*

—Fine "antiques" have a high value in England. At a recent sale, an old Sevres teacup brought £55 ($275,) and a similar cup at the sale of the Bernal collection brought £107 ($535.) Baron Rothschild offered, it is said, £350 ($1,750) for a silver salt-cellar. At another sale a small *pique* cabinet, twelve inches square, brought $350. Prices ranging from £5 to £20 ($25 to $100) are frequently paid for dishes and jugs.

—In an article on "Confederate prices," the Brandon, Miss., *Republican* says: "For the benefit of future generations we publish the following specimen of prices paid during the late war. It is a little bill of articles purchased by a merchant of Brandon from a wholesale house in New Orleans, on the 27th of September, 1864. Four pounds indigo at $60 per pound, $240; 20 pounds toilet soap at $20 per pound, $400; 10 pounds camphor at $26 per pound, $200; 26 pounds soda at $4 per pound, $104; 1 dozen castor oil, pints, $120; 10 gallons spirits turpentine at $10—can $80—$120.

—The London *Milk Journal* says: "That cows have memory, language, signs, and the means of enjoying pleasant association, combining for aggressive purposes, has been recognized, but scarcely to the extent the subject merits. Traveling in Italy many years ago, we visited some of the dairy farms in the neighborhood of Ferrara. Interspersed among much of the low-lying, unhealthy land, remarkable for the prevalence on it of very fatal forms of anthrax in the summer season, are fine undulating pasture lands, and the fields are of great extent. We happened to stop at a farm house one fine autumn afternoon when the cows were about to be milked. A herd of over one hundred was grazing homewards. The women took their positions with stool and pail close to the house, and as the cows approached, names were called out which, at first, were, we thought, addressed to the milk-maids. Rosa, Florenza, Giulia, Spos, and many names, which were noted by us at the time, were called out by the overseer, or one of the woman, and we were astonished to see cow after cow cease feeding or chewing the cud, and make direct, sometimes at a trot, for the woman that usually milked her."

—Longevity is an inherited quality, as much as the make of the body, or the size of the brain. Sir William Herschel, the greatest astronomer of his age, lived eighty-four years; his son, Sir John, died at seventy-nine; his aunt Caroline, was nine-eighty; many similar cases can be given where persons of the connection lived to a great old age. But descendants of long-lived persons should only calculate on living as long themselves by living pretty much in the same manner; regularly, temperately, equably; cultivating especially, serenity of mind, deliberation of thought and action; avoiding as much as possible shocks and bodily exposure to hardships and to all extremes. The tortoise overtook the hare long before the close of the day; prudent, thoughtful, careful people, who hold on the equable tenor of their way, far outlive the thoughtless, the perrons and unsteady. But longevity may be cultivated by a life of steady industry, of habitual temperance and regularity, combined with the conscientious performance of all the duties of life.

—The patient labors of Mercator, the famous sailor and chart maker, have never received a fitting recognition until now, when his disciples in Germany have resolved to celebrate the third centennial anniversary of the appearance of the famous Mercator's Projection by erecting a monument to the memory of its author. He was a man of deep religious convictions, and determined to devote a portion of his life to combating the Aristotelian philosophy, which was then in vogue. As a means of support, he became a teacher of mathematics; and to sustain his increasing family he made mathematical instruments, and engraved maps. His interest in Biblical studies led him to publish, in 1537, a map of Palestine, and shortly afterward he presented the world with another of Flanders.

—It has been proposed to abolish the lighthouse at New London while whale oil is being tried out at the wharves. It is said that any captain twenty miles at sea can smell his way in.