The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 13.

Business Cards.

M. D. SMITH

Having located at Jackson Center, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Light and Heavy Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Trunks, Saddles, &c. hoping by strict attention to business and fair dealing, to have a liberal share of patronage.
March 6, 1872.—no10—m3.

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.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
A. B. BURNS. AMOS NICHOLS.
Feb. 21, 1872.

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. 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., 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. 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, 1872.

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 this line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

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. G. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office floor below Boyd's Store, Montrose Pa. [Ap. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
apl 69:tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 69tf 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.
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 1845. [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. H. Dean's Boards at Searle's Hotel. [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, 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 strictly reliable in every particular.

Montrose, May 3, 1871.—tf SAYRE BROS.

Superior Syrup at the store of
Montrose, Nov 1, 1871. B. J. WEBB.

Poet's Corner.

ESTRANGED.

I roamed to-day in the sylvan scenes
We roamed together years ago,
And marked each spot that intervenes,
Where cowslips peep and daisies grow;
But, ah, they smiled not as of old,
And every nook was sadly changed;
The warmth of all the past is cold,
Since time has you and me estranged.

I breathed again in the sweet perfume
That rises from the rich, dark ground,
Where mottled flowers of tiny bloom
Their gentle souls exhale around;
But ah, their sweets no more were drawn
With eager breath, and all seemed changed;
The fragrance of the past is gone
Since Time has you and me estranged.

I sat beneath the oak tree grand,
On the old "Lover's Seat" alone,
And seemed to feel a small, warm hand
Creep tenderly within my own;
But, ah, it thrilled me not as of yore,
Since flesh for shadow was exchanged;
The feeling of the past is o'er
Since Time has you and me estranged.

All clothed with peace, I see thee now,
Serene and soft as summer skies;
The same deep smile still lights thy brow
And kindly steals from lips to eyes;
But, ah, for me its light is fled,
Its sunny joy to sadness changed;
The beauty of the past is dead
Since you and I are still estranged.

WATER BALLAD.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Come hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er
This stream so brightly flowing,
To yonder woodland shore.
But vain were my endeavor
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.

"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek my fatherland!"
"Stay, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand?"
"A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side."

The happy bridal over,
The wanderer ceased to roam,
For seated by her lover,
The boat became her home;
And still they sang together,
As steering o'er the tide,
"Row on through wind and weather,
For ever by my side."

—*Aldine for March.*

BEN FISHER.

Ben Fisher had finished his harvesting,
And he stood by his garden gate,
One foot on the rail, and one on the ground
And he called to his good wife Kate,
There were stains of toil on his wamus red,
The dust of the field on his hat;
But a twinkle of pleasure was in his eye,
As he looked at his stock so fat.

"Here, give me the babe, dear Kate, you are tired,
And I fear you have too much care,
You must rest and pick up a little, I think,
Before we can go to the fair.
I'd hate to be taking fat cattle, you know,
Fat hogs, fat sheep, and fat cows,
With a wife at my elbow as poor as a crow,
And care-wrinkles seaming her brows.

"Can't go!" Why not? "Can't afford the expense?"
I know, Kate, our crops arn't the best;
But we've labored together to keep things along,
And together we'll now take a rest,
The frost blighted the fruit, but 'Brindle' is prime,
And 'Jinny' and 'Fan' are a show,
Your butter and cheese can't be beat in the State;
So up to the fair we will go!

You've ne'er seen a city, and Cleveland is fine,
Never seen the blue, billowy lake;
Ne'er rode in a rail-car, nor been in a throng—
So, Kate, this short journey we'll take;
And gather new feelings, new thoughts, and new ways,
If we find those that suit, as we roam,
And garner up strength in head, heart and hand
For the loves, and the duties at home.

I sometimes have thought, as I plodded along
For months, o'er the same weary round,
That another who had such a *real hard time*,
In Ohio could nowhere be found,
But when I've been called from my home for a while
And seen how the world gets along,
I've come back to toil with a light, cheerful heart,
And—"There's no place like home,' for my song.

I wonder that *mothers* don't wholly despair.
Who ne'er from their cares get away,
But walk the same tread-wheel of duty for years,
Scarce stopping to rest night or day,
No wonder they grow discontented, sometimes,
Their feelings get raspy and cold;
For toil never ending, and labor uncheered,
Make women, and men *sometimes*—scold."

Kate looked up with a smile, and said, "Ben, we will go;
There may be stock fatter than ours,
Horses swifter of foot, cows finer by far,
Better butter and cheese, fruit and flowers;
But there's *one thing* I claim, that can't be surpassed
In the whole great nation to-day—
I would not exchange for a kingdom to boot
That's *my dude man!*"—and Kate ran away.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—A man who sat upon a paper of carpet nails said they reminded him of the income tax.

—Gravity is said to be no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a linen shirt.

—An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

—Never put a burglar in jail that has got the small-pox—he is likely to break out.

—A hard case—The house the poor snail is compelled to live in.

—"There not being much coffee in the house, mum," a Connecticut Bridget put in "a little tay to fill up."

—At what time of life may a man said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

—The Portland *Press* announced recently that "a public breakfast of ministers and members of the Evangelical churches will be held this morning," etc. That would be good news for Cannibal islanders.

—Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind him and given him a kiss, "Madam I consider such an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said the wife," "I didn't know it was you."

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD STORY.

Advice to Young Women,

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

This article is intended for young women, but only those who want husbands. Those who have made up their minds to remain single, "who wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, *there!*" can pass this article, as it has no interest for them. Men will shut their eyes if they have the least spark of delicacy, of course; for every word of this is *private and confidential.*

To be frank with you, the reason, or rather the occasion for writing as I do, was this: About a week ago, a young woman of twenty-six (she said twenty-six, so I am sure on that point), came to me about her health, and, after the professional conversation was finished, we fell into a general and pleasant chat.

She was delightfully frank, and said, while we were discussing men and matrimoney:

"I wish I was little."

"That is bad," I replied. I had been admiring your grand, queenly proportions ever since you came in; and now you spoil it all by showing that you are not grateful for such noble gifts."

"I can't help it; I wish I didn't weigh more than eighty pounds, and wasn't more than four and a half feet high."

"Well, I am shocked; do tell me what makes you wish so."

"To be frank with you, the reason is just this: Men are so fond of saying, "My *little* wife."

I laughed of course, thinking it was intended as a bright speech; but her flushed face assured that, instead, she was speaking from the bottom of her heart.

"Go on," I said; "tell me your tho'ts.

"My thoughts are just these, and I believe they are the thoughts of all unmarried, marriageable women. I long for nothing this side of heaven, as I do to bury all my uncertainties and anxieties in the love of a husband. Eagerly would I make any honorable sacrifice to secure this greatest treasure. But I fear there is nothing left for me but to be pointed at and sneered at as an old maid all the rest of my life. So while I might otherwise be greatful for what you choose to call my queenly proportions, I can only wish I was one of the little women whom men seem to fancy."

I sha'n't tell you any more of my conversation, and my friend will excuse this much as a text for a little sermon which I wish to preach, assured that only she and I will know to whom this refers.

Now don't take on airs and turn up your noses. My hair is white, and you should permit me to speak as a father.—You want husbands. You think of them by day, and dream of them by night. You talk of nothing else. Think on and dream on, even if you never get them; it will make you nobler and better to think about them. On our side of the house we are all at it too; and although we never marry, our hearts will be the nobler and purer for having thought and dreamed of you.

In entering upon this most important relation, *we men* must take the initiative. You are perplexed and grieved that so many hold back, and wander about, homeless bachelors all our lives, leaving you to die old maids. Let me whisper the secret: *We are afraid of you.* And now I propose to let my friend Bob explain. He is a splendid fellow, and dying to have a home of his own; but he dare not venture. He declared in my parlor the other day, that he would prefer ten years of happy married life, to fifty years of this miserable nothing and nowhere. But, said he:

"Now see here, Mr. Lewis, I am a banker. My salary is $3000. I can't marry a scrub. I must marry a wife with manners—one who knows what's what. My mother and sisters, to say nothing of myself, would break their hearts, if my choice were below their style. Now just tell me how, with such a wife, I could get thro' on $3000 a year. Why, her dress alone would cost half of it. My dress would at least cost $500, and that would leave one thousand to pay the rest of it. Board couldn't be got for less than $50 a week, and even with that, we shouldn't get first class board; and then there are the extras—the operas, &c.; one can't live in society without a little of such things. Oh, no; unless I first make up my mind to rob the banks, I couldn't think of matrimony.—If I had $5000 a year, I would venture; but with only $3000! Well, I'm not quite a madman and so I stay where I can pay my debts.

"My lady friends think I'm so much in love with the—— Club that I have no time for them; and one of them said to me the other day, when we were discussing the matter:

"Why, Bob, what you spend in that miserable club would support a wife easy."

"It wouldn't pay for her bonnets," I replied.

Now, ladies, Bob is getting a little extravagant and we'll let him retire; and I will preach to you a little sermon, about an inch long. I don't often preach, but in this case nothing but a sermon will do.

FIRST. You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creation. In the Continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion,—the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wonderous beauty of a woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window, and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, surmounted by a flat, ornamented with bits of lace, bird's tails, etc., etc. The shop window tells us, all day long, of paddings, whalebones, and steel springs, which occupy most of the space within the outside rig.

In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask: How is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, doubled and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

SECONDLY, With that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver and other vital organs into one half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense, who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work—how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate, indeed, to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament.

THIRDLY, Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that, instead of a helpmate, they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism! I know you giggle freely, and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this don't deceive us; we see it all. You are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to men. Why, you have become so childish and weak-minded, that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie.—When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dickey and Johnny, but when they grow up to manhood, no more of that silly trash, if you please.

But I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is big as both of my grandmothers put together, who insists upon being called Kitty, and her real name is Catherine; and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim, once in four minutes, "Don't now; you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life-partnership to such a silly goose? My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, and becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say you don't care, you won't dress to please men, etc. Then I am not talking to you; for, as I said in the beginning, it is addressed to those who want husbands, and would like to know how to get them.

You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman; but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, the most sensible men choose women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those over-dressed and forward creatures; but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

FOURTHLY, Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a small number are independently rich, and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, they dare not ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly, and so gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength; that your life is earnest and real; that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry—then marriage would become the rule, and not, as now, the exception.

Ah! if ever the time shall come when young women have occupations, and can sustain a healthy, dignified attitude toward men, when they shall escape this pitiful dependence, then marriage will become universal, and we shall be happier, better and nobler.—*Congregationalist.*

Fun in Indianapolis.

A day or two since a ruralist from Anderson, or thereabouts, visited the city on business, and, in the course of his peregrinations purchased a package of Roman candles, for the purpose of amusing his progeny, on his return. His fireworks were carefully deposited in a rear pocket, and a short time thereafter he wended his way to the depot, to take the evening train. While loitering in the waiting-room, admiring the stacks of ginger-bread, hard-boiled eggs and doughnuts, temptingly displayed on the lunch-counter, he carelessly whisked his left coat-tail against the red-hot stove, and trouble immediately ensued. The first rocket narrowly missed the face of a native who was in a half-comatose condition, caused by much extract of hop, and, without waiting to inquire into particulars, he made the door in two gigantic leaps. All the occupants of the room immediately endeavored to follow his example, and with a worthy determination not to be distanced, the proprietor of the candles forced himself into the midst of the throng endeavoring frantically to escape. In the meantime the candles fizzed and popped, giving strength to the evident impression that the party was being bombarded with some sort of an infernal machine; and strange as it may seem, the innocent cause of all the trouble was the worst frightened man in the lot.

Piece-work as a Stimulus.

The London, Ont. *Advertiser* says: A certain "boss" on one of our railways found that a gang of so many men filled just so many "cars" with earth in a day. So he told the men that they might fill the usual number, stating it, and it would count for a "day." They got through after that, at two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

Doubtful about the good offer he had made his men, he then put them back on their ten hours a day, hoping, perhaps, that now they had learned to work fast, they would keep it up, and found when six o'clock came there were just the old number of cars filled. The ten hours had no stimulus; the piece-work had.

It is not the time, but the quantity and quality of the work, that is the great object. Fagging hours defeat the purpose of the "driving" employer. Men will lay out their strength and exert their skill where there is a desire evinced to do ample justice, and in such a way as will never be seen under any other condition.

A Young Girl's Thoughts.

Parepa Rosa was singing Casta Diva in one of the western cities. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced her Æolian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a gush of plaintive, supplicating harmony, that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, and there was a sweet pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and the audience, wild with enthusiasm, was demanding an encore, when my beautiful companion raised her serene eyes to mine, and said: "Isn't it sad?"

"Yes," replied I quickly, sharing her feeling; although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord."

"O, nonsense!" she exclaimed, "I don't mean that! You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men bald-headed! I wonder if it is dissipation or the climate, or what? Do you know that I have been picking out bald heads down in the parquette, and would you believe it, I actually county twenty-nine."

How the Deacon got Even.

The deacon was not very much behind, if the following story be true:

In a small town on the Schuylkill river there is a church in which the singing had run down. It has been led many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually failing. One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn which was an old measure, and rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister rose and said:

"Brother B—— will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot pray after such singing."

The deacon very composedly pitched into another tune, and the clergyman proceeded with prayer. Having finished, he took up the book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying in a voice audible to the whole congregation:

"Will Mr. —— make another prayer? It would be impossible for me to sing after such a prayer as that."

Ease in Society.

"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day," said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortably collar about his sunburnt neck, "than go to this pesky party. I never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlor all the evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off, and go out and chop wood on a match, there'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reub," said sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go anywhere, nor see anybody, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we do happen to stir out."

The remarks of this brother and sister were but the echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls, when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because there was such a wide difference between their homes and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is only put on on rare occasions, it will never fit well and seem comfortable.

Learn to behave properly at home, to cultivate yourself. Do not sit, or stand, or lounge about in ungainly attitudes, but acquire a manly, erect bearing. I have never seen such vigorous hearty manhood, in any class, as among cultivated farmers' sons. Let table manners be especially looked after. If you are so unfortunate as to have a mother who is careless in this regard, you must do the best you can to remedy the early defect in your home training. Note carefully how well-bred people behave, and do your best to imitate them. It is noble to be an imitator of that which is good and beautiful. Above all, if you wish to be at home in society, fill your brains with ideas. Set your mind at work. Wake it out of your sluggishness it would naturally sink into, if you were only a peddler and nothing more, by good stirring thought. Take the newspapers and read them thoroughly. Knowledge is a power in more senses than one. If you go into society with something in your mind worth talking about, you will not fail to find listeners who will treat you with respect, and where you are well received, you will not fail very soon to find yourself at ease.—*Country Gentleman.*

Spare the Broom.

In many families carpets are worn out more rapidly by the unscrupulous use of the broom than by any other means. If the good man of the house, coming in from the dusty streets, chooses, instead of going around to the kitchen door, to walk straight through the sitting room, something like half-a-dozen grayish spots will mark his foot steps across the carpet. Up jumps the wife, brings the broom, and vigorously "persuades" the dust clear out through the kitchen, perhaps the passage also, finally ejecting it at the outside door. Returning she sits down at her sewing, and soon detects herself scattering a few shreds and small cuttings on carpet. These are too insignificant for the rag bag, so the broom is again called into requisition, this time to do the duty of fingers. Next come in the little ones with their after school lunch of crackers and ginger-bread. Of course, crumbs are dropped upon the carpet, and forth again comes the omnipotent broom. So it goes. I have known a woman to "brush out" a room five times in an afternoon. A great improvement on this old fashion is to have a light carpet brush and small japanned dust pan hung away in some convenient corner; then when dust or litter calls for removal it can be taken up on the spot with almost no offence to the carpet, and without the trouble of dragging it through one or two rooms. The brush should have a long handle for those to whom it is a fatigue to stoop. Threads and bits of cloth and bits of paper should be picked up by the hand if the carpet is considered worth preserving as long as possible.

Bread.

A German scientific journal contains the result of an elaborate series of experiments on the effects of feeding dogs and man on bread alone, and on bread mingled with meat and other articles of diet.—These experiments, it is stated, prove that a bread diet alone is very expensive, as a large quantity must be given to supply the daily want of the fleshy tissues. On the other hand, the addition of a small quantity of meat reduces the cost of support and keeps up the strength of the body. Insufficient food, it is demonstrated, causes the tissues of the body to become more watery, and renders the entire organism less capable of resisting injurious influences. In the experiments on man, the attempt was made to ascertain which of the several kinds of bread in ordinary use was absorbed in the greatest amount in its passage through the alimentary canal. It was found that white wheat bread was absorbed in the greatest amount, then leavened rye bread, then rye bread raised by chemical processes, and lastly the "pumpernickle" or German black bread. The great nutrious value attributed to bran is denied by the experimenter.

Diffusive Process in Making Sugar.

When sugar cane is crushed for the extraction of its juice, it is well known that a large portion of the juice is taken up by the fibre, and that the amount saved is much less than that which actually exists in the plant. To remedy this defect, the method called the diffusive process, which has been so successful in the treatment of the sugar beet, has lately been adopted with very satisfactory results. This consists simply in dissolving out the saccharine matter with water, and then concentrating the juice in the proper manner.—In a certain sugar establishment in Madras, where the process has been introduced with great success, the cane is cut into thin slices by machines, six of which were capable of cutting nearly one hundred tons of cane in twenty-four hours. The subsequent treatment is similar to that with beet-root juice, and requires no filtering through animal charcoal. The great advantage claimed, however, is that eighty-two per cent. of saccharine matter is secured by the diffusive process, against seventy per cent. by the ordinary method.

A Railroad Whistle.

None but locomotive engineers are permitted perusal of this:

When I was teaching in —— Seminary I boarded with an old lady who had an opinion on every subject and expressed it. One night the train ran off the track near by, and in consequence there was a deal of whistling. Next morning the old lady inquired if we had heard the disturbance.

"No; my wife thought something was the matter, but I heard nothing."

"Well," said she, "I dare presume there has been an accident, for the cars have been whistling 'most all night. They whistled, I dare presume a half an hour at a time. I didn't think it possible for a man to hold his breath so long?".

"Why, mother," interrupted her daughter, "It's a steam-whistle."

"La!" said the old lady, "I always supposed it was the engineer that whistled!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Best Teachers.

Dean Stanley said in a recent address, that the solution of all educational difficulties, was to find really capable teachers. He wished to impress upon those who had to go out to commence the work of teaching, that it depended on their exertions—on the amount of heart and soul which they could throw into their work, and on the amount of energy, and the power of imparting energy, which they could bring to bear—whether the education of the children in their hands should be a complete success or a total failure. The solution of educational difficulties depend not so much upon the questions talked about, as upon the character of the teachers that institutions were able to turn out. The deepest impressions carried from childhood into manhood, were impressions not only of what had been thought, but of the manner in which the instruction had been given.

Water Telescopes.

The people of Norway carry in their fishing-boats a water-telescope, or tube, three or four feet in length. They immerse one end in the water, and then, looking intently through the glass, they are enabled to perceive objects ten or fifteen fathoms deep as distinctly as if they were within a few feet of the surface.

So, when they discover plenty of fish they surround them with their large draught nets, and often catch them in hundreds at a haul, which, were it not for these telescopes, would frequently prove precarious and unprofitable fishing.

This instrument is not only used by the fisherman, but it is also found in the navy and coasting vessels.

How to Frame Pictures.

If you have any magazine engraving you wish to frame yourself, let a glazier or man who sets window-glass cut you a glass little larger than the picture, so as to show a white margin all around. Then purchase a sheet of fancy paper such as is shiny on one side and white on the other—either black or red is pretty. Then with a piece of stiff paste-board or old paper box, the size of your glass, and a bit of tape and some paste, you have all of your materials. Cut strips from your paper about an inch wide. Lay down the paste-board, place the picture on it, and the glass on the face of the picture. Then bind the edges of all together with your strips of paper, joining them at neatly as you can at the corners, have the paper binding about as wide as your little finger nail on the picture side. Then on the back, about two inches from the top and one inch from each side, paste on little loops of tape. A piece of paper or cloth pasted over the bottom of these will make them firm. Lay away your picture until thoroughly dried, then put a cord through the loops and hang it up.

The Shakers.

It is reported that a large congregation was recently assembled in London, under the presidency of Wm. Hepworth Dixon, for the purpose of hearing a discourse of Elder Frederick W. Evans, of the Shaker community settled at Mount Lebanon, in the United States. Elder Evens stated that the Shakers were religious communists, laborered hard with their own hands and abstained largely from animal food. They had no lawyers, no doctors, and tried to serve God by leading lives of usefulness to their brethern. Mr. Hepworth Dixon stated that he had visited Mount Ephraim some years ago, and testified to the peace, contentment, plenty, and morality that reigned among the Shakers who had made the desert smile.

—DO WE WALK STRAIGHT.—It seems not. We are told that it is almost as difficult for us to keep along in a straight course physically, as it is morally. Professor Wilder, of the Cornell University, declares that the art of walking straight is one of the most difficult which can be cultivated, and the accomplished one of the rarest. He says that a person never goes in a straight line for any distance, but always turns to one side or another, and unless checked by land marks, at last describes a circle, and returns to the point from which he started. The deflection is generally, if not always, from right to left, and he describes these physical deviations from rectitude to a cause which moralists may easily parallel, a conflict in the economy arising from unequal development, the one side of the body always tending to overmaster and outwalk the other.

DIDN'T HAVE IT.—A Texas exchange tells a story of a party of surveyers, who stopped one night at a log cabin on the Brazos. Their hostess soon afterward invited them to supper, asking them, in turn, if they would have sugar in their coffee.

"Yes," they replied,

"Make mine very sweet," said one,

"And mine too," said another.

The lady smiling acknowledged the wishes of each of her guests, and proceeded to pour out the coffee. Suddenly stopping, she looked gravely around the table, and said:

"*But, gentleman, I ain't got a bit of sugar!*"

—We esrnestly entreat every young man after he has chosen his vocation, to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness, do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm, in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be, Perseverance and Industry.

—A loving couple went to a Virginia minister to have the knot tied, but found their united cash account to be but twenty-five cents. The minister refused to perform the ceremony without the full fee. As the depressed were turning away a happy thought seemed to strike the forlorn maiden, and she turned and cried through her tears, "Please, sir, if you can't marry us full, won,t you marry us twenty-five cents' worth? We can come for the rest some other time." This was too much for the parson. He married them "full up," and they went on their way rejoicing.

—A publishing house in Boston had recently employed an Irishman as porter and one day one of the firm wanted to send him to Berkeley street. "Jim," said he, "do you know where Berkeley street is?" "Yi—yi—yis, sir. Oh! yis, sur, sure an' I know." Jim's manner was too hesitating, and his answer did not satisfy his employer. So he asked again, "Are you right sure that you know where Berkeley street is?" Oh! yis, sur. I know well enough where Berkeley strate is, but I don,t just know it by that name."

—A story is told of a verdant laborer, who having by hook and crook scraped together $50, took it to his employer, with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after the laborer went to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told $3. "Well" said he "I wish you would lend me $3 for a day or two. My boss has been keeping $50 for me a year, and I want to pay him the interest for it."

—A man in Canaan, recently hung himself and a jury of his neighbors was empanelled in accordance with the requirements in the case. After mature deliberation upon the evidence adduced one of the number was asked what conclusion he had reached, when he frankly responded; "O, there haint the least morsel of doubt in my mind of the critter's guilt."

—"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby hat and cloak, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

—"Hunting the tiger, gentlemen," observed an English officer, relating his East India experience to a friendly circle at a London club, "is capital sport—nothing better—except when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt you; then it is apt to become too exciting."

—"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating turn her head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the Professor "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

—Patch your boots.