The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 15.

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. S. BURNS. AROS NICHOLS.
Feb. 21, 1872.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Graduates Eclectic Medical Institute, 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. O. C. Faurot.

McKENZIE, & FAUROT.

Sellers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., sp. 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,

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession within 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.

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.

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, 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.

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

and Gent 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 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, Brushes, Guns, Ammunition, Knives & Spectacles, 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 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.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,

BUILDER'S HARDWARE,

MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAILSPIKES
RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES.
CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS,
PLATED SHEDS, 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.

Ant 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.

Our 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.

Superior Syrup at the store of
Montrose, Oct 1, 1871. H. J. WEBB.

Poet's Corner.

DREAMLAND GRAVES.

Dreamland lies close to every soul
Its doors will ope at lightest words
And thoughts fly in and out like birds,
And build their nests on every knoll.

Each flying thought will rear its brood,
Each dreamy hope will build its nest,
And cover with its plumy breast
Sweet singers who our sight elude.

But, oh, the graves in dreamland found—
The buried plans, the hopes so chilled;
The sealed-up tombs with fond loves filled;
The turf heaped up on greenest mound;

Some dream-graves shine with soft sward
True love still watches o'er its dead;
Spring roses blossom at the head,
And rainbow sunsets drop them light.

Some dig their graves, and proud and chill
From youth's dear dreams turn with a sneer;
You never from them know how dear
Were the soft hopes that Time doth kill.

There tender mourners wander long
And grieve for what they never had;
There glide the ghosts of heroes glad,
There noiseless chants the poet's song.

There hid the books that ne'er were writ,
There buried in the dreamland mold,
Rust eats the marble statue cold,
That never sculptor's tools shall fit.

There little graves of childish hope
Lie close to great sarcophagi;
Where giant plans must buried lie,
And neither more in dreamland grope.

Thus dreamland is so full of graves,
You scarce can find a spot to place
A footstep, or your paths deface
Some hallowed turf that memory craves.

Oh, cemetery of dead dreams,
The vastest graveyard earth can show,
Your boundaries no man can know
Till heaven's revealing glory streams.

We then shall reap what now we sow;
No longer wrapt in silence dum,
Your resurrection then shall come
With Easter-morning's golden glow.

PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

Peter would ride to the wedding—he would;
So he saddled his ass—and his wife,
She was to ride behind, if she could;
"For," says Peter, "the woman, she should
Follow, not lead through life."

"He's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
And proper and safe; and now,
You hold by the tail, while I hold by the ear,
And we'll ride to the kirk in time, never fear,
If the wind and the weather allow."

The wind and the weather were not to be blam'd
But the ass had adopted the whim,
That two at a time was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite ashamed
That two should stick fast upon him.

"Come, Dobbin," says Peter, "I'm thinking we'll trot."
"I'm thinking we won't," says the ass,
In language of conduct, and stuck to the spot
As if he had vowed he would sooner be shot
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, "I'll whip him a little."
"Try it, my dear," says she.
But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle,
The ass made of such obstinate mettle
That never a step moved he.

"I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle," said she
"I'm thinking he'll alter his mind."
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heels;
"I'm thinking, says Peter, he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving—behind.

"Now lend me the needle and I'll prick his ear,
And set t'other end, too, agoing."
The ass felt the needle and upward he reared;
But kicking and rearing was all, it appeared,
He'd any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, "We get on rather slow;
While one end is up, t'other sticks to the ground,
But I'm thinking a method to move him I know;
Let's prick head and tail together, and so
Give the creature a start all round."

So said, so done; all hands were at work,
And the ass he did alter his mind;
For he started away with so sudden a jerk,
That in less than a trice he arrived at the kirk,
But he left all lading behind.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—On a Western railway a bride is said to have handed her marriage certificate to the conductor instead of her ticket, and was horrified to hear that it was not good.

—It is rumored that one of the beautiful country seats at Norfolk, Conn., has been taken by the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French, and will be occupied by them next summer.

—A cheerful giver put the following note in a pair of pantaloons sent to the Michigan sufferers: "There, take'em, d— you; last pair, I've got; don't get burned out again."

—A maiden lady, of Guilford, N. Y., of good character, liberal education, and rare accomplishments, is laboring under a most singular hallucination. Imagining she is engaged to be married, though she has never seen her intended, she makes extended journeys to see or meet her betrothed. Failing once, nothing discouraged, she starts off again.

—The little busy barkeeper in Boston eludes the shining law by putting two barrels of whisky into a molasses puncheon and filling up the puncheon with molasses. When a customer calls he pumps whisky out through the bung hole; when a Constable calls, he runs molasses off through the faucet.

—The supply of emeralds from South America promises to be abundant. An immense number of gems have been found in the principal mine of Columbia, and it is stated that when this mine is exhausted, which will not be for years, it will not substract a thousandth part of the ground containing emeralds; in fact, the chain of mountains extend further than the eye can reach.

—The somewhat ambiguous paragraph appeared in an Edinburg paper: "We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W. is a malicious fabrication.

—A candid old bachelor says; "After all, a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world; its a perfect honeycomb—full of sells."

Miscellaneous.

THE FATAL PIN.

A PIN! A PIN! MY KINGDOM FOR A PIN!

I was hurrying by express mail one Christmas to meet a lady whom, at that time, I was privileged to call my Belinda. Even then that phrase was not strictly accurate; for she was to be my Belinda. In short I was engaged to be married to her; but this anticipation of proprietorship is a privilege gracefully conceded to lovers. All that, however, is now thin air. I can talk of it calmly. "That's right," friends say to me frequently, "you won't care a pin about it." A pin! The word gives me a prick like the thing it stands for. It was a pin settled it.

She was the most delicate minded creature in the world, Belinda. A being more highly sensitive it was impossible to conceive. Such words as stout, healthy, appetite, leg, limb, stomach, sea-sick, she could not let near her. I mean, of course, in a metaphorical sense. Such delicacy of mind it was impossible not to admire and praise; it signified a world of future poesy; but then it made one's position almost precarious, and on more than one occasion some unguarded allusion of mine went nigh to shipwreck everything. She told me indeed candidly, "she thought I was the most refined and spiritual being she had ever met." This was a little exaggerative, for I cannot claim to more than my fellows in this department, and to say the truth, rather enjoy a good rough speech. But still I had to walk warily.

We were about to make a little expedition and the train was to stop at a particular station where Belinda and her mamma were to come in. Shall I own it? I felt not a little nervous at this meeting, and made my toilet with singular nicety. It was the first occassion, too, on which I "sported" (to use the popular phrase) a little prenuptial *ensleau*, which, considering that it touched rather nearly on a district marked dangerous, surprised me not a little. I allude to a set of handsome gold studs, sleeve links, etc., emblazoned with my personal initials, which were of course inextricably entangled together, after the approved fashion. But considering that the locality of these ornaments is not far off from one of Belinda's obnoxious words, it seemed a strange choice. She no doubt looked at them *in se*, as they nestled in their blue velvet case, like a litter of newly-born puppies; for her they were simply studs with no ulterior purpose.

I was alone in the carriage, and, as I saw, a little nervous. It was, the first occasion on which I had been admitted to such intimacy as to be cavalier or protector. Here was a new responsibility, you see. I felt lost, and subject to that physical emotion attendant on heart, which I would not so much as have dared to whisper in her presence. I was glancing down my figure, taking in a general *coup d'ail*, from waistcoat to boots, then feeling what I could not see, when I became conscious of a certain slackness, something flapping about the region of the throat. It was very strange, but all was loose; something in sea-phrase, had gone. I hastened to reef all in, when lo! my nervous fingers seeking the center, the stud on which all depended, I found that it was gone.

Slipped down, no doubt. I investigated, entered on that slouth hound chase, which yet defines the explorer—shook all about me—but it was not there. I was down on my knees in an instant, groping all over the floor. It was lost—a substantial loss, for the neckstud is the most solid and handsomest of the collection. It was to the others as the "main sheet" is to the rest of the ropes. How vexatious! But there was worse than that lost; here all was slacked away, collar open and dropping like two horns, breast of the snowy shirt all apart and all abroad. The ship, indeed, near the figure head, all breaking up and going to pieces. What shall I do? how present myself to the over fastidious maiden? I was being hurried to meet her. That feeling of relentless impulse, as though a man were being swept away to execution by steam or machinery, made the situation almost horrible, for sheer nervousness. What was I to do? Present myself in this state, my throat in this draggled condition? Why, even to the ordinary boors of the street it would be a source of vulgar mirth. I could not present myself trying to keep all together precariously with one hand. There were four extremities, it would be recollected; no finger could confine all at the same point. The awkwardness too, even if it could, of going through social life with one finger pressed upon this slippery ballance! One of the four, if not two, would be certain to get free; there would be to reveal the escapade, as the eyes could not command a view, and the fingers would have to be probing nervously to see that all was right.

Why not a pin? The female reader will have at once suggested the remedy, smiling that so simple a cure should not have occurred at once. I had thought of it long before, and searching desparately in every part of the human figure. Being a well ordered mind, everything was made fast by legitimate agency—button and buckle everywhere did not work. One desperate chance I kept for the last; beneath the coat collar, seat of many a buoquet, there was certain to be some stray pin confining the stalk on the under side. With these recurring flowers some stray pin must surely have lingered. With a trembling hand I turned back the collar. It was blank. The careful servant had been at too much pains to remove it. What was to done? Ha! a brilliant thought—an idea to be dismissed almost as soon as thought of. They were of the class that were no bigger than seed pears—little "pops" as it were. They would hold nothing. So that must be dismissed as a futile sham. The only thing left on the stoppage of the train, was to fly precipitately, and loose for ever the prospect that was before me. I dared not present myself, the human throat thus disarranged. Stay! here was the train stopping slowly—not at a station, for we had still half an hour to travel.

We were stopping on a deserted portion of the line, always a desolate proceeding, and appearing a sort of physical personification of agonized uncertainty. Instantly heads were out of the windows and a guard walking along the line was called on to explain. "Only a luggage van in front." But he was to be mine more than theirs. He was to be my rescurer.

"Guard!" I said.

"Well, sir!" he answered, walking on and unrolling his flag.

"Just come here," I did not want all the ears outside the railroad carriage to know my dilemma.

"Can't attend to you now, sir; must see that we aren't run into." And he hurried on waving his bit of red bunting.—This was fretting and harassing.

There was a benevolent looking head that protruded from the window close to mine, stretching with great interest up the line. The idea seized me—the very thing; I would appeal to him.

"There is no actual danger?" he asked.

"None in the world, but perhaps you would oblige me with such a thing as a pin; My collar has got undone—most awkward."

But the other express is due about this time—we might be run into. Goodness! is this the way passengers' lives are to be trifled with?"

"There is no danger," I repeated. "The guard says it is a luggage van. Could you oblige me with a pin? or perhaps there is a lady in the carriage—"

"Oh, I have no pin!" he answered testily.

"Where's this guard?—scandulous!"

The guard came running back much blown. "All clear," he cried, "all right. It ain't nothing."

I called to him, grown desperate, "See here, guard, Get on the step, I wan't to see—"

"Can't stop sir, we must pull up."

But it is most particular. Look here." He thought I was going to show him something in the carriage, and he sprung on the step. "Look here," I said hurriedly, "here's half a crown—only please do *do* get me a pin."

I was speaking in a language which is intelligible, I believe, to guards of all tribes and nations. The half crown was a mere word, but uttered in the language of money. He saw and understood, but looked very strangely at me.

"'Alf a crown for a pin!" he said with a grin, "I ain't got such a thing." (The impatient engine driver gave a sharp expostulating whistle.) "But when we get in I'll 'ave one for you, sir, never fear."

"It won't do," I said desperately; "ask some woman, female, lady, I must have it now. (Again a sharp remonstrance from the engine man.) Five shillings," I said, feeling in my waistcoat pocket, "shall be yours." Though he saw that I was a queerish gentleman, the exhibition of the two "alf er crowns" amounted to conviction, to the most cogent argument he had met with. Regardless of the interest of the train—a feature I have remarked in officers of his class when thus tempted—I saw him on the step of an adjoining carriage, making his request. The curiosity of the passengers was unbounded. They all thought it had something to do with the train, the expresses, etc. The benevolent man alone, who had heard was in a rage. "It's scandulous! passengers' lives are to be trifled with in this way. I'll write to the company. Your'e not fit to be a guard, running about taking money from the passengers." Guard returning in triumph but looking guilty, called all his effrontery to his aid.

"I ain't doing nothing of the kind.—Don't you interfere with me, and I shan't with you. Here you are, sir. I managed it," he said as if he had performed a service of danger.

We understood each other, the reward was to be reserved till the end of the journey; he should have seven and six then. Here was the bid. I was saved.—I threw myself back relieved, and we went on.

As all the hopes of Rome rested on this little scrap of wire, I went to work cautiously. Why—Why! When I looked at it I found it was a frail, ghost of a pin, a little delicate consumptive article, without stamina or backbone. Its function was to pass through four pieces of starched linen.

The idea was ludcrous. In spite of confidence that seems childish, I set myself to make the attempt—it bent bouble in a second; and was so short and feeble that, on my attempting to straighten it, it bent back again the other way, like an acrobat.

On this I gave way to a moody despair, which increased as we came nearer to the place of meeting. Then as the engine houses and signal posts began to multiply, and the carriages to reel and jolt a little as we passed over switches and crossings, I roused myself and, through sheer despair, once more straightened the pin, and by some mysterious balancing, or supernatural power, succeeded in forcing it into two or perhaps three of the folds. It did not go through, but it held somehow—would hold for a few seconds, until I could secure a stout strong pin, that would make all fast. Then tying my handkerchief very tightly over all I waited without motion.

Here was a terminus—here was Belinda and her mother. I am sure they thought me cold, if not surly; for I only smiled, instead of leaping up thrusting my body half out of the window, and waving my hand till the train stopped, as any other lover would have done. When I had got out and had "remembered" the guard—who followed me with a doubtful eye, whispering to his fellow, and waiting to see whom I should join, expecting no doubt to find keepers waiting—I found Belinda with rather a "hurt" expression on her face. But even then I dared not relax or be *empresse*, it was too dangerous. I would make all up by an effusion of tenderness later.

"What is the matter?" she said coldly; "you don't seem very glad to see me? Have I offended you?"

"Offended!" I exclaimed, so impetuously that I felt it had nearly given way, "no," I added more sternly, "but if you would let me go to Smith & Son's stall for a moment—only for one single second——"

"As many as you please," she said really angry. "Mamma, we should have accepted Captain Bridleman's offer; and it is not too late yet; I saw him at the door. Come!"

Bridleman was a rival, and a dangerous one.

"Let us go," I said seizing her hand; "never mind Smith and Son. It was nothing after all."

"And you could give me a pin for 'nothing after all.' This makes it worse."

"Give you a pain," I said vehemently, "I declare solemny—Alas! at that moment I felt it go. The frail pin gave way—with a sort of snap, and the four ends of the shirt and collar flew apart. My ready hand barely saved discovery."

"What is the matter?" said my Belinda's mamma, "are you ill?"

"No—not at all, on the contrary," I said scarcely knowing what I was saying.

"No sore throat I trust? Good gracious! with diptheria so fatal and so contagious."

Belinda looked at me steadily. She was always a cold meditative girl, that liked working out things to a conclusion.

"Then why do you keep your hand to your neck in that way?"

"Well I have a sort of cold, or I think it is coming on."

"And that will cure it, or prevent it? said she in the same chilling way.

"Give me a pin," I whispered to Beliuda's mother, "quick!"

She started. "A pin! what an odd request. What do you want it for? Good gracious? not—!"

"Yes mamma," said Belinda, "I suppose to prick my arm, he is looking so wickedly at the me—I declare I am so glad to see you, Captain Bridelman."

A sort of "hawhaw" gentleman had come up, with large mouth and whiskers, and was bending over her.

"Why, good gracious!" he said, "so complimentary, I declare, I don't know what to say."

"You must come to the meeting with us," she said. "The gentleman on whom we counted is too much engaged with his throat.

"Mr. Bridleman turned on me a half-amused, half insolent stare.

"Why, yes, so is it," he said; seems something in the throat. Go to Hooker at once—great doctor." And he looked as though I would go at once to the eminent physician.

"It is not the throat," I said smiling feebly, "when I explain—which I will later—"

"Well, I do say it is odd, said the captain critically, "because you see, no person ever heard of a sore throat down on the collarbone."

I saw Belinda was shocked with this allusion, yet was so puzzled at my behavior that the latter sensation overpowered the former. Still I dared not removed my hand. However miserable the present situation, what would be more disastrous. The captain was looking more curiously still.

"Why, I declare," he said maliciously, "if he ain't got something concealed there! I bet any amount he has. I see it."

"This mystery is very odd, said Belinda's mama "considering your proposed relations to my daughter, I think it very odd. Pray take down your hand, Mr.—or you will expose yourself to the very worst construction."

What could I say or do! At that instant the guard came up and said, loudly enough to be heard by all, but in jocular tone—A

"You got the little sharp instrument sir, as you were looking for."

They all started back; Belinda's mother gave a cry.

"Take it away from him!" He's mad! He means mischief!"

'Scuse me," said the captain, "but this won't do, you know." And snatching my hand, dragged it down violently.

There was no further use of attempting consealment. Wide flew the four ends, revealing—Oh shame! shame! what shall I say? But that was not the worst. The effect must have been as of something manical, for the ladies gave a short cry and turned away, and the infamous captain exclaimed, "By Jove, he's mad!"

I turned and fled.

Belinda is now Mrs. Bridleman. The worst and mortifying part is that he probably owed his selection to a belief in his prodigious sagacity in discovering my state.

The Royal Family at St. Paul's.

The visit of Queen Victoria and her family to St. Paul's on the day of Thanksgiving is thus described in the London *Telegraph*:

We heard distant cheers. She was coming, and a stir passed through the Assembly. Now the notes of the brass band at the west door could be distinguished above the shouting of the crowd in the streets. Every one stood up and waited for the Queen to appear. Frst came the Speaker of the House of Commons in solemn procession, with the mace borne before him; next followed the Lord Chancellor, also preceded by his mace, and after him came the Lord Mayor, duely attended. Now the clergy of the Cathedral moved slowly up the nave, and curiosity was on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the Prince.

It had not been certainly known whether he would come, as he was forbidden to risk himself should the weather be too cold, and almost a sigh of relief could be heard as the congregation saw that Queen Victoria was leaning on her son's arm. Nay, I ought rather to say that she led her son forward, since we observed, with interest and sympathy, that the Prince's steps were feeble, as well as they might be, and that if either one helped the other, it was her Majesty who did the helping part.—They advanced with smiles and with slight bows of acknowledgment to either side, between the brilliant lines of officers, naval and military, who bent low in homage as they came. There was the Queen, looking, I thought, particularly well and happy. There was the Prince, safe and nearly well, looking much stronger in the face than could have been hoped after such an illness. There was the fair Princess, as pretty and as gracious as ever. The royal children on either hand completed the picture; and those five figures, moving up the nave whilst the organ pealed forth 'God save the Queen,' and all eyes were turned upon them, formed the historical tableau of the day.

—A good side show—A pretty cheek

Finger Rings.

Finger rings are of the greatest antiquity and of universal fashion. One of the colossal figures of antiquity is Suphis, or Cheops, King of Memphis, who during his lifetime caused the Great Pyramid to be built for his tomb. Every decree connected with the building of the Great Pyramid, or with the thousands of men employed on it, was sealed with the signet ring of Suphis. No other ring was ever connected with such a vast human work. The Great Pyramid which may have cast its shadow over Alexander and Cambyses, still points sunward, a monument of man's vanity and power; and the same ring which tells all its marvellous story gleams as brightly to-day as when it glittered on the hand of Cheops, more than three thousands years ago. This is the most valuable ring of antiquity in the world. This ring is in the highest state of preservation, and was found at Ghizeh, in a tomb near that excavation of Colonel Vyse's called Campbell's Tomb. It is of fine gold. The style of the hiero-glyhics is in perfect accordance with those in the tombs about the Great Pyramid, and the hieroglyhics within the oval makes the name of that Pharaoh of whom the Pyramid was the tomb.

Solomon was said to own a ring which possessed magical powers. Pharaoh gave a ring to Joseph, the patriarch, as a sign of his delegated authority. When the Roman ambassador required the King of Bithynia to give Hannibal up, the latter on the point of the King's doing so, swallowed poison, which he always carried about in his ring. In the time of Alexander the Great it was the custom in Athens to wear magnificent rings with engraved stones. It is recorded that Demosthenes was fond of finger rings. The Romans collected cases of rings, many of which are mentioned as being at Rome; among these was that which Pompey the Great took from Mithridates, and dedicated to Jupiter in the capital. Upon Pompey's ring were engraved three trophies, as emblems of his three triumphs over the three parts of the world—Europe, Asia and Africa.

Cæsar's ring bore an armed Venus. On that of Augustus there was first a sphinx, afterwards the image of Alexander the Great, and at last his own, which the succeeding Emperors continued to use. Nero's signet bore Appolo slaying Marsyas. This Emperor's musical vanity led him to adopt it. When the practice of defying the princes and heroes becames general, portraits of men took the place of more ancient type. This custom gave birth to the cameo, when Greeks artists were encouraged to settle in Rome in order to supply the demand for these beautiful ornaments. Seneca mentions a ring set with the head of Tiberius in cameo. The stones principally used by the Greeks and Romans for cameo-cutting were agate, onyx and the Indian sardonyx; the latter was most prized on account of variety of tint in its different beds or layers and the beautiful, warm, transparent, cornelian-like ground. The ring of Nonius contained the largest opal known to the ancients, on accounts of which its possessor was proscribed by Mark Mark Antony. It was of the size of hazel-nut, and was valued at a sum equal to $160,000 of our money. When Nonius took to flight he carried nothing with him but this ring, How marvelous, adds Pliny, must have been the cruelty, how marvelous the luxurious passion of Antonious, thus to proscribe a man for the possession of a jewel; and no less marvelous must have been the obstinacy of Nonius, who could thus dote upon what had been the cause of his proscription." Coming down to more modern times we are told that the ring which George Washington had place on the finger of his bride (Mrs. Martha Custis, the beautiful young widow, in January 1758) is still preserved. It is a gold ring set with a topaz. The topaz is derived from the Island Topazion, which was supposed to be situated in the Red Sea. There are two kinds of topazes. The superior is a golden color; the other inclines to a greenish yellow. The second species was called chrysopase, a name which indicates the blending of gold and leek color. In allusion to the latter color, the stone is called in the Chaldean dialect jarken (green,) which is the equivalent to praise.

Giving rings in marriage ceremonies is supposed to indicate the eternity of the union, seeing that a circle is endless. The Jewish bridegroom puts the ring on the forefinger of the bride's right hand, and this is the rule in the Greek Church also. In the Reman and Anglican, the ring is placed on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, the origin of which has been much disputed. Sir Thomas Browne observing: "An opinion there is, which magnifies the fourth finger of the left hand, presuming therein a cordial relation, that a particular vessel, nerve, vein, or artery, is conferred thereunto from the heart; and, therefore, that hath especially the honor to bear our rings." Sir Thomas then refers to this practice as common not only in Christian but heathen nuptial contracts. Pliny states that in the portraits of the gods the rings were worn on the finger next to the thumb; that the Romans wore them on the middle finger, as the ancient Gauls and Britons, and some upon the forefinger, as is deducible from Julius Pollux, who names that ring Corionas. Since, therefore, the practice differs in various countries, we can scarcely refer it to any natural cause which would alike affect all. Sir Thomas next examines the anatomical details of nerve, vein and artery; adding that inspection does not "confirm a particular vessel in his finger," and that "propagations being communicated unto both hands, we have no greater reason to wear our rings on the left than on the right." The *Loram Manual*, as old as 1085, says: "The ring should be so placed because in this medicine finger is a certain vein which goes directly to the heart."

Among the Jews there sometimes was an exchanging of rings, the bride, first giving a plain ring of silver, and receiving back a ring of gold. The difference of metal was understood to symbolize an acknowledgement of inequality on the part of the woman.

—The raw material—Underdone steak.

Speedy Answer to Prayer.

A poor widow spake one morning to her five young children:—

"My dear young children, I can give you nothing to eat this morning. I have no bread, no meal, not even an egg in the house." Ask the dear Lord to help us.—He is rich and mighty, and has said Himself, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'"

The little Hans, who was scarcely six years old, went very hungry and sad on his way to school. As he passed by the open door of the church he went in, and kneeled down before the altar. As he saw no person in the church, he prayed with a loud voice.—

"Dear Father in heaven, we children have nothing to eat. Our mother has no bread, no meal, not even an egg. O help us. Give us and our dear mother something to eat. Thou art rich and mighty, and can easily help us."

So prayed little Hans in his childish simplicity, and afterwards went to school. When he came home he saw upon the table a large loaf of bread, a dish of meal, and a basket of eggs.

"Now, thanks to God," cried he, joyfully; "He has heard my prayer. Mother, has an angel brought all these things thro' the window?"

"No," said the mother; but God has heard your prayer. As you kneeled at the altar, a good lady was kneeling also in her place in the church. You could not see her, but she saw you and heard your prayer. She has sent us these things.—She is the angel through whom God has helped us. Now, then, thank God, and never forget through your whole life to 'call upon God in the day of trouble.'"

Influence of Newspapers.

The Boston *Traveler* states that a school teacher, who had enjoyed the benefit of a long practice of his profession, and had watched closely the influences of newspapers upon the minds of a family of children, gives as a result of his observations, that, without exception, these scholars of both sexes, and all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a partial knowledge in geography in almost half the time it requires others, the newspapers having made them familiar with the location of important places and nations, their government and doings.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper; from commonplace advertisements to the finished and classical operation of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, and still more clearly expressed.

From these simple facts three important things can be deduced:

2. The responsibility of the press in supplying literature which shall be understandingly expressed.

2. The absolute necessity of personal supervision of a child's reading by his parents.

3. Having once obtained a good abl paper, no matter what the price, don't begrudge it a hearty support.

—The Wild Geese does not regard Dr Ayer's wisdom in migrating north—such immense numbers of them as are flying over us now, while his almanac says "Bleak and blustering about this time, with heavy snow."—*Cedar Rapid, (Ia.) Times*, March 3.

We were too fast last week in our item on the conflict between Dr. Ayer and the wild geese. The Doctor's science beat their instinct this time. Not for years have we had such a snow storm as that of last Sunday. The snow lies three feet deep on a level in Minnesota, and two feet in Wisconsin, while the storm has swept from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. Snow fell to various depths as far south as Denver, Fort Union and Santa Fe. Learned as we believed Dr. Ayer in the arcana of nature, and wonderful as we knew his medicines to be, we were not prepared for so signal an instance of his superiority, not only over the wise men, but the wisest of animals whose instinct is considered unfailing. We drive up the peg, more firmly than ever, over our hearth for Ayer's American Almanac.—*Cedar Rapids Times*, March 10.

Washington as a Farmer.

The farm of General Washington, at Mount Vernon, contained ten thousand acres of land in one body—equal to about fifteen square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, at the distance of two, three and five miles from the Mansion House. He visited these farms every day, in pleasant weather, and was constantly engaged in making experiments for the improvement of agriculture. Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts: In 1787 he had five hundred and eighty acres in grass, sowed six hundred bushels of oats; seven hundred acres with wheat, and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, &c., and one hundred and fifty with turnips. His stock consisted of one hundred and forty horses, one hundred and twelve cows; two hundred and thirty-six working oxen, heifers and steers, and five hundred and fifty hands, and kept twenty-four ploughs going during the whole year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit. In 1790 he slaughtered one hundred and forty hogs for the use of his own family, and provisions for his negroes for whose comfort he had great regard.

—Pleasant checks in life—bank checks.

—Pennsylvania women — Non-explosive.

—Drop us a line, as the trout said to the angler.