The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 16.

Business Cards.

SHIPMAN & CASE.

Saddle, Harness and Trunk makers. Shop in C. Rogers' Store Building, Brooklyn, Pa. Oak Harnesses, heavy and light, made to order.
Brooklyn, April 3, 1872.—m6

H. 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 Farbell 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 K. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

LOOMIS & LUSK.

Attorneys at Law, Office No. 241 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. L. 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.
Montrose, Sept. 5th, 1871.—tf. W. A. CROSSMON.

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., 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 8, 1871.—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!

Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cute 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, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

Shop in the new Post-office building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 12, 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. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

aug 6 3tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.

aug 1 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.
DILLINGS STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug'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, RIMS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES.
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 1869. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!

PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!

CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium!

Also the Great Ohio National Premiums, held at Mansfield, in 1870.

And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!

The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a dust case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.

The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and light and heavy grass.

One cutting apparatus is perfect. No brake and one patent knife-head. It is beyond doubt the strongest machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being erfectly reliable in every particular.

Montrose, May 5, 1871.—1f SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

CITY VIOLETS.

Fairest of Spring's fair children,
Babes of the flowery year,
Violets with dew-sprent eyes,
Deep-hued as midnight skies—
What is it ye do here?

Here, in the pent-up city,
Far from your native dell,
Where the finch her nest entwines,
And through the budding pines,
Fitful March breezes swell.

In place of streaming sunshine,
And free, bud-blowing air,
Upon your beauty falls
The shade of prisoning walls,
And gas-light's yellow glare.

Through street and crowded alley,
Your fresh-plucked buds are borne,
Laden with pleasant tales
Of woods and ancient vales,
Thick with the white sloe-thorn.

Ever amid the tumult
Of traffic's ceaseless hum,
Sweet as a babbling rill,
Or a wild linnet's trill,
Your guests of perfume come.

Seem they like fairy voices,
Those odor-freighted sighs,
Telling of vernal hours,
And rain-drops in the flowers,
New-chaliced from the skies.

And that faint floating fragrance,
Like a low loving word,
Stirs many a heart of care,
As by the passing air
Æolian chords are stirred.

The worn face of the weaver,
As he hurries to the loom,
Grows brighter, while he stays
His weary glance to gaze
Upon your purple bloom.

The pale-browed seamstress pauses
A moment, as she feels
Within her room your scent,
That from the road-way pent,
Through her dull casement steals.

To thousand, thousand workers
In labor's serried ranks,
Bright breezy thoughts ye bring,
Of meadows white with spring
Green crofts and sunny banks!

And therefore, Spring, fair children;
Babes of the flowery year,
Violets with the dew-spent eyes
Deep hued at midnight skies—
Thrice-welcomed are ye here!

NOBODY'S DARLING.

Little and pallid, and poor and shy
With a downcast look in her soft gray eye,
No scornful toss of a queenly head,
But a drooping bend of the neck instead!
No ringing laugh, and no dancing feet,
No subtle wiles, and abandon sweet
No jewels costly, no garments fine—
She is Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No "Dolly Varden" coquettish airs;
No high-heel boots to throw her down stairs;
No yachting jacket and nautical style,
With a sailor's hat that she calls her "ile."
But "Lady" is stamped on her quiet brow;
And she crept in my heart I can't tell how,
Not made to dazzle not born to shine—
Nobody's—nobody's Darling—but mine!

No saucy, ravishing girlish grace,
But a settled calm on the sweet pale face;
No sparkling chatter and repartee;
Very silent and still is she.
White and still is my pearl of pearls,
Yet to me she seemeth the queen of girls;
Why I love her I can't define,
For she's nobody's—nobody's Darling—but mine.

Were riches hers, or a beauty rare,
She would lose her charm, become less fair;
Were rings to shine on those fingers small,
They could not add to their grace at all.
She would learn to smile and to speak by rule,
In the foolish book of Dame Fashion's School
And the world to spoil her would soon combine;
Now she's Nobody's Darling—but mine!

LIFE.

'Tis not for men to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is hero;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A drooping tear.
We have not time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is a shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream;
Nor tales of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Tho' strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantoms on the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

Brevities and Witicisms.

—"Spit-curls" are in fashion again.

—Chicago taxes one cent on the dollar.

—One of our exchanges speaks of a new color, "burnt love-letter tint." That will do.

—An old lady, 72 years of age, was declared the best dancer present at a recent Cincinnati ball.

—When a company respond to a sentiment in Nebraska, they give hearty "three cheers, big injun, elephant and shanghai!"

—An Indiana girl who had been jilted, bit off the thumb of her faithless lover. She evidently wished to secure as much of his hand as possible.

—There is some difficulty in getting a competent court to try Marshal Bazaine for the capitulation of Metz. He can only be tried by his peers, but nearly all the marshals of France were concerned in some capitulation or surrender during the war.

—The meanest man in St. Louis lately packed his wife off on a train going South, on the pretence of accompanying her, and then jumped off and fled to parts unknown, because the partner of his joys and sorrows had lost her comeliness by small pox.

—The Portland *Argus* says that at the annual meeting in Buxton it was unanimously voted to exempt from taxation for a term of two years the property of any corporation which would engage in manufacturing in said town, and invest therein the sum of $10,000 or more.

Miscellaneous.

Miss Keturah's Yearling, and How it Brought Her a Husband.

"I don't believe Ketury would sell that critter for its weight in gold. It's a cosset brought up on cream, I tell her, and seeing she's notional to keep her company, it ain't a wonder she sets such store by what she's raised. That's just how the case stands, Lisher!"

The man addressed as "Lisher," was leaning on a pair of bars that led into Miss Keturah's pasture, doing just what the good book commands us not to do, viz: "Coveting his neighbor's possessions."

"I jocks," said he, with his gaze fixed on a pretty, frolicsome young animal, clean of limb and straight of back, with soft, bright eyes, like a girl's, "I wish I could contrive to get hold of that Alderney yearling: there ain't another like her in the country, and I'd be willing to fork down anything Ketury might ask."

"You'd better not get your heart set on it," said his brother Jabez, in the tone of deliberate emphasis, common to him, "I do believe Ketury would almost as soon give you herself, as part with that yearling."

Just then the graceful creature in the lot, with her white feet buried in rich feed, and a whisp of grass dangling from her mouth, gave a little caper, and a frisk of the tail, as much as to say, "You'd better believe."

Jabez, the elder brother, moved out from the shade of the butternut tree, where the two men halted to look over the rail fence. "I must be getting home," said he, "or my old woman will scold about my keeping the table standing. You ain't got any wife, Lisher, to fret if you don't come to time on meals."

Jabez, a sturdy, bronzed farmer, went trudging his way homeward with his coat over his arm, and his checked shirt-sleeves, and the red flannel back to his vest showing. Lisher, however, lingered in the road. He was a different build from his brother, not so square and thick set, but taller, with cheeks hollowing in a little about the mouth, a bushy beard and kind grey eyes. He lingered behind, half musing on the words Jabez had so carelessly spoken. "I believe Ketury would almost as lieves give you herself." He knew his brother meant nothing, but the words were sweet to him. It seemed as though he had needed the assurance of their truth for a long time.

There, down the road, which wound a little, and clasped a thicket of trees in the crook of its arm, was the old red farm house where Keturah lived. It was a homely place, and no effort had been made to fix it up; but its air of snugness suggested comfort and good cheer. The sheds and out-houses straggled to the barn, or else the barn straggled to the sheds.—There was plenty of shade from the cherry and apple trees, where robins and thrushes nestled. The old eaves were swallow haunted, and there was a roomy, old-fashioned garden, and a patch of green sward, sprinkled with white clover, where Keturah stretched her drying line, and let her clothes flutter out Monday morning earlier than any of her neighbors. It was a tidy old place, and had come down to her from her father's estate, with a few out-lying fields, well fenced and tilled; a bit of timber land, a good spring of water and several other blessings belonging to this sublunary sphere.

Keturah knew how to prize her independence. There were a few plain rules she never transgressed; to deal fairly, to always live within her means, and to make the most of blessings, seemed pretty plain duties. She was not supposed to be friendly to matrimony, and she did enjoy being her own mistress, with an unlimited scope for the exercise of that which is known in New England as faculty.

She was a woman of middle height, with bright, frank, blue eyes, a face fresh yet in color, and dark hair, combed smoothly behind her ears, and twisted in a smallish knot at the back of her head. None of these chin-yarns, as Miss Keturah said, for her. She was a world too sensible to wear a false wad on her cranium.—She had been out just at nightfall to attend her chickens, and to see that they were all in the coops, under the feathers of the chuckling hens. An invalid creature, a pretty ball of down, with a sprained ankle, she brought and put in a warm basket on the mantel. There was a shrewish wind blowing outside, although it was May, with blossoms from the apple trees whirling down to the grass. A small wood fire snapped and cracked on Miss Keturah's hearth, and the lilacs were in bloom, and the door yard gay with jonquils and daffy-down dillies. The dog and cat, sleek and well fed as dog and cat need be, were lying on the hearth in their own appointed places, and there Miss Keturah sat, with a little round stand beside her, in the circle of light from the genial fire, sewing away at a pair of unmentionables, for little Billy Shaw. Mrs. Shaw, his mother, was poor, always in hot water, with a dreadful want of calculation and good judgment in her upper story. It was either a feast or a famine in the Shaw establishment all the time. The juvenile Shaws had to go without their crust buttered six days in the week; but if on the seventh their mother happened to earn a dollar, just as likely as not it was all spent in butter, and eaten up at one meal. Keturah despised such shiftlessness, but her hands never stopped doing good for the Shaws.

Now, as she sat there in her cheerful and contented loneliness, with the big clock ticking in the corner, there came a knock at the door.

"Come in, Johnny Shaw," called out Keturah, without turning round,—There's the bag of potatoes I promised your mother in the cellar-way. You can help yourself. I shall churn to-morrow, and your mother may send over for a pail of butter-milk."

"Ahem!"

Keturah turned round suddenly, and there stood Lisher Bates holding his hat, and looking into it as if he expected to discover the profoundest wisdom in its depths.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Miss Katurah, you give me such a start. I thought, to be sure, it was Johnny Shaw. Take a chair Lisher, and draw up to the fire.—Cold, ain't it, for this time of the year?"

"Good for blue noses," said Lisher, but he felt as he expressed it afterward, "streaked," much as a man feels when he is about to break the ice, and plunge into a cold bath. However, he sat down on the edge of a chair, carefully depositing his hat under it, took out his red silk handkerchief, and mopped his face all over.

There was a preliminary clearing of the throat, and then Lisher said, with that circumlocution of speech habitual to the born Yankee:

"I don't s'pose Keturah, you've got any grass seed you'd be willing to part with for a fair price?"

"Going to put down more of your land to grass?" inquired Keturah, with a slight accent of disapproval.

"I was 'squinting that way!" returned Lisher, hesitatingly, almost wishing he could back out of the scrape, and go to grass himself, but he gave a hitch to his chair that brought him a little nearer Keturah, on the other side of the stand.

"Instead of seeding down any more, if I had your farm, I should put a few barrels of lime on the triangular lot, and sow with clover."

"That's what I mean to do," responded Lisher, giving his chair another hitch, utterly forgetful of St. Paul's command, "Suffer not women to teach." "Your pasture looks uncommon well this spring," he added.

"Yes, the feed is good," said Keturah, sewing away calmly in the candle light.

The chair hitched a little nearer. "Keturah, that's a mighty fine Alderney yearling of yours." The tone was soft, persuasive, and melting.

Keturah just raised her eyebrows;—"Umph!" she knew what Lish was driving at now.

The chair hitched a little nearer, the tone grew more coaxing and oily. "Ketury, would'nt you, could'nt you be persuaded to sell me that critter?"

The small unmentionables dropped from Keturah's hand; the audacity of the request filled her with amazement.

"How can you ask such a question, Lisher Bates? You know I would'nt part with her for any money."

Lisher had heard that "where there's a will there's a way," and another wise saying: "Faint heart never won fair lady." He determined upon the strike.

"Then Keturah," said he, suddenly, "you must marry me, for I am determined to get a lien on that critter, some way or other."

If his unheard of temerity had stopped here, Keturah might have thrown the small unmentionables at him, but he did not wait for such a disaster—he got up, made one stride over to where the bewildered spinster sat, and gave her a rousing kiss on the cheek. It is utterly impossible to predict what would have happened, if an unmistakable "snicker" had not sounded through the room. The door had opened during the loving scene, above described, and admitted Johnny Shaw, just in time to witness the denouement. He had come for "them potatoes."

"Them potatoes" saved Lisher's bacon, although I suspect Keturah had always a sneaking kindness for Lisher. At any rate, some months afterward she gave him the yearling and herself along with it; and he being a good man, who knew the use of the door mat, was regular to his meals, and was appreciative of a good wife, whose price is above rubies, I can safely say that Keturah's last state has not been worse than her first; and as to the yearling, it has grown to be a famous cow, the best milker in the country and lives in perpetual clover.

Runing a Store by Steam.

On the Upper Sacramento River a novel business has, for a number of years, been conducted by Captain George W. Case, which partakes somewhat of the romantic style of the border-traders of early times, with this difference—that a well appointed steamer supplies the place of the primitive canoe, and the customers, instead of bearing the redskins of the forest, are well-to-do families settled upon and owning ranches along the banks of the Sacramento River. Captain Case commenced trading between Sacramento and a point a few miles above Colusa about eight years ago, by taking a small barge load of goods as high up the river as he wished to go, paying a steamer to tow him up, and then dropping down with the current from house to house to do his trading, supplying the settlers with whatever goods they wanted, and taking in exchange all kinds of produce, especially butter and eggs, hides, and petrees—anything that could be converted into more goods for another trip. Some four years ago Captain Case built a small steamer at a cost of $6,000 and fitted her up for the trade which he had found so profitable and to enable him to keep up with his increasing business. The floating store was supplied with an assorted cargo of goods worth from $5,000 to $6,000, and with the assistance of a pilot and an engineer, round trips have been made about once in two weeks ever since. The settlers along the river and this floating store a great convenience and one of them informs us they get goods from the steamer just as cheaply as they could from merchants in town. The Captain and his steamer are anxiously looked for every week up or down, when he makes his regular calls, does his trading and gossipping, and posts his friends on the news of the outside world. The call made, business transacted, and "all ashore" given out, they haul in the bowline or steam anchor, as the case may be, and steam on to the next ranche. The enterprise of Captain Case has been well rewarded, as it deserves to be, for he owns a comfortable property in Sacramento, besides his steam store, a fine stock of goods and being in the enjoyment of an uninterrupted and increasing trade.—*Yolo Democrat.*

—A storekeeper at Quincy, Mich., having a pup that habitually upset the paint cans in the rear end of the store, rubbed the dog's nose in the spilled paint as a reminder that he must not do so again. Last week the animal again spilled the paint, and, observing that his master was engaged in waiting on a customer, the docile pup rubbed his own nose in the mixture and ran howling out the back way.

How Beecher Began Preaching.

Beecher thus tells how he began to preach: "I was asked to cross the river from Cincinnati and preach in Covington; and I went over and began to preach there. I did not know but I was going to stay there. And I was perfectly willing to stay. But I was soon called by a woman to Lawrenceburg. She was the factotum of the whole church. And I went there and spoke to a well-nigh empty building. I was settled over a town with two distilleries and twenty devils in it. I was poor. There was no patrimony coming to me, as you know. The moment I was out of the seminary I was without my father's support, and obliged to take care of myself. I had a salary, but it was a salary of only $400. And I took half of that to go to New England to get married with.—And as the parish paid half of it, and the other half was to come from the Missionary Society, I found myself very short of funds. I had just eighteen cents in my pocket when I came back. I was taken up by a good Methodist brother for about a week; and then I got two rooms. They were up stairs. One was the kitchen, cellar and sitting room; the other was the library, bedroom and parlor. So that we had six rooms, calling each three. The cellar was made by putting things under the bed, and other rooms were added by sundry devices. You who go into flush houses, furnished by your grandpapas and grandmamas, do not know anything about the joys of housekeeping. Persons ought to begin at the bottom to know what these joys are. And I began down there.

I had no idea that I could preach. I never expected that I could accomplish much; I merely went to work with the feeling, "I will do as well as I can, and I will stick to it if the Lord pleases, and fight His battle the best way I know how." And I was thankful as I could be. Nobody ever sent me a sparerib that I did not thank God for the kindness which was shown me. I recollect when Judge —— gave me his cast-off clothing, I felt that I was sumptuously clothed. I wore old coats and second-hand shirts for two or three years; and sometimes, as I was physically a well-developed man, and the Judge was thin and his legs were slim, they were rather a tight fit.

Enamelling the Face and the Result.

A lady in Lewisville paid seventy-five dollars, we are told, for having her face enamelled for the ball given at the Galt House to the Grand Duke Alexis. The enamel was warranted to last three days, and so it did. The lady was taken ill upon her return home from the ball, her face became greatly swollen, the most acute pain succeeded, and it was only by the employment of medical skill that her life was saved. This statement we have from an undoubted source.

But the case of this lady is not so bad as that with another Louisville lady who became enamored of the odious fashion of enamelling the face. She visited another city, far to the eastward some five months ago, for the sole purpose of having her face enamelled according to the latest Parisian mode. She had heard that a noted Parisian was engaged in the enamelling business at the city in question, and to him she went on her arrival. For the sum of $500 he agreed to enamel her face so scientifically that the enamel would remain undamaged for three years, and a year or two longer if extra care was taken in washing the face according to his prescribed method. The devotee of fashion concluded the bargain and paid three hundred dollars of the sum named, the balance to be paid in yearly instalments divided into three years. The lady received the enamel and returned to her home in this city.—Since her return she has disappeared from society There was so much poison in the enamel that its effects were almost total paralysis of the facial nerves, and what was once a truly beautiful face is to-day a distorted, disfigured, and ulcerous one.—The lady's beauty has disappeared forever, and if her physicians succeed in saving her life they will have accomplished more than they had a right to hope for. Her eyes are terribly inflamed and disfigured, and the sight of them fast failing.—*Lewisville Ledger.*

Holmes on Women.

In the fourth installment of The Poet at the Breakfast Table, in the April number of the *Atlantic*, Dr. Holmes says a good many witty and wise things about women, which might be read with pleasure and profit at the conventions over which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe delights to preside. For instance:—

A woman, notwithstanding she is the best of listeners, knows her business, and it is a woman's business to please. I don't say that it is not her business to vote, but I do say that the woman who does not please, is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth or beauty, or even manners; but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we do; and her first question after you have been talking your soul into her consciousness is, did I please? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel, any day.

And again:—

The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable. What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns? At one moment she is microscopically intellectual, critical, scrupulous in judgment as an analyst's balance, and the next as symphetic as the open rose that sweetens the wind from whatever quarter it finds its way to her bosom. It is in the hospitable soul of a woman that a man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all these divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.

Wild Bill.

Among the white scouts were numbered some of the most noted of their class.—The most prominent man among them was "Wild Bill," whose highly varied career was made the subject of an illustrated sketch in one of the popular monthly periodicals a few years ago. "Wild Bill" was a strange character, just the one which a novelist might gloat over. He was a Plainsman in every sense of the word, yet unlike any other of his class. In person he was about six feet one inch in height, straight as the straightest of the warriors whose implacable foe he was; broad shoulders, well-formed chest and limbs, and a face strikingly handsome; a sharp, clear blue eye, which stared you straight in the face when in conversation; a finely shaped nose, inclined to be aquiline; a well-turned mouth, with lips only partially concealed by a handsome moustache.—His hair and complexion were those of the perfect blonde. The former was worn in uncut ringlets, falling carelessly over his powerful shoulders. Add to this figure a costume blending the immaculate neatness of the dandy with the extravagant taste and style of the frontiersman, and you have "Wild Bill," then as now the most famous scout on the Plains.

Whether on foot or on horseback, he was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I ever saw. Of his courage there could be no question; it had been brought to the test on too many occasions to admit of a doubt. His skill in the use of the rifle and the pistol was unerring; while his deportment was exactly the opposite of what might be expected from a man of his surroundings. It was entirely free from all bluster or bravado. He seldom spoke of himself unless requested to do so. His conversation, strange to say, never bordered either on the vulgar or blasphemous. His influence among the frontiersmen was unbounded, his word was law; and many are the personal quarrels and disturbances which he has checked among his comrades by his simple announcement that "this has gone far enough," if need be, followed by the ominous warning that when persisted in or renewed the quarreler "must settle it with me."

"Wild Bill" is anything but a quarrelsome man; yet no one but himself can enumerate the many conflicts in which he has been engaged, and which have almost invariably resulted in the death of his adversary. I have a personal knowledge of at least half a dozen men whom he has at various times killed, one of these being at the time a member of my command.—Others have been severely wounded, yet he always escaped unhurt. On the Plains every man openly carries his belt with its invariable appendages, knife and revolver—often two of the latter.

"Wild Bill" always carries two handsome ivory-handled revolvers of the large size: he was never seen without them.—Where this is the common custom, brawls or personal difficulties are seldom if ever settled by blows. The quarrel is not from a word to a blow, but from a word to the revolver, and he who can draw and fire first is the best man. No civil law reaches him; none is applied for. In fact, there is no law recognized beyond the frontier but that of "might makes right." Should death result from the quarrel, as it usually does, no coroner's jury is impanneled to learn the cause of the death, and the survivor is not arrested. But instead of these old-fashioned proceedings, a meeting of citizens takes place, the survivor is *requested* to be present, when the circumstances of the homicide are inquired into, and the unfailing verdict of "justifiable," "self-defence," etc., is pronounced, and the law stands vindicated. That justice is often deprived of a victim there is not a doubt. Yet in all of the many affairs of this kind in which "Wild Bill" has performed a part, and which have come to my knowledge, there is not a single instance in which the verdict of twelve fair-minded men would not be pronounced in his favor.—*April Galaxy.*

Peter the Great.

It will be two hundred years in June since Peter the great was born, and it is proposed to celebrate with due solemnity the memorable day—the eleventh of the month—which gave to Russia its greatest Emperor. As usual in this highly cultivated age, the commemoration will assume a prominently educational character, the foundation of two six-class elementary schools being contemplated, for the building of which government has set apart a sum of 2,000 roubles, and for the maintenance of which an endowment of 7,000 roubles a year is appropriated. A statistical, topographical and historical account of the city of St. Petersburg is likewise to be published in honor of the day. Czar Peter's marritime merits, too, are not forgotten. An imposing stone monument, to be erected at Lachten, is to commemorate his gallant saving of shipwreck marines at that place, and collections will be set on foot for the enlargement of the mercantile fleet in the Baltic. A full-length portrait to be painted by one of the first artists of Russia, and a solemn procession with it through the streets of St. Petersburg, will conclude the festive programme by which the grateful capital purposes to record its thanks to its founder.

London Poor.

The evils of "overcrowding" are beginning to attract general attention in England, and it has been found that in Hanover Square, London, 25 houses contain 480 persons, or several times as many as a moderate regard for health would allow. In one district of the parish of St. Giles there were 570 families, none of whom occupied more than a single room. This was the case throughout a dozen districts. In one room 12 by 13 feet, and 7 feet six inches high, eight persons were packed; in another, only six and one-half feet high, a man, his wife, and five children were crowded. The worst feature of the overcrowding, is the occupation of the same bed by two sets of people during the same night. Certain classes attending the theatre every night—ballet dancers, supes, and the mob which is attached to a pantomime—let their beds to market people, who are just ready to get up and go to work, when the theatrical folks come home.

The Earthquake in California.

Late advices from Inyo county, California, where the earthquake of Tuesday morning centered, reports that Camp Independence is in complete ruins.

The court house is destroyed, and not a single abode or brick building is standing from Bishop creek to Independence.

Fears are entertained for camps further south in the Sierras. Mrs. West, residing near Independence, was seriously injured, and child was killed.

Stage passengers report several fissures miles in length, and fifty to two hundred feet wide, along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, near Big Pine Camp. At other places in the vicinity the ground is heaved up in great ridges. Large springs have stopped running, and others have broken out.

Heavy snow-slides occurred in the Sierras and large rocks rolled down the mountains, blocking up the stage road. The shocks lasted at intervals from twenty minutes past two to six a. m. At Aurora, Nevada, no damage was done, and at Belmont only a mill machine was thrown down.

No such earthquake has before visited this place within the memory of the Indians.

Can Women Keep a Secret!

Men say women can't keep a secret. It is just the reverse; women can, men can't Women carry with them to their graves secrets that would kill any man. Woman never tells; man always does. The women suffers and dies; man blabs and lives.—Men cannot keep a secret; woman cannot make it known. What is sport to the man is death to the woman. Adam was a sneak. Eve would have kept the apple a secret. Be ye fruitful. Who ever heard a woman talk about her love fiascos? Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his illicit conquests; woman would cut her tongue out first.—Men are coarse in their club room talk; women refined in their parlor conversation. Who ever heard of a woman telling of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of the men? Men boast, women don't. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always blabbing. So down with another old adage. Women can keep a secret, and her ability to do so is proved by the conduct of a St. John's (Newfoundland) girl, who did not tell her lover she was worth forty millions in her own right until after marriage.

A Crown of Thorns.

A Madrid letter says: "The present generation may boast, or perhaps complain, of having been cast into the world in tronblesome times, more troublous, perhaps, than the rough age even of the red republic of 1784. Spain has got a sovereign on the throne from which, by her own free choice, and in the exercise of her indisputable right, she expelled Queen Isabelle. The acclamation which greeted him on his late progress through his dominions, and sounded melodious to his ears, are turned to discordant yells of discontent. The king had violated none of the conditions imposed by the constitution; yet the country would seem to be wearied of his rule, and has expressed its discontent so audibly, that we do not marvel at the rumor of his abdication, which runs through Madrid like wildfire. They who have access to the royal person, assure us that these rumors have no foundation; that the king will not shrink from the task which he has undertaken." Who would be a king?

A Modern Allegory.

A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him at a certain time, unless he could propound a question to his satanic majesty which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question the man asked was, concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be? He hesitated and turned pale. The cold prespiration stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture the man's wife appeared in the room with a bonnet in her hand. Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed, she laughed and said: "I can propound a question which the devil himself cannot answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet?" The devil gave it up and retired in disgust, and the man was free.

A Terrible Earthquake.

On the 16th of last January an earthquake destroyed the city of Schemacha, in Russia. According to the official report 118 persons were killed and forty-four wounded, but all the inhabitants were left without shelter. Schemacha is, or rather was, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, and has between Tiflis and Baku, at the foot of the Caucasia Mountains, about seventy-five miles distant from the latter city. Schemacha is 2,316 feet above the Caspian and 2,230 above the Black Sea, and was formerly the seat of government of the province, which, however, on account of the frequent earthquakes in that region, was transferred, about ten years ago, to Baku, on the Caspian Sea. The inhabitants of Schemacha are nearly all Armenians.

—Phœbe Cary, at the time of her death, was at the head of a movement for the establishment of a "Woman's Dress Guild," similar to the one instituted in England. The plan has been taken up by other influential women of Boston, and the following are some of the rules of the proposed association: To purchase for cash only; to buy nothing which is not wanted merely because it is cheap; to dress in a manner becoming the station in life, to pay proper deference to the tastes and pecuniary ability of families; to wear no false jewelry, false hair, pads, etc., to avoid all unseemliness in dress, and to do away with the foolish and silly custom of dressing a number of times a day.