The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 19.

Business Cards.

SHIPMAN & CASE.

Saddle, Harness and Trunk makers. Shop in C. Rogers' Store Building, Brooklyn, Pa. Oak Harnessee, heavy and light, made to order.
Brooklyn, April 6, 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, Dyestuffs, 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. 20

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. P. 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. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office four doors below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 6 6m 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.—Yoost 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, Tobacco, 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 1849. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

TORNEY 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 BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.

ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES.
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 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 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 hail pieces and light and heavy grass.

The cutting apparatus is perfect. No brake and one cement 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.— SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

BY SALLIE J. BATTEY.

Once again the fairy spring-time
Vivifies the earth and air,
With a touch of living beauty—
And a glory everywhere.

And the merry-hearted minstrels
Whose sweet harps were still so long,
Cheer the re-awakened forest,
With their gladsome peals of song.

And the world's great heart of nature,
Joyous after many days,
With a thousand tongues of music,
Utters songs of joy and praise.

After many days, the manna,
Out upon dark waters cast,
Bears an hundred-fold, returning
O'er a deluge that is past.

After many days the lesson
Learned of chastening and test,
Brings a recompense of duty,
And the magic grace of rest.

After many days, the harvest
Sown through years of toil and pain,
Springeth up as flowers of gladness,
'Neath "clear shining after rain."

After many days, the spirit,
Weighed by countless burdens down,
Rises to a better station,
Crosses wrought into a crown.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

BY C. R. BALLARD.

Under the leaves is the acorn sleeping,
Waiting the summons to wake and rise;
When into life, from its covert peeping,
The sapling rises in mute surprise.
Years pass away, and the oak in its glory,
Heavenward its giant branches heaves;
Yet the "King of the Forest," so grand in story,
To-day is sleeping under the leaves.

Under the leaves are the violets dreaming—
Meekly bowed is each delicate head,
Waiting the vernal sun, whose gleaming
Can call forth from their lonely bed.
Soon will they crown, in peerless splendor,
Fit for the garland that Love so fondly weaves,
Yet Spring's best gifts, so sweet and tender,
To-day are dreaming, under the leaves.

Under the leaves are loved ones resting—
Silently resting, side by side;
Waiting the Last Great Day, for testing.
The faith in whose keeping they lived and died,
One by one, they left us at the Summons fearful,
And many a loving and stricken heart grieves
For the friends whose presence made Life so cheerful,
To-day are resting, under the leaves.

Under the leaves we soon shall be lying,
Care for naught that Mortal may do!
Done with the Living, yes and the Dying!
Through with the Old, and awaiting the New,
Few brief days—very brief at the longest,
For Health can grant only short reprieves—
And then the weakest, not more than the strongest
Will all be lying under the leaves.

THE DAUGHTER.

The old man sits beside the lock,
When all day drips the water;
The old wife, in her faded frock,
Still knits and nods by the cottage-clock,
But, ah, the little daughter!
I see no more her loving eyes,
I hear no more her low replies—
Alas, alas, the daughter!

At dawn the birds began to sing,
And o'er and o'er the water
The swallow flits with winking wing;
The old folks walk with the waking spring;
But ah, the little daughter!
No more to list the cuckoo's call
She roams the wood of the Manor Hall—
Alas, alas, the daughter!

Midsummer brought the young Earl back,
The lord of wood and water;
He met her in the greenwood track—
His eyes were wondrous bold and black—
Ah me, the little daughter!
He whispered, Trust me, O mine own!"
She wept, "I live for thee alone!"
Alas, alas, the daughter!

She moved the weary months to years;
All day dripped down the water;
The father's heart was dull with fears,
The mother's eyes were dim with tears—
Ah me, the little daughter!
Who is it 'neath the city's glare,
Looks up with wild bewildered stare?
Alas, alas, the daughter!

A night there came—a night of wrath—
The rain beat on the water,
The wind blew from the rushing north,
The cottage lights shone freely forth—
But, ah, the little daughter!
Low in the drippling lock she lies,
With tangled hair and altered eyes—
Alas, alas, the daughter.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Brevities and Witicisms.

—Which is the uglist hood ever worn? Falsehood.

—It is murder to drown your sorrows, or to kill time?

—Three Michigan girls were fined $5 for "cutting up" in church.

—How do they weigh eels with scales, when eels have no scales?

—A delicate parcel to be sent by rail—a young lady wrapped up in herself.

—Jewish contributor says he can see but little difference between an agreeable dish and a dis(h)agreeable.

—Mr. Joseph Whittle who was injured while performing with a lion in Philadelphia a few days ago, died on Thursday.

—A Topeka merchant unites business and pleasure by announcing on his sign: "John Smith, dry goods; wishes to get married."

—Jenny Lind's daughter, aged fourteen years, is said to give great vocal promises, a prospect of great joy and satisfaction to the Swedish Nightingale.

—All save one of Queen Victoria's ladies in waiting are widows, her choice since Prince Albert died. They receive eight hundred pounds per annum, and are the widows of deceased peers.

—An Indiana editor makes a pathetic appeal to his readers, saying: "If there is anything you know, that is worth knowing, that we ought to know we don't know, please let us know it, whether or know."

—A man who has been spending a few months in retirement in the Boston Penitentiary employed his leasure moments in training a number of mice, and now proposes to exhibit their performances in public.

Miscellaneous.

THE DARK NIGHT.

"I can't stand it any longer, Jane, I'll go out, and perhaps something will turn up for us."

"It's a cold night, Robert."

"Cold, yes! But it's not much colder outside than in. It would have been better if you had married John Tremain," he said bitterly.

"Don't say that Robert; I've never regretted my choice."

"Not even now, when there is not a loaf of bread in the house for you and the children?"

"Not even now, Robert. Don't be discouraged. God has not forsaken us. Perhaps this evening the tide will turn, the better days may dawn upon us to-morrow.

Robert Bruce shook his head despondingly.

"You are more hopeful than I, Jane.—Day after day I have been in search of employment; I have called at fifty places, only to receive the same answer everywhere."

Just then little Jimmy, who had been asleep, woke up.

"Mother," he pleaded, won't you give me a piece of bread? I'm so hungry.

"There is no bread, Jimmy, darling," said the mother with an aching heart.

"When will there be some?" asked the child, piteously.

Tears came in the mother's eye. She knew not what to say.

"Jimmy, I'll bring you some bread."—said the father hoarsley, and he seized his hat and went to the door.

His wife, alarmed, laid her hand upon his sleeve. She saw the look in his eyes, and she feared to what step desperation might lead him.

"Remember, Robert," she said solemnly, "it is hard to starve, but there are things that are worse."

He shook off her hand, but not roughly, and without a word passed out.

Out in the cold streets! That would be his only next home, he thought. For a brief time longer he had the shelter of a cheerless room in a cold tenement house, but the rent would become due at the end of the month, and he had nothing to meet it.

Robert Brice was a mechanic, competent and skillful. Three years since he lived in a country village where his expenses were pretty small and moderate, and he found no difficulty in meeting them. But in an evil hour he grew tired of his village home, and he removed to the city. Here he vainly hoped to do better. For a while he met with very good success, but he found the tenement house in which he was obliged to live, a poor substitute for the neat little cottage which he had occupied in the country. He saw his mistake and was too proud to go.

"Of course I cannot have as good accommodations here as in the country," he said, "but it is something to live in and be in the midst of things."

"I'd rather be back again," said the wife. "Somehow the city dosen't seem like home. There I used to run in and take tea with a neighbor, and have a pleasant and social time. Here, I know scarcely anybody."

"You'll get used to it after a while," said her husband.

She did not think so, but she did not complain.

But a time of great depression came and with it a suspension of business enterpizes. Work ceased for Robert Brice and many others. If he had been in his old home, he could have turned his hands to something else, and at the worst could have borrowed of his neighbors till better times. But the friendly relations arising from the neighborhood do not exist in the city to the same extent as in the country. So day by day he saw his scanty sum of money waste away, and no one extended a hand. Day by day he went out to seek work, only to find himself one of a large number, all of whom were doomed to disappointment. If somehow, but it was a sore trial to come to a cheerless room and a pale wife and hungry children with no relief to offer them.

When on that evening Robert Brice went into the streets, he hardly knew how he was going to get bread to redeem the promise he had made to little Jimmy. He was absolutely penniless, and had been so for three days. There was nothing that he was likely to find to do that night.

"I will pawn my coat," he said at last, "I cannot see my wife and children starve.

It was a well worn overcoat, and that cold winter night he needed something more to keep him warm. Weakened by enforced fastening he was more sensitive to the cold, and shivered as, he walked along the pavement.

"Yes," he said, "my coat must go. I know not how I shall get along without it, but I can't see the children starve before my eyes."

He was not in general an envious man, but when he saw sleek, well-fed citizens, buttoned up to the throat in warm overcoats, come out of the brilliantly lighted shops, provided with the luxuries for happy children at home, while his were starving, he suffered some bitter thoughts upon the inequality of Fortune's gifts to come to his mind.

Why should they be so happy and he so miserable?

There was one man, shorter than himself, warmly clad, who passed him with hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat. There was a pleasant smile upon his face—He was doubtless thinking of the happy circle at home.

Robert knew him as a rich merchant, whose ample warehouse he often passed—He had applied to this man only two days before for employment, and had been refused. It was, perhaps, the thought of the vast difference between them, so far as outward circumstances went, that led Robert Brice to follow him.

After a while the merchant—Mr. Grimes, drew his handkerchief, slowly from his pocket. As he did so, he did not perceive that his side pocket-book came with it and fell to the sidewalk.

He did not perceive, but Robert did. His heart leaped into his mouth, and a sudden thought entered his mind. He bent quickly down and picked up the pocket-book. He raised his eyes hastily to see if the movement was noticed. It was not.

The merchant went on unheeding his loss.

"This will buy bread for my wife and children," thought Robert instantly.

A vision of the comfort which the money would bring that cheerless room, lightened up his heart for an instant, but then, for he was not dishonest, there came another thought. The money was not his, much as he wanted it.

"But, I cannot see my wife and children starve," he thought again. "If it is wrong to keep this money God will pardon the offence. He will understand my motive."

"All this was sophistry, and he knew it.

In a moment he felt it to be so. There were some things worse than starvation. It is his wife that had said this just before he came out. Could he meet her gaze, when he returned with food so obtained?

"I've lived honest so far," he thought—"I won't turn thief now."

It is with an effort that he came to this decision for all the while before his eyes there was that vision of a cheerless home, and he could hear Jimmy vainly asking for food. It was with an effort that he stepped forward and placed his hand on the merchant's shoulder, and extended the hand that held the pocket-book.

"Sir," he said hoarsely, you have dropped your pocket-book.

"Thank you," said the merchant, turning around, "I hadn't perceive my loss."

"You dropped it when you took out your handkerchief."

"And you saw it, and picked it up, I am very much obliged to you."

"You have reason to be," said Robert in a low voice. "I came very near keeping it."

"That would have been dishonest," said Mr. Grimes, his tone altering slightly.

"Yes, it would, but it's hard in a man to be honest when he is penniless, and his wife and children without a crust."

"Surely you and your family are not in that condition?" said the merchant earnestly.

"Yes," said Robert, "it is only too true."

"And you are out of work?"

"For two months I have vainly sought for work. I applied to you two days since."

"I remember you now. I thought I had seen your face before. You still want work."

"I should feel grateful for it."

"A porter left me yesterday. Will you take his place at $13 a week?"

"Thankfully, sir, I would work for half that."

"Then come to-morow morning, or rather, as to-morrow will be a holiday, the day succeeding. Meantime take this for your present necessities."

He drew from his pocket-book a bank note and put it in Robert's hand.

"It's $50," said Robert amazed.

"I know it. This pocket-book contains $1,000. But for you I should have lost the whole."

"God bless you sir; good night?" said Robert.

"Good night!"

Jane waited for her husband, in the cold and cheerless room, which for a few days longer she might call her home.

"Do you think father will bring me some bread?" asked little Jimmy, as he nestled in her lap.

"I hope so darling," she said, but her heart misgave her. She feared it was a delusive hope.

An hour passed—there was a step on the stairs—her husband's. It could not be, for this was a cheerful, elastic step coming up two stairs at a time. She looked eagerly at the door.

Yes, it was he. The door opened. Robert, radiant with joy, entered with a basket full of substantial provisions.

"Have you got some bread, father?" asked Jimmy, hopeful.

"Yes, Jimmy, some bread and meat from a restaurant, and here's a little tea and sugar. There's a little wood left, Jane, let's have a bright fire and a comfortable meal, for please God, this shall be a comfortable night."

"How did it happen? Tell me, Robert."

So Robert told his wife, and soon a bright fire lighted up before a cheerless room.

The next week they moved to a better home, they have never since known what it is to want. Robert found a firm friend in the merchant, and has reason to remember, with grateful heart, God's goodness on the Eve of Temptation.

Hats.

There is considerable character in the manner in which a person wears a hat. You sometimes meet a person whose hat has a knowing tip, just the least bit suggestive of the carless, cheerful disposition of the wearer. It seems as if he has tipped it back so that all the world may see his jolly, goodnatured face, and understand that he is at peace with all the world. You meet another of a different type. He pulls his hat low down over his brows, and seems to be continually taking the measure of his boots, you feel at once that he is not the sort of man with whom you can exchange confidence. Here comes another, and this kind always wears a "stove pipe," and set evenly upon the summit of the craninm, as if an inch to the right or left would destroy their equilibrium. Be careful of such men; put them in band boxes; tie them up tightly; label them "first class to be kept in lavender," and put them carefully away. Here is another hat which has seen its better days, but is now at its worst. Its glory was long since departed, and from the worn and shabby band to the napless crown it speaks of the days which are gone. Perhaps the wearer of that hat was the life and soul of our young folks parties—the great catch—the model young folks man; but now worse faded and worn than his shapless tile. Poor fellow! "Whisky did it." You meet other hats as different in shape and quality as the habit of the wearer. Hats which have long passed the season of their usefulness are generally looked at with disgust.

The Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwd down the top.

"You cannot, get out of the way, boy—why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into the rough box agonized tears streamed down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once; let me see mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck him away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lip sprang apart, fire glittering through his eyes as he raised his little arm, with most unchershed accent, and screamed, "When I'm a man I'll kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite built up in the boy's heart to the memory of the heartless child.

* * * * * * *

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished; until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eye to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you sir, I cannot," said he.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I believe you are unknown to me?"

"Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago this day, you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy!"

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life!"

"No. I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame and went from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as in comprehensible.

Suspended Animation.

The people of Fulton, Oswego county, are greatly excited over a case of suspended animation, or something like it, which has as yet baffled all investigations, and which still remains a mystery. The facts as we learn them are substantially as follows:

A year or two since, Carrie F., daughter of E. B. Jones, of Fulton, was married to a young man named Cotter, and subsequently removed to New York, where she has since resided. Some five months since she gave birth to a child, and not recovering very rapidly, she concluded to go to Fulton to visit her parents.

Having written to her father to meet her in this city, she on Saturday morning last left New York, arriving here on Sunday morning. Her father failing to meet her at the depot, and there being no train going north, she proceeded to the residence of her brother-in-law, on Canal street, near McBride street, where she proposed to remain over till Monday morning, and then proceed to Fulton. She appeared in good spirits during the day, and laughed and chatted with her friends. While thus engaged in the afternoon, and while seated in a chair and in the act of laughing, her friends were surprised to see her drop from her chair to the floor to all appearance dead. Her not showing any signs of life for some time subsequently led her friends to suppose that she was dead, and she was accordingly laid out.

A coffin was procured, and the body placed therein. Her life-like appearance at that time caused comment among the undertakers, they remarking that she "looked more asleep than dead." The body was conveyed to the depot and sent to Fulton on Monday evening, and taken to the residence of her father, where it now is.

On opening the coffin at the house the face of the corpse was found to be flushed, and subsequent investigation revealed the fact that her hands were warm, and that the body was not in the least rigid as in death, which facts have led her friends to believe that she is not dead. Up to yesterday noon not the first symtom of decomposition was discernible. The singularity of the case has awakened no little excitement in Fulton, and hundreds of persons have visited the house of Mr. Jones to view the body, which still remains in the coffin. Efforts at a restoration have been made, hot bricks, etc., have been placed at the feet, and the body has been rubbed, but as yet no change has taken place in the appearances or condition of the body.

The medical fraternity of Fulton have examined the remains, and though attempts under their direction have been made to reanimate the apparently sleeping body, all efforts have proved abortive, and the examining physicians are obliged to announce that the case baffles their skill. The body still remains in exactly the same condition as when raised from the floor of the house in which she died in this city. Mrs. Cotter was or is 22 years of age.—*Syracuse Journal, March 29.*

—Green peas and new potatoes are in the New York markets.

The Value of Sunshine.

Whatever may be true with regard to the co-relation of forces, it is perfectly certain that the combined heat, light, electricity, and magnetism which we derive from the sun, constitutes an important hygenic agency, and I am inclined to think that few persons sufficiently appreciate the value of sunshine as a productive, conservative or curative agent. Were the central orb in our solar to be suddenly annihilated, every planet within the orbit of Neptune would be chilled to ice almost instantaneously, and every living creature on the surface of this earth would be lifeless in a few minutes. Whether the vivifying principle we receive from the great luminary a hundred millions of miles distant, be veritable entities or not, is immaterial practically, however interesting theoretically. It is enough for us who are obliged to circle round the source of light and heat once a year, and to be under its direct influence one-half of each day, to know that, without a due degree of exposure to energizing power, we can neither develop normally nor live healthly.

Nothing which is nutritive will grow well in the shade. Root crops, which grow partly or wholly under ground, as turnips and potatoes, must have their top branches well sunned or they will develope but imperfectly. Potatoes and corn, when planted in the shade of apple trees, yield but a small quantity of food, and that of an inferior quality. And it is a curious and important fact that the bulbs of the potato vines from which the plant must be occasionally renewed to save the crop from annihilation, can grow only in the sunshine. It is true that many fruits, as cherries, will do well when shaded by leaves of the plant on which they grow, but in these cases the leaves themselves are exposed to the sun. It is not the fruit itself that needs the sunlight so much as the plant which produces it.

Some fruits and pods, as watermelons, corn, and wheat, can bear, and require a large amount of direct sunshine; squashes and pumpkins need less, but are protected by large succulent and waving leaves against an excess. The potato seems to be almost an anomaly in this respect, requiring the entire absence of sunlight from its root, and its abundant presence in the plum or bud. The potato procreates both from its root, which grows in darkness, and its berry, which grows in sunshine; but it is an interesting and instructive fact, that its fertalizing principle is constantly maintained only in that fruit which neccessitates its renewal by planting the balls.

In cities the sunnyside of the street is the most salubrious. When malignant diseases prevail, as typhus, small-pox, plague, cholera, etc., the worst cases are always in those apartments which are never pervaded by sunsnine. In such places, too, miasmas of all kinds accumulate. In London, there are streets so narrow that a horse and carriage cannot pass through them; and in all large cities there are lanes and alleys so narrow that unless the tenements are constructed with the utmost regard to light and ventilation, they must inevitably be constant sources of pestilence.

The ravages of the plague during the Middle Ages, in the Old World, destroying one hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants, were greater in those cities whose streets were narrowest and darkest. We hear but little of the plague now-a-days, for the reason that streets are laid out and houses constructed more in reference to sanitary conditions. There is, however, room for improvement in this direction, more especially with regard to the tenement houses, which are still, to a great extent, pest-breeding rookeries.

But many persons who have room enough, with ample wealth, do not get all the benefit that sunshine is capable of bestowing. Windows are too much shaded, as though the bright colors of the carpets were more important than pure blood and fresh faces. Flies, too, mar the polished walls and soil the gilded furniture, unless the rooms are converted into cellars. It ought to be understood that bright light is essential to bright colors in living things, and that flies only live and flourish when putrescent elements need their presence.

If all persons would keep their tenements thoroughly clean, the insect scavengers—flies, spiders, cockroaches, bed bugs, and fleas—would never trouble them. These creatures subsist on offal and organic matters in a state of decay. Whoever knew one of them to meddle with a healthy person, a sound apple, potato, melon or pumpkin, a fresh berry, or a green cucumber?

Many country mansions otherwise well ordered, have too much shrubbery near the windows, obstructing light and air. Too many trees sometimes surrounded the house. The result is, the sleeping rooms and door yards are seldom free of noxious gases.

But the greatest error *of* all, in both city and country, is in keeping the children out of the sunshine. Without sunshine they will grow flabby and scrofulous, like a potato vine in a cellar. They can hardly have too much of it, short of blistering their skins; and the more they are habitually exposed to the sun, the more power of self-protection the skin will acquire. Let them brown and tan and freckle their little faces *ad libitum*. They will be all the handsomer when they become men and women, and much more vigorous. The large sunbonnets and long veils with which young ladies hide their "diminished heads," and obscure their pleasant faces are pernicious institutions. They render the face pale, wan and expressionless, the skin torpid and insensible, the eyes weak and irritable, the head congested, and the whole system nervous.—*Dr. Trall, in Philadelphia Star.*

—Mr. Lincoln used to tell a story of a boy who was ordered by his father to scare a stray urchin off the premises. He departed on his mission with a "turkey gobbler" strut, and shortly returned with a discolored optic, bleeding nose, and very much demoralized, and told his father the "darned boy din't scare worth a cent."

—Time is money.

A Strange Conversation.

While sitting in the office of the National Temperance Replication House the other afternoon, waiting for a friend who was purchasing books in the store, I was greatly astonished by the following conversation between the agent and his assistant. The former had a large pile of letters, just received from all parts of the country, and the lady was assorting tracts.

Agent. Did you send the Rev. T. Jones "Our National Curse?"

Assistant. No; he writes that it is not sufficiently strong. He wishes a thousand "Cholera Conductors" to distribute among his congregation. He also wants "Gin Toddy" for his Sabbath School, and says he does not think much of "Temperance in Sunday Schools," but likes "Drunkenness and Christain Love" better.

Agt. Well, let him have what he wants, but send a "Word in Season" at the same time.

Assist. I find we are out of "Sympathy for the Drunkard," and have more "Liquor Sins" than we ought to have.

Agt. Yes, and we must get rid of them as soon as possible, and also the "Effects of Alcohol upon the Human System." Here is a letter from Mrs. Smith, in which she complains that you have sent her the "Deacon and his Dog" instead of "Our Young Minister," and says also that she does not like "Our Stumbling Brother."

Assist. She is certainly very particular; she wrote for "Somebody's Son," and I must have been careless in sending.

Agt. The Rev. Mr. Thompson writes, "I have read the "Wife's secret," and, in consequence have given one of my Deacons the 'Fatal Draught,' and I wish I had fifty more "Ready to Perish."

He also states that "His Personal Honor" was damaged in transit, and asks for more.

Assist. Well, we have none to spare in the office; I think the "Philosophy of Drinking" would suit him better.

Agt. Dr. Lurewell says that he believes the "Wine Cup and the Gallows" will convert more sinners in a month than he can with a year's preaching; and as each of his congregation has "Natural and Reserved Rights," he hopes they will each get "Gled's Grip," which he thinks would do them good.

Assist. I think if he would recommend "Temperance and the Bible" to his church, it would be in a better state.

Agt. I have written him and recommended a "Rum Fiend" for each pew, they would just suit his congregation.

Assist. Miss Sweet says she wants the "Best Fellow in the World," and she will let her sister have the "Temperance Doctor." I wrote her she should have more "Self-denial;" but she says she likes "Liberty and Love" better, and will take "Nobody's Advice."

Agt. The Hon. R. Harris says that an "Honest Doctor" has never been seen in that part of the country, and does not know anything about "Who killed the Man," "Little Lizzie" on the road, and wants "William and Mary" instead.

Assist. The Rev. P. Jenkins says he found a "Mocking Genius" in his pulpit and a "Blasted Tree" in each pew, and that his people like them better than the "Ox Sermon" which he gave them the Sunday before.

Agt. The Rev. Fiddle, D. D., sends for 1,000 "Freemen or slaves" to put one in each cell in their Penitentiary; he says, further, "I have a few 'Rescued Brands,' which I intend hanging up in the horse-cars to let people know that my church is not quite asleep."

Assist. Did you send "Timothy a Teatotaller" to the poor house?

Agt. Yes; and now we will send a "Shot at the Decanter" and close for the day.

"Now, I knew my friend the Agent to be one of the best temperance men in the world, and also one of the most energetic and successful Sunday School workers. I also knew the thorough-going Christain and true temperance girl, so you may imagine my relief when I found that they had not gone raving mad, but were simply filling orders for tracts, and that the quoted words were the name of those ordered, and that instead of wishing and sending all sorts of evil, they were helping to spread light and knowledge on the great question of Temperance.

Gratifying Local Option Incident.

The following gratifying episode is from a Portland letter to the *Boston Globe*:

The enforcement of the law still continues the chief topic of conversation, and every day brings up new features, and comical stories told about the many shifts and devices employed to secure the intoxicating beverage. One of the most amusing of these is related of an Irishman who during Saturady afternoon, called at the City Liquor Agency with prescription for a bottle of whiskey intended for his sick wife.

The agent—who is rather slow and sleepy in his movements—filled a common quart bottle and handed it to his customer, who was about to walk out without paying for it. "Here, stop!" says Windship, "you havn't paid for that whiskey." "An' is it pay for it you mane," says Paddy, "why I thought the city gave the whiskey." "Give it!" says Winship, "I guess not much; I'll take $1 50 for that bottle, if you please." "Arrah then," says Pat, drawing the bottle out of his capacious side pocket, and placing it back on the counter, "the divil fly away wid yer old whiskey, for it's not a drop at all, I have to bless myself wid," and he walked out of the store slamming the door after him.

Winship gazed on his retreating form with protuberant eyes till he was lost to sight in the distance, and then proceeded to return the contents of the bottle to the barrel. As he began to pour it out, he thought its color was rather lighter, tasted it, and found that the excited Irishman had carried off the bottle of whiskey and left one filled with Sebago water in its place.

—The value of real and personal property in Allegheny county, Pa., is $355,181,070. The combined value of property in Delaware, Florida, Nevada, Oregon, and Nebraska, amounts to $293,314,915, or $61,865,155, less than that of a single county in this State.