The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 20.

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

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, 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. 8m.

B. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

LOOMIS & LUSK.
Attorneys at Law, Office No. 224 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS. WM. D. LUSK.
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON.
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMON.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT.
McKENZIE, & FAUROT.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., ap. 1, '70.

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzie—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 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 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 2 door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 6 9tf 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.
BILLINGS STROUD, CHARLES L. BROWN.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles, Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being some 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. B. Deane Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES
RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES.
CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS, PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOWS, &c.
ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.
CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES.
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 1868. 1y.

IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!
CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium!
Also the Great Ohio National Premiums, held at Mansfield, in 1870.
And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!
The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.
The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and light and heavy grass.
One cutting apparatus is perfect. No brake and one extent 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.

DELIGHTFUL THIRTY-TWO.

BY R. W. WRIGHT.

Most poets sing of sweet sixteen,
As if *that* age would do;
I sing a sweeter, riper age—
Delightful thirty two!
The age of beauty rounded out
As plump as any peach,
And quite as tempting too, *when not*
To far above our reach!

I sing the age of wit and grace,
And sweet, enchanting wiles;
Of faces sparkling o'er with mirth,
And full of dimpling smiles;
Of eyes that look into your own
As if they'd look you through;
And set you crazy by their depth
At charming thirty-two!

I sing the graces of the mind
That years alone impart,
Or, what is more attractive still,
The graces of the heart;
The virtues that improve by age,
As generous wines will do,
That flash far less at sweet sixteen
Than sparkling thirty-two.

I sing of beauty unadorned,
Of native grace and art;
Of love that wins and captivates
The mind as well as heart;
I sing of Cupid open-eyed,
Not blind and bandaged too,
Who, when he wings his brightest shaft,
Aims well at thirty-two.

I sing of woman's crowning dress—
The virtues that she wears
With more becoming grace and art
As she improves in years;
I sing the sweetest, ripest age
That man e'er had in view
When seeking happiness for life—
The age of thirty-two.

I sing the sweetest time of life
For beauty held in store,
And doubly sweet as "sweet sixteen,"
As two and two make four;
The fact is, figures cannot lie,
And this plain truth is true,
Exactly *two* times sweet sixteen
Makes *one* sweet thirty-two!

I sing the glorious honeymoon
That lasts from year to year,
And always grows more honey sweet
As Autumn leaves appear;
I sing the heart that's always young,
Whatever time may do
To nip its fragrance in the bud
At glorious thirty-two.

I sing the little archer boy,
With eyes as roguish bright
As when he left the skies above
And closed the gates of light;
When Cupid bandaged both his eyes,
And bade the boy adieu,
Lest he should find a heaven on earth
In charms of thirty-two.

I sing, in fine, the Paphian queen,
Whose chariot drawn by doves,
White-wing'd and pure would ever seem
To typify our loves;
Loves that approved by Heaven's own law,
And all that Heaven holds true,
Shall make our sweethearts and our wives
Both *one* at thirty-two!

Let England sing "God save our King,"
Or "Queen," as it may be;
I sing a nobler sentiment
For ground America!
God save our sweethearts and our wives,
All loving, good and true,
And we will keep our "honor bright"
For them at—*thirty two!*

—*Fine Art for April.*

HIS CHOICE.

It ain't so much how you get there,
So long as you're there at last,
One can't be squeamish traveling,
If he wants to travel fast,
Life is so short at its longest pull,
So rough in its smoothest part,
It stands a fellow to know the ropes
Before he makes a start.

Now, I got stuck in the first day's march,
And I've staid stuck up to date;
You think I'd better be getting ahead,
Than giving advice—eh, mate?
But there you're wrong, for the man who falls
Has scented the pitfall out;
And so to my failure, the people say
There isn't a ghost of a doubt.

I've seen a fortune before my eyes,
But mud lay thick between;
And leaving the mud, I left the prize
For those less nice than keen.
Folks turned their necks as they waded through,
And groaned as they splashed about,
But changed their tune as they neared the shore,
And cheered as they waded out.

What if they hadn't got out? why, then
They'd have sunk in the mire, of course,
And the voice of the world would have changed
And croaked till the air was hoarse. [again,
What should I chose, could I live once more?
Well, there you've got me, Dick;
For the clean highway is a barren place,
And mud—well, mud will stick.

But if what we miss when we travel here,
We get when we journey there,
I think, were I to live over again,
I'd take path that's bare,
For when it comes to the settling day,
When kinds and sorts are clubbed,
I think—though here you must judge for yourself,
I'd rather be filed than scrubbed.

Brevities and Witicisms.

—A modest traveling agent requested an Iowa pastor to recommend his gas burners from the pulpit.

—Mrs. Franklin, of St. Louis carved her husband with a butcher knife because he did not vote the Democratic ticked.

—The California Legislature has passed a bill that "religion shall neither be taught nor practied in the public schools."

—A Newburyport belle was so indiscreet as to swear audibly because her foot became entangled in a rebellious "skeleton."

—A man in Oregon has sued to recover $5,000 from his parents-in-law for representing his wife strong and healthy when she has turned out sickly and peevish.

—Out of seven divorces granted recently by the Supreme Court in Boston, five of the wives were named Mary, and four of the husbands named John.

—A Southern paper our credulity with this: "A Florida negro ate two bushels of dried apples on a bet, refreshed himself at the town pump, and burst."

—A New York reporter mournfully speaks of having seen "some of the loveliest ear-rings in the dirtiest ears imaginable, at the Faust matinee."

—Some one has challenged Weston to walk around the world. An account of such a ramble would merit a geo-graphic description.

Miscellaneous.

OUR OLD HOME.

BY SUE.

When father died mother became so low spirited that she did not take any interest in anything about the place.

"Do as you like, girls," was her reply to every question we asked her. I become so discouraged that I did not care what really became of us. Father left us but a few acres of badly tilled land, and a house as old as the hills—the old cottage he was born in.

Mary Ann kept her spirits in a hopeful state. She said as long as we had mother left, and a shelter for her head, we all might be thankful, and go about our duties cheerfully. Mary Ann was different from the most of us—she was like the Morgans, mother's family.

"But this old place will never pay a farm hand, and Jennie is too small to help much," feeling as I spoke, rather hopelessly. "How were we to live?" I asked of her.

"I shall farm it myself. You take care of the house and keep mother from fretting, and I will see to the farm," said Mary Ann cheerfully.

"It was getting along in March, and nothing had been attended to, for we were so confused about father's death, and the loss of our dear homestead, which went to pay father's debts. The old home was small, only sixty acres, not much like the lost one. Sam Jay bought it, and we felt it had fallen into good hands. He would be kind to the stock, which went with the place.

The last week in March we moved to the old home on the hill. It had stood empty for years. Once in a while father used it for corn and grain, when the harvest was plentiful; it had been a sort of a store house for a long time. I managed the inside of the house, and soon had it in good order. The rooms looked cheerful. Mother brightened up, when everything was fixed. The memory of her early wedded life clustered around its hearth.

She said, pointing to different parts of the sitting room—she was growing rather queer—"Your father sat there the night John came home from college. How proud we were of John. There is where the table stood on which they placed his coffin the day he was buried. And there was Nedde's cradle—little baby Ned, who fell from the door-sill yonder, and rolled down the stone steps on his head, breaking his neck."

You see she was bound to gather up all the sad events in her life, and hold them in view like mourning garments.

The departure of the snow revealed an unsightly array of refuse lumber round the house, broken carts and wagons, which father had thought to good to cut up. A pile of stumps and old boards, whose rugged and ugly proportions effectually warded off the best view of the fine mansion in the valley, was Mary Ann's first attack. She was bound to have a clean door-yard and surroundings, and she went about it in good earnest too. Soon the farm buildings and yards were in splendid order, the fences white washed, and the doors which had hung on one hinge gracefully hung on two; windows were mended, and, lastly, she obtained paint and brushes, and actually painted the house and outbuildings. People passing would wonder what power had transformed the old place. Instead of the wood colored house, broken fences and unsightly sheds, we had a new white cottage, with plain, substantial fences inclosing a clean plot of ground for a front yard.

Mary Ann was always fond of flowers, and she ornamented the garden with shrubs and flowers. Sam Jay allowed her to take all the plants she loved best from his garden. They were hers and he would not deprive her of them. He sent his hired man to plow up the five acre lot, and came up himself to help her top-dress the west field and the lower meadow. She displayed a wonderful lot of thrift, the neighbors said. We had three cows and fifty-eight hens, and by good management, I made the cows and hens provide food for the family. We had pork and beef left from last year.

We got on finely. Vines and climbing roses rendered our back kitchen one of the pleasantest rooms in the house. Sam Jay used to sit there and talk for hours with Mary Ann about the farm, and what seeds and roots would grow with the smallest amount of work; and together they studied how to make the farm pay the best. The first year was a perfect success. Mary Ann cleared from her oats hay and corn, nearly five hundred dollars. Jamie was kept at school. Mother was cared for like a lady, and we felt comfortably. Sam Jay spent long winter evenings at our house, reading books and papers with Mary Ann.

So the spring came round again and we had our hands full. "Doing the chores" fell upon me; the burden of milking the cows, raising calves and nursing sickly lambs, was my share, while Mary Ann attended to feeding the pigs, and raising the chickens, and other work around the barn. Some very fine rose bushes and a box of rare flower-seeds were sent us from the city, and caused Mary Ann to pay some extra regard to horticulture. I knew Sam gave the seeds and wondered if her small brown hands had not opened a wound in his heart. He was very kind to us all, I believe; he managed to find a man to do all the hardest work. He did not like to see Mary Ann's hands sunburnt and blistered. She was so merry all the time—there was something about her so refining and humanizing—she loved so passionately the beauties of Nature. Her mind was well stored with the beauties of thought and language, suggestive of nature and life—her kindly feelings and religious principles rendered her a superior character. Her simple piety threw over our home a holy influence, beautiful as it was touching.

Sam was a gentleman of refinement and mental cultivation. His manly qualities invested him with a wonderful charm. His gentle dignity, the sweetness and gravity of his speech, together with his wide range of thought and elevated sentiments, attracted Mary Ann, and later in the season I noticed her face would flush when his name was mentioned.

There was a gay party down to the Jay mansion; Sam's two sisters were home from a boarding school. They brought a number of their schoolmates with them. Sam had forsaken us—we thought. He had not been to see us for three weeks. Mary Ann saw him riding every day with a dark-eyed girl from the city, and once they passed the field where Mary was weeding corn. He lifted his hat gracefully, but the beauty by his side laughed sneeringly, saying, "What rustic beauty is that?"

Mary Ann heard her ask this in a haughty tone.

"She is beautiful, but not rustic; she is a queen among women," was his guy reply.

Mary Ann heard this answer, and felt like weeping. She finished her work before tea, and came to the house looking as if she had seen a spirit. She was as white as a sheet. I did not say a word to her, for I knew she had seen Sam Jay riding by with a lady, and knew Mary Ann thought more of him than was good for the peace of her soul.

Mother saw how ill she looked, and remarked about it. Mother was very proud and fond of Mary Ann. She resembled John, who was mother's idol while he lived. Jamie and little Ned, who was killed by a fall, did not seem half so near. Ned did not live long enough to display any peculiar smartness; he was killed the same year John died. I don't think father rightly got over the death of his sons. Jamie, the baby, did not seem to fill their places in his heart.

"Are you sick, child?" said mother, in a frightened tone; "you do look dreadfully, Mary Ann."

"No, dear mother, I am only weary; pulling weeds in the hot sun gave me a dreadful headache."

I thought of Sam, and that he had given her the headache—heart and head both.

"I am not going out again to day, and will change my dress. Would you like to have me sing to you, mother?" she said, cheerfully.

She knew mother was troubled, and put on a gay expression, in order to banish her fear of making others uncomfortable. She was never selfish.

"I would love dearly to hear you sing, child. I was thinking to day, that you must have forgotten your music."

"I'll change my dress in a moment, and sing you that new song I composed last summer," said Mary Ann, leaving the room.

She returned after awhile, dressed in a nice new print, white apron, and lace collar, made by myself. I had a talent for fancy work as well as bread and butter making. She looked as fresh and fair, no one would have guessed that she had plowed and planted, hoed and weeded all the spring. Her hands were brown and hard, but small and shapely, and they glided over the ivory-keyed instrument gracefully enough to suit even quality people. Mother was proud of her, and it did not much matter if other folks did not like it, if mother was satisfied.

"What shall I sing, mother?" she said smiling, while her eyes were full of tears.

"Sing 'The dearest spot on earth to me," said mother; "And then if you will sing that pretty thing that you composed last fall, for Jamie. I have not heard it for a long time."

Mary Ann's voice was sweet and clear. The instrument was a cabinet organ, presented to her by her father on her last birthday but one. She sang "Home, Sweet Home."

Mother was weeping softly behind her handkerchief. Mary Ann's face had a happy expression like sunshine over flowers. I think we got a glance of the faith which had given her so much strength to labor through all seasons. If anybody every knew the glory of prayer, Our Mary Ann did. She was a true woman.

Mother said she was glad she was so near the "Heavenly Home," and thought she had put on autumnal shades, touching her silverly locks with her fingers. "I hope to see you both happily married, dears, before I go," she said smiling. "I think you will prove a crown-jewel in somebody's home, Mary Ann."

"The Lord grant that it may be mine!" said Sam, who had come in noiselessly, just in time to hear mother's speech. He said in a trembling voice:

"Will you come back to the old home, my darling?" He opened his arms and Mary Ann sprang into them, and was clasped to a faithful heart. Brother Sam does the farming now.

Abuse of Mothers-in-Law.

The Richmond *Inquirer* has the following sensible suggestions in reference to this subject:

"It is the fashion just now, both on the stage and through the press, to denounce, abuse, or make 'game' of the whole race of mothers-in-law. We think the joke has been carried too far, and that it is about time a defender of this very ill-used class of very useful and necessary ladies should announce himself, and take up their cause. The mother-in-law of the stage is not always nor often that lady in real life. The land is full of good mothers-in-law, and they greatly outnumber the bad, whether they be the maternal parent of wife and husband. It is very wrong to treat all as cross-grained old hags, meddlesome busy-bodies, domestic tyrants, or mischievous disturbers of the family peace, because a few bad examples have been found. Let each in his circle of acquaintance think over the list of mothers-in-laws who make themselves useful in their day and generation through their constant, self-sacrificing efforts to make home happy, and compare them with those who seem only to have been created for purposes of annoyance and discord, and he will be surprised to find how many good and noble mothers-in-law there are in the land. We think it is about time this unfeeling war upon a most worthy and a most necessary class of ladies should cease. If there be skeletons in that form in some houses, still many a family has its angel in the shape of a mother-in-law."

—Subscribe for the DEMOCRAT.

Counterfeit Wines.

The counterfeit wines for which Cette, in the South of France, is principally noted, are sherry, port, Maderia, Malaga, Cyprus and Lisbon—the last a kind of sweet sherry. It also exports a large quantity of what is termed Burgundy Port, principally to the United States. Cette likewise produces counterfeit champaigne, Alicante, Malmsley, Marsala, Sauternes, Hermitage, and Rhine wines. During last year the exportation of imitation wines from Cette was close upon a couple of million of litres, or nearly four hundred and fifty thousand gallons, which was equivalent to one-third of its total export of wine. A considerable quantity of counterfeit wine of Cette is, moreover, consumed in France, more particularly sherry, Maderia, Malaga, and Cyprus, so that there is little doubt that this fraudulent trade produces considerably more than half a million gallons annually. The better class of counterfeited wines go to England, which takes "Old Crusted Port" in large quantities, whith a fair amount of "Fine Golden Sherry," and also a moderate amount of Maderia. The wines of an intermediate quality are reserved for Russia, Sweden and the north of Europe generally—the first of which takes port, Maderia, Malaga, Marsala and Lisbon; while Sweden and other northern States takes Sherry Malaga. The counterfeit wines of the lowest class—including the worst Maderia and Sherry, the vilest champainge, the poorest Sauternes, the most worthless Rhine wines, Alicante and Malmsley—are all especially concocted for American market, New York receiving what no other nation, save perhaps some of the South American States, would admit.—*N. Y. Standard.*

Mysterious Mrs. Mason.

Donn Piatt gives in the Washington Capital a glimpse at the mysterous lady who has figured in the French arms sale business. He says "she has been commented upon and inquired about in the liveliest manner. She gives a color of romance to the dark transaction that pipues curiosity to the furthest extent. Mrs. Mason is now in Washington. Many will remember a tall, well-formed lady, with a rather handsome face, lit up with bright black-eyes, and framed in with raven black hair. She was quiet, modest and graceful in her ways, but evidently possessed of gruet force of character and certain fascinations of mind and person that influenced others. She is one of that sort of people well known at certain periods of history on the continent of Europe, who to the graces of the woman add the courage and vigor of man.

Mrs. Mason figured extensively during the late civil war. A Southerner by birth, training and association, she gave her every effort to further the lost cause, and was honored by the confidence of such men as Beauregard, Johnston, and other Southern leaders, and her adventures when working for her friends would make a thrilling volume of romance. When the lost cause finally went under, she transferred her field of operations to Washington. We first hear of her in connection with the Cuban cause, and she is said to have inspired the resolution drawn up by General Dyer, authorizing the sale of arms. She was the confidential and adviser of Generals Gordon and Ryan and could frequently be seen in earnest conversation with General Banks, then as now, Chairman of House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

A Marriage Postponed.

At Elkridge Landing, in Howard county, recently, there was some little excitement over an expected marriage, the banns of which had been duly published, between a young lady of Howard county, an orphan, not quite sixteen years of age, and a young gentleman of New York city, of legal age. The young man came on to fulfill his engagement; the young lady was ready, and all the parties interested repaired to St. Augustin's Catholic Church, where the ceremony was to be performed. A congregation of about one thousand persons assembled to witness the ceremony, but when it was about time to come to time, the guardian interposed his authority and forbade the solemnization of the rite, to the intense disappointment of the throng of spectators, as well as of the happy couple in the expectation. It seems that the young lady will not be sixteen years of age until November, and the law provides a penalty of $1,500 against the minister solemnizing the marriage of a minor under that age, though eighteen years is the legal age for women or girls contracting marriage. A marriage license has been procured in due form at the clerk's office in Ellicott's City, but the priest, when forbidden by the guardian to celebrate the marriage, would not incur the risk or sanction an implied evasion of the law, and advised the parties to come to Baltimore for consultation with church authorities here. In Baltimore the young lady was advised to return with her guardian and if she still held to her intent on matrimony bent to apply for the removal of her guardian, as she had the right to do, being over fourteen years of age; but thinking this a slow process, both she and her intended husband proposes to leave early this morning for New York where it is supposed they will be made happy.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—It is estimated that Sweden and Norway will not produce more than a half supply of iron for the present year. This condition of affairs abroad has caused a steady advance in American iron for some time past, has been followed by an advance in copper, brass and other metals. The effect of all this has been to advance American hardware composed chiefly of iron, from ten to twenty per cent. Articles manufactured of steel have advanced five to twelve-and-a-half per cent. here and in Europe.

—A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note stating "too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

—What is it that has three feet and cannot walk, sixteen nails and cannot scratch? A yard stick.

The Rights of Some Women.

We have in mind two among the most agreeable women we have ever met, both in manners and general cultivation, who are fitted personally to adorn any drawing-room, and who can converse intelligently on any subject which may be broached there, but who are not in general society, in the town where they live, simply because one of them is a dressmaker and the other a milliner. Both devote their evenings to reading and study; they travel, they hear the best music, and are familiar with the best thoughts of the day; and to the few who are really acquited with them, they are valued friends. But they are not often invited—because nebody thinks of it. Can society afford to do without such women as these? And their case is not exceptional. It is true that there are scores of young girls in our shops whose breeding and whole appearance are very questionable, and who could not be received, at present, into public society. But do we hold out any inducements to them to cultivate themselves? Do they see that those in their position who have become refined and intelligent are any better off, socially, than themselves? Nay, may not they seem rather worse off, as having lost a taste for one kind of society, and failed to obtain admission to another?

But, it may be answered, we have church sociables for these very people Yes, we have; and most of them are very poor affairs indeed. Would it do you much good, if you were a shop girl, to go once a month to tea at a church parlor, and be waited on with condescending aisiduity of by Mrs. Jones, who never speaks to you in the shop except to give an order? Or do you even care much for her kinder and more thoughtful neighbor, whom you always like to serve, because of her gentle ways, when she urges you to come to these sociables and "get acquainted," and never would think of asking you to her house for that purpose, no matter how unexceptionable your English and your dress?

Our rule is not so revolutionary as it seems. We *do* believe in an arrangement of society which shall permit the introduction of all worthy to take place in it; a society where, at least to those not native to it, the qualifications shall be refinement and intelligence. Some are in who ought to be out, no doubt; but this cannot be helped. It is for those who are out and ought to be in that we speak.—*Scribner for May.*

—During one of the wars in India, many Frenchmen had an opportunity of observing one of the elephants that had received a flesh wound from a cannon ball. After having been twice or thrice conducted to the hospital, where he extended himself to be dressed, he afterward went alone. The surgon did what ever he thought necessary, applying even fire to the wound, and though the pain made the animal often utter the most plaintive groans, he never expressed any other token than that of gratitud to this person who, by momentary torments, endeavored to releive him, and in the end he efficte his cure.

—After the battle of Ramilies, Marshal Villeroy's wig was found among the captured baggage. Of course it was a magnificent peruke, and the Duke of Marlborough was so delighted at the sight of it that he immediately seized it and clapped it on his own head. Whether the great conqueror who had always a keen eye to the saving of personal expenses, appropriated it ultimately to his own use history has not informed us. When Kant, the famous transcendental philosopher, died, he left behind him a wig, which was bought by one of his fervent admirers for 30,000 florins, or $3,000.

HARD TO MANAGE.—Some wags were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear, a dressed hog hanging to the wall. "Ha, ha," cried they to the yonng man in attendance, "what sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?" "That" said he, "is a patent combined root-grubber, corn-sheller, apple-grinder gate lifter, double action, back spring sod plow, but I guess you don't want one, for it takes a mighty smart man to manage 'em."

The *Mail* says:—We always did believe that musquitoes tormented us poor mortals out of sheer spite and malice, and not because it does them any good. A Kentucky man of an inquiring turn of mind has kept two of these blood-thirsty insects under a inverted tumbler for six months and they have not lost flesh or declined in vigor, which proves that they have no occasion whatever to disturb our slumber and gorge themselves with the best blood of our people.

—The story is told of a negro who was praying earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, you ain't got de hang of that ar word. It's 'besettin,' not 'upsetin.' "Brudder," replied the other, "if dats so But I was praying de lord to save us from the sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't an up-settin sin I dunno what am."

—An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editor' swives, she was of an exceeding poetic nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon; how bright and calm and beautiful!" "Couldn' think of noticing it," replied the editor, "for-any thing less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

—Children will ask queer questions, even in Sunday school. A teacher says: I have a class in Sabbath school. One of the children a bright little girl about six years of age, I noticed one day looking very intently at another of the teachers, a gentleman with a heavy moustache. After a long and earnest look, she turned to me with: "Teacher, Teacher! *has that man got a hair lip?*"

—A doctor and a millitary officer became enamored with the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to tell, as they were both such killing creatures."

Varieties.

—An English physician has been vaccinated 477 times, to prove to objecting people that there was no donger in it.

—An oysters contains as much nourishment as a slice of roast beef, and this is the reason why they are recommend for invalids.

—A Gate City lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, $5.

—Miss Hosmer, the sculptress, was recently thrown from her horse and dragged thirty yards at Rome. Happily, however, her injuries were trifling.

—The South is ahead. The only steam-ploughing apparatus in successful operation in the United States is on a Louisiana plantation.

—It has been computed that over $1,500 has been paid during the past thirty years for printing the single words "laughter" in the Congressional *Globe.* No laughing matter for tax-payers.

—The latest fashionable ornaments are of amber and will, in a few moths, completely supersede the tortoise shell jewelry, which has held its own for an unusually long time.

—Edwin Forrest remains in quite ill health, but with favorable symtoms of recovery. A considerable time must elapse, however, before he can resume the stage.

—A Missouri women recently eloped, leaving the following note to comfort the heart of her husband: "Dear William—good-bye; do not mourn for the children, because none of them are yours."

—The merchants of Charlestown have presented Lydia Thompson with a mammoth bale of cotton, weighing over 1,400 pounds, bound by blue ribbons, "as a testimonial to worth and virtue." At its market value in Charleston the cotton would bring over $280.

—Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has been defeated in a lawsuit at Paris, the action having been brought against her to recover 161,000 froncs by M. M. Mellerio, jeweller of that city, who had sold and delivered to her goods of that value in the years 1866, 1867 and 1868.

—Nothing is of more value to a business man than an understanding of the peculiarities of human nature. A confectioner at the west has made a handsome fortune in a very short period by the simple process of keeping a parrot in his store which screams out "pretty creature! pretty crature!" to every lody that comes in.

—A gentleman once once visited the State Library of New Hampshire, wishing to counsel Jefferson's "Notes." The librarian, who was elected to his office because he was "of use to the party," fumbled about the shelves for some tme, and then said to the applicant. "I cannot find them, and I presume Mr. Jefferson took them up before he died."

—A characteristic anecdote is related of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune coming into possession of a $5 bill, called to a lad and said: "Johnny, my boy, take this William, and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it William?" inquired the wonderful lad. "Why, Johnny," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it Bill."

—"Look here, stranger, that's my wife your are dancing with." "Well, what of it?" said Rakensack. "Why this; you dance with her again and I'll blow the top of your head off." "Now, look here," said Rakensack, cooly, "do you see that umbrella setting there?" "Well suppose I do?" "Well, you handle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, and I'll ram it down your throat—and then I'll spread it!"

—A laywomen in Providence, a milliner by trade, but nevertheless a favorite exhorter at the evenings meetings of the elect, thus gave her reasons for her belief in the existence of a Supreme Being: "Sisters, I am just as confidence that there is a God as I am that there are bonnets in Paris; and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a choice assortment of the most fashionable styles, which I will trim with more taste and sell lower than any milliner in the city.

—Opium eaters are getting to troublesome to apothecaries. We published statistics few days ago showing that on an average every drug store in the city had three customers. A peculiar case has just transpired. The heorine is a single lady of an exceedingly "uncertain age." She says she is nervous and has bad dreams, and nothing but morphia will relieve her. She wore out the patience of five different druggists, since the small quantity they allowed her each time obliged her to call often. For the last fortnight she has been pestering her sixth victim. Day before yesterday she preferred her usual request, and his good nature broke down. "Can't let you have any," was the curt reply. "Why not?" she asked, with a feigned surprise. "No matter why; I won't." "But, doctor, what else can I do for my poor nerves in such a state?" "Get married," was the cruel rejoinder; and the opium eater vanished.—[*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

—Late London papers contain the announcement of the Princess Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, who has opened a milliner shop in Bond street. The reason for taking this step is very frankly avowed by the Princess Pierre Bonaparte, which is simply to gain the means of which the revolution has suddenly deprived her, and to enable her to educate her three children who are described as "remarkable beautiful and full of promise."

—In the course of Divine service in a New Orleans colored church, Mr. Orsen ventured to differ with the pastor in regard to certain theological tenets. Being espostulated with by the sexton, he produced a knife and was proceeding to point out with that implement the heresies complained of, when the clergyman pronounced a hasty benediction, and, assisted by the whole congregation, bore the religious malcontent to the dungeon.