The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 22.

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, Coll ars, 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. S. 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 Counselor at Law, Great Bend, Pennsylvania. 3m.

B. L. BALDWIN,

Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

LOOMIS & LUSK.

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

W. A. CROSSMON.

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

McKenzie. C. C. Faurot.

McKENZIE, & FAUROT.

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

DR. W. W. SMITH,

Dentist. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, May 9, 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,

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 first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.
aug 69tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,

U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,

Fashionable Tailor, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,

Cabinet and Chair Manufacturer, Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1. 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,

Fire and Life Insurance Agents. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
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, Presses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1845. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

Attorney at Law, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [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 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, 1863. 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 patent knife-head. It is beyond doubt the strongest machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being perfectly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 3, 1871.— SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

PARENTAL LOVE.

[A rich man, who had no children, proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them; and promised, if the parents would consent to the proposal, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their six children comfortable for life.]

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again, what Robert said?"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed.
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream of whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."

We stopped beside the trundle-bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him."
He whispered while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bid us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be."
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away.
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

THE CONCERT.

Such a concert, dear, as I've had to-night!
Full of sweet sound and deep delight;
And yet "the house" was poor;
Poor, if you count by crowded seats;
But indulging only by glad hearts-beats,
'Twas a splendid house, I'm sure.

First, Baby sang as well as she could
Some sweet little notes that I understood;
And wee Kate's chirp of a laugh broke out
As Willy ran in with a merry shout;
The pussy purred on the rug in state,
And the good clock ticked, "It's late! it's late!"
While over the fire the kettle sang
Its cherry song with the last little twang.

That was Part First, you must know, my dear,
When only we five were there to hear,
The fire crackled applause!
The baby's soft little pat-a-cake
Made reckless *encores* for the music's sake,
And pussy flourished her paws.

Well, the Second Part? Ah, that was fine—
Fine to the heart's core, love mine!
For over the kettle's winsome plaint,
And the baby's breathing, sweet and faint,
And over the prattle of Will and Kate,
And the clock's impatient "Late! it's late!"
I heard the blessedest sound of all—
A click of the latch, a step in the hall!
And "Home, Sweet Home," pulsed all the air
As you came calling up the stair.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—The Empress Eugenie is quite unwell.

—Pleasure is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

—Fair dealing is the bond and cement of society.

—A passionate man scourgeth himself with his own scorpions.

—Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

—Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Not if they have money.

—Hard words have never taught wisdom, nor does truth require them.

—We should not retain the memory of faults we have once forgiven.

—Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.

—The swallows prove such a nuisance in Austin, Texas, that the people are obliged to employ carbolic acid to drive them away.

—"If you wish to know a person's disposition; play a game of backgammon, croquet or dominoes with him, and win the game."

—An English farmer in Iowa sent to London for a seed-sower at an expense of $250, when a better one could be got at home for $40.

—The Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia, has authorized the transfer of $9,000 to the Presbyterian Home Mission, of New York.

—The Wyoming *Journal* publishes the following in its advertising rates: "Fees of marriage notices as high as the ecstasy and liberality of the bridegroom may prompt.

—Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma. Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

Miscellaneous.

A MAD PEOPLE'S TOWN.

A recent traveller describes the town of Gheel, in Belgium, which is based upon the idea of curing people who are insane by allowing them free intercourse with the same. The afflicted are at first taken to the infirmary, where they are watched for a time, and are then, as soon as the nature of their insanity is discovered, placed with some of the citizens of the town, in whose families they take up their future residence. The working ones are allowed to go to work and earn their living, while those who are well off are permitted to go about and do as they please so long as they do no harm. Should their insanity break out into violence they are taken back to the infirmary, put into straight-jackets if necessary, until the fit is passed, and they are again prepared to go free.

The traveller's description of this sad and extraordinary town is as follows:

From Antwerp you take the road as far as Herenthals, a small station, from where it is necessary to go over the country some fifteen or twenty miles by conveyance. We drove out into the country. It is a broad waste of land, mostly unproductive: a brown, wretched sort of grass covers the level ground for miles about, with only here and there a clump of trees and underbrush. About the middle of this bare stretch of land lies Gheel. After a drive of more than three hours, I saw in the distance before me a couple of lean towers—this was our destination.

The wagon drove through the town toward the infirmary. A wide, grass-grown street led us first to the inn where my coachman was to put up his horses. Along both sides of the street were little, low houses, whose uniform row was occasionally broken by a larger mansion with green blinds and white curtains. A few foot passengers were met on the street walking leisurely up and down. As we drove by them they would look up, and from their blank and death-like look, it was easy to recognize insanity. Most of them spoke to us in the most friendly manner—one looked at me with great, large eyes, and then burst out laughing. As I approached a smith's shop, four men stepped out, one holding the glowing iron and the others hammers and pincers—and all nodded and snickered in concert.

The street led on further through more of these curious impressions. I got out at the inn and pursued my way to the infirmary.

It was a large and rather imposing building of stone, with two stately wings; before it was a large grass-plot, shut out from the street by iron-gates. They were thrown open to me at a knock.

The directing physician, the celebrated Dr. Bulckens, was away from home. I was told, but his daughter would be very glad to receive. I was led into the doctor's private apartments, where I sat a short time in a neat reception room. Then a young lady of unusually friendly manners, made her appearance. She received me with great amiability, and we were soon engaged in an animated conversation. My position was at first embarrassing, as she mistook me for a physician; but I soon explained that I had simply been attracted by my interest in the insane and in the famous colony which had been established for them. Then she offered pleasantly to take me through the building, and gave me such information as she could.

Just at this time, there were about 1100 mad people in the town, some 35 of whom only were in the infirmary. Some of the latter were yet on their term of probation, and others had been long in Gheel, but had been taken with an outburst of violence. The whole colony is under the direction of one head physician, Dr. Bulckens, and is divided into four sections, each of which has one assistant physician to attend to it. Numerous attendants are kept, some in the town, some in the infirmary; so distributed that, in case of necessity, they can all be called together to assist each other.

"Our preparations are such," said the lady, "that it is seldom that even the most sudden spasm of violence among any of the patients can have any serious result. In most instances, the nurses, as we call the attendents, are in a position to bind and control the patients until assistance can come to them."

"And these nurses, who take the insane into their families, among their wives and children, are they not in constant and terrible anxiety? Is not life, and that of those dear to them, in eternal danger, and is not the continual presence of madness among them horrible?"

"Oh, no," was the answer; "they are accustomed to it from childhood; they grow up among the insane; indeed, they often win their love, for, though disturbed in spirit, the insane are often capable of great gratitude. Their dependence can be compared to that of a domestic animal, *en fond*, the people live off them for the most part."

In talking thus, we went on by many attendants until we came to the women's wards.

Several women were sitting together in a large, pleasant room. Every one was looking before her in grim silence as we went in. Now and then, only would one raise her expressionless eyes and look over toward us. It was a dreadful sight, these human forms, in whom but the animal was left, and whose spirit was buried in eternal night.

The sleeping and bathing rooms near by were all delightfully bright and inviting, and an almost painful cleanliness attested the thoroughness of the management.

During this talk, we had come to the cells for the violent.

One of these, which was untenanted was thrown open for me. It was a perfectly dark, little room, the walls and ceiling covered with cushions, so that the patients should not hurt themselves, during paroxysms of rage. A simple mattress lay upon the ground, and there was no other article of furniture in the room. There was some one in the next cell, and through the air hole that was made for ventilation we could hear horrible shrieks and curses as we passed by.

I was glad when we went out and heard the bolt shoot into its socket behind us. We now came to the male wards.

We first entered a large grass plat, where some twenty men or more were sitting or lying about, or working with their spades. A couple were sitting on a bench, close to which we passed. One of them was looking straight ahead of him in the blank, senseless way I had remarked so much. The other, who was a man of about 40 years of age, and of a most intelligent face, arose and saluted us very politely. My conductor introduced him to us as the "Emperor of the orient and occident."

I bowed to him and began to talk with him. He related to me, in an animated fashion and in most elegant French, something of his history, while his face bent over slightly and his eyes rolled about wildly. He was a native of the Belgian French border, had participated in the horrors of Sedan, during the late war, and had grown mad over it. He described his vivid impressions in eloquent words."

"Corpses were lying everywhere in the lakes of blood," he said; "the bombshells came thundering or hissing through the air; here an arm or leg, there a head severed from the body, horrors in every house pestilence in the streets. It was at this time that the Angel Gabriel came to me, as messenger from Heaven, and made me emperor of the great republic of the East and West—not the republic founded in slaughter and blood, but that of human love and justice. It is not yet time, but it will soon come, when I shall take possessions of my realms; until then I must live in exile, poor and unknown."

He then went on lamenting that he was in still in the greatest poverty, that he hungered and thirsted constantly, and that he had not a single quiet place whereon to lay his head. All this he told in a voice that trembled with emotion.

While he was talking, there was standing not far from us a tall, fine-looking man, leaning against a tree and smiling at him in a way that indicated his pity for so mistaken a state of mind. As we stepped toward him to speak to him, he bowed in the most stately and dignified manner. It was the Emperor of China.

With the most friendly greeting, during which we raised our hats several times, we took our leave of the poor harmless fellow, and entered a large room, where several others were lying or sitting about in various places and attitudes.

"There," said my companion, "the one who sits in the corner, lost in his own reflections, became insane under the excitement of the Paris Commune. He is here only since day before yesterday, and is still under surveillance.

In the meantime and old, white-haired man had arisen from a table at which he had been sitting, and was coming toward us. Suddenly he stood still, held his hands before his eyes, and the great tears ran down through his fingers. His attendants stepped up to him, took his hand, and patted him on the shoulder, but the poor old man sank down into a chair, and continued to weep in the most heart-rending manner At first I could not understand this scene, but I was told that in his lucid moments and when he would recognize the place and his situation, he felt the full terror of his disease and could not control himself.

When we went outside, I asked the lady about how large a percentage of the insane recovered.

"Not more than five per cent," she answered sadly. "The most of the unfortunate people who come to our town never leave it, and many of them grow very old here. Those who are the most violent are the most likely to recover; but those who are possessed of one fixed idea—the monomaniacs—rarely ever get well, but generally fall into a general and incurable insanity."

"Can you tell me what special advantage your mode of treatment has over the other?"

"First of all," she replied, "life is made lighter and pleasanter to those poor people than anywhere else. If the insane remain at their own homes they are too frequently made the objects of ridicule of the rude people who are to be found everywhere. If they are taken to a close assylum, they are in constant communication with other madmen, whose insanity makes their position doubly painful, and they have a constant desire to escape, and take advantage of every opportunity. Attempts at flight are very rare here. The poor patients feel at home, and even when they go away or are taken way, they have but one desire, which is to come back."

I left my kind conductor, with many thanks, and went through the town toward the church. A long, neglected street led the way. I walked slowly along the grass-grown side-walk like a native Gheel, by no means, so quiet in mind as many of them. Right and left upon the street, in front of the houses, or just behind the windows, sat the mad people, most of them with their chair leaning up against the wall, and nodding and laughing at me as I passed by them. Others sat lost in themselves, or walked grimly and silently up and down, occasionally throwing up their wild or deadened eyes. Before and around them, on the side-walks, played the children—happy, healthy, flaxen-haired litile things, thoughtlessly wrapped up in their game of ball.

As I saw the church near by I bethought me of finding the sexton to show me through it. I met a man in a priest's garb, and made him understand my meaning, finally in broken Hollandish, and he pointed to a little house close by. I went up to it and knocked. Thinking that I heard an answer, I opened it and went in, but jumped back suddenly as four men instantaneously arose from a table directly in front and stared at me—madness too apparent in every one of them. Fortunately for my peace of mind, at the very same moment a manly figure, whose features gave me more confidence, stepped out from a neighboring room.

I stammered again in broken Dutch, my desire to see the interior of the church, and he pleasantly took a huge bunch of keys from the wall and accompanied out of the house. The interior of the church failed to make the impression upon me which, judging from the outside, I had supposed it would. It was richly decorated, however.

In front of the church, as I came out, a gentleman presented himself to me who had evidently been listening to my conversation under difficulties, and began to speak to me well and fluently in my own language.

We spoke of many things as we walked along, mostly, of course, of the institution, of its management, of the principal physicians whom I had unfortunately failed to meet. My new companion talked very intelligently, and impressed me as a gentleman of much culture.

I took him to be an officer of the institution, or one of the State officials, and asked him how long he had lived in Gheel.

"Let me see," he said, thoughtfully, "I think that it is about ten thousand years."

"Heaven and earth!" thought I; "is this a madman too?" and involuntarily I drew a step or two further away from him.

During our further conversation, madness was fully brought to the surface. He believed himself to be a great composer, played the bassoon and the organ, and was convinced that he was more of a genius than Mozart or Beethoven. I fell in with his ideas, but I was not sorry when I reached the inn. With a friendly pressure of the hand, and the earnest request that I should make converts to his cause, he took his leave.

A Woman Scalped.

One of the most inhuman and cowardly deeds that we ever remember to have heard of was committed Tuesday evening April 9th at Goverment Springs, Utah Territory, near the Overland Road, and about seventy-five miles this side of Salt Lake City. Last summer a man named Purdy, formly in the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad, arrived at Odgen and represented himself to be a mormon. He married the daughter of a prominent member of the Church, who furnished him with an outfit of cattle, horses, ecf. He moved his stock and wife to Government Springs. About two months ago he commenced to dispose of the stock in small lots. His wife was convinced that he had no affection for her, and watched his movements. She sent a message to her father in Ogden, informing him how matters stood. He, with two of his sons reached Goverment Springs on the 8th, and found that Purdy was making preparations to leave. They searched his person, finding something like eight hundred dollars. He was then told to leave the country under penalty of death. It appeared that he stayed in the vicinity of the ranch until the evening of the 9th. The father of Mrs. Purdy and her eldest brother were out gathering in the remnant of the stock. The youngest brother, aged about seventeen, was left with his sister. Soon after dark, Purdy rode to the cabin, seized the boy and tied him to a post outside. He then entered the house, knocked his wife down and deliberately scalped her. After committing the inhuman deed, he mounted his horse and rode off in the direction of Fish Springs Desert, on the Overland Road, taking the scalp with him. The father and brother reached the house about half an hour afterwards. On entering the house Mrs. Purdy was found insensible and the floor covered with blood. After she was restored to consciousness, she related how the wretch had committed the deed. A party of ranchers started after him, but, after riding all night, gave up the chase and returned to the ranch.—*White Pine News.*

A Child's Life Saved By Geese.

Tenie Franck, a child seven years old, came near being drowned on last Sunday afternoon. A deep pond is located near the house, the sides are rugged, and in one or two places decends several feet almost perpendicularly. Tenie was playing near the water all alone, and, loosing her balance in some way, she tumbled into the water, which at the bank was quite over her head. No one was near, and the little one was on the eve of instant death; but, fortunately, some geese were swimming in the water and immediately commenced a loud gabbling. Their constant and presistent noise attracted the attention of a blacksmith near by, who running to the place, saw the little girl's hand sticking above the surface of the water. He plunged into the pond, seized the child and brought her to the shore just in time to save her life. Tenie was pretty sick for a while, but she soon recovered, and is now looking as sprightly as ever. When she grows up she will read of how the geese saved Rome with more than ordinary interest.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

A Butter Tree.

Tallow trees, milk trees, pitcher trees, and bread trees, are found in various parts of the world. They are no longer wonders. But a new discovery in a part of Africa not trequently visited by travellers has been announced that quite eclipses anything in the tree line. It is a tree yielding butter. According to M. Chevoul, the products consists of a small proportion of aromatic principal, olein and stearine, very much like mutton tallow. It is a poor substitute for butter, yet there is an approximation so that an amateur would pronounce it strong—the regular boarding house article. Salt improves it, but under no system of treatment can it be introduced to take the place of that churned from milk. When heated slightly the new product is easily converted into soap with a solution of potash or soda, and thus becomes inodorous.

—The Danbury *News* says: "How unprejudiced men can look upon the present sized penny cake of maple sugar and claim the world is growing better, passes our comprehension."

—A contemporary thus sensibly talks: "How young men can consent to loaf about the corners as they do, when a good dose of strychnine can be bought for sixpence, is really surprising."

"Making Home Happy.

HOW ONE INDIVIDUAL WOULD DO IT.

A Western writer thus burlesques an article now making the rounds of the country newspaper press:

There have been several entertaining and useful articles going the rounds of the press lately, emanating from the leading writers of the metroplitan newspapers, which under the striking caption of "Making Home Pleasant," go on to tell the people how to adorn their houses, furnish their rooms, etc., etc., so that they may be enjoyable. But these mighty brains, in their workings, forget to throw off amid their other intellectual froth, any advice that will do for those of moderate means to treasure. The majority of the people of the United States and Alaska have not had a Tammany Ring to work in, nor do they have the facilities of the Euclid Avenoodlers for piling up three or four layers of furniture in the humble rooms of their dwellings, and it is to those of moderate incomes that we dictate these few irregular remarks:

There are very many expensively furnished rooms that have a cold look, a chilling and repelling appearance. This may be remedied by putting in a few stoves and fire places. If the room is of medium size, say eight feet by ten, a fire place in each side and four stoves in the centre of the room will give it a warmth and home-like air that is wonderful. If the drought is so great when the stoves and grates are in full blaze, as to be noticeable—that is, if a current of air sets toward the hearths, of sufficient strength to pull the tacks out of the carpet, necessitate each article of furniture being fastened to the floor, and the canary bird wearing bricks on his feet to keep him on the perch—then it would be well throw aside some of the stoves, and sift cayenne pepper over the carpet as a heater. This will often keep a room warm and cheerful when stoves fail.

After all there is nothing adds so much to the appearance of an apartment as a few choice paintings. Do not select the gloomy sketches of Murillo, Rubens or Raphael; if you do you will either get swindled or cannot pay for them. Rather seek the efforts of our modern artists, get a design from some colored fashion plate, or illustrated paper, and have a sign painter or carriage stripper copy it for you. He will give a freshness of color that the "old masters" can't make now, with their poorer qualities of winter lead and oil. Landscapes are best adapted for real adornment, or a rural scene with cattle and milkmaids in the foreground.

When you come home at night worn out with the duties of the day, such as tendling toll gate or playing mumblety peg on your grocery counter, what is so enlivening when, sinking into your easy chair, as to see before you a "window," as it were, out of which your wearied soul flies like a bird. A bit of pasture land, a few trees, a group of grazing cattle, while in the fore-ground a barefooted milkmaid with a three legged milk stool is pursuing a bob tailed muley cow around the meadow; your eyes relax their grip, and while memory goes back to the old farm days of your life, you become as frisky as the cow herself.

Get a few picture of trotting horses. "The Presidents of America," "Ethan Allen demanding the surrender of Ticonderoga," "General Scott chasing cannon balls down Lundy's Lane," and other historical works of art. If you can procure a copy of these rare pictures where a Newfoundland dog is dragging a boy out of a duck pond—or "Mother's Pet," a sickly looking infant with purple curls, eating milk with a blue spoon out of a red tea cup—do so at once. There is also a companion picture entitled, "Father's Pride," where a meek looking boy with sailor pants, patent leather slippers, and girl's hair, is busily engaged in reading "Baxter's Saint's Rest" with an hour glass in front of him with much sand yet to go through.

If you are of a literary turn of mind put a row of book shelves around all the walls. Get the chimney sweep and cook to thumb the choice works of science, until they look as if you had committed them to memory. Have a centre table covered with stationery and ink spots in the room. Strew a few articles of bijouterie and virtue, such as saw dust boxes, boot jacks, apple cores, etc., around on the floor; place a few cats at judicious intervals about the apartment on chairs and sofas. Allow a couple of the most sarcastic bull dogs you can find to recline on the hearth rug. Fill the room up with stove wood and foot stools until you can't move without standing on your head, and much of the "cold, ghastly splendor" that your house was formerely troubled with, will have passed away. If these few hints will cause a single cobweb to grow where before the walls were blank cheerless, they will not have been in vain.

—Ladies attention! A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each others feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish sensual and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

—Washington has a romance. 'Twas some thirty years ago that a pair of Down East lovers parted in wrath and took different paths. The other day they met in the Treasury Department for the first time since their seperation, the old flame revived, the animosity vanished, and a plain Gold ring was ordered forthwith.

—Corpulent old lady; "I should like a ticket for the train." Booking clerk (who thinks he will make a joke): "Yes'm; will you go in the passeger train or cattle train?" Lady: Well, if you are a specimen of what I shall experience in the passenger train, give me a ticket for the cattle train by all means."

What are we Coming to?

The history of crime shows that the law is violated from countless motives, and sometimes, apparently, without any motive. Murder has been committed on almost every pretext under the sun; and yet the day is coming, is perhaps at hand, we venture to say, when human life will be taken for reasons hitherto unassigned. We expect to read almost any morning some such account as this in the newspapers:

This community was shocked yesterday by hearing that John Doe, a man of quiet and studious habits, and somewhat known in a literary way, had murdered in cold blood an unoffending neighbor, Richard Roe. Mr. Doe perpetrated the horrid deed in open day, in the crowded street, without the slightest provocation. When a passing policeman seized him, and asked him what had prompted him to imbue his hands (this will no doubt be the reporter's exact language) in the blood of a fellow-creature, he made no reply. Then followed this colloquy:

Policeman—Are you insane, Mr Doe?

Doe—Never saner in my life.

Policeman—Had Roe ever done you any injury?

Doe—None whatever. I had no ill feeling against the poor fellow.

Policeman—Why then did you murder him?

Doe—Merely for business purposes.

Policeman—What can you mean?

Doe—I mean that I wish to lecture, and I have killed the man to give myself a start. I meant no harm by it. I have done this thing as the best means of advertising myself. My subject is "Our Duty to Our Fellows." How many tickets can I put you down for?—*New York Tribune.*

The Plantation Negro in the Slavery Times.

What a queer, suggestive, interesting race of people these old darkeys were. That these ancient, sable worthies should be regarded by anybody as downtrodden, etc., appears to me extraordinary—the idea is little less than hallucination. I knew and associated with them from my earliest years, have been cuffed, scolded, denounced, spoiled by them, and can testify that never was a more contented, happy, domineering, consequential, well to do class of people in the world. The old mammy was the fee simple owner and proprietress of the child intrusted to her, and administered the law toward her charge in full loco *parentis.*

The old coachman who permitted the urchin from the big house to ride the carriage horses was one of the *diimalores* in the eyes of that urchin. And woe to boy or girl of tender years who obstructed the solemnities of the kitchen or worried the fat old cook! They were well fed, well clothed, portly, domestic, "aristocratic" to be the echo, and uniformly considered their master's family the best in the entire world. This family attachment was a really powerful sentiment with them, and they were capable of making any and every sacrifice for "the family." They were, in a word, simple, affectionate, domestic, consequential and utterly content.

The family coachman, and butler, in a Virginia family of old times, were, in a word, most tyrannical and consequential personages, satisfied with themselves and all around them, convinced that hoo-cake and bacon were the best discovered food, firm in their conviction that they knew everything, and rooted in their faith in the towering and unequalled consequence of "the family."

—The question at a country tea-party turning on the impropriety of mixing up cake with a pinch of snuff in the fingers, a lad remarked that he had seen his mother do it, and not drop a bit of snuff. "Why, my son," said the lady, "how can you lie so?" "Well, mother," he replied "maybe you did drop just a little."

—At New Haven Conn., on Monday, 15th instant two boys, aged thirteen, quarrelled while playing, when one stabbed the other with a pocket knife inflicting a wound which, it is feared will prove fatal.

—Two guileless Iowa maidens induced jocose Iowa youths to go through the marriage ceremony with them, "just for fun." This done, the guileless females produced previously-prepared licenses and certificates, and the jocose individuals are now at liberty to repent at leisure.

—A bright little girl at Milton Wisconsin, having been desired to write a sentence introduced the word "carrion," presented the following to her teacher: "Bad children often carrion in church when they ought to be quiet."

—A Savannah negro died one day last week, but came to life again the same evening, to the great indignation of the mourners. The next morning he died a second time, and in order to avoid any repetation of the former *contretemps*, they buried him before dinner.

—"Patent outsiders" have gotten a Georgia Democrat newspaper into trouble. They were furnished by a Radical firm of the North, and the editor didn't examine them closely.

—A man was interrupted in an attempt to drown himself at Niagara Falls. He is described as an Englishman of culture, who had got into difficulty at home and came over here to put an end to his troubles.

—Mr. James R. Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," has become a member of the Mobile "Register" editorial staff.

—Thirteen births are recorded to have taken place on board the steamer Scandinavian, on her recent trip from Liverpool to Quebec.

—The Racine Journal calls the Liberals a "hell-bound crew." The editor is also Postmaster.

—The latest style at fashionable funerals, in New York, is for the pall-bearers to wear full dress suits with white kid gloves.