Business Cards.

Bhipman & Case. addie, Harsess and Trunk makers. Shop in C. Rogers' Store Building, Brooklyn, Ps. Oak Hainesses, heavy and light, made to order. Brooklyn, April 2, 1872.—m6

M. D. SMITH Having located at Susquehanna Depot, Manufacturer and dealer in light and heavy Harnesree, Colum, Whip Trunks, Saddles, &c., hoping, by strict attention to bu-ness and fair dealing, to have a liberal share March 6, 1872.-- 2010-m3.

BURNS & NICHOLS, DEALERS in Druge, Medicines, Chemicais, Dy attife, Paints, Oils, Vernish, Liquors, Spices, Pan articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilets, itsess, EF Prescriptions carefully compounded. Brick Block, Mostrose, Pa.

A. B. Burns,

Amos Nichola.

Feb. 21, 1872.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Administers Electro Thermal Bayes, at the Poot Chestnat street. Call and consult in all Chron Discases, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—if. J. F. SHOEMAKER.

Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door bel the Tarbell House, Public Avenue, Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—1y. C. E. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR AT LAW, Great Bend, Pen B. L. BALDWIN,

EY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with Jame mail; Esq. ose, August 30, 1871. LOOMIS & LUSK.

Attorners at Law, Office No. 224 Lackawanna Avenue Scrauton Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Lu zeme and Susquebanna Cone terral Courts of Lu F. E. Looza. Benation, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON. moy at Law, Office at the Court House, in the ministioner's Office. W. A. Chosawon. ntrose, Sept. 6th, 1571.—if.

McKENZIE, & FAUROT. calers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misso due Shoes. Also, agents for the great America Tes and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., sp. 1, 70] DR. W. W. SMITH.

DEFFISE. Booms at his dwelling, next door cast of the Republican printing office. . Office hours from 9 a. E. 10 4 F. M. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf THE BARSER-Hat Hat Hat! Charley Morris is the barber, who can shaw your face to order; Cata brown, black and grizzley bair, in his office, just up atairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzies—just one door. Montrose, June 7, 1871.—15

J. B. & A. H. McCollum, Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

J. D. VAIL, igneoparatic Paraman and Suddon. Has permanently icrated himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will prompt by attent to all caliar his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.

House, Sear Fitch & Watson's office.

LAW OFFICE. FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCE. [Jan. 11, 71.] W. W. WATSON.

CHARLES N. STODDARD, Design in Boots and Shoss, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, lat door below Boyd's Store Work made to order, and repairing done nestly. Moutross, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL, SHAVING AND HAID DRESSING.
Shep in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Hontrose, Ps. Oct. 18, 1860.

DR. S. W. DAYTON, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bond and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G'r, Bend willage. Bept. 1st, 1893.—If

A, O. WARBEN, ATTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exempt on Claims attended to. Office fir usor below Boyd's Store, Montrose.Ps. [Au. 1, '59 M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent aul 68tf Priendeville, Pa. C. S. GILBERT,

Auctioneer. Great, Bend, AMIELY.

U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1269. Address, Brooklyn, Pa. JOHN GROVES

PASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montross, Ps. Shop of Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate at thating done on short notice, and warranted to fit W. W. SMITH, CAHINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS, YOU of Main street, Monirose, Pa. laug. 1. 1809.

STROUD & BROWN, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of . Monirose Hotel, "west side of Public Avenue, Monirose, Pa. [Ang. 1,1809] BILLINGS STEOUD. CHARLES L. BEOFFE

ABEL TURRELL, DIALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Olis, Dye Staffs, Varnishes, Win ... W Glass, Groceries, Glass Wete, Wall and Window Paper, Stons-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Olis, Trasses, Gans, Ammunition, Knitves, Spectacles, Brushes, Pancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfauery, &c.—being Sone of the most. numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co-Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE. TTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A DR. W. L. BICHARDSON, HYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professions services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.

Office at his residence, on the corner cast of Sayre & Bros. Foundry.

[Aug. 1, 1859...

DR. E. L. GARDNER, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Giver 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 Deslers in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,

BUILDER'S HARDWARE,

AJILDER'S HARDWARE,

MINE RAIL COUNTEESUNE & TRAILSPIRES

RAILBOAD & MINING SUPPLIES.

CARMAGE SPRINGS, ALLES, SKEINS AND
BOIES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS,

PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE

IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, W.

ANYLIS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS

HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c.

CIRCULAR AND MILESAWS, BUSITING, PACKING

TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS

CREMENT, HART & GRINDSTOSES,

PERNOR WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS

FAIRBARY'S BCALES.

Gerands, March M. 1883. 119.

IMPROVED HUBBARD! PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!

The graving is simple, compact, removed entirely from the fire wheels, and enclosed in a nest case, in the caning of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dast.

Zoet's Corner.

A POOR MAN'S DARLING.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

Why did you leave me, Asthore Machree? You were life, you were light, you were all to me Oh, our hearts are sad, and our cot is lone, For we miss your face by the old hearthstone.

We cannot laugh, for we do not hear Your merry laugh, love, so soft and clear; We never dance as we danced of yore, When your little feet beat the cabin floor.

But we gather around the fire at night, And the white walls gleam in the ruddy light; There we see your cloak and your little chair— But oh, my darling, you are not there!

Your pray-book is faded, old, and brown— Here and there, as you left them, the leaves turn And oh, my darling, I even trace [ed down Your finger-marks in some well-worn place.

Then each faded leaf I fondly kiss; Oh. no relie of old is so dear as this! And I weep my darling, when none are near O'er the little lingers that rested here.

My gentle Elly you came to me In the cold dark hour of adversity; We were never very poor, but a jewel rare Shone in our heart, love, when you were ther Dearer you grew to our hearts each day-

Every cold, harsh thought, love you smiled away And each want in our love we soon forgot, For you brought content to our humble cot,

Light was my heart as I toiled away; For I thought of you as I tossed the hay; And the fairest blossoms that round me grew, My own little darling, I kept for you. Blithely I sung when my toil was o'er,

As I sauntered on to our cabin door; For I saw in the shade of the old ash tree Your smiling face looking out for me. Ah, me I how you sweet blue eyes would shine As I climbed the hill with your hand in mine; But you talked so whee that you make me start And clasp you close to my trembling heart.

The golden autumn glided past, And the dreaded winter came on at last; While smaller each day grew our little store, Till the last had gone and we had no more.

Hunger my darling, is hard to bear; Still without murmur you bore your share! Like a patient spirit you bovered near, In want and in sorrow our hearts to cheer,

Katey and Mary would cry for bread, But you laughed and danced, love, and sang in stead.
Oh, dear little heart! you were kind and brave;
You knew there was none, so you did not crave.

You sang when your voice was faint and weak, When the bloom had flown from your fair, round cheek; In your tiny breast gnawed the hunger pain, But your lips, my darling, would not complain. Oh, 'twas sweet to feel your soft arms twine, And your warm young face pressing close to

mine.
"Are you hungry, love?" I would whisper low.
But you shook your head, and you answered
"No" My darling! I saw you fade away Like the last soft giance of the chaing day; As the dying note of some magic strain That charms the heart, then is hushed again.

The shadow of death, love, dimmed your eyes, As the dark clouds pass o'er the sunny skies; And drooping ilds o'er those sweet eyes fell At the last soft stroke of the vesper bell.

A little sigh—it was all I heard— Like the fluttering wing of a captive bird; And a sobbing voice, from behind the bed, Baying: "Father, father, is Elly dead?"

CHICAGO.

Men said at vespers: All is well! In one wild night the city fell; Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain Before the flery hurricane.

On three-score spires had sunset shone, Where ghastly sunrise looked on none; Men clasped each other's hands, and said : The City of the West is dead!

Brave hearts who fought, in allow retreat, The fiends of fire from street to street, Turned, poweriess to the blinding glare, The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire That signaled round that sea of fire: Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North The messages of hope shot forth, And, underneath the severing wave, The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still The new the dreary void shall fill, With dearer homes than those o'erthrown, For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from thee throw The ashen sackcloth of thy woe; And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain, To songs of cheer thy walls again?

How shrivelled in thy hot distress The primal sin of selfishness! How instant rose, to take thy part, The angel in the human heart. Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed

Above thy drendful holocaust; The Christ again has preached through thee The Gospel of humanity! Then lift once more thy towers on high.

And fret with spires the western sky, To tell that God is yet with us, And love is still miraculous! J. G. WHITTIER

Brevities and Witteisms.

-A youngster of literary taste lately described Darwin as the one who believed we degenerated from a monkey."

-The only prisoner in jail at South Bend' Ind., is indignant at the circumstance. He says he wasn't condemned to her words, and confess her sin chokingly, solitary confinement.

—"A pig will eat out of any trough," wretchedest woman on the face of the said Deacon Jessup to his son Tom, who earth, that she should live undesired till had just come from a whaling voyage her friends were all tired, and then die "I would like to see him eat out of the unlamented; and would burst into team trough of the sea," said Tom.

PATRONIER HOME MANUFACTURE!

CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It Choids the Great New York State National Premium:

Also the Great Ohlo National Premiums, held at Mans. acid, in 1870.

And the Pennsylvanis, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums:

The gearing is simple, compact, removed antirely from -A young lady says that a gentleman

The granting is simple, compact, removed entirely from the sixes wheels, and each seed in a neat case, in the same wheels, and each seed in a neat case, in the same wheels, and each seed in a neat case, in the same discussing the certete, and a couple of mirrors by which as shread of the machine, effectually securing it from grit sand data.

The operation can be changed tentantly from a hirth operation can be changed tentantly from the circle, and a couple of mirrors by which a shread of the blister; "You won't see it, know," said Mel, in a shread of red makes me."

"You won't see it, know," said Mel, in the first healthy it has been to me an unfeeling man would consent quite smilingly to the act.

"What did seem to me an unfeeling man would extend the circle, and a shread of red from Marie, and form Ma

Miscellaucous.

AUNT PEN'S FUNERAL.

Poor Aunt Pen! I am sorry to say it, but for a person alive and well, tolerably

she would box his ears till they heard!
For the door bell was, perhaps, among many, one of Aunt Pen's weakest points.
She knew everybody in town, as you might say. She was exceedingly entertaining to everybody outside the family. She was a great favorite with everybody. Countless gossips came to see her, tink-ling at the door-bell, and hated individu-ally by Israel, brought her all the news,

We all lived together, as it happened; for when we children were left alone with out a small income, Aunt Peu, who was also alone, and only five years my senior, wrote us word that we might as well come to her house in the city, for it would't make expenses more, and might make them less if we divided them; and then, too, she said she would always be sure of three bright and reasonable nurses. Poor Aunt Pen! perhaps she did not find us either so bright or so reasonable as she had expected, for we used to think that in her less degree she went off on the same principle with the crazy man who declared all the rest of the world except himself insane.

In honest truth, as doctor after doctor was turned away by the impatient and distempered woman up stairs, each one took occassion to say to us down stairs that our aunt's illness was of that nature that all the physic it required was to have her fancies humored, and that we never need give ourselves any uneasiness, for she would, doubtless, live to a good old age, unless some acute disease should intervene, as there was nothing at all the matter with her, except a slight nervous sensitiveness, that never destroyed any-body. I suppose we were a set of young heathens, for really there were times, if you will believe it when that was the most reassuring statement in the world. However, sometimes Aunt Pen found a

doctor, or a medicine, or a coarse diet, or something, that gave her great sensations of relief, and then she would come down, and go about the house, and praise our administration, and say everything went twice as far as it used to go before we came, and tell us delightful stories of our mother's housewifely skill and he onite herself again; and she would make the table ring with laughter, and give charming little tea-parties; and then we sail did was falling fast, and knew we should renert day, after one of the tea-parties, ovsters, or claret punch, or hot cakes, or all together, had wrought their dublatian later of the same messages all together, had wrought their dublatian later of the same messages all together, had wrought their dublatian later of the same messages and together, had wrought their dublatian later of the same messages and together, had wrought their dublatian later of the same messages and together, had wrought their dublatian later of the same messages and together, had wrought their dublatian later of the same messages and together the same messages and the same messages are same messages and the same messages and the same messages and the same messages are same messages and the same messages and mother's housewifely skill, and be quite herself again; and she would make the table ring with laughter, and give charming little tea-parties; and then we all did wish that Aunt Pen would live forever, and be down stairs. But probably the all together, had wrought their diablerie, and the doctor was sent for, and the warming-pan was brought out, and there was another six weeks siege, in which, obeyed by every one, and physicaed by every one, and physicaed and spmpathized with to her heart's content by callers, and shut up in shot room with the windows full of flowering plants, and somebody reading endless novels to her with the lights burning all night long, if she wasn't ill she had every inducement to be, and nothing but an inducement to be, and nothing but an inducement to be, and nothing but an inducement to be an indu by every one, and physicked by herself, and spmpathized with to her heart's convery indignant with us, and more deermined than ever to persist in doing so.
Of course, then, the longer Aunt Pen staid in her room, the worse she did get, and her perves, with confinement and worry and relaxation, would by-and-by be in a condition for any sort of an outburst if we attempted the least reasoning with her. She would become for one thing, as sleepless as an owl; then she was going to be insane; and down would the hydrate of chloral go till the doctor forbade it on the pain of death. After the chloral, too, such horrid eyes as she had! the eyes

you know, that chloral always leaves, in-flamed, purple, swollen, heavy, crying and good for anything but seeing. Immediately then Aunt Pen went into a new tantrum; she was going to be stone-blind, and dependent on three heartless hussies for all the mercies in this life; but no, thank goodness! she had friends that would see she did not go absolutely to the wall, and would never suffer her to be imposed on by a parcel of girls who didn't care whether she lived or died, who per-

haps would rather she would die, who stood opened-handed for her bequests; she would leave her money to the almshouse, and if we wanted it we could go and get it there! And after that, to be sure, Aunt Pen would have a fit of remorse for and have us all come separately and for-give her, and would say she was the and cry herself into a tearing headache, and have ice on her head and a blister in

in the house again, running out as we pleased, beginning to think of parties and drives and theatres and all amusements, and rather unobservant, as young folks ared dress for, when you are at once, and so you will have to make up common sense to conjecture! You had better send it down and have it dyed at once performed to pray for them his money's worth your mind for a second summons. And better send it down and have it dyed at once before you cut it, for the shrinkage of guests or excitement, and of her ways generally, then Aunt Pen would challenge some lobster-salad to mortal combat, and, of course, came out floored by the colic. A little whiskey then; and as a little gave so much ease, she would try a great deal. The result was a precipitate retreat up stairs, a howling hysteric, bilious cramps, the doctor, a subcutaneous injection of somebody ought to cry," said poor

slight habitual pensiveness in the absence of guests or excitement, and of her ways well and very much alive, that is, she did use to make the greatest business of dying! Alive! why, when she stretched out on the sofs, after an agony of asthma, or indigestion, or whatever it was, and had called us all about her with falterings and tears, and was apparently at her last gasp, she would suddenly rise, like her own ghost, at the sound or a second ringing of the door-bell, which our little renegate Israel had failed to answer, and declared if she could only lay one hand on Israel she would box his ears till they heard!

For the door bell was, perhaps, among many, one of Aunt Pen's weakest points. She knew everybody in towa, as you mand to towa, as you were ground toward and the assurance that we should find her straight and stiff, and stone-dead in the form of the door bell was a perhaps, among many, one of Aunt Pen's weakest points.

She was avcardiance antered for the assurance that we should find her straight and stiff, and stone-dead in the form of the complex of the terms of the straight and stiff, and stone-dead in the form of the assurance that we should find her straight and stiff, and stone-dead in the form of the control of the science.

Singht habitual pensiveness in the assurance in the assurance of excitement, and of her ways generally, then Aunt Pen would challenge generally, then Aunt Pen would be will spoil it forever if you don't."

Much black I shall go into," said Mel.

Maria laughed. Aunt Pen, "such the cruel Mel, "if poyn were going to die you woulden't be orying. Dying people have no tears to orying. Dying people have no tears to orying. Poyne going to die you woulden't be orying. Poyne going to die you worden't be orying. Poyne going to die you w

We never did. For, as we saldom had the opportunity of an undisturbed night's rest, we usually took her at her word if any excess of ill temper, or drowsiness "Wouldn't you enjoy it more from Countless gossips came to see her, tinkling at the door-bell, and hated individually by Israel, brought her all the news,
heard all the previous ones had brought,
admired her, praised her, pitied her, listened to her, and weit away leaving her iu
such a satisfied mood that she did not die
any more that day. And as they went
away they always paused at the door to
say to some of us what a cheerful invalid
Aunt Pen had made berself, and what a
nest of sunbeams her room always was,
and what a lessen her patience and endurance ought to be. But, oh dear me,
how very little they knew about it all!
We all lived together, as it happened;
for when we children were left alone with
but a small income. Annt Pen was

the skin off her bands, combing her thin
was no wolf, that our once soft hands and
hearts had become quite hard and concrete.

> listen to the probability of their recurrence, she had an attack of the "sinking."
>
> No, there was no particular disease, she used to say, only sinking, she had been pulled down to an extent from which she nad no strength to recuperate; she was only sinking, a little weaker to-day than she was yesterday, only sinking. But Aunt Pen ate a very gaod breakfast of broiled birds and toast and coffee; a very good lunch of cold meats and cointies, and a great goblet of thick cream; a very good dinner of soup and roast and vegetables and desert, and perhaps a chicken bone at eleven o'clock in the evening. And when the saucy Israel, who carried up her tray, heard her say she was sink. up her tray, heard her say she was sink-

bp sliding doors, that it might be big enough for us all to bring our work or occasion and make it lively for her. She had on a white casimere dressing-gown, and she lay among the luxurious cush-ions of a blue lounge, with a paler blue blanket, which she had one of us tricot for her, lying over her feet, and alto-gether she looked very ideal and ethereal; for Aunt Pen always did have such an ev-to pictures one effect that I don. Abow how she could ever consert to the idea of mouldering away into dust like common

nearly every other day during the last three or four weeks, we did not feel extraordinary alarmed, but composedly took our baskets and scissors, and trudged along after Maria.

was hurting herself; it only made her into her. "It's different with Helen," soon very indignant with us, and more deshe said; "the white silk shawl she is

netting for me may be needed at any moment to lay me out in."
"Dear me, Aunt Pen!" cried Mel; "what a picture you'd be, laid out in a white net shawl!" For the doctor had told us to laugh at these whims all we

might. "Oh, you heartless girl?" said Aunt
Peu. "To think of pictures at such a
time?" And she closed her eyes as if weary
"N

"I never saw anybody who liked to bettet reason for me to bring my mind to revel in the ghastly way you do, Aunt it. And if I don't attend to it now, it

"Do," said Mel; "where I can cut out

my gown in peace." dying! Are you cold-blooded, or are you insensible?"

"Aunt Pen," said Mel, leaning on the point of her scissors, "you know very well "Aunt Pen," said Mel, leaning on the point of her seissors, "you know very well that I have to make my own dresses, or a without them. And we have knot a medium to have carried to make my own dresses, or and the inscription is ——Girls!" cried that I have to make my own dresses, or go without them. And you have kept me running your idle errands, up and down two flights of stairs, to the doctors and the druggist's and goodness knows where and all, till I havn't a thread of anothing that is fit to be seen. You've anything that is fit to be seen. You've been posturing the grand finale of yours, too, all the last three weeks, and it's time you had it perfect now; and you must let me alone till I get my gown done."
"It will do to wear at my funeral," said Aunt Pen, bitterly, as she concluded.
"No, it wont," said Mel, doggedly; "it's

straight and stiff, and stone-dead in the for them to appreciate though. Speaking of that occasion, Helen," she went on,

"The horses for the cortege. You know Brown but that magnificent span of his in the hearse on account or their handsom action. I'm shure Mra Gaylard would have seen the way they pranced at her funeral last fall. I was determined then that they never should draw me." busing in secret woods of the state o her funeral last fall. I was determined then that they never should draw me;" burning in every room und had then that they never should draw me;" burning in every room und had burning in every room and had burning in or Aunt ren always did have such an ever to picture sque effect that I don's allow remember when a pair-of them took friand ran straight to the river, and there'd have been four other funerals if the schhave been four other funerals if the schoner at the wharf hadn't stopped the runaways. And Timlins has a way, too, of letting white horses follow the hearse of letting white horses follows the letting white horses follows the hearse of letting white horses follows the letting white horses follows the hearse of letting white horses follow

here of Death and the Pale Horse, again you know. And I won't have have them from Shanes's either," said Aunt Pen, "for he is simply the greatest extortioner since old fasac the Jew."

"Well, auntie," said Mel, forgetful of her late repentance, "I don't see but you'll have to go with Shank's mare."

Even Aunt Pen laughed then. "Don't you really think you are going to loose to the intruder, seeing it wasn't the doctor wasn't the doctor wasn't the doctor wasn't the late wasn't the doctor wasn't wasn't

think you are a hypo."

think you are a hype."

"A hype?"

"Not a hypecrite," said Mel, "but a hypechondriae.',

"I wish I were," sighed Aunt Pen; "I wish I were. I should have some hope of myself then," said the poor, inconsistent innocent. "Oh no; I feel it only too well; I am going fast. You will regret your disbelief when I am goue;" and she lay back upon her pillows. "That reminds me," 'she murmured, presently, "about my monument." 'about my monument.' "Oh, Aunt Pen, do bee still !" said

be a disagreeable duty, but that is all the it never will be attended to. I know what relatives are. They put down a slab of "Mel!" said Aunt Pen, with quite a show of color in her cheek, "I shall send you down stairs." relatives are. They put down a slab of slate with a skull and cross-boues scratched on it; and think they only reflections duty. Not that I mean any reflections "Do," said Mel; "where I can cut out on you; you're all well-meaning, but on you; you're all well-meaning, but you're giddy. I shall haunt you if you do anything of the kind! No; you may sensible?" and I will go over his designs with him. in town, that I won't! I shall take real pleasure in baffling their curiosity, and don't you ask Tom Maltby to be at my funeral, or let him come in, if he comes himself on any account, whatever. I should rise in my shroud if he approaches me. Yes, I should! Tom Maltby may be all very well; I dare say he is; and I have the short of the short "No, it wont," said Mel, doggedly; "it's red."

"Red!" cried Aunt Pen, suddenly, opening her eyes, and half-rising on one hand. "What in wonder have you bought a red dress for? You are quite aware that I can't bear the least intimation of the color. My nerves are in such a state that a shrel of red makes me."

"You man't have you have that I need forget him; and so long as I remember him, the law over my head I can't get over, dead or alive." And here Aunt Pen took the fan from Maria. and moved it settingly

her last rites herself. Whatever the dream was, she was sudly rouse from it by the wretched little Israel, who came bounding up the stairs, and, without a word of warning, burst to reac "Who dares take this woman?" and, without a word of warning, burst into the room, almost white with horror. Why Israel was afraid I can't conjecture but, at any rate, a permanent fright woulhave been of great permanent fright would have been of great personal advan-tage to him. "Oh, ma'anı! oh, miss!

man, wid der small-pox l'he almost whispered in his alarm.
"With the small-pox!" cried Aunt Pen "With the small-pox!" cried Aunt Pen springing into the middle of the floor, regardless of her late reponce in articulo mortis. "Go away, Israel! Have you been near her? Put her out immediate."

Late of the most gallant man ever heard of is one who refrained from kicking a dog that had bitten him because it was a female dog. "If it wash't for you see," said he, "I'd kick your head off."

dere's a pusson down stair, a culled wo-

ly! How on earth did she get there.
"You allus told me to let everybody in,," "Put her out! put her out." cried Aunt his wife, Leonora McGuinness, set the Pen, half dancing with impatience.

"We can't get her out. She's right acrost der door-step. We's feared to tech had a baby.

. But Aunt Pen's head was out of the was no wolf, that our once soft hands and that I was to have been married in, and hearts had become quite hard and concrete. When at last Annt Pen had an alarm trow nearly every illness for which the pharmacopæia prescribes, and she knew And if—if—well," said Annt Pen, more that neither we nor the doctors would listen to the probability of their recursities to the probability of their recursities and the keys on my chatelaine. Order of importance of the four calamitation to herself than us, "if he comes, he'll listen to the probability of their recursities and that I was to have been married in, and hours, and she was ont of the window, and she was shouting, "Police! MSS., written some 300 years before the fire! murder! theires" possibly in the Christials were at least 1,800 years before the comes of the four calamitation to the probability of their recursions and the keys on my chatelaine. In the comes, he'll be the comes, he'll listen to the probability of their recursions and the keys on my chatelaine. In the comes, he'll be a sent left; and, for a wonder, the police came to the rescue, and directly afterwards.

A sportsman in Picking A sportsman in P

pose, as it did when he wore it before he gave it to me." Then Aunt Pen bit her lip and shut her eyes, and seemed to be material, she took a piece in each hand, ing, he remarked that it was because of the load on her stomach.

One day, I remember, Aunt Pen was very much worse than usual. We were all in her room, a sunshiny place which she had connected with the adjoining one bp sliding doors, that it might be big enough for us all to bring our work or correspond for us all to bring our work or leave the corresponding to the load on the stomach. It is the blue afghan round her shoulders, dostrom Brown's livery—"

"The what, auntie?"

"The what, auntie?"

"The horses for the cortege. You know Brown but that magnificent span of his in the hearse on account or their of his was narring up sha placed of his in the hearse on account or their leaves of his in the hearse on account or their leaves of his in the hearse on account or their leaves of his in the hearse on account or their leaves of his in the hearse on account or their leaves of his in the hearse on account or their leaves of his in the hearse on account or their leaves of his livery wind was closed, every grate."

the point of suffocation.
"I can't bear this another moment," wheezed Mel.
"It's the only way,' replied she, serene-

And as she sat there, her face rubicand,

you really think you are going to loose me, girls?" asked she.
"No, Auntie," replied Maria. "We all "Pen!" cried a man's voice through

her brain.

"From the North Pacific," answered the voice; and we dimly discerned its owner grooping his way forward. "From damsel and a widow, as there is difference between courting a damsel and a widow, as there is difference to the court of the cou

The draught from the open door after him was blowing away the smoke, and we saw what a great, handsome, sunburnt fellow it was that had caught her ont to the back balcony and the her ont to the back balcony and the saw what a great, handsome, sunburnt fellow it was that had caught her in his arms, and was bearing her out to the back balcony and the same amiable to a blue-under the head of preserve—rich, pungent, syrupy. For delicious courting, we repeat give us a live widder.

—Connection to the same amiable to a blue-under the head of preserve—rich, pungent, syrupy. For delicious courting, we repeat give us a live widder. "No," said Aunt Pen, firmly; "it may fellow it was that had caught her in his arms, and was bearing her out to the back balcony and the fresh air there, industrial school for girls. It takes young used in the course of his whaling voyage, perhaps, to odor no more belonging to life of vice if left to themselves, and re-Araby the Blest than those of burning forms and educates them. While there brimstone do; and, seeing the movement, they do all their own work, study three we divined that he knew as much about hours each day, help manufacture boxes, the resources of the house as we did, and so we discretly withdrew, Israel's head ation. They are under no more restrict.

false wreath. And if we had not so often had her word for it in past times, we never should have taken her for anything but the gayest bride, the most alive and happy woman in the world. They returned to the old house from their wedding journey, and we all live together in great peace and pleasantness. But though three years are pased and gone since Chauncey Reed came home and brought a new atmosphere with him into all our lives, Aunt Pen has never had a sick day yet; and we find that any allusion to her funeral gives her such a superstitious it indefinitely postponed, and by tacit and mutual consent we never say any thing about it.

—All not thieves that dogs bark at.

-All not thieves that dogs bark at.

There is an artesian well in Paris which is nearly two thousand feet deep, tour feet in diameter at the top and two feet at the bottom, and which discharges upwards of five millions of cubic feet of water every twenty-four hours.

and the groom shall answer, "I dare."
For shame!

-"How many are there or ye's down

there?" shouled an overseer to some men in a coal pit. "Five," was the answer. "Well, then, the half of ye's come up here," said he.

-During an illness of the editor of

—Somebody has unearthed a Chinese MSS., written some 300 years before the Christain era, which is said to show that

—A sportsman in Richmond, Va., recently mistook the red turban of a colored lady which he saw moving about the branches for a robin, and lodged a charge

ly retaliated with a brick. -It is denied that the Mormona were excluded from the Philadelphia Convention on account of their religion. But as they were the only delegation there that seemed to have any religion, the thing looks very decidedly suspicious.

of shot in it. The supposed robin prompt

-A gentleman inquired of carpenter's boy, My lad, when will this job you have on hand be done? I can't tell, sir, replied the honest boy, artlessly. It's a day's job and it will depend upon how soon the boss has another order.

ed. —A very wicked man being recently taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon the feeling friend

-Where the difficulty Lies-Figure all the mysteries of cosmograph. He finds it natural enough that the distance

in its cloud, the front-door opened, and a footstep rang on the tiles.

"Jess you keep out o'yer!" yelled Israel to the intruder, seeing it wasn't the doctor. "We're got dersmall-pox, and am akilling the gemmens—".

"Pen!" cried a man's voice through the smoke—a deep, melodious voice.

"What!" exclamed Aunt Pen, starting up and then pausing as if she fancied the horrid fumes might have befogged her brain.

—Knew too Much—During the late war some children were talking of their some captured as prisoners of war. Many tales of fortresses and camps were told, the speakers evidently prided themselves very much on the sufferings of their relatives, when a little fellow, who had been silent, now spoke up, That's nothing! said he, I have the form of the late war some children were talking of their some captured as prisoners of war. Many tales of fortresses and camps were told, the speakers evidently prided themselves very much on the sufferings of their some captured as prisoners of war. Many tales of fortresses and camps were told, the speakers evidently prided themselves very much on the sufferings of their some captured as prisoners of war. Many tales of fortresses and camps were told, the speakers evidently prided themselves very much on the sufferings of their relatives, when a little fellow, who had been silent, now spoke up, That's nothing! said he, I have the suffering of their some captured as prisoners of war. Many tales of fortresses and camps were told, the speakers evidently prided themselves very much on the sufferings of their relatives, when a little fellow, who had been silent.

"Pen!" the voice cried again.
"Channeey! Channeey. Reed!" she editor of which, no doubt, lately set up shricked. "Where did you come from? Am I dreaming?"

—Widows—An exchange paper, the editor of which, no doubt, lately set up with a widow, goes off thus: "For the other half of a contring, match, there is owner grooping his way forward. "From the five years' whaling voyage into which I was gagged and dragged—Shanghaied, they call it. Oh, Pen, I didn't dare to hope I should find—"

one of the control of

so we discretly withdrew, Israel's head being twisted behind him as he went to such extent that you might have supposed he had had his neck wrung.

Well, we put the white silk and the tulle on Aunt Pen after all, yellow as it was, she would have no other, only fresh natural orange blossoms in place of the false wreath. And if we had not so often had her word for it in past times, we

taken for its protection.