The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 30.

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 Susquehanna Depot, Manufacturer of and dealer in light and heavy Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Trunks, Saddles, &c., hoping, by strict attention to business and fair dealing, to have a liberal share of patronage.
March 6, 1872.—no10—m3.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
A. B. Burns. Amos Nichols.
Feb. 21, 1872.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Administers Electro Thermal Baths, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases.
Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door below the Tarbell House, Public Avenue.
Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

C. E. BALDWIN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Great Bend, Pennsylvania. 3m.

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

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

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

McKENZIE, & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, '72.]

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

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzies—just one door.
Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
Attorneys at Law Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

J. D. VAIL,
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. 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 Exam on Claims attended to. Office Searlor below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

H. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
and 6m] Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 6m] 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.

BILLINGS STROUD.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. 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.
July 17, 1872.] Billings Stroud.

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

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug'69

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives special attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. H. Dean's Brands 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, ALLEABLE 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, 1872. 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 Premium, 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 center 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 strictly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 3, 1871.— SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

IN THE FIELDS.

Airy budding ash-tree
You have made a throne,
And the sweetest thrush in all the world
Is sitting there alone;
Drawn in tints of tender brown
Against a keen blue sky;
He sings up and he sings down,
Who can pass him by?

Through the thin leaves thrilling
Goes each glimmering note,
Hearts of all happy trees are drawn
Into this one bird throat:
And all the growing blooms of morn
(This music is so strong)
Are reach'd and blended and upborne
And utter'd into song.

Now he asks a question?
The answer who can guess—
While sparrows chirp their pettish 'No,'
And daws keep murmuring 'Yes?'
Oh! will the months be kind a clear,
Unver'd by needless rain;
And will this summer last this year
Till spring comes back again?"

Now he states a dogma
His views of day and night;
Proclaiming volubly and aloud
No other bird is right,
But half way through his creed he checks
At some sweet chance of sound,
And, catching that, no longer recks
If heaven or earth go round.

Now he labors gravely,
Each moment pays itself,
No singer ever worked so hard
For art or fame or pelf;
And now he knows the pretty phrase
And scatters it like rain,
With quick 'da capos' of self-praise,
Till the trees ring again.

He pleads, he laughs, he argues,
He shouts to sky and earth;
The wild notes trip each other up
In extacies of mirth;
He drinks the azure of the air,
He tosses song about
Like a girl's tangle of golden hair,
Spray-wet and shaken out.

Oh world when the spring is shining
And dark winds stand aside,
Let men think of you as they may,
The birds are satisfied;
Their dauntless hymns of hope arise
With such a wealth of will;
Though every year the summer die,
They trust her promise still.

Airy budding ash-tree,
Try to show your power,
May a leaf for each gay note
He makes in half an hour!
Wild flowers in the grass, be taught
The music of your parts;
Make a bud for each bright thought
He gives to passing hearts?

Charge of the "Bustle."

Forward the Big Bustle!
Down the long street rustle,
Sweeping the street Arab
Into the gutter;
Swells to the right of it,
Swells to the left of it,
Cane, stick and eyeglass
All in a flutter!

Loud cries the errand-boy,
"Big Bustle there, ahoy!"
And the respectable
Citizens stare;
Reckless of every one,
On goes the "haughty one,"
Sweeping past houses,
Terrace and square.

But look! the low'ring sky
Portends a storm is nigh,
While men on all sides
Gallantly throng;
Swells to the right of it,
Swells to the left of it,
Blue Bustle charges,
Sweeping along.

Ah! 'tis a rainy day!
Streams flood the muddy way,
And the fair ornament
Cheeky cads hustle:
Homeward it now retreats,
Flies from the crowded streets,
Safe, at last! ah, but not—
Not the same bustle!

I Did This For Thee.

I give my life for thee—
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I give my life for thee—
What hast thou done for me?

I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee—
Hast thou spent ONE for me?

My Father's home of light,
My rainbow circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wandering sad and lone;
I left it all for thee—
Hast thou left aught for me?

I suffered much for thee—
More than tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee—
What canst thou bear for me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above;
Salvation full and free—
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee—
What hast thou brought for me?

Oh! let thy life be given,
Thy years for him be spent—
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent,
Bring thou thy worthless all—
Follow thy Savior's call.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—A country editor complains that his bank note detector will be of little use unless his subscribers pay their bills.

—A dandy observed that he had put a plate of brass upon his boots to keep him upright. "Well balanced, by jing!" said a Dutchman, "prass at bot ends!"

—"Don't worry about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder"—"of somebody else," added the darling.

—Sikes says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw, was about seventeen years of age, with short sleeves, low-necked dress, and gaiter boots on.

—A Quaker who had been troubled with rats informs a friend that he greased a thirty foot board, filled it full of fish-hooks, set it up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and put an old cheese at the top; the rats went up, slid back and he caught thirty of 'em the first night.

—A husband advertises thus: "My wife Mariah has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. Anybody seeing fit can trust her; as I pay no debts, it ain't likely I'll pay her'n."

Miscellaneous.

DON'T PROPOSE IN THE DARK.

BY MRS. MITFORD.

The pretty farm-house standing at the corner where Kibes lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the aforsaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into river dignity as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartly Common, and finally disappears amid the green recesses of Perge Wood—that pretty square farm-house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which with spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barns, yard, and out-buildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream—that pretty farm house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh—the large and thriving family of farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or good fortune—or, as is most probably from a lucky mixture of both—everything goes right on his farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snow ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good natured, so generous, so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoiled* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, in word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean Gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off. Ay, and his wife is the same woman! the same, frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans—so noted for activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and plain dressing; as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain dressing Mrs. Evans at forty-five, as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good looking.

The children—six "boys," as farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight to twenty, and three girls, two grown up, and one, the youngest of the family—are just what might be expected from parents so simple and good. The young man, intelligent and well conducted; the boys, docile and promising; and the little girl, as pretty a curl-head, rosy-cheeked poppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is with the eldest daughter that we have to do.

Jane and patty Evans were so much alike, as has often befallen any two sisters not born at one time; for, in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of the Dromois. Nearly of an age—(I believe that at this moment both are turned ninteen and neither has reached twenty)—exactly of a stature, so high that Frederick the Great would have coveted them for his tall regiment—with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian, nor Roman nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez reirousse* that some prefer to them all; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it may be perhaps as common and as well looking feature as is seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and being constantly attired in garments of the same color and fashion, looked at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as "the Evanses," than as the separate individuals Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters—Patty especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance—were apt to favor by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred little innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dina Goodwin, for instance—who being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbors, and had defined even the Evanses to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve; and could be hardly undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage. Young George Kaily, the great east beau in the parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Patty had overheard,) by that saucy damsel's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane.

In short, from their school days, when Jane was chided for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's bad spinning down to this their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature—who sets some mark of individuality upon even her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robbins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree—had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave, Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty; she who jumped the stile, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she was running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own ravelled threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while; she that was so patiently feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of rare flowers—the pale hues of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resembled her character—was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert that Jane's singing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate and sober young Scotchman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were to be found in Jane's little flower border; and if Mr. Archibald Maclane did sometimes come to look after them, I do not see that it is any business of anybody's.

In the meantime, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a linen-draper in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind and character, might have done honor to a far higher station. He was in a word, one of nature's gentlemen, and in nothing did he more thoroughly show in his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness and genuineness prudence of the great English farm-house. The women especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with anything he had met with before. No finery—no coquetry—no French—no piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical misses, ascertained that the whole dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the basson on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but Patty's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits and animated conversation. He had known them apart, from the first; and indeed denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters: and secretly thought Patty much prettier than her sister, as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house all the inmates had given Charles Foster as a lover of his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject, cried fie! and pish! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense—and liked to have such nonsense talked to her better than anything in the world!

Affairs were in this state when one night Jane appeared even usual, and far, far sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty—for the two sisters shared the same little room—inquired tenderly, what ailed her? The inquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, while Patty hung over her and soothed her. At length she roused herself by a strong effort; and, turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone—

"I have a great vexation to night, Patty. Charles Foster has asked me to marry him!"

"Charles Foster! did you say Charles Foster?" asked poor Patty, trembling unwilling to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; "Charles Foster?"

"Yes, our cousin, Charles Foster!"

"And you have accepted him?" inquired Patty, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, no—no—no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides, I am not the person whom he ought to have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is, I would not be his wife—cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he would make me Queen of England!"

"You refused him, then?"

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indignation that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villian!"

"Poor father. He will be disappointed. So will mother."

"They will be disappointed, and both angry—but not at my refusal. Oh, how they will dispise him," added Jane.

Poor Patty, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed, in that agony of passion and grief which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After a while she resumed the conversation.

"We must not blame him too severely, Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him unkindly. He has done nothing but what is natural.—You are so much better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me—but he felt your goodness; and he was right, I was never worthy of him and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Patty, sobbing, "if you accept—." but unable to speak her generous wish, she burst out in a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms, and were comforted.

That night Patty cried herself to sleep; but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless irritability, the dewy grass walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light elastic step—she knew the sound well—came rapping behind her; a hand—oh, how often she had thrilled at the touch of that hand! tried to draw hers under his own; while a well known voice addressed her in the softest and tenderest accents.

"Patty—my own sweet Patty! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To me!" replied Patty, with bitterness.

"Ay, to be sure—to your own dear self. Do you not remember the question I asked you when your good father—for the first time unwelcome—joined us so suddenly that you had not time to say, 'Yes,' now?"

"Mr. Foster!" replied Patty, with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here! It was to Jane that you made the proposal and you are taking me for her at this very moment!"

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredible! Impossible! You are jesting!"

"Then he took Jane for me last night—and he is no deceiver!" thought Patty to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears, she turned around at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure.

"He mistook her for me! He that defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was; an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Betty, who had scampered away after a glove-worm, added to the deepening twilight and lover's natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Patty a night of misery to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to gain one. Charles has gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride. Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

Mechanical Skill of the Chinese.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at this early period is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty.—According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sangleang, the commander of the army Kaou tseo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shenshi to the west of the capital—Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered a communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where there was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or butments. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another, across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, flying bridges, are represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shens stretches four hundred feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm five hundred feet deep. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travelers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pautheir suggests) that, as the missionaries to China made known the fact more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspended bridges, and that many of them were made of iron, the hint may have been taken from these for similar constructions by European engineers.—*Scientific Press.*

Origin of Tinted Paper.

More novelties are the result of accident than is generally supposed. The origin of blue tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. William East, an English paper maker, once upon a time set his men to work and went away on business. While the men were at dinner, Mrs East accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. Alarmed at the occurrence, she determined to say nothing about it. Great was the astonishment of the workmen when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, and great the anger of Mr. East when he returned and found that a great vat of pulp had been spoiled. After giving the paper made from it warehouse room for four years, Mr. East sent it up to his agent in London, to be sold "for what it would fetch." "For what it would fetch," said the agent, not understanding the meaning: "well, it certainly is a novelty; but he must not expect too much." So he sold the whole at a considerable advance upon the market price, and wrote to the mills for as much as he could get. The surprise of Mr. East may be imagined. He hastened to tell his wife, who found courage to confess her share in the fortunate accident and to claim a reward, which she received in the shape of a new cloak. Mr East kept his secret, and for a short time supplied the market with the novel tint, until the demand far exceeded the supply, and other makers, discovering the means used, competed with him.

A Touching Incident.

In speaking of the flood which was so disastrous in several sections of Virginia, the Lynchburg papers send the following sad story: A mother and several little children were making their escape from a narrow neck of land which lies between the river and the canal, when they were amazed to find that the bridge was already gone, and that their only hope was to cling on to the abutment of the bridge until the angry waves should subside. But as they stood there clinging to the abutment, the water continued to rise higher and higher, while in the deep darkness they could hear the crashing of trees amid the thunders of bridge timbers that were wildly dashing around them. They had been in this desperate condition for some time, when the little girl felt that her strength was gone, and with a wild shriek of terror she exclaimed: "Kiss me, mother, for I can't hold any longer!" and with the warm pressure of that mother's lips upon her cheeks, she swept away and was seen no more.

—Pride must fall, says a proverb.

Kindness Awarded.

When Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused, by one of his servants, of having spoken injuriously of Tiberius, and condemned by that Emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather was very hot, and Agrippa became excessively thirsty. Seeing Thaumastus, a servant of Caligula, pass by him with a pitcher of water, he called to him, and entreated leave to drink. The servant presented the pitcher with much courtesy; And Agrippa, having allayed his thirst, said to him, "Assure thyself, Thaumastus, that if I get out of this captivity, I will one day pay thee well for this draught of water." Tiberius dying, successor, Caligula, soon after not only set Agrippa at liberty, but made him King of Judea. In this high situation, Agrippa was not unmindful of the glass of water given to him when a captive. He immediately sent for Thaumastus, and made him comptroller of his household.

Reading in the Cars.

A distinguished oculist says: "In reference to the habit of reading in the cars, constant motion and oscillations of the cars render it impossible to hold the book in one position—its distance from the eye is constantly varying, and no matter how slight this variation may be, it is instantly compensated for by the eye, thus keeping the organ constantly employed accomodating itself to distance. This becomes fatiguing—the eyes have a sort of weary, heavy feeling, and if the reading is persisted in, soon become bloodshot and painful. We have often observed young misses intently engaged in the perusal of some romance, while upon a rapidly moving railway train, who have only been able to finish their story with perceptible discomfort. We have noticed them rubbing their eyes, shifting their positions, and holding their book at various distances from the eye, making the greatest effort to see with eyes that have already been fatigued beyond endurance. Such practices lead to serious injury to the eyes, and it is not unfrequently the case that the oculist is called upon to prescribe for a patient who has paralysis of accommodation of the eyes, produced by reading in a railway car.

A Costly Cur. The Cincinnati *Inquirer* says: "Last summer one of our Cincinnati belles, on coming home from Europe, brought with her an Esquimaux dog. She turned him loose in her house, and during the first two weeks he tore up $5000 worth of lace curtains, gnawed holes in the carpet, scratched the gilding from the mirror frames, besides ruining most of the upholstery in the parlor. Since then he has been five times to a horse doctor for treatment, and once to a regular physician, who esteemed the call a mortal insult. He has frightened all the children in the neighborhood, and there has not been a cat seen anywhere in the block since his arrival. He is better than a trombone player at keeping people awake, and is never so happy as when baying the moon on summer nights. His regular diet is strawberries and jelly-cake, and yet he is not happy. He pines for his native clime, his far-off home in Labrador, and will not be comforted."

—"Husband" said a wife, if an honest man is God's nobelest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest," was the uncivil reply.

—A Connecticut colony that went to Kansas a year ago and secured building lots for $2 apiece, have sold some of the same for $700 each.

—Florida is the only State in the Union without a daily paper. It has two tri-weekly, one semi-weekley, twenty-one weekley, and one monthly.

—A Little shaver in a Sunday school being asked what the father of the Prodigal Son probably did when he saw his Son a "great way off," replied, "I dunno, but I dessay he set the dog on him."

—A Man recently committed suicide at Boxford, Mass., and left a will bequeathing to the city his entire property, valued at $75,000, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a high school.

—Marco Bozzaris, according to the poet, was in favor of strikes, for he bade his band to

"Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your alters and your fires."

—A Wealthy old lady of detroit has taken a whim to peddle oranges and figs, and goes about the streets retailing her wares, dressed meantime in elegant clothes. She is partially demented; and if her friends do not allow her to follow her notions she becomes violent.

—The brewers in the United States numbered over 3,000, with a capital of $1000,000,000, giving employment to thousands of people, and consuming over 23,000,000 bushels of bertley nuts and 18,000,000 pounds of hops, requiring for their cultivation over 1,000,000 acres.

—When a man signs his name "H. G. Smith" it isn't always safe to ask him if his first name is "Horace Greeley." An irascible Democrat, who was asked the question, returned for an answer. "Do you think my parents were d—d fools, sir? My name is Horatio Gates Smith, sir?—[Evansville Journal.

—One of the improvements introduced in Chicago since the fire is in the street cars. These usefull public conveyances are now furnished with double cane-seated chairs, so that each passenger knows exactly how much he or she is entitled to. The utmost superabundance of feminine skirts cannot in these cars, interfere with the comfort of male passengers.

—A Boy in Michigan, two years ago, shot himself; two months after he choked with a fish-bone; a few days after he set fire to a barn and called out the fire department; he swallowed a top; he was run over by an ice-cart; he fell into the river, and once he was lost for three days, and is alive and kicking now.

—A man in Westfield, Mass., thought to purify his well by generously throwing in a half bushel of lime. As there was but three feet of water in the well, he has had whitewash cheap and plenty.

Stop the Interest.—Daniel Webster once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine, a dusty old bottle was carfully decanted by Peter and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring another for himself he held it up to the light, and said. "How do you like it Mr. Webster?" "I think it is a fine specimen of old Port." "Now you can't guess what that cost me," said the host. "Surely not said Mr. Webster, "I only know that it is excellent." "Well now I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the *interest* to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty-five cents per glass!" "Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and draining his glass he hastily presented it again with the remark, "Fill up as quick as you can, for I want to stop that miserable *interest.*"

—There was a novel boat race the other day on Fresh Pond, near Boston, between four fat men and four lean men. The former crew weighed 821 pound, in the aggregate, and the latter 405. This race proved that the fat fellows were not deficent in bottom, but the lean having better wind, came in ahead.

—The following are some of the headings of the newspapers descriptions of the great Gilmore jubilee now in progress at Boston; The Boston Noise, the Boston Hurricane, the Great Jubilee Jubilorum, the Grand Hubbub, the Brobdignagian Jubilee, the Nemesis of Noise, the Niagara of Voice and Mississippi of Instrumentation, the Boston Panjandrum, the Musical Earthquake, &c.

—A Man passed through Worcester, Mass., last Sunday, who had traveled nearly four thousand miles in four months on foot, on his way to Boston. He carried with him a gun and woolen blanket, a haversack and a canteen. He declined the proffered hospatility of a citizen, replying that he did not ask any one for his living. When he left Navada, he had $150, some of which remained unspent, when he was in Worcester.

—Modern discovery and travel is gradually robbing history of its most poetic fictions. One of them is that the vicinity of the Dead Sea, in Palestine, is a scene of utter desolation, but a New England clergyman, who has been traveling in the Holy Land, writes that the waters of the lake are salt and heavy, but they are rippled and lovely to look upon, the banks are verdant, and altogether it is not an unpleasent place.

—The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in his wanderings in London, came across a peculiarly unique profession. In one of the poorest and most squalid of neighborhoods, sticking out from the upper post of the door-jamb of a barber's shop, was a board, with the inscription, "Artist in Black Eyes." Somewhat puzzeled, the Doctor entered, and found that the advertisment was really as he conjectured, to restore eyes blued and blackened in some row or other, to their natural appearance.

—In the U. S. District Court in Admiralty, at Baltimore, Md., on the 18th inst., before Judge Giles, a suit was brought by a colored female school teacher against the master of a steamer, to recover damages for forcing the plaintiff out of the first into the second cabin, on the ground of her color. Judge Giles, in giving his decision, said that since the great changes, which have taken place in the country, and the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Passenger Railway cases, it was not in the power of the common carriers to make discriminations as to color in transporting passengers. But as the captain of the steamer in this case was acting in obedience to his instructions, he would not award exemplary damages in the case. The Court then gave a decree for $25 damages and costs.

—A Contemporary says: "That Americans do not take air and exercise enough is an admitted fact, and it stares us in the face, in the shape of pale, debilitated men of forty, and shallow, hollow-cheeks-passee women of thirty. There is a lack of muscle in the men and bloom in the women. The climate is a trying one, to be sure, but that very fact should only stimulate us to fight with and overcome, not to fly from it, and seek refuge from it in interior atmospheres fifty times more fatal. Have we reasons to fear consumption, that great insiduous foe—straightway we house ourselves, muffle ourselves, heat ourselves, and deny the simplest breath of air access to our lungs. We drug our bodies with costly artificial tonics, but we neglect those tonics which nature has provided so bountifully and without cost. One-half of us are faded, hot-house flowers; the rest a race of unfortunate overworked bipeds. Out-of-door exercise is a grand essential to health."

—The earthquakers of California seem to have shook up the ideas of people thereabout pretty thoroughly; one writer in the vicinity of San Francisco, in giving these convulsions of nature, assures us heterogeneous parallaxes prismatically converging are not due to the silicious introductions of photospherical asteriods, but rather to parabolic stratification of igneous zygema." So far as known this theory is entirely correct.

—A New England advertiser wants "a woman who fears the Lord and weighs 200 pounds," and the editor of the sheet in which the advertisement appears remarks that "the experience of most men is that a woman who weighs 200 pounds rarely fears the Lord or any one else."

—A Scotch law lord was seated one day on the hillside of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him: "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered:—"Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep had ye wave had mair sense."

—An Irishman went to Bangor and bought a horse for two dollars and a half. When he had dragged him home, a neighbor said: "Arrah now, Pat! why, didn't you give another half dollar and get a good one?"