The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 34.

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

H. D. SMITH

Having located at Susquehanna Depot, Manufacturer 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, Dye stuffs, 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 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. K. 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 McKenzie—just one door.
Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

J. D. VAIL,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession within 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 is 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, '69.—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. [Aug. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

aug 6'tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.

aug 6'tf 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.

INSURANCE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office one 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, Razors, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles & Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—Our stock of the most numerous, extensive, and choice 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. [apr '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. H. Deane'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 FAIRBANE'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 24, 1868. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!

PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!

CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium!

Also the Great Ohio National Premiums, held at Mansfield, in 1870.

And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!

The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.

The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and light and heavy grass.

One cutting apparatus is perfect. No brake and one 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 1, 1871.— SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

SUB ROSA.

If a secret in your breast,
Unconfessed, I have guessed,
Let it be!
How I guessed it? Ah! Who knows?
We'll suppose that this rose
Told it me.

Roses, mind you, understand,
Brush your hand; they command
Every thought;
Just a tear within your eye,
Or a sigh; they know why—
Do they not?

And they gossip, leaf and bloom,
And perfume; we'll presume
This let fall—
Yet it looks so very pure
And demure—I'm not sure,
After all!

You had guarded it so well!
Who could tell what befel
Unawares;
And 'twas very wrong, no doubt,
To find out thus about
Your affairs.

For the flower is guiltless, dear!
Never fear, though it hear
All that's said;
'Tis that dearer rose I seek,
That in your cheek, as I speak,
Blossoms red!

Tender and True.

He stole from its nest in my golden hair
A knot of ribbon blue;
He placed on my hand a jewel rare,
And whispered soft as he held it there—
Tender and true—adieu, adieu!

The almond was bending with blossoms white,
The roses blushed through the dew;
The violet smiled in the glowing light,
And life was happy and hope was bright,
Tender and true—adieu, adieu!

They brought my soldier home to me,
And my knot of ribbon blue;
But the cruel wound on the brow was hid
By the flag drooped over the coffin lid,
Tender and true—adieu, adieu!

The almond flowers in the breezes shake,
The roses still blush through the dew;
But the springtime of hope will never awake,
And the lone heart will wail till it break,
Tender and true—adieu, adieu!

Clouds With Silver Linings.

BY MARY D. COLBY.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in EVERY plot;
There's never a heart so hardened,
But it has ONE tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleamed in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is BETWEEN the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There is always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate;"
And the angels will be the nearer
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There is many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

The Wayside Vision.

On the same sidewalk cool and shady
Five paces in her rear I strolled,
She was a lithe and beauteous lady,
A sylph in motion and in mould;
And moved past all the fret and fever
Of earthly toil for earthly gain,
Like one whose sunny heart had never
Felt a breath of earthly pain.

Around her form the shadow lingered,
Like some fond wooer loth to go,
And with caresses, rosy-fingered,
The sunlight flittered to and fro;
And there the bolder zephyr hovered,
Won favors from her neck and hair,
And waved the bordered shawl that covered
Her taper bodice rounded fair;

Or twirled the floating fringe that muffled
The pearly splendor of her arm,
And dallying down her kirtle, ruffled
Its buoyant contour's silken charm,
To where, with coy reserve most wooing,
Glimmered the vision of her feet,
Like two coquetting pigeons, cooing
Within and out their looped retreat.

She touched the earth with step so airy,
With port so gay and debonair,
As if the carol of a fairy
Had timed her motions to its air.
And, gliding on, she left me dreaming
How far more perfect in her face
The light of that young soul was beaming,
That lent her form such perfect grace.

The laborer paused, the merchant tarried,
By noisy street, by trade-vexed mart,
As if her very presence carried
A blessing to the jaded heart;
And though unprized the fleet enjoyment,
Each heart turned cheerer to its cares.
For each had entertained one moment
A wandering angel unawares,

She turned and vanished, but in going
Revealed a face where glad content
Through artless innocence was glowing,
And sweet reserve with archness blent;
Not formed to dazzle by its splendor
But through its winning softness beamed
A spirit constant, frank and tender,
That leaves no promise unredeemed.

She faded like a lovely vision,—
A joy undimmed by doubts or fears!
Falsehood, neglect, and dark suspicion
Waylaid the garnered hopes of years
Friendship and love and honor perish—
They perish, leaving venomed stings,
Alas, too late we learn to cherish
The chance delight the moment brings.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—A sound judge—a musical critic.

—A tight fit—the delirium tremens.

—Are you a Greeley-Copperhead?

—H. G. stands for Honest Government.

Miscellaneous.

THOSE BLESSED TWINS.

"Well, nurse, what is it?" inquired Tim Twinkleton, placing on his plate the crust of bread and butter at which his teeth had been nervously nibbling for the past twenty minutes.

"Oh, sir, it's twins!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Tim, overwhelmed with the double blessing that had fallen upon the matrimonial hearth.

Tim Twinkleton was by trade a journeyman tailor, and as good hearted a fellow as the sun shed light upon that New Year's morning. Tim was blessed with a good wife, who, to aid her partner in feeding the ten mouths already provided for them—not counting the twins—did the washing and mangling for a number of worthy families, and did it superbly too, as I can prove out of their very mouths.

"Would you like to step up to see Mrs. Twinkleton, sir?" the nurse inquired after Tim's astonishment had in a measure abated, "because, if so, it's perfectly convenient."

Mutual congratulations having ensued, and Mrs. Twinkleton having received the assurance from her husband that he had not been disappointed by the appearance of two boys instead of a girl—the happy wife began to talk about arrangements in connection with the washing and mangling business of the establishment.

"Whose is that basket of things by the clock?" Tim asked, when he found that Mrs. T. made no mention thereof.

"Oh, my dear, I'd almost forgotten that! It's the Chelmsford washing," she replied.

"Is it all mangled?"

"Yes; I finished it last night with an effort," sighed Mrs. T., "It's all right, and only wants to be taken to the station."

"If I was to make haste, I dare say I could get it off by the mid-day train. There's always one about twelve o'clock on Sundays, and the New Year's day's trains is just like Sundays, ain't they?"

"Well, Tim, if you were to run to the station with it, it'd be off our hands without fear of the children tumbling the clothes, wouldn't it?"

"So it would," replied the good-natured Tim, "and I will do it."

Prompt to act, Tim ordered the nurse to take the best care of the twins, gave his wife a kiss, and picking up the neatly covered basket, shouldered it and started on his way. He had only twenty minutes to make the train, but he knew he could do it, and have five minutes to spare.

"Now, then, where's that washing to go?" inquired the clerk, whose business for the day was over as soon as the next train was dispatched.

The official, indeed, hesitated for a moment as to whether punctuality should not for once take the place of courtesy; but his ill humor was quickly dissipated when he saw Twinkleton's rosy face and cheery smile beaming upon him.

"Well, as a special favor, I don't mind booking it," muttered the clerk, who smelled roast turkey in the air, and was afraid his own might be overdone if he didn't hasten home.

However, Tim was in such a happy mood that he didn't care whether the clerk made it a special favor or merely a matter of business, so long as the clothes were dispatched; therefore, without being in the least disturbed or humiliated by the other's gruffness, he bade him the customary New Year's salutations, and made his way homeward just as the church folk were issuing from their places of worship.

He was soon home, was Tim, and his first inquiry was after the health of his wife; and then, of course, the present condition of the twins.

"Mrs. T. is getting on capitally," was the reply, "for the blessed twins have not uttered a cry since you have been gone."

Nurse spoke as if it were a part of her business, which she fully understood, that twins should not cry. There was no little of pride of vocation in her tone, and Tim was happy.

Tim and the ten who could, and the nurse, sat down to their New Year's dinner. As he carved the fat goose, Tim said in a very paternal way. "I suppose, Mrs. Tomkins, it wouldn't do to give the twins just a little bit, would it?"

Nurse smirked and raised her hands in protest against the very idea of such a thing.

"Not even a little bit of the gravy wouldn't do for 'em, ma'am?"

Nurse again raised her hands and said simply, "go along." She was anxious for her portion of the dinner.

Nurse was helped, and dinner was getting along, when Tim, whose thoughts all ran in one channel, asked again after the twins. Nurse knew they were well, because they did not cry, but she said she would go and see.

She had been gone but a second, when she returned, "which of you have moved the basket with the twins in?" she asked.

Almost ere the words had quitted her lips, Tim dropped his knife and fork, and gazed from Mrs. Tomkins to the children, and from the children to Mrs. Tomkins, with an expression of countenance that made the nurse rush to his side and say, "Bless me, Mr. Tinkleton! you aren't ill, are you?"

"Basket! what basket?" grasped Tim.

"Why the clothes-basket that stood there by the clock. I put'em there because they fell asleep, and it being close by the fire, I knew they'd be all right."

A loud groan escaped Twinkleton's lips. Then, with his face of an ashy paleness, he gasped.

"Unhappy woman! that basket contained the Chelmsford washing, and *it's gone off by the mid-day train.*

Mrs. Tomkins, without a word, sank into a chair.

"What—what's to be done?" groaned Twinkleton. "Why don't you speak, Mrs. Tomkins? Tell me, somebody, what's to be done?"

The children, open-mouthed, gazed with surprise upon their elders; but in answer to their parent's inquiry as to what was to be done, it was on the lips of at least seven out of ten, that perhaps the best thing to be done, under the circumstances, was to finish the goose and take up the pudding.

The unhappy Tomkins groaned aloud; then, swaying herself backward and forward in the rocking chair, began to weep copiously.

The bereaved father was the first to speak, and it was plain to see that he was in a most unhappy frame of mind, and that his voice was husky, and choked as his words came forth.

"Come, come," he said," this won't do. I must go to the station, and see if there's another train. If there ain't, I must hire a trap, and go to Chelmsford. Perhaps, however, when I get there, the children will have been smothered; or suppose, Mrs. Tompkins, if they've shoved the clothes in a luggage van, and heavy box or something's been put a top of 'em, why they'll be squashed to pancakes!"

"Oh! don't, *don't*, DON'T talk like that, Mr. Twinkleton!" roared Mrs. Tomkins in a paroxysm of emotion. "Oh, my darling little preciouses!"

"Well, ma'am," exclaimed our hero, "I think it would be more proper to call them *my* preciouses, you were so confoundedly careless with them, when you had them in charge"

"Oh, Twinkleton, this is indeed cruel," was all the nurse could say, as she worked hereself to and fro, and wept.

Poor Tom started off hastily, his mind almost distracted. He thought only of his twins and their unhappy fate. He looked not to the right, nor to the left—he only rushed on for the station, and he never found the distance so great before.

Each new imagining was more horrible than the last, and seemed to give fresh impetus to his heels; for instead of decreasing in space as he approached the railway station, his footstep grew more rapid.

"That's the man; I'd swear to him," said a loud voice in Twinkleton's ear.

Involuntarily he turned, and ere his scattered senses recalled a knowledge of who had spoken, a sturdy constable had seized him securely by the collar, and, drawing his staff, had whispered to the startled Tim that if he didn't go quietly to the station, "it'd be the worse for him."

"That's the man; he came in just as I was closing the doors, and wished particularly to have the basket booked by that train."

"Oh, you're the clerk at the station!" cried Tim, joyously, recognizing the surly tones of the man who had been in a hurry to get home to his dinner, and, owing to the Chelmsford clothes basket hadn't succeeded yet in accomplishing his wish. "And the blessed twins—are they all right—are they safe? where are they?"

The tall policeman gave the hand that grasped Tim's collar such a peculiar twist that the poor little tailor was nearly whirled off his feet.

"I caution you not to speak; cos what you say may be taken down in evidence agin yer."

"Oh, you wretch! and they were dear little twins too!"

These words were evidently spoken by a female voice; and turning his head as far round as the constable's knuckles would allow, Tim was astonished to see that a numerous but not select party of hooting boys and dirty men and women were following him with menacing gestures.

Poor Tim. He had counted upon such a pleasant New Year's, and he had been so happy. Such a blow.

"What's the charge against me?" inquired Tim, in a husky voice as soon as he could speak.

"Oh, you know well enough, I dessay; why, abandoning o' hinfants in course; and a good job for you it's no worse," replied his custodian.

The rough words of the constable made Tim happy. He felt now that the twins were safe, and his own inconvenience was of no consequence. How gratified he was when he entered the constable's office and found the basket there and in it the twins, smiling gloriously, as if they had not been the innocent cause of all the trouble, I need not say. More gratified still was Tim to find in the station-house an old customer of his employers, who always specially praised Tim's workmanship, and insisted upon being measured for his clothing by Twinkleton alone. It afterward transpired that the old gentleman was a friend of the inspector's, and had just casually dropped in to give him a New Year's greeting when the prisoner Twinkleton was brought in. But for the presence of the old gentleman poor Tim might have had to spend his New Year's day within the wall of the station-house.

Fortune, however, befriended him; and the shrewed intelligence of the inspector, aided by that of Tim's acquaintance soon proved the real facts in the case. Tim's friend, in order to recognize the efficiency of the police, insisted on handing the constable a gratuity of five shillings; and as compensation for missing the hour at which he had appointed to dine, an equal sum was tendered to, and accepted by the railway clerk, and Tim was discharged. Showering blessings upon all indiscriminately the now happy Tim left the station house, and it was not long ere he found himself once more face to face with Mrs. Tomkins and his little ones.

Of course Twinkleton's first inquiry was for his wife, and a load seemed lifted off his heart when he heard that she was still asleep, and therefore unconscious of what had happened to her offspring. The worthy nurse, when she saw the twins had not suffered from the checkered events of the day, gave vent to a flood of tears that seemed to relieve her feelings immensely. Then, of course, the children had a few tears to shed; but at last the sunshine of happiness spread itself over the little room, and it was wonderful how everybody cheered up when an intimation was given by Mrs. Tomkins that probably 'twould be as well to have in the pudding.

The twins have now become fine, healthy, roguish lads; and though they display a wonderful capacity for street games and all out-door amusements, perhaps occasioned by their experiences of the first day of their existence—Tim Twinkleton and his wife have never had cause for regret that the twins presence in the basket become known to the railway officials ere they were thrown into the luggage-van and smothered beneath the heavy luggage.

Whipping Horses.

There are persons who think that the spirit and temper of a horse must be broken to make him valuable. Prof. Wagner, in his work on the "Education of Horses," says: "I would caution those who train or use horses against exciting the ill-will of the animal. Many think they are doing finely, and are proud of their success in horse-training, by means of severe whipping, or otherwise rousing or stimulating the passions, and then, from necessity, crushing the will through which the resistence is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this; and there is nothing which so fully exhibits the ability, judgement and skill of the horseman as the care and tact displayed in winning, instead of repelling the action of the mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judicially, and great care should be taken not to rouse the passions or to excite the obstinacy.

The legitimate and proper use of the whip is calculated to act upon the sense of fear entirely. The affections and better nature must be appealed to in training a horse as well as in a child. A reproof given may be intended for the good of the child, but if the passions are excited the effect is depraving and injurious. This is a vital question, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive, courageous horses only at the imminent risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of naturally gentle characters to be spoiled by whipping once, and one horse was made vicious by being struck with a whip once while standing in his stall.

I have referred to these instances to show the danger of rough treatment and the affect that may be easily produced by ill usage especially with fine blooded horses, and those of a high nervous temperament. Many other cases might be cited, as such are by no means uncommon. Sensitive horses should never be left after they have been excited by whip or other means until calmed down by rubbing or patting the head or neck, and giving apples, sugar or something of which the animal is fond. Remember, the whip must be used with great care, or is liable to do mischief, and may cause irreparable injury."

A Poisonous Fly.

One of the most extraordinary facts revealed to us by Dr. Livingstone's exploration in Africa is that the high table land of the interior with its rich agricultural resources, its fine temperature, broad inland seas, and inexhaustible stores of mineral wealth, is rendered all but impenetrable to civilized man, certainly beyond all reach of colonization, by one of the most apparently insignificant causes, a fly. This terrible insect is a little brown, yellow striped fly called the tsetze, scarcely larger than our common household pests, but whose sting is absolutely fatal. So deadly is its poison that it is said three or four flies will kill the largest ox. Soon after the bite which gives little or no pain, staggering and blindness comes on; the body swells to an enormous size; the coat turns rough, and in a few hours follow convulsions and death. And yet this deadly poison under the effect of which the horse and ox, the sheep and the dog fall as if plague stricken, is perfectly harmless to man, to wild animals, to the pig, mule, ass, and goat. Here is an achievement of science that would bring glory to the discover—the discovery of some antedote to the sting of this venemous fly, which would open the treasures of Central Africa to the use of the world.

Decay of Eloquence.

Said Senator Thurman, in his address before Societies of the University of Virginia: "It has been said that orators govern republics, but if the remark were ever true, it is true no longer. Had every member of Congress the eloquence of Demosthenses, he could not mould public sentiment against a press whose daily issues exceed 1,300,000 and furnish daily mental food to millions of readers."

This fact accounts in some measure for the decay of eloquence both in England and America. The days when Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, in the English Parliament, and Webster, Clay and Calhoun, in Congress, swayed by their speeches the wills of their hearers, and moulded public opinion by their utterances, have passed away never in all probability to return. Yet there were able and eloquent speeches made at the last session of Congress, and notably by Senator Thurman himself, by the gallant Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and one of the best and younger race of statesmen, and also by other Democratic Senators and Representatives. But they fell in the Halls of Congress upon ears that were as deaf as adders, and upon an outside public too much occupied by other cares to appreciate their lucidity of statement, their sound logic, and their scathing exposition of the lawless acts of the administration and the corruption prevailing in every Department of the Federal service. Yet by one class of readers, "fit though few," they were carefully studied, and when the times comes, will be quoted to their honor. It is true nevertheless, that Sentorial eloquence has lost the power it once had to mould public sentiment, and that it is the short, strong, epigrammatic paragraphs of the daily press that now sways the popular mind.

Counterfeit Money Found.

The quiet village of Fredensburg was somewhat disturbed last week by the finding of a package of money by a party of workmen, who were employed in tearing out the inside of a stable. It, however, proved to be counterfeit, and their joy was greatly diminished. The package contained $60 done up in $5 bundles of 25 cent currency. It was found under the floor of the entry, and the mice had mutilated some of it. The premises upon which this counterfeit money was found is owned and occupied by a very respectable widow lady. How it got there is still a mystery, but it is supposed that some one bought it from a gang of counterfeiters and hid it under the floor of this stable until a good opportunity presented itself for passing it.—*Reading Eagle.*

Origin of Cadet Gray.

In the course of a conversation with the late General Scott, in the library of the Military Academy at West Point, in the Summer of 1862, the veteran gave to the writer the following account of the origin of "Cadet Gray," as the cloth worn by the cadets is called: While stationed at Buffalo in the summer of 1814, General Scott wrote to the Quartermaster for a supply of new clothing for the regulars. Word soon came back that blue cloth such as was used in the army, could not be obtained, owing to the stringency of the blockade and the embargo, and the lack of manufactures in the country, but that there was a sufficient quantity of gray cloth (now known as "Cadet Gray) in Philadelphia. Scott ordered it to be made up for his soldiers, and in these new gray suits they marched down the Niagara River, on the Canada side, in the direction of Chippewa. It was just before the battle known by that name, which occurred early in July. Gen. Riall, the British commander, looked upon them with contempt when preparation for battle on the morning of the 5th, for the Marquis of Tweeddale, who with the British advance, had skirmished with them all the day before, had reported that they were only "buffalo militia," and accounted for their fighting so well and driving him to his intrenchments north of the Chippewa River, by the fact that it was the anniversary of American Independence that stimulated them. On account of the victory won at Chippewa on that day, chiefly by these soldiers in gray, and in honor of Scott and his troops, that style of cloth was adopted at the Military Academy at West Point as the uniform of the cadets. —*Scribner's for July.*

The "Rods of Corti."

"You would play upon me—you would seem to know my stops—you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass." When Shakespeare put those words into the mouth of Hamlet, did the poet know that he was stating an anatomical fact—that the auditory apparatus of man is an instrument of most exquisite musical complexity, compared to which the finest harp of Erard seems but a clumsy failure? For some time past it had been known that the human ear contained a series of minute bodies, called the "rods of Corti," from the name of their discoverer; but Dr. Pritchard, in a paper lately read before the Royal Society, has cast new light on these curious appendages, and given us fresh reasons to admire the wonderful arrangements of life. When a sound is communicated by air waves to the ear, first the auricle gather it up, and transmits it to the drum, which passes it by harmonious vibration through the middle to the internal portion of the organ, Here it is appreciated merely as a sound, its direction and volume being also recorded; but to distinguish the note of the sound, it is passed into the cochler, a spiral canal from the axis of which proceeds a tiny plate of bone; this in turn gives out two membranes, and between these lie the "rods of Corti." Looked at from above, they resemble a double row of piano-forte hammers; but the outer rods as they wind up the spiral axis increase in length more rapidly than the inner, whereas the latter augment in number, so that near the apex the outer rods are twice as long as the inner, while to 3,500 outer rods it is computed that there are 5,000 inner ones. Under this delicate and perfect sounding-board are clustered nerves and nerve-cells, which serve to bear the impression of any vibration rod to the brain; and with so vast a key-board it is plain that not merely semi-tones, but tenths and even fiftieths of tones, must be recognized by the consummate recording apparatus. It is upon the *lamini spiralis*, then, or tiny plate of bone before mentioned, that the sound is thrown in order to decide its note, and however fine or faint, that sound discovers some one of the perfectly attuned rods which will leap into vibration in concert with the impulse, and send a melodic or harmonic telegram to the sensorium.—*London Telegraph.*

Coolness and Courage.

Not long since a Swiss shepherd boy, only fourteen years of age, was tending a flock of sheep among the hills in the Canton Grisons, when a bear made a raid upon the flock and seized two of the finest sheep. The courageous little fellow attempted to drive the bear off by beating him with a stick, but bruin turned upon him, and there was seemingly no escape. Suddenly the lad bethought himself of a narrow ravine, 300 feet deep, close by, across which he thought he could leap, while he hoped that the bear would not notice it, and fall to the bottom. Dashing on, half-wild with excitement and dread, he reached the edge of the precipice, the bear close at his heels. The chasm was upwards of six feet wide, but the lad cleared it by a desperate bound, and landed safely on the opposite side. The bear, as he hoped, did not see the ravine, and fell headlong to the bottom, where bruised and bleeding, and unable to rise, the shepherd lad succeeded in killing the animal by dashing out his brains with heavy stones.

HIS PLEA.—An Irishman being recently on trial for some offense, pleaded "not guilty," and the jury being in the box, the State Solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said, "Do I understand, your honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness fornest me again?" The Judge said, dryly, "It seems so." "Well, then your honor, I plead guilty, sure, an' your honor praise; not because I am guilty, for I am as innocent as your honor's suckling baby, but just on account of saving Mr. Furkisson's soul."

—An advertising tallow chandler modestly announces that, without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti is the best light ever invented.

—O, how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath His smile.

A Cool Robber.

Policeman Badger, of the Tenth station, had a bit of experience last winter which he is not fond of talking about. It was past midnight as he was leisurly pursuing his beat through Jessup street, and as he came opposite to Dayton & Fogg's jewelry store he observed gleams of a light through the chinks of the shutters, and rapped at the door.

"Is that you, policeman?" said a voice within.

"Yes," answered Badger.

"Well,—it's only me.—It's all right. Kind o' chilly out, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. I was just fixinging the fire.—Good-night."

Badger said "good-night," and pursued his way.

An hour afterward Badger passed through Jessup street again, and again he saw the light in the jewelry store. It didn't look right, and he banged at the door loudly.

"Halloo!" cried the voice within. "Is it you, policeman?"

"Yes."

"All right. Won't you come in and warm you? It won't hurt anything for you to slip from your beat a few minutes."

The door was opened, and Policeman Badger entered, and found the inmate to be a very gentlemanly looking man, in a linen duster.

"Come right up to the stove, policeman. Excuse me a moment."

The man took the ash-pan from the bottom of the stove, and carried it down cellar and emptied it, and when he had returned and wiped his hands, he said with a smile:

"Chilly night, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Chilly outside, and dull inside. New goods for the spring trade, and have to keep our eyes open. Lonesome work, this watching all night; but I manage to find a bit of comfort in *this*. Won't you join me in a nip? You'll find it the pure thing."

And the man in the duster produced a black bottle and a tumbler.

Policeman Badger partook, and having wiped his lips, and given his fingers a new warming, he left the store and resumed his beat, satisfied that all was right in at Dayton & Fogg's.

But the morning brought a new revealment. Dayton & Fogg's store had been robbed, during the night, of six thousand dollars' worth of watches and jewelry; and though Policeman Badger carries in his mind an exact daguerreotype of the robber, the adroit rascal has not yet been found.—*New York Paper.*

Mental Power in Men and Women.

Regarding this oft-discussed question, Professor Maudsley says: It has been affirmed by some philosophers that there is no essential difference between the mind of a woman and that of a man; and that if a girl were subjected to the same education as a boy she would resemble him in tastes, feelings, pursuits and powers. To my mind it would not be one whit more absurd to affirm that the antlers of the stag, the human beard, and the cocks-comb are effects of education; or that by putting a girl to the same education as a boy she could be sexually transformed into one. The physical and mental differences between the sexes intimate themselves very early in life, and declare themselves most distinctly at puberty. If the person is hermaphrodite the mental character, like the physical, participates equally in that of both sexes. If either sex is mutilated, it approaches the opposite sex. While woman preserves her sex, she will necessarily be feebler than man, and, having her special bodily and mental character, will have, to a certain extent, her own sphere of activity. When she has pretty well divested herself of her sex, she may then take his ground and do his work; but she will have lost her feminine attractions, and probably also her chief feminine functions.

—Rev. Mr. A—— had a large family of unruly boys, and one of them did something very wrong, but as none of them would confess, he decided he would whip them all and then he would be sure to punish the real culprit. Lisping Jimmy, the youngest retired to a corner and grumbled. "What is that you say?" asked the father. "I thaid," whimpered Jimmy, "that that'th just the way old Herod did. He killed all the children tho that he would be thure to kill Jethuth.

—Lorenzo Dow was once preaching in the eastern part of Connecticut to a crowded house, the season being mid winter and the weather extremely cold. During the sermon the members of the congregation made frequent visits to the stove to warm up. The old man stood the interruption until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and stopping in the midst of a sentence he said: "Those who have holes in their stockings may now go to the stove and warm their feet." He was annoyed no more during the service.

—California wants to have the United States government legalize marriages on the high seas. The young people out there whose parents object to their union simply take a clergyman along and sail out upon the broad Pacific to celebrate their nuptials. Many cases of the kind have occurred, and a little drawback now appears in the fact that all these marriages are invalid. Here's a scrape for some of the elopers.

—As William Lloyd Garrison holds the Constitution to be a "covenant with hell, and an agreement with death," even in its present form, we suppose, of course, he opposes Senator Sumner, who wishes to hold the President to an observance of the supreme law of the land.—*Age.*

—A nogro preacher observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows: "My obstinacious bredren, I find it no more use to preach to you dan it am for a grass-hopper to wear a 'dolly varden.'"

—How to make rich jam—crowd thirty fashionably dressed ladies into one street car.