Business Curds.

EXCHANGE HOTEL D. A. McCRACKEN, wishes to inform the public having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montros is now prepared to accommodate the traveling pr in first class style. Montrose, Aug. 23, 1872.

SHIPMAN & CASE. laddle, Harness and Trunk makers. Shop in C. Roger. Store Building, Brooklyn, Pa. Oak Harnesses, heav and licht, made to order. Brooklyn, April 3, 1872.—m6

M. D. SMITH

flaving located at Susquehanna Depot, Manufi-and dealer in light and heavy Harmestes, Colvan Trunk, Saddles, &c., hoping, by strict attention heas and fair dealing, to have a liberal patronage. March 6, 1872.—pol0—m3.

BURNS & NICHOLS, ALORS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dynales, Paluts, Olls, Varaish, Liquors, Spices, Fanct. Lee, Patont Medicines, Perfunery, and Toilet A felos. Let Prescriptions carefully compounded. Blick Block, Montrose, Pa.

Anos Nicuols.

Feb. 21, 1872. DR. D. A. LATHROP, Aninisters Eutorno Tright vi. Davits, at the Foot of Chesinal street. Call and consult in all Chroni Discases. Jan. 17, '72.- no3-tf.

J. F. SHOEMAKER.

C. E. BALDWIN, Arronney and Counselon at Law, Great Bend, Pen

B. L. BALDWIN,

TTORSEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa Office R. Carmalt, Esq. Montrose, August 30, 1871. LOOMIS & LUSK. at Law, Office No. 214 Lackawanna Avenue Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Lu d Shequehanna Counties. Wm. D. Lusi

i, Sept. eth, 1871.—if. W. A. CR OSMON. Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W.A. Chossmon. Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

MCKENZIE, & CO. calers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Mso, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, 72.]

DR. W. W. SMITH, tooms at his dwelling, next door east of a printing office. Office hours from 9 A. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

THE BARBER-Ha! Ha! Ha!! Charley Murris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his edite, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenziess-just one door.

Mourtone, June 7, 1871.—If

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

J. D. VAIL, ATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has permanently dismelf in Montrose, Pa., where he will prompt and to all calls in his profession with which he may rored. Office and residence west of the Court, near Fitch & Watson's office.

Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE. PITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. P. PITCE. [Jan. 11, 'Il.] W. W. WATSON. CHARLES N. STODDARD.

pealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather at Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Stor Work made to order, and repairing done neatly, Montrose, Jan. 1, 1370. LEWIS KNOLL.

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Stop Inside new Fostoffice building, where he will
be found ready to attend all who may want anything
is thing. Montrose, Fa. Oct. 13, 1839. DR. S. W. DAYTON,

*HYSICIAN & 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. 1803—1

A. O. WARREN, ATTORNEY At LAW. Bonnty, Back Pay. Pension and Examin on Claims attended to. Office freer below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, 63

M. C. SUTTON, Priendeville, Pa. au1 69tf C. S. GILBERT.

U. S. Auctioncor.

Great Bend, Pa. ABII ELY. U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1809. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES. FASHIONABLE TAHLOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop of Chapdler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate structing done on short notice, and warranted to fit

W. W. SMITH, CABINET AND CHAIR MANUPACTURERS,—Pool Main street, Montrose, Pa. lang. 1, 1869.

BILLINGS STROUD. FIRE AND LIFE INSTANCE ACENT. All basiness attended to prompily, on fair terms. Office first door north of 'Montrose Hotel,' west side of rabile Avenne, Montrose, Pa. [Aug., 1,1607, Jely II, 1812.]

ABEL TURRELL,

ABEL TURRELLS,
DALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemical
Liquers, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Win v
Glass, Groceries, Glass Waret, Wall and Window Paper, Stony-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils
Trasses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacle
Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jeweiry, Ferfu cry, &cbeing fone of the most numerous, extensive, an
valuable collections of Goods in Susquebanna CoEstablished in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE. TTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [au] DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

HYSICIAN & BURGEON, tenders his profession services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at hisresidence, on the corner cast of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1859. HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA

Boet's Corner.

CHARMING MUSIC.

DY LOT LENT.

Low bends that wearled form to reach the sill, One arm supports the heavy head lain still; The drooping hands are thrown to swing and rest All strength of brain and brawn has been so Long measured breathings gently heave the breast; All strength of brain and brawn has been so taxed.

Far out upon the summer evening air
Are welling up sweet notes the breezes bear;
They wan the undulating measures here,
And lay their tribute in the droway ear;
Fatigue would liave exertion slumber still,
A milder metive lifts the fallen will.

The very sense of being is relaxed.

The stirring source is moving so remote,
The open window hardly gains a note;
But one stray sound revives a glowing strain,
Diffusing light throughout the darkened brain
The broken force of torpor lightly lies,
That wakened energy of life may rise.

But soon there will in tone on tone so deep The cyclids fall again in willing sleep; All Nature sinks beneath one stocke of Art When artificial tones but touch the heart; A music wave will stir or iull the breast, And make or break the panoply of rest.

The dying view of one impressive gleam is resurrected in a heavenly dream; For sweetly flowing alry waves by night Attune the spirit to a slumber light; They mould the fancy while they thrill the hear Sway human nature by their human art.

The nimbly moving torches far away Loom near in one grand dazzle of display t High round the glowing mass of solid light, Streams a vast halo blending into night; The swelling glare invades the murky deep, ind melts a passage on with steady sweep

View this imposing scene remote or nigh, The sightly grandeur only fills the eye, But gently comes an unseen caller here, Glides through the vestibule of every ear, To breathe around sweet incense for a charm, And pour through all the mind a soothing bale

Oh, welcome visit of a queenly power!
The sway of untold millions every hour!
Surging on through us with resistless might,
Or moving gently as a wave of light;
The sweet companion touches with a kiss,
Bathing all hearts in flooded streams of bilss!

The doser revels in a pleasing dream Till things that be supplant the things that seem: Emerging from the sweetly passing drowse, Half smothered nerves again begin to route; The weary form is rending slumber's chain, And rising with the grandly lifting strain.

The swelling cords in full erescendo rise, The tune in sweet diminuendo dies; It graduates a lovely cadence well, Revealing now within the broken spell A stream of silver sweetness flowing clear, Through golden splendor both for eye and

The proudly swaying pageant nearer comes, With bursting roar of fulminating drums! Each sudden look reveals a blinding glare! Man's thunder and man's lightning fill the air Broad sound-waves roll with all prevading nigh! Earth heaves below in one vast sea of light!

Thrilling nerve forces to their center fly, Speeding with messages from car to eye; Etreams rush with warning torrents throu Where every atom feels the concord reign!
Full is the measure now of pure desire.

Full is the measure now of pure desire, And grander thoughts of nobler deeds inspire Along the nerves the swelling music pours, Out of all bounds the crescent spirit scars; Lifted to range in depths of utter space, Wafted beyond all thought of time or place; Planged in a spasm of bliss without alloy, Lost in one wild delirium of joy!

The Practical Lover.

I did not purchase for my bride Rich jeweled riugs and costly fans, A set complete of pots and pans.

I would not win sweet Jennie's love
By golden gifts of magic power;
If she a proper wife would prove
She would prefer some bags of flour.

I did not play with Jennie's heart, Nor try to fix it were it fickle, But sent mistrusting modern art, A side of pork for her to pickle.

I did not give her rubles red, To lend her myon hair relief,
But what would charm when we were wed
A good supply of potted beef.

I did not wanton with her love,
That pined to nestle on my breast,
Just like a drooping, tired dove,
But sent a couch where it could rest. I did not, when the moon was bright

I did not send her flowers bright, Whose brightness, ah! so quickly wanes, But sent her, in the darkest night,

A set of sheets and counterpar

And so at last our little store Would furnish well an ivied cot, But then—I should have said before— She jilted me, and kept the lot

Arevities and Witicisms.

-A cat at Leavenworth, Kansas, put burgular to flight.

Miscellancous.

MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

I'm Aun't Gunter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port post office and a store, and sell groceries and garden sass, calico, shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody

asks for 'em. When a ship comes in, and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best and the raising and dried cur rents and eggs and butter go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in ribbons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long

for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Anche Port brisk for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters—letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when

they haven't, all the same. It's "Please Aunty Cunter, look over It's "Please Aunty Cunter, look over them, and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's "Please Uncle Gunter, it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow;" often and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we had to read them for the folks, Joh and I. and so we get to know some-Job and I, and so we get to know some-

thing of their lives.

Milly More could read and write her-Mily More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she
had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it
by the hand-writing; and I knew it by
her blushes, and by that happy look in her
face. When he came home, she bought
ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew hat was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting times comes but once in lifetime, and I always like to see it pros-

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be

It was a sad day when that ship sailed. Mrs. Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the Hill were there to see her set sail. It was a grim day, and the voyage was

to be a long one.
It was under our old sycamore that

"Bon't fret, darling!" he said. "Fil come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! in spite of that, the Golden Dove went down in mid seas, and only three men reached Anchor Port to tell how Captain Bawdon, and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most woeful

storm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-eight, and as handsome, with his white hair and red checks,

as a picture. That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the store to sort some things ont, as I always did Saturday nights.

Through the week Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in my tea-boxes, candles in the letter-box, eggs where they onghin't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's ressel was in port, and he had blenty of custon. Job served the people we? You'll like to see Milly off, won't Kincaid's vessel was in port, and he had plenty of custon. Job served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mail in a sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.

"Gather up your letters Job," said I. "What possesses you, old man?"
And he laughed and piled em up. And
I made a vow to myself that I'd keep the

sugar box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it for the mail. I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as "coffee crushed," because it was prepared especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me in case Mrs. Rawdon or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and titled it over the japanned box, pour-ing it in a nice smooth stream, when who ld come running into the shop but

to-day? Isn't there a letter from Will? upon it, and this superscription:

He said he couldn't die. I don't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write, after all?

awny. She was a nice, pretty girl; but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. An old family he came of, too. It was an honor for Milly More.

"Not just yet," said I, after a while, "Perhaps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too!" said she. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like all the rest. Will will always be a living man to my mind.

will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody?"
I kissed her, and coaxed her, and said no word about changing her mind; but for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind

of maze. "Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as that. Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor?"

see the honor?"
But when I told Job, says he:
"Jernsalem! a young, pretty girl like
Milly! Why don't he go after some widder.or an oldish gal?" Milly is too young
for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They

for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They jest suited cach other."
I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid would have things that Milly More could never dream of; silk dresses and velvet cloaks, jewelry and stuffed chairs in her bestrooms, a silver ice-pitcher, if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. year was over.

I shall die soon I suppose whether I mar-

it over, and remembered poor Will, and how he took her in his arms under the

but then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had failed, so that she couldn't do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly. It was good for her to mary Captain Kincaid, and have rest and comfort, wasn't it.

you? "I wish it was Will Masset," says Job. "Poor Will!" says I, and I went on tidying, though it was Friday. I should

bother."

"Law me," says I, "if I'd knowed you wanted it, you should have had it. I didn't think you had any plan in it. Jest stick 'em anywhere, I thought you would. I'll course the invitation was politely declinated. The Englishman succeeded in mak-

up." So with that I spread a big paper on ly, and her eyes was red with crying.

She asked for some tea, and while Job was weighing it out she whispered to shire and or the counter, and empted out the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of cake. There it laid, white and shire and or the counter of the counter, and empted out in a sort of cake. There it laid, white and other and or the counter of the counter, and empted on the sugar. "Oh! Aunty Gunter, have you looked er, laid a letter—a letter with a ship mark

Miss Milly More, Anchor Port, Maine, United

"Won't you walk in ?" said Mrs. More "I—I haven't time," said i. It's only an errand. It's a little singular. Milly

there's a-a-"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly. "It has come at last!" How she knew it, Heaven knows. She hada't a vlimpse of it.

It was the old enilor's story; a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretched months spent in hoping for succor, and a sail at last. He would be home in three months. "Three months!" said Milly. "Oh, how

can I wait." And then gave I: "Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That letter has been lying under my best coffe crushed tince months and a day. And there's a vessel in the offing bow." So it was Will, after all; and Job and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Capt. Kincaid either for he married Fanny More before the

A Funny Mistake.

The Brussels "Echo du Parliament"

After this she supplied taking index one. She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone and why should she refuse what Providence offered?

The captain staid at the port three months, and at last he worned her into promising to his wife—old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She gave up at last.

"It don't matter much after all," she will don't matter much after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, and a last be going out of my mind, and a last be going out of my mind, and a control of the servant that they world due at a channel for itself of great depth to reverse as on of the servant that they world due at a channel for itself of great depth if won by the sale of your own soul.

"It don't matter much after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, and a control of the servant that they would due at an adverted by gestures that they were to take understand matters are able to guard carnestness of character to keep covetous against the impending calamity by getting against the impend Providence offered?

The captain staid at the port three months, and at last he worried her into promising to his wife—old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She gave up at last.

"It don't matter much after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, for I can never stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon I suppose whether I marturn a gentleman of distinguished ap-pearance entered their room, saluted them, pearance entered their room, saluted them, and said something in German which they did not understand. The Englishman thinking him a little familiar, replied carelessly in English, "Good morning. How do you do?" And the stranger withdrew. A delicious dinner was served. When the servant had gone, "My dear," When the servant had gone, "My dear," and bring. I used to hope that I hadn't had bring. I used to hope that I hadn't had much hand in it after all, when I thought it over, and remembered poor Will, and

withdrew. A delicious dinner was served.
When the servant had gone, "My dear,"
said the gentleman to his wife, "all this is
excellent. This, hotel is evidently, first
class. But it must be very dear, and as a
matter of prudence it will be well to ask
for the bill to-morrow morning." But he
neglected to do so, and two days more yeamore.

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight

> following dialogue took place:
> The Stranger. "I am Prince Badzie The Englishman (rising and bringings

"To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?"
The Prince. "You have evidently tak on this house for a public hotel."
The Englishman. "Certainly."

The Englishman. "Certainly."
The Prince. "Well, this is my private house, my hotel."
The Englishman was so astounded that

empty the box; I've got one that'll do. And I'm glad you spoke before I filled it ing the servants accept a few presents, and the Prince insisted upon accompanying them to a real "hotel" in his own carriage. Prince Radzievill is the Russian Embas

sador at Berlin.

· An Incident. A gentleman who came up the Hudson on the steamer, tells this story: "I notic ed," he said, "a serious looking man, who looked as if he might have been a book-In the said ne couldn't the write, after all?

In the could. Mighth't he write, after all?

In the could of America.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid!—I had emptied my best coffee crushed in uple to the expension of the entire circuit of the child expension of the entire circuit of the trustless.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid the entire circuit of the trustless.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid the entire circuit of the trustless.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid the entire circuit of the expension of the expension of the expension of the trustless.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid the entire circuit of the expension of the trustless.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid the entire circuit of the trustless.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid the entire circuit the trustless.

Three mouths ago—poor stupid the entire circuit the trustless.

The man seem DILDERS HARDWARE,

are a surface of more and the first of Marshall Realist.

The state of Marshall Realist.

The will conseque the confidence of the little state of the confidence of the little state of the

Cloud Bursts in Novada.

chairs in her best rooms, a silver ice-pitchch is she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon.
She might have a carriage too, and a pair
of ponies. And I liked Milly, and wouldn't
ite
is have envied her luck one bit; and I
didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.
Once having given me her confidence;
Milly didn't stop; and Mrs. More came
over to talk about it too, until at last fairly up and sided with the old lady.

"Milly," says I," Will is gone and yon
aren't his widow, to wear weeds all your
iffe—not that many do, if they can helf
it, seems to mo—and Captain Kincaid is
as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him
as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to
me. She used to give me strange looks
though. I knew all about it. I knew
that her heart was in the sea; but Will
was gone and why should she refuse what they were to take
the lady school by sizes from the luggage, and the travelers were
ceremonicously conducted into an area.

LILE Brussels "Echo du Parliament."

Eath of the list a pleasant story of an Englishman
and his wiff, who, not knowing a word of
German, but being able to express the the water flows in sheets into the
where the water flows in sheets into the
where on a drop of water has been seen
where not a drop of water has been seen
the water flows in sheets into the
where not a drop of water has been seen
the words "Hotel Radzievill." She cried
for the water flows in sheets into the
where not a drop of water has been seen
the water flows in sheets into the
where not a drop of water has been seen
the water flows in sheets into the
where not a drop of water has been seen
the months along three months. Then when
the water flows in the sale flows in the sale flows in the sea; but will
war good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him
as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to
me. She used to give me strange looks
though. I knew all about it. I knew
that her best content has

for reason. Penaltics are provided for tempting liquor to thy lips, open thing selling liquors without a license, for selling to minors, or to known drunkards, or the glass, but thee breakest not the laws to any person whose highest dearn and here the selection of the laws. to any person whose husband or wife has of sobriety."

The proper prosebeginning to be a little aneasy, my dear," sud the husband. "Surely no one could be better cared for than we are here, but I am persuaded the charges will be frightful." At that moment the gentleman of distinguished appearance entered, and the following dialogue took place:

—A Lady correspondent thus writes from London: "I have been obliged to partly re-learn the English language. Words here do not always convey the same meaning as in America. There are no railroads but "railways," no depots but "stations," no firemen but "strokers," no cars but "carriages." There seem to be no buggies in England. There are no stores but "shops." Neither/an inn nor a stores but shops." Neither/an inn nor a bels for 150,000 heels in rough. The heels are attached to the boot or shoe in tidying, though it was Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my jappanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Job, sorting the letters, looks up at me.

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he.

"Best thing I ever put the mail into. This mere wooden thing with a slide is a pesky bother."

The Biglishman was so astounded that he could make no reply, and could not explain the mistake of his wife, who, in the greatest consternation, began to tell the Prince in English that the word "home is obliged to entertain tray-bullic house is obliged to entertain bian term them "aricota." The word corn stands for most any kind of grain.

> -Hiram Green, Esq., says : The Grant party claim to be fighting for a principle. Phat's so; but it is a principle which is sure to bring from 7 to 10 per cent. in-terest, legal tender."

saure to bring from 7 to 10 per cent. in-rest, legal tender."

—Ex-President Mason, formerly of hundred thousand dollars."

Well I can't say exactly; but a few weeks ago
I thought they were worth about four

-Julia Young relates a story of Tom Many persons confound the watersport that Moore ever pointed in his writings. Many persons confound the waterspont with what is commonly known as the cloud burst, yet a moment's consideration will show them the difference. Waterspont are frequently seen on the ocean or upon the broad lakes, and proceed from a whirlwind gathering the water and whirled to the clouds. These can be seen at a long distance, clearly defined, carried in the direction traveled by the wind, and are deciding the withman and are seen at a long distance, clearly defined, carried in the direction traveled by the wind, and are deciding and never more heard from, doubtless has fallen victim to some overwhelming waterspont. It is said that they can be broken at a distance by a lucky-cannon shot, but if the spout is broken by the ship itself, sure and speedy destruction must follow. Whirlwinds produce a similar effect on land, and out on the deserts to the cast of here are frequently to be seen large columns of sand thus whirled upwards, reaching from the plain to the clouds about forty years old. Having got into a halbanian, very finely formed, and are simply rain showers of sudden and are simply rain showers of sudden and

above. Cloud bursts occur in the summer trouble with the nutrorities of a unstreed season during heavy thunder storms, and are simply rain showers of sudden and extraordinary violence.

Some over-laden cloud sailing over a course, terribly painful. It leasted three

the year for cloud bursts, and as one of greater or lesser magnitume visits Gold Hill or Virginia nearly every season, one may be expected before long.—Gold Hill News.

The new license law of Connecticut provides that the county commissioners may grant licenses to sell liquors to permay grant licenses to sell liquors to permay instruct the selectmen not to grant licenses, and any licenses may be revoked for reason. Penaltics are provided for sell-ing liquors without a license, for sell-inand—and keep it open. Thee breakest -An inveterate drunkard once asked

> -A quarter of a century ago or more, when the Anglican movement was at its height, it was proposed at Oxford to get up a breakfast composed entirely of men whose names were connected more or less. directly with the Church and its accidents. The projected list, when complete, was found to include the following: Church, Bishop, Priest, Priestley, Deacon, Arcedekue (pronounced Aarchdeacon,) Dean, Canuon, Pugh (Pew,) Bell, Peel (Peal,)

Poarch, Tower, and Spires. —A Maine man is getting out 200 cords:

-A handsome young gentleman walkcorn stands for most any kind of grain.

There is no Indian meal but "corn flour."

A streak of sunshine once an hour constitutes a "fine day." No street cars but "tranways," no pitchers but "jugs."

—A naudsome young gentleman walked into the Adams Express office, the other day, and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk who, in making out his account, desired to know what was the risk. The young gentleman hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, repl

Derlin college, delivered a Greeley speech at Oberlin on the 20th instant. He denounced Grant as "corrupt, vulgar and nounced Grant as "corrupt, vulgar and heavens, has been usually estimated at heavens, has been usually estimated at