The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER, 18, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 51.

Business Cards.

H BURRITT.

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New-Milford, Pa., Nov. 6, '72—tf.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

D. A. McCRACKEN, wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style
Montrose, Aug 28, 1872.

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 1, 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—n-10—m3.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescription carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
AMOS NICHOLS
Feb. 21, 1872.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Office at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases
Montrose, Jan. 17, '71.—n03—tf.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,

Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door below the Turnpike House, Public Avenue.
Montrose, Jan 17, 1872. n03—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. 221 Lackawanna Avenue Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Lackawanna and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. Loomis. WM. D. LUSK
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871—tf.

W. A. CROSSON,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office.
W. A. CROSSON.
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 publishing 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,

DOMEOPATHIC 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. 18, 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 2d door below Boyd's Store, Montrose Pa. [Apr. 1, '68

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent.

Aug 1 6917 Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.

Aug 1 6917 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, and done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,

FURNITURE AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Attendance attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Main Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1866
Jan 11, 1872. BILLINGS STROUD.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Oils, Glass, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Paints, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oil, Brooms, Brushes, Ammunition, Guns, Spectacles, Watches, Fancy Goods, Jewelry Perfumery, &c.—Having one of the most numerous, elegant, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1846. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [jan'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 & Bro. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

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

SHELDER'S HARDWARE,

MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAILSPIKES. RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES. CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS. PLATES, BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HORSE SHOES. FELLOES, SEAT SHIFTERS, 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 6, 1872. 1y

GROCERIES.—Teas in great variety and cheap for the qualities. Dried Peaches, the best in market. A nice quality of Molasses; Sugar, Coffee, and a full assortment of Spices, &c.
Montrose, Dec. 20, '72. ABEL TURRELL.

Poet's Corner

HEAVEN'S FALLEN SISTER.

In the appended pleasant sketch of the country juryman felicitating himself upon his liberation from legal duty and prospect of soon being upon the old farm again, the reader will recognize the peculiar genius of a writer whose previous "Farm Ballads" are worthy this addition. The lines are from the Detroit *Tribune*, and express, with appropriate simplicity, the refining and beneficient feeling which must always come over good hearts abroad at thought of returning to what Dickens so beautifully calls "Heaven's fallen sister—Home."

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' a'l is through—
I've watched the lawyer's, right and left, and give my verdict true;
I sick so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay,
I'm loose, at last, and thank the Lord, I'm goin, ho ne to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since first day I come down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets,
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-lay.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out doors.
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well, when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I come away, we had a little boat;
I cooly took my hat and left, before the show was out,
For what I did was naught wherein she ought to take offence;
And she was always quick at words and ready to commence.
But then, she's first one to give up, when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;
I's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap, you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God could pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
An I then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there's often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or no it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to day!

—W. H. CARLETON.

What of That?

Tired! well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Plattering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day:
Coward arise, go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! and what of that?
Some *must* be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own;
Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark! and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? take courage yet,
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task. Conquer or die!
It must be learned, learn it, then, patiently.

No help! nay, 'tis not so;
Though hum in help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears his children's cry!
He's near thee wherever thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

Adonis of the Poor.

What sir! Would you place to spake aisy,
And sit ye down by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the floor
What ails her? God knows! She's been wakely
For months, and the hate drives her wild;
The Summer has wasted an' worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is and God help me!
I'd three little darlings beside,
As purty as iver ye see, sir,
But one by one dhroupe like and died.
What was it that took them, ye're asking?
Why poverty, surr, and no doubt
They perished for food an' fresh air, sir,
Like flowers dhried up in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them! Ah was it?
It seemed like my heartstrings would break.
But there's days when wi' want an' wi' sorrow
I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake!
Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own!
But what wid the shrikes an' the liquor
I'd better be strugglin' alone!

Do I want to kape this won? The darlin'!
The last and dearest of all!
Shure you're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be askin' at all!
What is that? Milk and food for the baby?
A doctherand medicine free!
You're hunting a-tall the sick children,
An' poor toilin' mothers, like me?

God bless you, an' thim that have sent you!
A new life you've given me; so.
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
O mother of marcies! have pity!
O darlint why could't you wait?
Dead! dead! an' the help in the dureway!
Too late! O, my baby! Too late!

A Pleasant Story.

IT WAS A COTTAGE. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and feast on strawberries? No it wasn't a cottage ornee—there was nothing Frenchified about it. It was purely American, and harmonized sweetly with the delightful scenery. No, it hadn't a flat roof, nor a portico—nothing at all of the kind. But then it had rose vines running all over the windows, and whole colonies of wrens that made their nests and sang beneath its eaves. To the right was a field of clover, red with blossoms, on the left an orchard whence winds scattered a shower of bloom; in front was a green lawn, shaded with some massive walnut trees, and to the rear opened a long grass lane through which the cows walked every morning to their pasture beyond, and returned every night to be milked.

I know well enough to whom this cottage belonged. It was built by the hand of him who owned it and lived in it, and I had always admitted its excellent taste in blending the useful with the beautiful, though I had never seen him—my visits having been to his wife and during his absence. I had learned of him though—heard enough to make me intensely curious to see him; for not a female tongue in the neighborhood approved of his wife's choice.

"What is the matter with him—is he immoral?" I asked.

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder. "But to tell the truth, Dolly, he's insufferably ugly—his face is all scarred and cicatrized, I should think by fire, and you know it always made me nervous to look at anything of that kind."

"Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames?" I said.

"Don't know, never heard; never made inquiries; you know they only came to live in this neighborhood last summer, and I have never had the courage to ask what disfigured him, but I wish that you would?"

"I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "I thought of calling upon her this morning; perhaps she will tell me the story without being asked."

"Do, that's a dear, good Dolly?"

And I did.

The whole atmosphere seemed redolent with music and fragrance. I couldn't tell why all the birds had taken it into their heads to sing, warble, and build their nests there, and I didn't know why it was that the roses, buttercups, violets and daisies should prefer that place to any other. But they seemed to prefer it, judging from the great profusion in which they grew.

The whole aspect was delightfully rural and picturesque, and I almost lingered an influence of quietude and repose.

A narrow footpath, crooked as footpaths always are, wound along through the lawn, beneath the shadows of giant walnuts, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the graveled walk, bordered by beds of flowers, to the door.

It was open, and not pausing to rap I went in.

A serene and peaceful hush rested within. The balmy wind nestled in the wreaths of snowy drapery hanging at the window, where great white and red roses showed their graceful heads, and the warm rich summer light came in and lay in bright bar of radiance upon the floor.

A cradle was there, and it required no conjuring to tell that the cradle had an inmate, a self dignified, thoughtful, imperturbable little baby, whose quiet calmness I could not understand. It was wide awake and its great blue eyes were staring with infant perspicacence at something, I couldn't tell what; then they turned upon me and I returned the gaze. But it made no difference to the baby had not a foul or evil thought to hide, it was not conscious of a sin in word or deed, hence there came no blush to that delicately rounded cheek, no falling to that calm, quiet eye, limpid as a lake in summer, serene as the heavens in June.

There was a rustle and a flutter of muslin, the sound of a light springy step, the glimpse of a fairy form, and Mrs. Winslow stood before me.

She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with a glow of health on her cheek, and with the light of health in her eye.

The baby had roused now, to be sure—no more of its quiet and calmness, no more of its thoughtfulness and serenity. Its little form fairly flushed with pleasure. It laughed, clapping its dimpled hands.

"You've come to stay all day with me, haven't you? and the baby had such good company while mama was gone, hadn't it?" she said, in a light, chirrupy way, that set off the little fellow with renewed delight.

Her invitation had only seconded my design to remove my bonnet and mantilla, while she sat down on the rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other's society.

I can't tell you what we talked about. No, it was not of balls, nor operas, nor lions, nor sights. No, not a neighbor's character was dissected. No, the infirmities of the clergyman was not shown up. No, not a morsel of private scandal was cut and carved. But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and when the great round sun was sinking behind the trees that burned and glowed in the rich, warm light, she came to where I was sitting, and without a word laid a portrait upon my lap. It was that of a noble looking man, with expressive and faultless features.

"Is this your husband?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered, heaving a little sigh, "You have seen him?"

I replied in the negative.

"You will remain with me this evening?"

I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and again looked at his portrait.

"He doesn't look like that now," she answered, wiping away a tear, "yet he says he shall ever have cause to bless the fire by which he lost his good looks, but which won him what he esteemed a thousand times more valuable."

"What was it?" I asked, with unaccountable dullness of apprehension.

She pointed archly, with a smile, to her wedding ring.

"Do tell me the story, I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying:

"I do not know that you will consider it very interesting; however, several reasons conspire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have never heard it, perhaps I may as well tell it to you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"You see, when Mr. Winslow first began his attentions to me, I wasn't at all pleased. He was handsome, I knew, but I had set my mind, very foolishly, upon having a rich husband, and one that could keep me above the necessities of work.—So I slighted and repulsed him on all occasions, treating him not merely with indifference, but with actual loathing and scorn. Such treatment one might have supposed, would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it only seemed to increase it.

About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumor reported immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was veiled beneath a manner of the utmost suavity. His attentions to me were marked, and not to be mistaken—and though he had not spoken of love, he looked and acted it and I believed him.

It was in October I think, the atmosphere was dry and cool, with night winds—when, as we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance in the distance of a deep red light that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very stars. A wild and awful presentiment of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind.

'If that should be our house!' I almost shrieked.

'Nonsense, it is much farther off,' exclaimed Barton.

But I was not satisfied, and I hurried on eagerly, dragging him with me.

We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame, or with forked tongues lapping the pillars, and shooting from the windows, while up at one of the skylights my mother was standing in her night dress.

With one wild shriek I called the attention of the crowd to her situation. Hundreds of people by this time had collected, though chiefly, as it seemed, for the gratification of their curiosity. Some were running with ropes and ladders while many others were shouting and giving orders, which no one seemed inclined to obey.

'My mother, my mother!, I cried.—'Will no one go to the assistance of my mother?'

Every moment the flames increased with astonishing rapidity, surging and roaring like a sea of storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a martyr.

'Barton! Barton! I shrieked, 'for God's sake help my mother.'

He stood still.

I implored and urged him. At length he turned towards me with a frown, and said:

'I cannot risk my own life to save even your mother.'

'Great heavens! and I have loved this man.'

The thought rushed heavy and seething through my brain.

There was a shout, an exclamation, an utterance of brave, strong words. Some nervous arm had placed a ladder, and a man was rapidly mounting—on—through the dense smoke wreaths—through singing flames, scorched by the intense heat. The crowd swayed and murmured like a wind-swept wave.

He appeared again—I saw my mother in his arms—I knew that she was saved. There was a crash of the roof, mingled with exclamations—a great mist swam before my eyes—a noise not unlike that of the roaring flames, was in my ears and I lost the consciousness of surrounding objects.

Is it necessary to tell who it was that thus rescued my mother? what emotions I experienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised? It is necessary for me to tell you, however, that there and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body, and the flesh of his face and neck scarred and seorched till the skin seemed to have the consistency of leather."

"There, my dear, you have told enough—let me finish it," said a manly voice at the door.

I looked up, a man was there, on whose countenance ther were deep traces of the fiery element, but he didn't look ugly to me, at all. Each scar seemed rather a badge of honor.

His wife presented him, and as he gave me his hand, he said:

"One whom my dear wife esteems so highly cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you part,—for I have been a sad eaves-dropper—let me tell you the rest."

I joyfully assented.

"Then and there," he began, "I heard the flames roaring around me, and felt its fiery breath scorching my cheeks, and seeming to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious only of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of the prized one was in my arms. I knew when I touched the ground with my precious charge, by the acclamations that rent the air, but could only think that I had made her happy, and in the bliss of that assurance, forgot for the time my sufferings, the world and everything.

I lay ill through several weeks—thro' days and nights that would have been anguished indeed had I not known whose care it was that provided everything essential to my comfort—had not such a sweet face bent over me, such a soft hand ministered to my wants. Never in the prondest days of my health had I experienced such exquisite felicity, and never in my weakness.

Now, when she sat beside me, when she read to me, when she brought me fruits and flowers, when she put her hand in mine and whispered something that would have repayed sufferings a thousand times bitterer than mine—"

"Oh William!" she cried, blushing to the very roots of her hair, "don't tell how silly and foolish I was."

"It was neither silliness nor folly," I exclaimed, "but the reward of the greatest virtue and peroism. Let him go on, I am deeply interested, and long to know all."

"I have but little more to tell, but as I grew strong and able to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been removed.

Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the scars which I sho'd have known would deface my features.—This incident reminded me of it, and excited my curiosity. When I requested one to be brought she implored me to desist now, but thank God it didn't shock me in the least.

I took her in my arms and whispered, that since her beautiful face had become mine I saw no cause to regret the loss of the old one, and wouldn't for the world, change back again.

'You have seen and loved me now,' I said, 'whereas you didn't before—you know all my disfigurement, and with it your manner has changed from scorn to loving kindness, so I have nothing to mourn for."

"And every day of my life has since convinced me more and more that I told the truth;"

[From the Popular Science Monthly.]

Weapons of Fishes.

PERHAPS one of the most formidable weapons possessed by any fish is the natural and terrible pair of shears formed by the jaws of the shark. The only parallel weapon of offense that can be cited as used by man would, perhaps, be the spiked portcullis, but the future may present us with steam shears, with blades ten feet long, and intended to receive cavalry—who knows? There is no telling where the ingenuity of modern inventors in the defensive line may lead us. But there are not many instruments so efficient for their purpose as the tooth of a shark. It is difficult to handle one freely without cutting one's fingers; and when we consider the tremendous leverage of a shark's jaws employed against each other like scissors armed with rows of lancets it is evident that nothing in the shape of flesh, gristle or bone, could withstand them. Their capacity, too, is equal to their powers, for a pair of jaws taken from a shark of not more than 9 feet long has been known to be passed down over the shoulders and body of a man six feet high without inconvenience. It was thought to be an act of very unusual strength and dexterity on the part of the Emperor Commodus to cut a man into at one blow, but the jaws of the white shark find no difficulty whatever in executing the feat. The vast number of teeth contained within the shark's jaw has been accounted for by some writers on the hypothesis that they are erected when the shark seizes it prey; at all other times lying flat on their sides. It is now, however, more generally admitted that the shark only employs the outer row of teeth, and that the inner ones are a provision of nature against an accident, which is, and must be, a very common one, when the implements are considered, and the force with which they are employed, viz: the breaking of a tooth. In this case the corresponding tooth on the inside becomes erect, and is by degrees pushed forward into the place of the broken one—a wondrous and very necessary provision to keep so delicate and powerful an apparatus as the shark's jaw always in order. The voracity of the shark forms an endless resource for the writers on the marvelous whose bent lies toward natural history. Whole ship's crews have been devoured by sharks ere now, while their carnivorousness is extraordinary. This is well exemplified by the observation once made to me by an old tar, who was debating on the variety of objects he had found at one time or another inside the bellies of sundry sharks. "Lord love ye, sir," quo' Ben, "there hain't nothin' as you mighn't expec' to find in the insides o' a shirk, from a street pianny to a milestone."

The lasso is a weapon of some efficacy among various people; a form of lasso was even used by the Hungarians, and with great effect, in the war of independence. It consisted of a kind of long-lashed whip, with a bullet slung at the end of the lash. And we have a sort of living lasso in the foot of the Cephalopod The cephalopods are the polypes of Aristotle, and belong to the mollusks. They are of the first order of invertebrate, or spineless animals—*Mollusca cephalopoda* is the style and titles of the family Cephalopoda, in English meaning "foot headed"—that is, its organs of locomotion, or the greater part of them, are attached to its head, whence they radiate for the most part in long, tough, and pilant tenacles of arms, of great muscular powers. On these tenacles are placed rows of suckers of very singular construction, which singly or simultaneously adhere with great tenacity to any object they come in contact with. The arms are extended in all directions when seeking prey. In the centre of them, in the middle of the stomach as it were, in the mouth of the creature, which is full as curious as the rest of its anatomy, and consists of a large and strong-hooked beak, similar to a hawk's or parrot's. A fish or other creature comes within reach, and is instantly lassoed by one of the tentacles, the others winding around it also, to secure it in their folds. It is compressed tightly and drawn down to the beak, which rends and devours it at leisure, escape from these terrible folds being almost impossible.

AN enthusiastic Nebraska editor says: "Nine months of the year in Nebraska is summer, and the rest is mighty late in the spring."

THE epidemic which proved so afflicting to the horses seems to have extended to the wild deer of the northwestern woods. The lumbermen in the vicinity of Mainistee, Michigan, report many deer found dead.

A Royal Romance—The Engagement of Napoleon II and Eugenie.

FOR reasons of her own—which reasons have been variously interpreted—the Princess Mathilde did all in her power to forward the union of her cousin with M'lle de Montijo; and among the many stories that have been told respecting the immediate antecedents of that union is the following: One day of St. Cloud a large dinner party was to be given by the Emperor; but in the course of the afternoon the guests who were staying at this chateau went our riding and among them was M'lle de Montijo with the Emperor her escort.

It was about three o'clock when they started; and at the dinner hour named, many hours afterwards, all the equistrians had returned except the imperial host himself and the fair companion of his ride. Lady C——, who was among the guests, looked anxious at the prolonged absence of M'lle de Montijo.—The Princess Mathilde was also there in the capacity of hostess, but she seemed to be in high spirits, despite the absence of the host.

At last, however, he returned, and with him M'lle de Montijo, whom he introduced, for the first time, in the course of that evening, as his intended bride; for, during that prolonged and momentous ride he had proposed to her and been accepted. The announcement though received with smiles, was by no means a pleasant one to all the guests assembled at St. Cloud at the time; for many were the ambitious ladies about the court of France and elsewhere who aspired to unite their fate with that of the then newly-proclaimed Emperor. Indeed one lady a Miss S——, to whom His Majesty had paid some attention, regarded herself as so much injured because she was not chosen as his consort that, at a large reception given by Lady C—— after the imperial marriage had taken place, she, though sitting close to the door though which the Emperor and Empress entered refused to rise with the rest of the company until after the Empress, who preceded the Emperor, had passed her. The Emperor was quick to observe this insult to his bride; and though Miss S——suddenly stood up as he approached her, he not only refrained from the slightest recognition of her, but after looking at her as though she were an utter stranger to him he stood with his back turned toward her, until she became scarlet with annoyance, and visibly bit her lips with rage.

Extravagance.

SAID a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful, "My wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which in trying to meet have made me the bankrupt I am." His experience is the experience of many others, who, less wise, do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction.

A sagacious father of great wealth exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering it to be printed on her wedding cards, "No presents except those adapted to an income of $1,000." Said he, "You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able, by many years of labor, to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you to try it more than the well intentioned but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice to a daughter was timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives had worn their salary, or expended it on the appointments of the house. The faith of the poor man who found a linch-pin, and felt himself obliged to make a carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in the possession of gold and silver valuables, and no large income to support the owner's gold and silver style.

A Toad Undressing.

AUDUBON relates that he once saw a toad undress himself. He commenced by pressing his elbows hard against his sides and rubbing downwards. After a few smart rubs his hide began to burst open along his back. He kept rubbing until he worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; and then grasping one hind leg with his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would; then stripped off the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast off skin forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off his skin underneath, until it came to his forelegs then, grasping one of those with the opposite hand, by a single motion of the head, and while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole.

THE annual Cat Show has just been opened at the London Crystal Palace. It is said to be the most complete collection of domestic and foreign cats that has ever been exhibited. The specimens include importations from Siam, Java, Smyrnna, Algeria, Archangel, &c. There is also a specialty in the shape of a tiger-cat from Santos, in South America, which, while in repose, does not look very fierce. Among the prizes gained was one for an Angora cat, and two others for the best tabby and white cats. Some curiosities are a singular cat from the Azores: a characteristic example from Java, which has one eye blue and the other green; and there is one remarkable animal which does not lap milk, but puts it into her mouth with her paw. The tail-less cat, which is a favorite household divinity in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, does not appear in the exhibition. Perhaps it is too comical a creature for the English people, who, especially the old ladies, have a wonderful fondness for cats.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand working-girls were thrown out of employment by the Boston fire.

WHY is a donkey that cannot hold his head up like next Monday? Because it's neck's week.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WIT is brushwood; judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other sends out the most lasting heat.

WHEN a man owns himself to have been in error, it is but telling you in other words, that he is wiser than he was before.

HE that marries for beauty alone, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish, that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

MOTHER, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?

Because it has been *crossed* so often, my son.

"How does that look, eh?" said a big fisted Wall street man to a friend holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on your soap."

THE following toast was pronounced at at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause; "The Ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

THE new British ship, Devastation, and the Russian monitor, Peter the Great, are the two most powerful war vessels afloat. In the former there are no less than thirty-four distinct, separate and powerful engines.

"I wish I was a little French girl," said a ten year old.

"Why?" asked her mammo.

"Because then I should know two languages."

"How so?"

"Why, you know I can speak English now, and French would make two."

WEALTH gained by the loss of character, self-respect and virtue, is dearly purchased.

THE peculiarities of great men are like clothes that hang not well on any but the man who was measured for them, not to say that the misfortune of imitators often lies in this, that in copying the eccentricities they forget that their idols are not made great by these, but are so in spite of them.

WHAT is the difference between fixed stars and shooting stars? The fixed stars are suns, and the shooting stars are darters.

WHY does a donkey eat thistles? Because he is an ass.

Why is a note of hand like a rose bud? Because it is matured by falling dew.

When is a pot like a ten-pot? When your tea's in it.

THE Universalist parish at West Scituate, Massachusetts, has come into possession of a house and lot by the death of a cat. Miss Sarah C. Lewis, of Braintree, some years since, bequeathed the income of her house and furniture, and an allowance of two dollars per week for the care of a favorite cat, named "Otta," the property to revert to the parish upon the death of the cat, which has just occurred.

THE following from a Detroit paper, is given as the way some stories originate: An item is going the rounds stating that a Detroit sailor refused to ship on board a vessel after seeing a rat swim ashore, from her, and that the vessel went down the next trip. The real facts of the case are that the sailor saw a hundred rats, as well as a pile of snakes, and was taken to the hospital to recover. The vessel went down—down to Toledo—making one of the quickest trips on record.

IN Scotland they have very narrow, open ditches, called sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, and when the donkey came to a sheep drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, and turned him round, and put the whip to him, thinking of course that the donkey going so fast, would jump the drain before he ever knew it. But not so—on they came—and when the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Jack's head, landing upon the opposite side of the drain. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and looking the donkey straight in the face, he said: "Very weel pitched; but how are ye going to get over yersel?"

THERE is nothing more characteristic—said Sydney Smith—than a shake of the hand. I have classified them. There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid shot shake near the chin. There is the mortmain—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly concious of its contiguity. The digital—one finger held out—much used by the high clergy. There is the shakus rusticus—when your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the retentive shake—one which, beginning with vigor, pauses as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware, begins again; till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you.

NOWHERE is well-bred courtesy, or the lack of it, more observable than in traveling. On the steamboat and in the cars the quiet observer easily detects those who have been educated under refined influences, or those who, without special cultivation, are possessed of native politeness. It is not education alone, nor wealth, nor high social position, nor costly trappings that makes one a pleasant traveling companion. There must exist a kindness of feeling toward strangers, a general recognition of equal rights in the comforts and conveniencies provided for the public and a quickened discernment for the needs of others. Summer journeying in crowded boats and cars is a test of both patience and politeness. Thrice happy they who pass nobly through it, for their own sakes, for the comfort of their companions, and for the reputation of poor human nature in general.