The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29 1873. VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 5.

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

ATTORNEYS at LAW. Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. [Montrose, Nov. 16, 1871.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug 6

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer. Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,

U. S. Auctioneer. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVE,

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.

J. P. SHOEMAKER,

Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door to J. S. Dewitt's store, opposite the bank. Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—203—1y.

B. L. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James S. Carmalt, Esq. Montrose, Aug. 31, 1871. tf.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Claim Agent, Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

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

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.

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.

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. 15, 1868.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, Gt. Bend village. Sept 1st, 1869—tf

SHIPMAN & CASE,

Saddle, Harness and Trunk makers. Shop in C Rogers' store Gibson, Susquehanna Co., Pa. Oak Harnesses, heavy and light, made to order. Brooklyn, April 3 1872—m6

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.

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!

Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order, cut your hair, look and wash like a white barber, too. Shop, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Foster's store, below McKenzie—just one door. Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

H. BURRITT,

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Patents, 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. 21, 1872.

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door west of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Nov. 1, 1869. July 17, 1872.] BILLINGS STROUD.

J. D. VAIL,

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

BURNS & NICHOLS,

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

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—A full line of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1842. [Montrose, Pa.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.,

EXECUTED AT THE

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

Poet's Corner.

THE FROST SPIRITS.

BY E. H. BARKER.

—o—

"Beautiful Spirits of Frost and Snow,
I hear your wings flutter as on ye go—
Ye change the drops of wintry rain
Into castles and groves on my window-pane;
Castles and groves, and knights with plumes,
Scenes from the tropical climes of balm,
Carriages and steeds with liveried grooms,
Monks in cathedral singing a psalm;
Fern leaves growing near silvery lake;
Laplanders skimming the glittering snow,
Fleet reindeer the light sledges take,
Sending the diamond dust to and fro—
Wide is the reign of your scepter'd hands,
Ye gather your spoils from earth's sunny lands.

"One winter eve, as he looked at home
On the panel'd glass from the dashing rain,
Say, did not Angelo see the dome
Of St. Peter's grow on the window pane?
For, gaming, a Gothic doorway opes,
Inviting my fancy to enter in,
It seems to look on the sunny slopes
That surround the palace of Comaudin;
Crowds are there (who throng the street)
Entering in at the open door;
I almost think I see their feet
Tread on the tiles of the marble floor—
There ye spread, in Honiton lace,
The many web, more delicate now,
Than ever a queen, in her queenly grace,
Wore in a veil on her stately brow,
Deep set edge, with tracery rare;
Not the gossamer gauze, nor the fabrics light,
The dark-eyed, gem'd sultans wear,
Those robes that float on the summer air
Of the Persian's cloudless night,
Can with thy texture, O Spirits! compare—
For Dacca's thread was ne'er spun as fine
As the one that forms your fairy line.

"Surely, spirits unseen, ye bring us
All that is lovely to mortal eyes,
Ye wake the mysterical songs within us,
That keep tune to the march of the starry skies;
All that is beautiful, just, and true,
Come from the Veiled Universe, where
There spreads through space a most delicate air;
And perfect types, uspring and new,
Are made indigenous there;
From those come, as now, from the frost and rain,
Original sketches stamped on our brain,
Thus photograph'd here from above;
But verily earth can copy but faintly
The glory of forms, angelic and saintly,
Invoked to our pillows, by prayer or by love.

"How do we enter the Land of Dreams?
Is there an angel with ivory wand
To open the gates of its palaces fair,
To lead us on by its crystal streams,
To drink of the joy we find only there?
By the light of the earth, unseen they stand—
Like the wonderful city, 'neath Araby's skies,
That Golden City, whose gates were closed
Forever to mortal's longing eyes;
And then, when closed, came a mighty cloud,
Dark and dense as a demon's shroud,
That circled the beautiful city, and bid it
Evermore from him who bid it
In the desert of Alden rise;
The Arab prince, who thought to make
A Heaven on Earth, and had daringly plann'd
Each Palace of Gold in its mirror'd lake,
Its gardens fair, and its castles grand;
Pillar'd porticoes running along
Perfumed rivers that flowed in song,
Bejeweling India, and towers high,
With turrets lost in cloudless sky—
In that City of Arem, so vast and fair,
The treasures of earth were gather'd there.
All that the soul of man could ask
Did the Arab prince supply;
And there, when ended his pleasant task,
It vanished from his eye.

"Was this a dream, or a story told
With a moral, by Arab sages old,
To teach us how vain is a city of gold
Built in the desert here?
For the clouds of Earth, and Time's whirling sands,
Cover the cities of early lands,
And our hopes, like Sheddad's, have found their bier.
Spirits of Air, with your silver wands,
Open the gates of your hidden realms,
Touch our closed lids with your magical hands,
Take from our eyes the earthly films;
Through the winter's frost and summer's heat,
Come, with the pat of your dainty feet,
And still in the dash of the gusty rain,
Stop, as you go by my window-pane."

Miscellaneous.

SHADOWS OF SHASTA.

—o—

JOAQUIN MILLER'S TAWNY BRIDE.

—o—

THE CHILD OF A POET'S LOVE.

—o—

Wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather,
A squaw sits moaning long and low,
Yesterday she was a wife and mother,
To-day she is rocking her to and fro,
A desolate widow in weeds and woe.

—*Songs of the Sierras.*

Thus wrote the wild poet of the Sierras. Joaquin Miller, but little did the world know of the depth of meaning in these lines. Never did it dream that this squaw, who "sat rocking to and fro, a desolate widow in weeds and woe," was his own dusky spouse. And yet such seems to have been the fact, and in the San Francisco *Chronicle* we have the whole of the wonderful story.

The writer tells us that fifteen years ago, in a little green valley on the banks of the Upper Sacramento, there dwelt a remnant of the once powerful tribe of Taschastas. But little is known of the history of the tribe, except that they were far above the average of the California Indian in all that invests the aboriginal character with sentiment and romance.—They were wild, fierce, and exceedingly warlike, and for years had held in undisputed possession the region overlooked by the snow-capped dome of Mount Shasta. The memory of this tribe has been immortalized by a wierd, romantic poem from the pen of Oregon's long-haired versifier—Joaquin Miller—who, in youth, spent nearly a year in their company, residing in the wigwam of their chief, and fishing and hunting with the young warrior. This romantic incident in the life of the Sierra songster is not generally known; but when the facts are fully recorded his admirers will be at no loss to account for the inspiration which guided his pen through the mazes of poetic thought and mournful fancy which gave birth to "The Last of the Taschatas."

THE POET'S FIRST LOVE.

Here it was that Miller first felt the awakening of the tender passion, and here it was that he first aroused into being the love of one who clung to him even unto death. She was a dark eyed raven haired creature, with a wealth of love and affection which she lavished upon the adventurer. Joaquin Miller's treatment of this poor savage girl reflects but little credit upon the soul of so intense a bard as he. It finds a parallel in his subsequent demeanor towards the fair-haired and more cultured being who bears his name and shares (at a distance) the glory that is his. The two incidents confirm the impression that, after all, poets can do very mean things in a very practical way.

THE FIRST MEETING.

As the story goes, Miller was at one time a stockherder, or something of the kind, in Siskiyou county. One day in attending to some cattle in the southern part of the county, he came across a party of three young Indians. Believing that they were on a cattle stealing expedition he fired at them to frighten them away, but unfortunately they wouldn't scare worth a cent, and in about two minutes the young disciple of cattle herder and poetry, found himself bound hand and foot, and with an ugly bullet hole through the fleshy part of his leg. The next morning before daybreak he was in the Indian camp a prisoner. Not knowing what was to be his fate, blind with anger and mortification, and suffering intensely from his wound, Miller lay upon his blanket the very picture of despair.

It was while he was in this condition that he first met the woman who was to exercise such an influence upon his future destiny.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

She was the daughter of the old chief of the tribe, young—not over eighteen—and as beautiful as an angel's dream. Miller, in his poem, draws the following picture of her:

"Hard by stood the war chief's daughter
Taller than the tasselled corn,
Sweeter than the kiss of morning,
Sad as some sweet star of morn,
Half defiant, half forlorn.

Robed in skins of striped panther,
Lilting loosely to the air,
With a fleeting shade of sorrow,
And black eyes that said, beware!
Nestled in a storm of hair.

With her striped robes around her,
Fasten'd by an eagle beak,
Stood she by the stately chieftain,
Proud and pure as Shasta's peak.

Her eyes were black, her face was brown,
Her breasts were bare, and there fell down
Such wealth of hair, it almost hid
The two, in its rich, jetty fold—
Which I had sometimes fain forbid;
They were richer, fuller tar
Than any polished bronzes are,
And richer hued than any gold,
On her brown arms and her brown hands
Were hoops of gold and golden bands,
Rough—hammered from the virgin ore,
So heavy they could hold no more.

PITY—THEN LOVE.

The maiden saw the captive and straitway her heart went out in sympathy for his suffering. She attending him, dressed his wounds, and pleaded with her father for his safety. Her efforts were not in vain. For days and days she was unremitting in her attention and kindness, in a month Miller's wound was entirely healed, and he bethought him of his future. The tribe, through the intercession of the girl, offered him a safe conduct back to the cattle herds, but some strange invisible power seemed to hold him, and weeks went by, finding him at their close still a guest of the Taschastas. He knew the girl loved him wildly, and he knew also that to leave her would cost him a bitter pang, so he lingered on, even against his better judgement.

THE PATERNAL SANCTION.

The old chief watched the progress of events with a calm serenity and stoic indifference worthy of a statue. He gave no hint that a pale faced son-in-law would be acceptable or distasteful, a fact which Miller viewed with a great deal of inner satisfaction. The love of the two ripened rapidly—hers faster than his—for in her wild imagings she looked upon him as her God, and worshipping him accordingly. She taught him a dialect by which they could exchange their thoughts and gave expression to the heart yearnings which were overwhelming them. He taught her a few snatches of his first love songs, and instructed her in the first rudiments of the English tongue. He filled her mind with glowing pictures of civilization, far beyond the mighty ranges of snow covered mountains in the East; and she listened with absorbing interest to all he told her of the great world, of which she knew so little, and he so much.

THE FOREST NUPTIALS.

And so the green summer wore away, and gave place to golden autumn. Joaquin still lingered in the hospitable wigwam with no other thought but to bask in the sunlight of the Indian maiden's smiles. She had bewitched him with her artless grace, and bewildered his reason with the passionate love she freeley gave him. As to him, he was all in all to her her life, her world, her God. She had no word for any but the pale faced, long haired stranger, and no thought for aught save his welfare and happiness. And so one day they were married. Not within the massive stone walls of a cathedral, with a gorgeously supplieed priest to mumble over the few formal words which society has set up as a moral safeguard, but beneath the broad branches of a mighty oak, with no eye save that of the Great Spirit upon them, nor any voices save those of the chirping beedle and the silver toned bird to bless their union.—Miller in later years has told us this about the bridal guests and the wedding festivities:

"The hills were brown and the heavens were blue,
A woodpecker pounded a pine top shell,
While a partridge whistled the whole day through
For a rabbit to dance in the chapparel,
And the gray grouse drummed, "All's well!
All's well!"

THE GLORIOUS HONEYMOON.

For the next month there was but one heaven for Joaquin Miller, and that was inside of the old chief's wigwam. The frost came and the young warriors made up hunting parties to go off and secure the winter's supply of provisions; but Miller refused on all occasions, to accompany them. He sat for hours at a time gazing into the liquid depths of his dusky partner's gray eyes and had no joy, no happiness, save when in her presence.—The old chief soon became aware of the turn in his domestic affairs, but he seemed to view the matter with a very philosophical sense. He treated Miller well, and regarded him as affectionately as a father could his own son, although he wondered that the pale face could so long content himself away from his home and kindred. The winter came and went and still Miller lingered by the side of his forest bride, though any interested observer would have looked in vain for the same passionate devotion that held sway in the beginning.

THE MERIDIAN.

Their love had crossed the meridian of happiness, and the young couple had begun to look each upon the other as a matter of course. An indifference sprung up on his part, which brooded no good to the confiding child of nature, who had placed her trust in him—her fate in his keeping. He no longer sat at her feet or pillowed his head in her lap at eventide, but sat apart gazing into vacancy, his thoughts far, far away among the fancies of Siskiyou, or the pleasures of the city by the sea. He longed for a change and began to look upon the possibility of a separation from his bride with a feeling akin to satisfaction. The wife saw all this, but in her innocence saw nothing to give her alarm. Besides she already felt something which, when told her lord, she knew would fill his very soul with joy, and draw him closer to her.

THE CHILD OF A POET'S LOVE.

One night there was a great commotion in the wigwam. The old chief and the long haired poet were both hustled out in the midnight air and left to shiver in the gloom of early morn. Troops of Indian women,

"Wrinkled and brown as bags of leather."

hurridly passed in and as hurriedly passed out again. Anxious looks and hurried whispers passed between them, and mysterious ceremonies seemed to be going on within the sacred portals. As the sun lifted its golden halo above the snow breasted cliff of the Sierras, a plaintive wail grated oariously, nay, perhaps a little harshly, upon the eager ear of the pale faced listener without. An another hour an old woman appeared in the doorway and beckoned to Miller that he might enter. He went in and anxiously approached the low bed where lay enwrapped in a fancifully wrought blanket the little pink faced, black eyed token of his early passion.

THE SEPARATION.

And now Joaquin became still more desirous of putting an end to the romance of the past year and return once more to the scenes of his former life. He was a restless, roving, dissatisfied, disposition, and the sentiment of his passion gone, it could no longer brook a hum-drum existence in the wild home of the forest.

"His was an uncommon mould of mind,
But made for action, ill or good;
Cast in another land and scene,
His reckless, restless will had been
A curse or blessing to his kind."

One day he quietly went up to his dusky mate and told her he was going on a visit to his friends in Siskiyou. Tears stood in her great dark eyes, as the announcement fell upon her ears, for something within her seemed to say,

"So here my last day has its close,
And hear it ends."

She gazed deep and earnestly into the deep blue eyes before her, but could get no comfort from them, for they were as cold as stone, and as unimpassioned as the rocky crags behind her wigwam. So, with a mute appeal for mercy, she threw her arms wildly around him sobbed as if her heart would break. But it made no difference, Miller was determined to go, and kissing her brow, he gently put her away from him, and giving only one look at his dusky daughter, strode out into the sunlight, and wended his way towards the North.

RETRIBUTION.

That so far as is known, was the last that Joaquin Miller ever saw of his tawny forest bride. Years passed by. He met, wedded and deserted the lady whose letter in recital of her wrongs has made her as famous in literature as the poet himself; but he never again acknowledged the Indian woman, who, out of the depth of her great love, had born him a child. Not a great while ago that little child, born in the forest gloom, came into his possession. How, exactly, when or where, does not appear, but it is living and calls Joaquin Miller "father." She is now fifteen years old and is living in San Francisco, supported from the poet's purse. She is described as strikingly beautiful. She has her mother's deep dark eyes, and wealth of raven hair and her father's clear, Caucasian skin. Her neighbors calls her the beautiful Spanish girl, for they know not her romantic history; but to her own immediate friends she is known as the poet's gifted child. It is but just to Miller to say that he is exceedingly fond of her, and does everything in his power to make her comfortable and happy. He has provided for her education, and she already shows traces of that genius which has made her father famous, and herself proud and happy to be called his, though the child of love only.

THE LAST TASCHASTAS.

Of her mother nothing is known. The child herself has but little recollection of her, and says the only picture she can recall of her early years is the memory of a sad, sad face, and a weary, desolate home in a hut on the banks of the Sacramento.

"Wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather,
A squaw sits moaning long and low,
Yesterday she was a wife and mother,
To-day she rocked her to and fro,
A desolate widow in weeds and woe."

A YOUNG boy attending a mixed school in Paducah writes to us, complaining of the partiality which the teacher shows the girls. In conclusion he says:

"But, thank the Lord, if they do crowd us out from the stove, and play "blind man's buff, with the teacher in recess, they can't ride horseback on a horse, nor play leap-frog, nor wear breeches, nor make dogs fight, nor throw rocks at cats nor go in swimming, nor smoke and chaw; can they?" On reflection, we rather think our young correspondent is mistaken. We have seen girls who, we believe, *can* do all these things; but one thing they *can't* do. They can't stand on their heads where boys are.—Lou. Courier-Journal.

My New Year's Gift.

—o—

A STORY FOR MARRIED FOLKS.

"It's a real, old-fashioned New Year's Eve," said my old housekeeper, handing me my cup of tea. "Law! how it does snow; don't you remember, Mr. Louis, last"—but, instead of finishing her sentence, the poor soul coughed, got red, and suddenly found something to do in the kitchen.

Didn't I remember it? Would I ever forget it? Would this gnawing, cruel regret ever be stilled? I left the hardly-tasted meal and went into my lonely, silent parlor. Lonely and silent, indeed.—Peopled only by phantoms of long past joys. Vocal only with voices whose music fell no longer on my listening ear.—There was the chair she sat in. There the Grand Piano I had given her on her birthday. There so many things that spoke of her, and she gone!

Why didn't I stay in Europe? Why did I come home—where everything cries out for her, even as my heart cries out for her. I could not content myself here.—Oh! for one touch of her hands. My wife, my Amy, why did you leave me?

I sat down at last, and thought over the past year. One year—only one year ago—we were married. One year ago to-night, and for three months after that I had been happy. Then came a cloud over the heaven of bliss. But it soon passed away, and we were happier than ever.—Then we quarreled. About a trifle, too. From that we went on from bad to worse; and finally—God help us—we parted.—She went to her parents and I went to Europe, and there I had been for the past seven or eight months. From the night she went out that door to this I never heard one word from her. I know she is living; I know she is well—and that is all. A kind friend has kept me informed as far as that. Whether she has learned to hate me; whether there is one spark of the old love for me in her heart, I do not know. I only know I love her yet. I only know I *must* see her, and settle this thing once and forever.

Seizing my hat, I was just ready to rush into the street, when the door bell rang furiously. I went to the door and opened it. As I did so, the snow whirled into my face in such a cloud that I could scarcely see the burly form of a man with a large carefully covered basket on his arm.

"Mr. Belmont?" he inquired, and on my answering in the affirmative, he entered the hall, and carefully depositing the basket on the floor went quickly out. I merely stared at him without speaking. As he disappeared in the storm, I closed the door, and turned my gaze on the basket. "It's for Mrs. Markham, I suppose," I muttered. "No one knows that I have returned, and if they did, no one would be likely to send *me* anything. At any rate, not such a bulky present. But then, he said Mr. Belmont. But what folly, standing here, speculating on the basket, when a glance will assure me of its contents." I lifted the basket and carried it into the parlor. I had not forgotten my purpose, but a queer feeling came over me. I felt as if *that basket* had something to do with it. May be it came from *her*! May be she had sent it to me—but what *could* she send me in such an immense bulk? "What a fool I am!" I exclaimed aloud, after all these thoughts had rush pell-mell through my brain, and raising the outside cover which looked like a many folded sheet, I came to a little white basket, and raising that I saw a baby fast asleep. A baby! and the prettiest little rosebud of a baby I ever saw. I couldn't speak, I could only look. I seemed in a maze. I did not know whether I was asleep or awake. I did not know how long I stood there—it may have been five or ten minutes—it seemed as though I had never done anything else but stand and look at that baby, when suddenly it opened its eyes. They looked straight into mine, and they were Amy's eyes! Yes, it is—it *must* be Amy's child, and—and—

"Yours!" whispered a soft voice in my ear, and turning quickly, I clasped to my wildly throbbing heart my wife, who had come back to me.

She had never ceased to love me, she said. She had soon repented of her rashness, and then—"then the ocean rolled between us," she sobbed. "Then I thought you loved me no longer, and I hid my grief and tried to forget you; but I couldn't and then, when I knew I was to be a mother, I wrote to you, begging you to forgive me and come home. You never answered my letter, and then I thought I'd wait. And where do you think I lived? No; not with mother, but here where I ought to live. I came back the week after you left. Yes; I was here when you came, and hid myself and baby my precious Louis—yes, its a boy—and I had the plan all arranged to surprise you. For the last six weeks I've been half wild. No one told me you were coming, but I knew it; and it seemed as if I was sure you would come before New Year; and oh, I have prayed so, for you and for myself. I am trying to be good, and if you will forgive me and love me again, I'll never, never leave you, till death shall separate us."

I kissed the lips that thus uttered anew love's holy vow, and from the innermost depths of my heart it was echoed and confirmed.

Many changing years have passed since then. My wife's dark hair has many a silver thread. I, too, am nearing the autumn of life. Sorrow and joys have both been ours. Other children besides my "New Year's Gift" make merry riot in our home. Yes, since the night that saw us reunited, no voice of discord has ever been heard between us.

A LOVER once wrote to a lady who had rejected him, saying that he intended to go "to some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sighs!" To which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

THERE has been a terrific rise in prices at Rome. None but the long-pursed can this year afford a Roman winter. Furnished apartments, which three years ago were procurable for $100 a month, now cost $150.

The Veiled Muse.

—o—

Spirit of Beauty, haunt me not!
Thou bring'st insufferable pain;
Thou who art gone, be thou forgot,
Nor rise to vex my rest again,
Either with memories sadly sweet,
Or hopes foredoomed to dull defeat.

Ah, come no more in whispering leaves,
Or peaceful grass, or breath of flowers?
Enough this baffled spirit grieves,
Remembering thee and rosy hours,
Spare it the throbs of hope and fear—
The cruel sense that thou art near.

The passion dies within my soul;
The music dies within my brain;
Save when there comes a funeral toll,
A low, lamenting, sad refrain,
An echo from that shrine of song
Long darkened and deserted long.

In what was fair I once had part—
But all fair things are now my shame,
Their sameless beauty hurts my heart,
Because I cannot speak its name!
Uttered, 'twould make that heart rejoice;
But oh! I cannot give it voice.

Once in these veins the blood was warm;
With ardent joy this heart beat high;
And the great gales that proudly storm
The loftiest rampart of the sky
Were not more daring, fierce, and strong
Than this now silent soul of song.

But wasted now that youth of gold,
Through mortals being's battered sieve:
And he to die may well be bold,
Who is not bold enough to live—
In haunted silence of disgrace,
Where hushed thy voice and veiled thy face.

Ah, come no more, to do me wrong,
In twilight hours of tender doom,
When this worn nature seems less strong
Than evening mist that shrouds the stream,
Though love be dead, at least retain
Some pity for thy lover's pain;

And don't forget, though all be past,
That thou and I clasped hands in youth;
I saw thee close, I held the fast,
Plucked kisses from thy rosy mouth,
Learned that bliss which now I weep—
The love I won but could not keep.

WILLIAM WINTER.

—*in January Galaxy.*

Running in Debt.

—o—

Everybody knows the great pressure which has existed of late for money, and which has scarcely abated at all. Everybony who has long standing accounts to settle the first of the year, remembers but too well the pressure at that period, when bills and claims and payments of various kinds never fail to present themselves in long array—all of which have to be sent or arranged, paid, or put off according to the ability or disposition of the debtor. Many an aching heart at that time beat under the outward appearance of enjoyment, while the phantoms of unpaid bills loomed through all the money making and seasoned with bitterness the most delicate morsel. No right minded man will remain a moment longer in debt than he has means to pay. There is nothing that makes a man, if he has moral feeling, more contemptible in his own eyes than owing money, when he cannot pay it. He feels that he is in a false position; that instead of ranking with the respectable portion of society he ought to take his position with the meanest classes, for he is walking about under false colors in other people's clothes, feeding surreptitiously from other people's tables, living in houses, lodging, and using furniture that do not belong to him, and that if he were to act like an honest man and pay for what he has, he must dress less, eat plainer food, and dwell in back streets; he would then be a far more respectable man than the scamp who wilfully incurs debts which at the time he knows he cannot pay. Many an honest man is brought into untold embarrassments by an extravagant and thoughtless family, and by the pernicious system of long credit given by retail merchants. It is absurd for retailers to open accounts with customers at a larger credit than they can abtain themselves. Yet this is done in this country to a frightful extent, and it accounts more readily than anything else will do, for the perpetual state of embarrassment in small traders are involved. They give too much and too long credit and they in many cases induce wives and daughters to run up bills that would not have been thought of, but for the bland tones of the merchants, assuring them that "it will be all right, pay at your convenience, etc." We have known instances where goods have been ordered to be sent home with the bill, to be paid for on their delivery at the house, and they have been left without the carrier waiting to receive the money; and a method used to induce the customer to open an account. That many a woman has involved herself in trouble and her husband in debt, for solicitation of the dealers to "get whatever she wants and not trouble herself about settling at present," this is a fact, and in nine cases out of ten where this class of merchants lose by the wives and daughters, they are themselves to blame, having urged them on to run up the bills far beyond the ability of their fathers and husbands to pay. An account once opened is not likely to be soon closed; it is easy to find an immediate want for a thousand things that would not suggests themselves if the money had to be paid at the purchasing; and thus the account swells into a sum of such magnitude that when the bill is presented, at the end of six months or a year, the family stand aghast at the enormnity of the figures. Then commences the dunning: the putting off, the thousand and one excuses, harsh words between husband and wife, father and daughters, and finally, a law suit and exposure.

AN Atlanta wedding toast: "The bride. May the joys and pleasures of this happy New Year always attend you, and never be marred by the failure to sew the buttons on your husband's shirts, and may you never forget to pull at those already on to see that they will not break off."

IT is a singular fact that of the three engineers who had the contract for constructing the Mount Cenis tunnel, Someiller is dead, Grandis and Grattoni's insane. The cause of Grattoni's insanity is attributed by his physicians to an over use of hair dye, strongly impregnated with mercury.

A GOOD thing for the elevation of women—thick soled boots.

For the Ladies.

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A FORT-Wayne judge has issued an injunction to prevent an elopement.

UNDER the new management of the Erie railroad many female clerks are employed.

RATHER than wed a girl who spelled badly a Yankee youth paid $6,000 breach.

A LADY calls the little memoranda her butcher sends in with the meat, "pencilling the weigh."

SHORT engagements and short wedding trips are said to be fashionable now. So are short honeymoons.

THE women of Columbus, Ga., have discarded silks and satins, and are wearing the plaids and checks manufactured in that city.

THE young ladies of Newport have formed a secret society which calls itself "The League for the suppression of Male Flirts."

THE wife of a roofer being asked if she was not afraid to have her husband exposed to such danger, truthfully replied, "Oh! he's insured!"

MISS Susan Porter, a young lady of the town of Aurelius, Cayuga county, New York, has made a dolaine quilt containing 8,676 pieces of cloth. It is made after the rising-sun pattern.

AT Milton, Mass, recently, a couple were married at the death-bed of the bride's mother, at her request. The bride caught cold at the funeral, and died within a week, of pneumonia.

AFTER a life of peculiar vicissitudes, commenced as a circus-rider and culminating as a princess, the Princess Salm-Salm closes her romantic career as a nun in a convent at Inspruck, in the Tyrol.

MRS. Dorcas Rice, of Jeffrey, N. H., whose 105th birthday was celebrated by a social gathering on the 10th inst., still walks about the house, makes her own bed, reads her Bible, and converses as readily as for years.

MISS Addie Taylor, of Bridgeport, Conn., attended a Frenchman, who was sick of small-pox a few months ago, and now he has given her a fortune of $50,000. As a result all the girls in Connecticut are looking for small-pox cases.

AFTER she had been dead four or five days, a female street match-peddler was found in Cincinnati. Her effects amounted to $6,000 in real estate and nearly that amount in money. She died from old age, exposure, and starvation—all fatal diseases.

ANNA Dickinson has a sister, Susan by name, fully as political, fully as strong-minded, and fully as much of an orator as Anna herself. Aware of her great abilities for the lecture platform, she nevertheless resolutely refuses to lecture, and for this reason, given in her own words, "I have not Anna's beauty."

THE Bangor Whig gives an account of a bit of wedding cake 23 years old. It was made on the occasion of the marriage of a lady of Bangor 22 years ago, and sealed up to await the return of her brother, who was then expected home in a few weeks. The lady died fifteen years ago, but the cake was kept intact until Monday last.

A DIVORCE has recently been granted Hindostanee by a woman for the singular reason that her husband unintentionally exercised over her such an overpowering mesmeric influence, that whenever she was in his presence she immediately fell into a sleep from which there was no waking her.

WOODFORD, Ky., is just now in the agony of an official cat fight, the combatants Mrs. Cotton, the present post mistress of the town, and Mrs. Hoskins, who has just been appointed by the President to supplant Cotton. The citizens are all for Cotton, the old incumbent, and are taking measures to have the appointment of Mrs. Hoskins revoked.

Little Things.

—o—

Little words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act of mighty martyrdom make up the true christian life.—The little constant sunbeam, not the lightening the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" on their meek mission of refreshment not the waters of the great and mighty, rushing down in torrent might and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistences, little weaknesses, little folies little indiscretions and imprudencies, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence, of indecision, of slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aperrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings and wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness, or selfishness of vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little words and tones, little benevolences or forbearances, or tenderness; little self denials, self restraints; and self thoughtfulness; little plans of quiet kindnees and thoughtful considerations for others; punctuality and method and true aim in the ordering of each day, these are active developements of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.—What makes you green so beautiful?—Not the outstanding peak, or stately elm, but the bright award which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.

RAILROAD cars in Russia are almost exclusively lighted by candles in preference to oil lamps.