

The Montrose Democrat

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1873. VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 8.

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCollum,
Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa., Feb. 19, 1873.

D. W. SEARLE,
TANNER AT LAW, Office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 19, 1873.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, 1st and 2nd Sts. Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer, Great Bend, Pa.

AMIELLY,
U. S. Auctioneer, Ac. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-class style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

J. P. SHOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door to J. L. McCall's store, opposite the Court House, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 17, 1873—1874.

R. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with James E. Carroll, Esq. Montrose, August 20, 1871.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with James E. Carroll, Esq. Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

W. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Campbell's Office. W. A. Crossman, Montrose, Sept. 6, 1871—4.

McKENZIE & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Millinery. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company, (Montrose, July 15, 73.)

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

LAW OFFICE,
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Fitch & Watson, Montrose, Pa. W. W. WATSON, C. F. FITCH, (Jan. 13, 73.)

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, renders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner of the Court House, Pa. Foundry, (Jan. 1, 1873.)

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Jockey in Harness and Saddle, Leather and Saddlery. Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work done in order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1873.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, Shop in the new building, opposite the Court House, Montrose, Pa. Oct. 15, 1873.

DR. S. W. DUTTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, renders his services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite the Court House, Pa. Foundry, Sept. 14, 1873—4.

SHIPMAN & CASE,
Saddlery, Harness and Trunk makers, Shop in C. Rogers' new building, Montrose, Pa. Oak Horses, Traps, Broodmares, etc. Montrose, Pa. April 1, 1873—4.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Physician, Surgeon, Dentist and Surgeon at the Foot of Chestnut street, Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases, Montrose, Jan. 17, 73—1874.

THE BARBER—Ho! Ho! Ho!
Barber Morris is the barber, who can shave your face or cut your hair, and trim your whiskers, in his office, next door to the Court House, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1, 1873.

H. BURRITT,
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Druggs, Oils, and Paints. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Parasols, Umbrellas, Groceries, Stationery, etc. New Market, 1st, Nov. 6, 73—4.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
F. 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. 23, 1873.

BILLINGSSTROUD,
RE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, Office at the corner of Chestnut and 2nd streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873.)

J. D. VAIL,
Insurance Broker and Agent, 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, 1873.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
SALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Patent Medicines, Parfumeries and Toilet Articles. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, Pa. Feb. 19, 1873.

ABEL TURRELL,
SALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Patent Medicines, Parfumeries and Toilet Articles. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, Pa. Feb. 19, 1873.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.,

REMOVED TO THIS

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

Port's Corner.

A FOREST PICTURE.

BY ADAM GARY.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's walls,
Is the one of the forest scene,
That seems best of all.

Not for its marbled oaks alone,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Nor for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below,
Nor for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Nor for the vines on the upland,
Which the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seems to me the best.

I once had a little brother
Whose eyes were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old forest
He felt a peace and sleep.
Light as the down of a thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roamed there the beautiful summers,
And in the autumn leaves
I found my first love's nest,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
As the wind rustled the trees,
As the light of immortal beauty
Slightly illumed his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the trees bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light,
Thereof all pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seems to me the best.

Sighing Song.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

The valley glows beneath the snows,
Warm white beneath the hills,
As my young sweetheart's neck escapes
Up from her clasps of icy crapes,
And hangs like a little
My cutter waits light at her gate;
To feel her foot upon my fur,
The dead wolves, for the touch of her,
Almost bound back to-day!

Oh! sleigh bells speak, as down the peak
The sleighing line slides,
Wide from her hair her ribbon flies,
Her curls rise ripe to her eyes,
So swift, so luscious we ride.

The streams are cold, the homes are old,
The orchards gnawed and bare;
Of all the words I can now say,
I feel up by tune or tongue,
The will deer peer almost in fear,
She is so straight, so chaste!
The eagles scream down where they hide,
Dreadful to see one glide
My hand around her waist.

The wolves' teeth grin upon the skin
That clatters to her glove;
The carved snow on the slushers see
The gleam of a little knife,
And thrill they were love!

Oh! bliss, oh! glow, there is no snow—
This summer come anew,
Her touch is like the harvest heats,
Her laugh is sweeter than only heats
One heart where there were two!

Miscellaneous.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Breakfast had just been cleared away and the little sitting-room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of the April sunshine. There were pots of purple-blossomed violets in the window-seat, and a blue-ribbed guitar lying on the sofa, and books piled on the table, and close by the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself at her desk to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright brown hair and eyes to match, and a resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "retroverse."

Mrs. Haven had a character that you might see at a distance. "What is it, cook?" she sat there selecting her pen, and answering the silver top of her inkstand, and the door opened very softly, and a round full-mooned face appeared.

"Mrs. Haven, mem, if you please."

"Yes," said Mrs. Haven, desiring at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below. "What is it, cook?"

"It's not that you are not a kind mistress, mem," said the cook, twisting the hem of her check apron, "and the wages is good, not to say company allowed once a week, and Sunday evening's always ours; but there are some things flesh and blood can't stand, no more they can't, mem; and I have no patience with such doings, and if you please snit yourself, mem, at a month's warning."

"Why, cook, what is the matter?"

"Some can abide meddlin' with, mem, and some can't; and if the barrel of mackerel sets in the wrong corner, and the sugar boxes ain't kep' covered proper, it's the mistress's fault, mem, of it, not the master, but if Mrs. Haven wants to be cook, mem, well and good; but I won't stay in the same kitchen!"

And cook founced out, maltreating her apron, leaving her at her bay.

Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She arose and went down stairs to the cellar, where her husband, minus his coat, was endeavoring to move a huge washing machine.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place the thing could stand in, and—why, Mary, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Mrs. Haven. "I thought you had gone to your office, Henry?"

"I'm going presently," said Mr. Haven. "But you see, Mary, everything down here is at sixes and sevens. It's well come down occasionally. Cook has more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything where it shouldn't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for a month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven.

"Well, it's quite alarming. There must be a leak somewhere; and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of half a pint a day."

"Of course it is," she said.

"But you don't see it, my dear! I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf

and that the property is undeniably here," Mr. Haven retreated from the field, vanquished but chafing.

At the door of the carpet-store McAllister met him.

"It's all right, sir; the oil-cloth is half down by this time!"

"Which oil cloth?"

"The buff one, sir; cheap goods, Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time since."

"The mischief she did!"

"I hope there is no mistake, sir?" asked the dealer anxiously.

"No," returned honest Henry, discommodately adding to himself as he turned away, "What has got into Mary? is she crazed?"

"All things considered, it was not strange that Mr. Haven was in an amiable humor by the time he reached Snipp & Scissors."

"I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments?" he demanded imperiously. "I won't wear 'em, I'll pay the bill!"

"Sir!" demanded the surprised taylor, "you are aware that our rule is, no alterations after the bill is settled?"

"Very well, your bill isn't settled, and it won't be either, in a hurry!"

"Mrs. Haven paid it, sir this morning," said the surprised taylor, referring to his books.

Mrs. Haven! How the muddled interference of "Mrs. Haven" stared him in the face at every step. Of course there were no remonstrance to be made, however, and the discomfited husband left the establishment.

"I'll stop in at Jordan's any way," he thought, and assured that lot; it will be a capital speculation."

Mr. Jordan was standing whistling in front of his gate with both hands in his pockets. He looked up as Henry Haven entered.

"Well, old fellow?"

"Suppose we clear up this business about that Central Park lot," said Haven carelessly, "don't think I can do any better."

"Your decision comes late, said Jordan shrugging his shoulders. "I signed over to Smythe & Parker half an hour ago."

"And by whose authority?"

"Mrs. Haven's," said he. "She was here a little while ago, and told me you would not take the half lot."

"Mr. Haven but his lips! this was really growing a little provoking. He left the real estate office a little abruptly, and went directly to his own place.

But had he not been tolerably certain of his own number, he would not have recognized the rooms. Two men were on the knees, diligently hammering down the hard buff oil-cloth. Jack, the office boy, had turned the stove around, so that its iron hood projected into your face, very much as it would have said, "take my arm!" And Mrs. Haven sat at his desk sorting and arranging papers with industry worthy of a more legitimate career.

"Mary?"

Mrs. Haven looked quietly up.

"Yes, my dear; Jones & Brown; he belongs on the left hand pile. Really, Henry, the confusion of your papers is appalling!"

"Confusion, madam! I tell you they are in the most perfect order; or rather, they were before you got hold of them—Where are my law books?"

"Oh! I put them in the closet, the bindings were so dingy, and the directories and hand-books looked so very much brighter!"

"Mary, are you crazy? It is scarcely becoming for a woman thus to usurp her husband's place."

"We are a firm, my dear, at least so you told me this morning—Henry Haven & Wife—and therefore our interests are identical."

"Yes, but—"

"Consequently," went on Mary, mimicking her husband's rather pompous voice of the morning, "I shall beg the privilege of interfering whenever I deem it advisable."

"Mr. Haven has concluded to take the buff oil-cloth," she said.

"Mr. McAllister stated, but entered the order in his books."

"I will send it round immediately."

"Now the tailor," thought Mary.

"Snip & Scissors had an elegant establishment on a side street, out of Broadway. Mary walked up to the counter calmly.

"Mr. Haven's bill receipted, if you please."

The tailor presented the document, which was promptly paid.

"Where now, madam," said the driver.

"Mr. Jordan's real estate agency, opposite the Court House."

"Ah, Mrs. Haven, is it you?" said the agent cheerfully. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Mary, gracious. "I came round to tell you that my husband has thought better of the Central Park lot. He will not take half."

"All right," said Jordan. "Smythe and Parker are only waiting for the chance. I'll let you know immediately."

"I don't think I've done quite mischief enough," said Mrs. Haven to herself. "I'll go down to the office now, turn the stove around and have Jack re-arrange the law books."

So the carriage left Mrs. Haven at her husband's office in a narrow, down-town street.

About an hour subsequently Mr. Haven sauntered into the establishment of Kartwyn & Dalecy.

"About that 12th street lease, Mr. Kartwyn?"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "A thousand dollars is a very fair price. I don't at all object to giving it."

"Who the deuce is talking about a thousand dollars?" demanded the puzzled Haven.

"I don't mean to let you have it a cent short of fifteen hundred."

The lawyer looked amazed.

"Mrs. Haven was here this morning, and told me it was her property, and I could have it for a thousand dollars!"

"Mrs. Haven?" echoed the astonished husband. "But, really, you know this is quite unbusiness-like!"

"Don't you know whether it is or not?" returned the lawyer stiffly. "I only know that Mrs. Haven spoke before witness, a cov that gives milk five years old."

Kidd the Pirate.

The old prison stood on the spot where now the massive granite court house is placed. From it the street was very early named Prison Lane, changed to Queen street in 1708, and to Court in 1784—What the old prison was like is left to conjecture, but we will let an old master of the imaginative art describe it: "The rust on the ponderous iron work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the New World—Like all things pertaining to crime, it seems never to have known a youthful era." The fancy of Hawthorn in locating a blooming rose bush on the grass plot beside the prison door is striking. Here were confined the victims of the terrible witchcraft delusion.

Who he is, one that for lack of land Shall fight upon the water.

This heavy door stood between the notorious pirate, William Kidd, and liberty. He arrived in Boston in June, 1699, with his sleep, and was examined before the Earl of Belmont and the council of the province. On the 6th of June Kidd was seized and committed to prison with several of his crew, and his vessel taken possession of. When arrested, Kidd attempted to draw his sword and defend himself. By order of the King he was sent to England in a frigate, and arrived in London April 11, 1700. He was examined before the Admiralty, and afterwards before the House of Lords, where great efforts were made to implicate the Earl of Belmont and other of the lords in Kidd's transactions.

The pirate, after a long confinement, was finally hung at Execution Dock. He died hard. The rope broke the first time he was tied up, and he fell to the ground; a second trial proved more successful.

It has been claimed that Kidd was not a pirate. He was an officer in the British Navy prior to 1691, married in this country and had commanded a merchant ship owned by Robert Livingstone, a wealthy New York merchant. When in 1695, the coast of New England was infested with pirates, Livingstone proposed to the Earl of Belmont, to employ Kidd to go in pursuit of them, and offered to share the expenses of fitting out a vessel. Application was made to the Home Government for a thirty-gun ship and commission for Kidd for this purpose, but the Government being then unable to furnish a vessel, the Earl of Belmont, Lord Halifax, Bonner, Comynne, weary of the feccials of feminine process day by day. Certainly not their children who have no place to stow away their little sacred property in the shape of bright bits of silk or paper, which are dear and precious to them, and should always be held in respect within proper innocent limits.

Once at sea, Kidd turned pirate, reversing the adage, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue," and made several captures; but to New England he was arrested. The search after the pirate's hidden treasures has continued ever since. A pot of dollars was dug up in 1790 on Long Island, and supposed to have been Kidd's. The whereabouts of the freebooter has long been lamented in the melancholy ditties:

"My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed, etc.

Uncontrollable Fits of Loving.

In Louisville, Ky., a short time since, a young man laid out the heart of a young lady, a resident of that city, who ultimately surrendered the fortress unto his captives, friends were invited; good things to eat and drink were provided, and all the concomitants for well-regulated and gratified pleasures. The day came, the guests came, but the bridegroom was a young man from the country—came not.

The mother of the bride that was to be went and interviewed the son-in-law that should have been. She told him of her daughter—how like Amy in "Locksley Hall," her cheek was pale and thin, and how she was pining away from disappointment and grief. The young man observed, disconcertingly, that the young lady had never been very fat, but the would-be mother-in-law parried this thrust and represented to him the impropriety of his conduct in such moving terms that he felt bound to apologize. His accompanying the old lady that he was sorry to have herself and herself, but that he was the subject of uncontrollable fits of loving, and when one of these came upon him he could not keep from courting somebody. This, he said, was a disease, and that he was in no sense responsible for anything he did while this temporary madness was upon him. It had, under the power of his mind, made love to her daughter, and he was sorry for it, but he could not help it. If she doubted his word he could bring hundreds of physicians to prove that his acquaintances to prove that he had it. The lady from Louisville went home a sadder if not wiser woman. Before she left she expressed great sympathy for the young man, observing that "it was such a pity he could not be cured."

At Bridgeport, Conn., recently a policeman was instructed to look after the boys who violated the city ordinance against coasting in the streets. He happened to see two boys preparing for "a go," one of whom got away, the policeman giving chase. "Here," said the other boy to the policeman, "take my sled, it will go faster than his," and the policeman, being thus misled, and the ambitious peeler threw himself on the sled, and soon came up with and arrested the offender. The justice heard the testimony, and was about to inflict the fine, when the other lad professed a willingness to testify against the officer for a similar infraction of the law—and so they both got off with a solemn injunction to do so no more.

WORDS will never cease, and the latest amusing novelty is the fact that a lady's hat, trimmed in the height of the fashion, and nicely packed in a band-box was carried through the United States mail from Maine to California for eleven cents postage!

A WISCONSIN paper advertises for sale a cow that gives milk five years old.

Ones Ames's Memory.

I cannot remember. Don't talk to me; I'm trying to think what you ask me. Had Collax a share Of this Credit Mobilier? It is queer that I cannot remember.

I cannot remember. Don't tease me, I'm doing my best now to please you. The transaction is old, Well, I know that I sold, Did he hold? That I cannot remember.

I cannot remember. Till try, sir, Was that Collax there saying I lie, sir And that I must tell you? Just exactly, what's true? So I do. Now I think I remember.

Yes, I'm sure I remember. He took, sir, Just twenty full shares by my book, sir, And the dividends came. To four-fifths of the same In his name. I am sure I remember.

I am sure I remember. I don't doubt it, I can tell you right here all about it. Why, the balance was paid to me, I'll check drawn to me, Marked S. C. I am sure I remember.

I'm sure I remember. I've papers To prove every one of his papers, On his oath does he swear it? I'm sorry to hear it. 'Twasn't he that? I'm sure I remember.

I'm sure I remember. Moreover, This proof he can never get over; Nor can he slip by. And his no use withy. To lie, for I'm sure I remember.

I'm sure I remember. And so, sir, One question I ask you, go, sir, Do the rest of this crew Like to hear just what's true? If they do, I am sure I remember. H. G. W.

One Species of Insanity.

Did you ever see a woman who was possessed by the house cleaning fiend—not periodically, but at all times—who would go about drawing her finger over every table and chair, peeping into cracks and examining, holding lantern up to the light for finger marks, in short, so utterly absorbed in the pursuit of dirt that every other pursuit was as nothing in comparison.

Now, I know what neatness is, and value it, but when it takes such shape as this, and robs life of all its charms, I turn my back upon it with righteous disgust.

Who thanks these zealous furies for their self-imposed labors? Certainly not their husbands, who flee to remote corners from dust pans and dust brushes, weary of the feccials of feminine process day by day. Certainly not their children who have no place to stow away their little sacred property in the shape of bright bits of silk or paper, which are dear and precious to them, and should always be held in respect within proper innocent limits.

Oh, ye careful and troubled Marthas of the household, stop and take breath. Place a flower on the mantle, that you and your household may perhaps have some flowers in your lives. While you try to rest, read. So shall the cowbirds be brushed from your neglected brain, and you shall learn that something else besides cleanliness is necessary to make home really home, for those dependent on your care. Throw your broom out of doors; take your children by the hand, and let the fresh wind touch your wrinkled forehead. If your house is wound up at such an immaculate pitch of cleanliness, it can run on a few hours without your care. Laugh and talk with the children, or better still, listen to their foolish wise talk. Bring home a bit of gingerbread for each of them, and play some simple game with them. Put on the freshest dress you have, and ask your husband when he comes in, if he recognizes his wife.

"I wish my mother looked as pretty as you," said a little girl, one day, to a neighbor.

"But your mamma is much prettier than I," replied the neighbor. "The truth was that the child's mother, unless compared to the sunlight as naturally as do the flowers. Shut it out of your houses, and they will go abroad in search of it, you may be sure of that. Isn't this worth thinking about? O ye mothers, careful and troubled about many things, and yet so blind to your first and greatest duty."

Land Monopoly.

A vast land company has been started in San Francisco, which overtops even the Panama Bay organization. The former movement is styled the "Polynesian Land and Commercial Company," and the stockholders have purchased three hundred thousand acres of cotton-growing land in the Navigator's Islands, which lie northeast of Australia and almost north New Zealand. The Company was first organized with a capital of \$100,000, the objects of the Company being the purchase of lands, acquiring harbor and other privileges, and the formation of a trading depot and coaling station to connect with the steamship lines between San Francisco and Australia and New Zealand. Since has gone on and purchased 414 square miles of land, making with the quantity previously purchased about 300,000 acres, which they propose to devote to Sea Island cotton. They also have possession of the harbor of Pango-Pango, which is the only land-protected harbor in the Pacific Islands, and is the key to the whole group. With a foothold upon the Sandwich Islands, the United States will be prepared to enter into an equal contest for the trade of the East.

A Western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his subscriber was a cottonmaker.

BILLINGS produces long columns of figures, and verbal explanations, to prove that mosquitoes are born of poor but industrious parents, but have in their veins some of the best blood in the country.

Varieties.

Hotel keepers are people we have to put up with.

Bucks county girls wear corsetlike blouses with comfort.

LONDON underwriters refused to insure a vessel because it was named "The Devil."

Postal cards in England are a perpetual annoyance to editors of newspapers.

GERRITSEN'S pantofles upholstered here, is the sign near a skating park in Titusville, Pa.

The Indianapolis Sentinel has discovered a man "possessing no instinct of manhood above that of a hog."

This man who can't afford to take a newspaper paid three dollars for another dog, Saturday—Danbury News.

ONE Indiana sheriff has had the painful duty of selling out six printing offices within a year past. So says a jealous Ohio paper.

A MERCHANT advertised for a clerk "who could bear confinement," and received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

NOT to be behind the age, Timeless through aside the hour glass and syringe, and now uses a moving machine and watch.

GEORGE SAKS'S translation of the Psalms is pronounced by the critics to whom she has read specimens of it; the noblest work she has ever written.

THE man who writes the obituary notices for the Philadelphia Ledger is a Yale graduate, and receives an income of \$7 a week. So says an envious rival.

THE Messrs. Appleton will publish Julian Hawthorne's novel. It is said that they paid him \$3,000 for the MS., which is more than his father was paid for any of his novels.

Dr. Stillman, who testified to Mrs. Fair's insanity, was asked if he had ever read "Stobol on Insanity." He said that he had, and was then told that there was no such author.

A LOCAL paper in Illinois says that John Jay's lecture "unbounded in splendid perorations and classic smiles." It didn't state, however, that many perorations for the lecture contained.

A BIRMINGHAM paper noticing the death of a young man, remarks editorially: "His connections are said to be respectable and his sister was recently killed in Hartford by a horse carriage."

A LITTLE boy who says "I want to be an angel," in Sunday school with so much energy that he almost choked himself; confessed to an enterprising reporter that he really wanted to be a captain on a canal boat.

WE are deeply interested by the printed statement of a repairs emission correspondent that Madam Lucia's voice "has not a flaw or a scratch in it, and is warm, and ethereal as a rosebud in the northern lights."

THE other morning Jenkins announced the price of tickets, in an advertisement of his coming lecture. The following "tickets fifty cents." Children supplied at the same rates. "During the afternoon he received orders for three and a pair of twins."

MA. Dos Passos, Stokes' counsel, will find it hard to preserve his identity. Western type-setters that have this far grasped with it have called him "Dos Passos," "Du Panno," "Dus Pano," and a host of other epithets.

A BAY City girl's overcoat slipped down provocatively low, as she stood on the ferryboat, and exposed a file of the East Boston Evening Globe. The culprit, usually "blinded" by her own idleness, first thought she looks very unlike "the fair one—Northwood Pioneer."

AN unstamped letter, dropped into the Springfield, Mass., post-office, was recently forwarded, as usual, by the Young Men's Christian Association, and reached its destination. On being opened it was found to contain the following:

"Send me another barrel of that gin."

A FRENCH paper having been unjustly, comes out as the Evening Injunction; and reveals the following lines: at the heads of its rivals:

To suppress rival papers good Ench and Billers Will work without any compunction; They'll kill what they can, and others they'll kill.

If they can't with the dose of injunction, they'll kill."

A NOVELTY in wear for the week: large silk handkerchiefs of various shades to match the dress or contrast with it. We have been informed that the following are recommended by physicians as the best for about the throat, which area: profuse life source of sore throat, from overexertion; that it can be vouched for by personal experience. Silk is much more comfortable, and we may state that a certain thread in New York invariably cures sore throat by lying a black silk handkerchief about the neck, which cure he attributes to the dye in the material.

SOME curious facts are to be gleaned from the marriage statistics of various countries, as is shown by a recent article in "Lippincott's Magazine." It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age, marry young women averaging two three years older than themselves; but if they delay marriage until they are twenty to twenty-five years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and therefore, this difference actually increases fifty years of age on the bridegroom's part, it is apt to be enormous. The calculation of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurrence, but it is amazing to find in the love matches of boys; that the statistics bear out the saying of "The Chickney and Balzac." Again, the husbands of young women aged twenty and under average a little above twenty-five years; and the inequality of ages diminishes thenceforward, till for women who have reached thirty the respective ages are equal; after thirty-five years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves; the disproportion increasing with age; till at fifty-five, it averages nine years.