The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1873. VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 9.

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug'69

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

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, aug 6 6tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer. aug1 6tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer. Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

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

J. F. SHOEMAKER,
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door to J. R. DeWitt's store, opposite the bank. Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

B. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq. Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

A. O. WARRIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 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 8, 1871—tf

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa. S. S. 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 Bord'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, Gt. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

SHIPMAN & CASE,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk makers. Shop in C. Rogers' Store Building, Brooklyn, Pa. Oak Harnesses, heavy and light, made to order. Brooklyn, April 3, 1872.—m6

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!!
Shirley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, hot or entire. There you will find him, over Kerr'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 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. 23, 1872.

BILLINGS & STROUD.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 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 5, 1873.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
A. S. BURNS. AMOS NICHOLS.
Feb. 27, 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.—being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.,

EXECUTED AT THE

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE

Poet's Corner.

FLORAL FANCIES.

Welcome, gleams of green—of amber!
Children! playmates! out and see,
Floating from her ice-bound chamber,
Spring, the flower-crowned spring, set free!
See her blue eyes, gilid to weeping,
Oe'r the wan world open anew;
Oe'r the meads, fresh waters leaping,
Silvery stepp'd, and tuneful, too!
Singing, ringing, wildest measure,
Wild as if gone mad with pleasure.

Now the warm rays' noonday brightness
Wakes the sleepy flowers below—
Some like gentle ghosts, all whiteness—
Some like maiden cheeks that glow—
Jonquils pale—how pale, but sweeter,
Richer than the rose of June;
Daffodils whose day is fleeter,
Born like smiles and lost as soon,
Pansies clad in wondrous glory,
Rare as kings in Eastern story.

Yonder where the sparkling showers
Fall like music heard in sleep,
There have burst the crocus flowers,
Laughing out while cloudlets weep,
Time of beauty—time of blessing—
Sunny childhood of the year!
Earth, so lorn ere thy caressing,
Blooms like one whom angels cheer;
Kiss her, clasp her, tend her kindly,
She has sorrowed long and blindly.

Sorrow'd childless, bloomless, blighted,
Like a mother gone distraught—
Ah! that young smile rapture lighted,
Nestling there new life has wrought;
Lillies weave her brow's soft splendor,
Crown'd with gems—the jewel dews,
Violets dark her mild eyes render,
Almond pink her cheeks suffuse!
Kiss her, clasp her—soundest slumbers
Soon must melt at such warm numbers.

Oe'r her shoulders thickly streaming
May's laburnum knots of gold;
Nuggets rich in radiance gleaming,
As were Absolem's of old!
Now she wakes—she pants—she rises—
Standing midst the milk white boughs,
Bride-like full of sweet surprise,
Bride-like blushing while she vows,
Now she walks the world in beauty—
Now sweet love becomes a duty.

Flowers or Fruit?

BY EMILY A. FORD.

In Ulm's Domkirche high there stands
An altar carved by master hands;
The loveliest forms of leaf and flower
Are wrought in wood, with cunning power.

Twined with the linden, tassel-blows
In one spring wreath, wave buds and rose;
The freshness and fair promise sweet
Of all June mornings in it meet.

But quainter emblems, curves as fair,
The left side of the altar share;
A wreath festooned of seed capsules,
Where loving skill held graver's tools.

The pea-rod and the shepard's purse,
The crowned row of the henbane's bearse;
The rose-hip and the moonwort's shield,
The poppy's star cup from the field.

Which is the fairer garland, spy—
The beauteous blossoms of a day,
Or the seed vessels, which but mask
Long floral generations? Ask

The craftsman, to what thought his chice
Of either wreath, his too gave voice?
Which looks the brighter or the duller,
When wrought in monotone of color?

Which is the sweeter, flower or fruit?
Which is the most precious? you are mute—
The dewy morning, before strife;
The glory of completed life!

Miscellaneous.

LITTLE BLUE EYES.

"Can I sit with you?"
"Certainly, sir?"
"Nice weather?"
"Splendid, indeed."
"Crops growing finely?"
"Yes—couldn't do better."

I was sitting in a passenger coach, on a Wisconsin railroad, one day, years ago, when a good-looking, pleasant spoken man came along, stopped at my seat, and the above conversation took place, the latter part of it after I had given him part of my seat.

Now, I am regarded as a social man.—I like a good joke, a good hint; and I think a tour, morose man, who uses his tongue only when forced to, is bound to die of some terrible disease, and go to some place of red-hot punishment.

On entering a railroad car I alway look about for a talkative man, and then I get as close to him as possible and drain him dry, if the journey is long enough.

And I want to state one thing more: Left an orphan before I could realize the sad event which made one, I got kicked and cuffed there, and "grew up between folks," as they say. I ought to have had, at the time of which I write a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature, and have been enabled to read evil in a man's face, if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself on being over keen or sharp, but the knocking around among strangers ought to have given any one a good experience.

Well, the stranger and I fell into an easy train of conversation as we rode together, and in ten minutes I began to enjoy his company. He was a well made fellow, finely dressed, and he wore a fine watch and a simon pure diamond ring.—I never saw a man who could talk so easy and pleasantly. It seemed that he had but to open his mouth, and the words fell right out.

I had traveled in the South, so had he. I had heard the loud roar of the Pacific, he knew all about it. I had been up in a baloon, down in a mine, been blown up, and repaired again and again, my new friend had experienced all these things, and was wishing for something of a more startling nature. We agreed on politics, neither had any religion, and I had never met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man, who, though a stranger to you ten minutes before, could wrest from you secrets which you had sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he commenced asking me questions. He did not seem trying to quiz or draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a sly, roundabout way, that before I knew it I was giving him my history.

I was at that time just on the point of being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin as a student of Law & Law, of Briefville. The firm were old lawyers with a lucrative practice, and it had been talked over that in about a month I should be the "Co." of the firm. A year before a farmer named Perston, down about four miles from Grafton, had died, and his matters had been put into the hands of Law & Law for settlement. Preston had died rich.—He had money in the bank, railroad stock, mortgages, etc., and everything was settled up to the satisfaction of the relict and the fatherless.

About a year before his death, being pinched for money, and not wishing to sell anything at a sacrifice, Preston had given a mortgage on his farm for three thousand dollars. While the papers read "for one year from date," there was a verbal agreement that it should be lifted any day when Preston desired. A month after, when having the funds to clear off the paper, the money-bags holding it refused to disgorge, wishing to secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to ascertain the date of expiration. A fire among our papers had destroyed the memoranda, and I must go down and get the date from old Scrip, who lives south of Grafton about five miles. The stranger had pumped all this out of me in ten minutes, and yet I never once suspected that he was receiving any information.

"I am not positive," I added, "but I am pretty sure that the time is the thirteenth which would be Tuesday next."

"And then your folks will send down the money and discharge the mortgage, of course?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, I shall most likely bring it down," I replied; and it never occured to me how imprudent I was.

He turned the conversation into other channels, and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton at 10:50, and to my great surprise he announced that he was to stop in the town on business for a few days. I had not asked his name or avocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and then I secured a livery team and drove out, getting through with business, so that I was back to take the 3:20 express east. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up, carrying that same honest dignified face.

"Well, did you find out? he inquired, in his pleasant way.

"Yes; it is on the thirteenth, as I expected," I replied.

We had lunch together, and when we shook hands and parted, I had no more idea of ever meeting him again than I have of knowing you. In fact, he told me that he should sail for England within a week or ten days, and should not return to America. At parting he gave me his card. It was a modest piece of pasteboard, and bore the name of "George Raleigh," in old English script.

Everything at the office went on as usual, and the thirteenth came at length.—Law & Law had arranged for me to go down with the money, and I looked upon it as a business of no special importance.

"We know you are all right," remarked the senior partner, as I was about to go: "but I want to give you a word of warning, nevertheless. Don't take any stranger into your confidence until you have passed out the money, and look out who sits next to you."

It was something new for him to caution me, and I could not but wonder at it; but in the bustle of getting aboard the train, I forgot what he had said. Ordinary prudence had induced me to place the money, which was all in bank bills, and divided in three packages, under my shirt and next my skin, where the deft hand of a pickpocket could not reach it.

Interested in a newspaper, time flew by, as the train flew west, and at length the hoarse voice of the brakesman warned me that I had reached Grafton. I had leaped down and was making for the livery stable, when I heard a familiar voice, and looked up to see Raleigh. He was seated in a buggy, and had seemingly waited for me to come up.

"Don't express your surprise," he began, as I stopped at the wheel. "I did intend to go away, but I change my mind, and like this section so well that I am going out to-day to look at a farm, with a view of purchasing. Come, ride up to the hotel."

We rode up, ordered launch, and while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh discovered that the farm he was going to see was just beyond that of Old Grip's.

"How fortunate! I could ride out with him, see the farm, and return in his company," and he would be greatly pleased.

I was also pleased. If any one had told me as we got into the buggy, that George Raleigh meant to return with my money in his pocket and my blood upon his hands, I should have believed him a lunatic. And yet George Raleigh had planned to do that very thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the cool breeze and the sight of meadows and green groves, made my heart grow larger. My companion was very talkative, but he didn't even hint at my errand. He talked as far away as he could.

"Oh! excuse me!" he exclaimed, after we had passed a mile beyond the village, and were among the farm houses. "I should have offered you this before."

He drew from his pocket a small flask of wine and handed it to me. Now, I was temperate in regard to drinks. In fact I detested the sight and smell of anything intoxicating. But I had not the moral courage to tell him so, and to hand back the flask undisturbed. I feared to offend him, and so I drank, perhaps, three good swallows. He called my attention to the woods on the left, as he received back the flask, and when I looked around again, he was just removing it from his mouth as if he had drank heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fences along the road seemed to grow higher and the trees to grow larger; something got into my ears so that the rattle of the buggy sounded a long way off.

"How strange! why, I believe I am going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding on to the seat with all my might.

"You do look strange," he replied, a snaky smile stealing over his face; "I shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it usually was. My head began to spin, and my brain to snap and crack, and I was greatly frightened.

"You are bad off," he continued, looking into my face. "I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes, and he put the horse at his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants of the wagon called out to know what ailed me. Raleigh did not reply, but urged the horse forward.

About three miles from Grafton was a long stretch of forest, and this we soon reached. The pain in my head was not so violent, and I was not so badly affected when opening my eyes. I settled into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain so benumbed that I had to say to myself, "This is a tree, that is a stump," etc., before I could make sure that I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road after we struck the forest, and then Raleigh turned the horse into a blind road leading back into the woods. I could not understand what he intended, I tried to grapple with the question, but could not solve it.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed Raleigh when we had reached a point forty rods from the main road.

He stopped the horse, got out and hitched him, and then came around to the wheel.

"You don't feel just right, but I guess you will be better soon," he remarked.—"Come, let me help you down."

He reached up his arms, and I let go the seat and fell into them. It seemed to me as if I weighed a ton, but he carried me along without an effort, and laid me down within about a rod of a fence which ran along on one side of an old pasture. Just now I began to get a little better. The effect of the drug were wearing off, and I got a faint suspicion that something unusual had happened.—But I was powerless to move a limb; the sensation was like that when your foot goes to sleep.

"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh, bending over me; because if you can it will save me some trouble. I want to know just where you have stored away that money."

Now I began to realize my situation.—His face looked natural again, and the load was off my tongue. I also felt that I could move my fingers a little.

"George Raleigh! are you going to rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Well, some folks might call it "robbing," but we dress up the term a little by calling it the only correct financial way of equalizing the floating currency, so that each one is provided for and no one left out.

"You shan't have the money. I will die first!" I yelled, rising a little.

"Ah, I see—didn't take quite enough!" he coolly remarked. "Well, I have provided for this."

He went to the buggy, procured rope and a gag, and kneeled down beside me. I had but little strength yet, and he conquered me in a moment. Lying on my right side, looking toward the fence, he tied my hands behind me and then forced the gag into my mouth.

"There now! You see you are nicely fixed up, and all because you acted like a fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer soon to be admitted to to the bar."

While he was speaking—indeed while he was tying me, I had caught sight of the white face of a little girl looking at us from between the rails of the fence.—I could see her great blue eyes, and knew that she was frightened. There were red stains around her mouth and on the little hand resting on the rail, and I knew that she was some farmer's child searching for strawberries. I could not warn her of her danger, and I feared that she would be seen or heard. While Raleigh was tying the last knot, I winked at the little girl as hard as I could hoping that she would move away. But she did not go.

"Well, now for the money!" said Raleigh, and he began searching my pockets. He went from one to the other, removing all the articles, felt down my boot leg, and then finally passed hand over my bosom and discovered the money.

"Ha! here it is!" he exclaimed, drawing out the packages. "I don't hardly believe that old Grip will see any of this to-day."

He sat down near my head, undid the packages, and was cool enough to count it to count the money. As he commenced the girl waved her hand to me. My heart went thumping, for I expected she would utter a word or a shout, but she sank down from sight, and I caught a gleam of her frock as she passed through the grass.

"You see, my young friend," remarked Raleigh, as he drew off one of his boots and deposited some of the bills in it, "there's nothing like transacting business as it should be transacted. Some men would have shot or stabbed you, but it is only the apprentices who do such work.—All the real gentlemen of our calling, do business as gentlemen should.

He drew off the other boot, and placed some "fifties" and "twenties" in it, and then continued:

"I have it all planned how to deal with you as soon as I get this money disposed of around my person. I shall lay you on your back and pour the balance of this wine down your throat. There's enough of it to make you sleep until to-morrow night, and by that time I shall be hundreds of miles. As soon as I see that the drug has taken effect, I shall untie your hands and remove the gag. When you come out of your sleep—if you ever do—you had better crawl out to the road, where you will most likely meet some traveler. I want to use the horse and buggy, otherwise I would leave them for you."

How cooly he talked! He treated the matter as if it were a regular transaction in which I fully acquiesced. He had me a fast prisoner, and I felt that he could do just as he pleased. While I was thinking, I saw the little white face appear between the white rails again, but in a moment it faded away, and its place was taken by the sunburned phiz of a farmer. He looked from me to Raleigh and back again, and I winked to him in a way which he readily understood. His face disappeared, and I felt that I should be saved.

"No, old Grip won't get his tin to-day" mused Raleigh, storing away the bills in his pockets. "You will go back to Law & Law feeling put out and cut out; but they shouldn't blame you—it is not your way at all. True, had you minded your business on the car and not been so free with a stranger, this would not have happened. I was on my way to Milwaukee, and had no thought of such rich pickings here."

I saw nothing of the farmer. Raleigh finished his counting, and I made up my mind that the farmer was afraid to interfere, and had run away. My heart went down as Raleigh got up, for I saw that he was about to carry out his plan of further drugging me. He turned me on my back, sat down astride of me, and pulled out the flask.

"Now, in just about a minute we'll be through this business," he remarked, trying to put the mouth of the flask between my jaws.

I rolled my head to one side and he did not succeed. He was jamming the flask against my teeth, when I caught the sound of a soft step, the crash of a club, and Raleigh rolled off my my body. He tried to leap up, but three or four farmerss struck him down, and one of the blows rendered him senseless. Before he came to I was free of ropes and gag, and we had him nicely bound.

Over beyond the pasture a farmer and his hands were raking up hay. "Little Blue Eyes," only eight years old, had wandered off after strawberries, and had fortunately witnessed part of Raleigh's proceedings. She had hurried back to her father and told him that "a man was all tied up out there," and he had returned to the fence. Understanding the situation, he and his men had moved around so as to secure an advantage, and Raleigh's capture was the result.

When the rascal found his senses lie was terribly taken back, and cursed enough for a whole Flanders army. We took him back to Grafton, and when I last saw him he was on his way to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of fifteen years.

The mortgage was lifted after all, and the gift which Law & Law sent little Katie Grey kept her in dresses for many a year.

Remains of Aztec Civilization.

The Tulare (California) Times of January 22 has the subjoined sketch:

"P. D. Green informs us that in the vicinity of Tehachipi, there are numerous and varid remains and evidencies of ancient Aztec civilization. There are on the sides of the hills, running in different directions, well-defined aqueducts and ditches. The soil is a firm cemment which does not wash away. In these ditches there are giant oak trees growing, as large and evidently as old as those of the surrounding forests, showing that the ditches must have been constructed hundreds and perhaps thousands of years ago. One of these leads to a silver-bearing ledge on which shafts had been sunk and from the bottom of which shafts run in different directions, showing that the aborigines had mined for the precious minerals in the days of old. This old mine was re-discovered by the Narbeau brothers, known in this vicinity, who worked for a considerable time in and from the self-same shafts first sunk by the ancient inhabitants of the continent. The lode did not prove as rich as it was expected it would, and the Narbeau brothers finally abandoned it.—In running a water-ditch through this region, Green once had occupied to remove a venerable oak tree. In taking away the roots, he observed that immediately under where the tree had stood the soil was different from the cement surrounding—that it partook of the nature of vegetable mould and debris, being very soft and easily penetrated. Following down an ancient shaft was easily traced, and on removing the debris was most clearly defined, the wall remaining perpendicular, in fact and solid. At the bottom of this shaft the skeleton of a man was found, immediately underneath and covered up by a pile of ashes remaining from some ancient fire. The tree growing over this shaft was evidently hundreds of years old, showing that the excavation had been made long centuries before the advent of the Spaniards."

The Contented Man.

A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot, upon which the patient set out upon his journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveler was pleased with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremoney he was aroused from his slumber, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to your request," replied the cobbler, "but—"

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum thou mayest name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler "but—but—"

"But what?"

"The truth is—I have no shirt?"

"I SAY, Jim, what's the difference between the commencement and the beginning of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim, "what is it?"

"There ain't any," was the reply.

"I see," replied Jim. "Now tell me this: A mule was on one side of a river and some hay on the other, and the mule wanted to get at the hay without wetting his feet. How did he do it?"

"I don't know," said Jones, "I give it up."

"So did the other mule," said Jim.

A Winter Song.

(FROM THE GERMAN)

Earth sleeps beneath the snowy cover
That Winter spreads o'er hill and plain.
In silence waiting till her lover,
The Spring shall wake her up again.

And as upon its mother's bosom
The little child doth softly rest,
So now each tender bud and blossom
Close sheltered lies upon her breast.

There dream they of warm south winds blowing,
Of sunshine and the dew-drop's sheen;
And see rich odors round them flowing,
The meadows gay, the forests green.

And hear again the birds' sweet singing,
The wavelets murmuring in their play,
While butterflies are round them winging,
And wild bees hum to them good-day!

And up they stretch them at this token,
To see the glory far and near;
And find the long, long dream is broken,
For, lo! the Spring again is here.

A Young Heroine.

The gallant deed of Miss Lucinda Conklin, of Long Island, should be recorded in terms of fitting praise. It seems that two boatmen, quite recently lost, who were returning from Long Island with a load of provisions, found themselves in a perilous situation amongst the drifting ice, and soon after their skiff was upset. One of the men, who could swim, succeeded in reaching the boat, and, climbing upon its keel, was comparatively safe, while the other, named John Mason, who could not swim, clung to the floating piece of ice, which was barely sufficient to keep him afloat. Directly opposite the place at which the boat capsized is the residence of Mr. Conklin, a farmer. When the cries for help were heard, Mr. Conklin was away from home, and there were only three women and a little boy in the house.

All rushed to the beach and saw the struggles of the drowning man, but for a moment they were so paralized that neither of them had presence of mind enough to make a movement to aid him. Then, Miss Lucinda Conklin, without stopping to consult her mother or sister, waded out into the bay determined to make at least one effort to save Mason.

With a heroism seldom if ever parallelled, she plunged into the deep water, and with vigorous strokes reached the drowning man. Although exhausted, he was still sensible, and faithfully obeyed the instruction given him by the brave woman. She had warned him against seizing hold of her in such a manner as to impede her motions, so when she reached him he placed his hands on her shoulders, and in a few seconds, thanks to her good swimming, both stood neck deep in the ice-cold water, and began wading shoreward.

As Miss Conklin reached the shore she fainted away, and was carried into the house by her relatives. Mason, nearly frozen following slowly in their wake. Miss Conklin was thoroughly exhausted by her exertion, as well as by the tremendous excitement under which she had labored, and did not recover for three or four days. Mason's companion stuck manfully to the keel of the boat, and in due course of time was hauled ashore.

Miss Conklin is a young lady of about the average size, but her country training has imparted to her much more than the average strength of her sex. Although not beautiful, she is spoken of as interesting and *piquante* in style, and is very popular in the neighborhood in which she resides.

Kings Returning From Business.

Voltaire said that the time would come when the post of King would be so disagreeable that nobody would be willing to take it. The fate of Maximilian in Mexico, and the unwillingness of Amadeous to remain on the throne in Spain, seem to show that the time is approaching when Voltaire's prophecy may be realized. In England, it is believed that the Queen's own inclination would lead her to resign the crown. The time has certainly passed in Europe when a monarch finds the post an easy one, in which he may take his fill of pleasure, and forget all his duties like the king who was on the throne of France when Voltaire uttered his prophecy. Louis the XV. lived like a pig in a sty. But his successor died on the scaffold, and there has not since been upon the throne of that country a man who did not find it a post of difficulty and danger. One of the most astute of modern monarchs, Leopold, of Belgium, was threatened with a revolution just after that of 1830 in France. But, instead of mustering troops to fight the people, he gave out that he was ready to "take his hat and cane" and go away if he was not wanted. This quelled the excitement and probably saved his throne. King Amadeous seems to have followed this example and perhaps hopes to reap the same advantages from it.

To Beautify Hands.

1. Rub together in a mortar four parts of glycerine. No better ointment for the hands can be procured. The compound may be preserved for years.—2. Take three drachms of camphor gum, three ounces of olive oil—put them together in a cup upon the stove where they will melt slowly and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, annoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves.—3. Take two ounces of Venido soap, and dissolve it in two ounces of lemon juice. Add one ounce of the oil of bitter almonds, and a like quantity of oil of tartar. Mix the whole, and stir it well until it has acquired the consistency of soap; and use it as such for the hands. The paste of sweet almonds, which contains an oil for keeping the skin soft and elastic, and removing indurations, may be beneficially applied to the hands and arms.—*Dr. A. E. Ysman.*

A gentleman in Massachusetts being threatened with a contagious disease, said to his little son, who, in an affectionate mood, wished to embrace him, "You mustn't hug me, you'll catch the scarlet fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amazement upon his papa (who, by the way is a pattern of propriety), and quickly asked, "Why, papa who did you hug?"

TREAT rich and poor alike.

Varieties.

WHY is a dog's tail's a very great novelty? Because no one ever saw it *before.*

A CALIFORNIA lady having resolved to commit suicide, wrote to a friend that "It nearly killed her to think of having to leave her poor children."

THE introduction of street railroads in England widens the market for American inventors of machinery or appliances connected therewith.

THE horse on which Cardigan rode when he led the famous Charge of the Light Brigade; has just died, aged 30. He survived his gallant master four years.

A STONE which marks a little grave in the midst of a Western prarie, bears the single word "Polecoatscentedem." A man had buried his clothes there.

IT is stated that lithographic stone, which has hitherto been obtained exclusively from Bavaria, has been found in large quantities in Rockbridge county, Virginia.

THE production of salt in Saginaw District during the season just closed was 632,000 bushels, which is about 10,000 bushels more than the average of the previous three seasons.

THE Town Council of Downington, Penn, desiring to attract manufacturers there, have resolved to exempt the real estate of all new factories from local taxation for three years.

"I DECLARE, Mr. B., it seems you have read everything." "Why," ma'am, after working thirty years as trunk maker, it would be something to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country."

"AH! John," said a sympathising friend to a man who was just too late to catch the train, "you did not run quite fast enough." "Yes, I did," said John. "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

PROFESSOR Tyndall, we understand, intends to carry no money away with him from the United States. Whatever he receives over and above his expenses he means to hand over to some scientific body in this country.

IT is related of Rubinstein that he once returned a present made by a king, because the latter played cards during a musical entertainment. "I cannot accept your offering," said Rubinstein, "since your majesty did not hear the music." The king sent an apology.

THE *Christian Advocate* says: "Commend us to that Baptist brother who, on going into the water to be baptised, replied to the suggestion that he had better take his pocket-book out of his pocket during the ordinance, 'No, I want my pocket-book baptised with me.'"

PROF Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, found that a line drawn from Lake Erie, at the northeastern corner of Ohio, to Pensacola, in Florida, would divide the population of the United States, as it stood in 1870, into equal parts. This line is nearly parallel to the line of the Atlantic coast.

A LAWYER, notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked a man in a case of assault and battery, what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened. He answered: "Just four feet five inches and a half." "How came you to know so exact?" said the council. "Because I expected some lawyer to ask me," said he, and I measured it."

TIME wears slippers of lisk, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part to it; their futilic is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

"Now, my young friends, suppose twelve men buy twenty-four bushels of wheat to be divided equally, how many bushels is that for each?" Boldest of the boys—"Please, sir, we've not gone that far." "How is that? Your teacher told me you had learned all the first four rules!" Boy—"Yes, sir; but we have always done our sums in potatoes or turnips—we never had wheat."

WOMEN have not done much in the way of *invention*, but a Brooklyn lady, Mrs. Augusta M. Rodgers, has gone practically at work, and in less than four years has patented four inventions or improvements. A mosquito canopy, a folding chair, a plan of heating cars without fires, and an improvement in spark-arresters (to be applied to locomotives,) have successively received letters patent at Washington, while the first two are protected by the great seal of England.

WE must consult the gentlest manners and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper manner.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* says in regard to the violent tremors caused by tobacco: "The trembling, which is one of the usual symptoms of acute, is also a common result of chronic, nicotism. A very distinguished Parisian physican had hands which shook so much that he could not write. Whenever he remained without any tobacco for any length of time, these tremblings disappeared. Another case mentioned by Blatin is noteworthy. A man of forty-five years consulted him respecting violent and numerous attacks of vertigo. Cessation from tobacco and a tonic regimen quickly restored him. A physician of fifty-two was afflicted with similar disagreeable symptoms, and was also cured by abstinence. Habit had became so strong that he could not resist at times the temptation to slight indulgence. Finding that these returns to tobacco were immediately followed by his old painful attacks, he renounced it forever.