

# The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1873.

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 31.

## Business Cards.

**J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,**  
Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa.  
Montrose, May 10, 1871.

**D. W. SEARLE,**  
TORTNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Jan 69]

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

**M. C. SUTTON,**  
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,  
1st St.  
Friendsville, Pa.

**C. S. GILBERT,**  
U. S. Auctioneer.  
Great Bend, Pa.  
1st St.

**AMIELLY,**  
U. S. Auctioneer.  
Address, Brooklyn, Pa.  
Apr. 1, 1869.

**JOHN GROVES,**  
FURNITURE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over  
Clarke's Store. All orders filled in strictest style.  
Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.  
Montrose, Jan. 15, 1873.

**J. F. SHOMAKER,**  
Attorney at Law, Office next door to J. B. & A. H. McCollum's.  
Montrose, Pa. [Jan 1, 1871]

**B. L. BALDWIN,**  
Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office with James  
C. Boyd.  
Montrose, August 29, 1871.

**A. O. WARREN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Jan 1, 1873]

**W. A. CROSSMAN,**  
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the  
Commonwealth's Building, Montrose, Pa.  
Montrose, Sept. 20, 1871.

**M. KENZIE & CO.**  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses  
Ware. Also, agents for the Great American  
Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 15, 73)

**DR. W. W. SMITH,**  
Dentist, at his dwelling, next door east of the  
Exchange Hotel. Office below Foot of S. Street,  
at 4 1/2 N.  
Montrose, May 2, 1871.

**LAW OFFICE.**  
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office  
of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.  
A. F. Fitch. (Jan. 11, 1871)

**J. SAUTTER,**  
FURNITURE TAILOR. Shop over J. B. DeWitt's  
Montrose, Feb. 10th 1873.

**ABEL TURRELL,**  
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,  
Iron, Brass, Tin, Sheet Metal, Jewellery, Fancy  
Goods, etc. Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Feb. 1, 1873]

**DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional  
services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—  
Office at his residence, on the corner of Scott & S.  
Street, Montrose. (Aug. 1, 1869)

**CHARLES S. STODDARD,**  
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and  
Furniture, Main Street, over door below Foot of S. Street,  
Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.  
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1873.

**LEWIS KNOLL,**  
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.  
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will  
be ready to attend all who may want anything  
in his line.  
Montrose, Pa. Oct. 10, 1869.

**DR. S. W. DAYTON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to  
the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his  
residence, opposite Burman House, G. V. Bend village,  
Bend, Pa. [1861-17]

**DR. D. A. LATHROP,**  
Dentist, at his office in the Post Office Building,  
at the foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic  
Diseases.  
Montrose, Jan. 17, 73—103-17.

**THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!**  
Howdy Moris is the barber, who can shave your face to  
order. Cut hair, trim, and get your hair, in his  
office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over  
Cory's store, below McCracken's—just over door.  
Montrose, June 1, 1871. C. MORRIS.

**H. BURRIET,**  
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints. Books,  
and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Fine Buffalo Hides, Groceries, Flour, etc., &c.  
New Market, 1st, Nov. 4, 73-11.

**EXCHANGE HOTEL.**  
D. A. MCCracken, wishes to inform those who  
have visited the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, Pa.  
that he has now prepared to accommodate the traveling public  
in first-class style.  
Montrose, Aug. 20, 1872.

**BILLINGS STROUD,**  
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office  
business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office  
First door east of the bank of W. H. Cooper & Co.  
Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. (Bills. St. 1869,  
July 17, 1873)

**J. D. YAIL,**  
DEPARTMENTAL PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently  
located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly  
attend to all calls in the profession with which he may  
be favored. Office and residence west of the Court  
House, near Fitch & Watson's.  
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

**BURNS & MCHOLS,**  
SAL. SPRING OILS, Varnishes, Liquors, Spices, Fancy  
Articles, in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, and  
Furniture, in Montrose, Pa. Prescriptions carefully compounded.  
Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.  
A. O. Warren.  
Feb. 8, 1873.

## The Post's Corner.

### MUSIC IN CAMP.

Two armies covered hill and plain,  
Where Pennsylvania waters  
Ran gleefully clashing with the stain  
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents  
In meads of heavenly azure;  
And each dread gun of the elements,  
Sleep in its hid embosment.

The breeze so softly blew it made  
No forest leaf to quiver,  
And the smoke of the random cannonade,  
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where cypress hills looked down,  
With cannon grumpy planted,  
Or lances camp and silent tower,  
The golden sunset slanted;

When on the forest air there came  
A strain, now rich, now tender,  
The music seemed itself a flame  
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal hand, which e'er and morn  
Played measured music in the hills,  
Had just struck up with flute and horn  
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks  
Till margined by its pebbles,  
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"  
The other was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the hand  
In play moved bright and tricky,  
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,  
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious streams, with hurried glow,  
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,  
But thrilled throughout its repeat flow  
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again  
The music poured sonorous,  
And Yankee Doodle was the strain  
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew  
To kiss the shining pebbles—  
Loud shrieked the crowd of Boys in Blue,  
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle rang  
Above the stormy riot,  
No shout upon the evening rang—  
There reigned holy quiet.

The aid, like strength its noiseless tread  
Spread over the glens and pebbles;  
All silent now the golden wood,  
All silent stood the Rebels.

For each responsive soul had heard  
That plaintive note appealing,  
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred  
The hidden fountains of feeling.

Of blue or gray, the soldier sees,  
As by the hand and smile,  
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,  
The cottage by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies  
Beard in their beauty o'er him;  
Sending the tear-mists from his eyes,  
The dear ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,  
The vision vanished as the strain  
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art  
Expressed in simplest numbers,  
Sublimed his heart to the heart,  
Made light the Rebels' slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,  
That bright, celestial creature,  
Who still "mid war's embattled lines  
Gave this one triumphing creature.

—J. R. Thompson in Mobile Register.

### THE STORY TELLER.

"Will you be at home to-night, Annie?"

The person who asked this question, a tall, muscular, good-looking young fellow, was leaning upon Annie Moore's front gate talking to the Squire's pretty daughter, who stood inside of it. As the simple words passed her lips he noticed suddenly to the very roots of his fair hair as if he had just been guilty of some great impromptu.

He was bashful—extremely bashful was David Winthrop—at least in the presence of young ladies, most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young man in all Wilkes county owned a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his cronies of stock and crops and such like. But the sight of a pretty face or face coming his way, as it called him queer.

On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands and eyes and legs all ways to feel like screwing himself into the nearest hole until the danger—that is to say, the young lady was past.

This state of things being considered, no one ever understood how he contrived to muster up courage enough to enlightened Annie Moore on the subject of his preference for herself. The matter probably remains to this day as much a mystery to him as it is to others.

Miss Annie, however, had a fair share of tact and womanly cleverness showed safely away somewhere in the recesses of her pretty little head, although it was rounded shoulders of fresh eighteen.

She did not need to be reminded that David was worth, in a worldly way, much more than any of her other suitors, and that he was good-looking, good-hearted, and intelligent enough to satisfy any but an over fastidious, in short, hard. He was unexceptionable and excessive bashfulness, which indeed, was a never-failing source of merriment to the young people of their little circle.

So when David in his awkward, blundering, half-frightened manner began shyly to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as treating her to and from singing school, constituting himself her escort when she went Saturdays on horseback to the lonely little church in the woods, and singing her out as the recipient of whatever attentions he could find the nerve to pay, at the frequent quilting parties in the neighborhood, Annie did not flinch; she showed her surprise and marked preference, but took it all in the easiest, pleasantest, most unexceptionable manner possible. The girls talked and nudged each other's elbows, and the young men cracked furtive jokes at the expense of her timid suitor, but she stood up for him like a real kind-hearted, independent Western lass, as she was called, and tried to encourage him out of his shy-

ness as far as she consistently could. She never seemed to notice any of his unfortunate blunders, and very likely helped him along considerably when his feelings reached the culminating point, one moon-lighted August evening, as they were walking home together from a corn-husking.

That had been just one week ago. Annie had said "yes," and had agreed to take the responsibility of bringing father and mother "around" on the subject. David had not been to the house since. Probably he felt very much like a dog who fears to venture upon the premises of a person whose sleepfold he has just plundered. Thus it happened that as yet the "old folks" knew nothing of their momentous secret, which they kept between themselves, fearing to divulge. And now Annie, who wished to put off the ordeal of avowal as long as possible—at any rate to gain time for one more confidential talk with David on the subject—said hastily in reply to that stammered query of his with which we have prefaced this narration.

"Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's with father to spend the evening, and she wants me to go, too, but I guess I can't. I've been working on father's new shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work yesterday, and I'm about tired out."

Then she added before he could reply: "Don't come until 8 o'clock. I shall be about through putting things to rights by that time."

Of course David was not too obtuse to understand that he was specially favored by this arrangement, and so he forgot his bashfulness as to petition awkwardly for a parting kiss, which was at once refused in the most inexcusable manner possible.

"No, you shan't! There, now! Do take yourself off, will you? I've think I didn't see you fidgeting around 'em. Smith! I've not forgotten 'that' air, sir!"

"Oh, now, Annie! just one!"

But further appeal was brooked off by a tantalizing little laugh, and when rendered desperate by this, he tried to revenge himself, at the very moment when he thought he was secure of the coveted bliss and stooped his head triumphantly, landing his face suddenly from under her arm and was off and away up the garden path leading to the house—almost before he could realize what had happened.

For one moment David, who stood gazing ruefully after her, thought of suit and re-capture, but before he had time to put his plan into execution, his tormentor, after stopping to give one mocking farewell wave of her hand from the front porch, vanished inside of the hall door. So there was nothing to be done but to turn reluctantly from the gate and take the road homeward.

If you could have looked into the family sitting room at Squirt's momentary before eight o'clock on that evening you would have had a cheery picture before you. The after supper clearing away was over, for the sitting room was also the room where the daily meals of the family were eaten. The leaves of the old-fashioned dinner table had been taken down, and the table itself covered with a bright white cloth set back against the wall. The crumbs had been carefully brushed with a tusk wing from the neat home-made carpet, and Annie's workstand was drawn up in front of the ample and blazing fire of hickory logs which crackled cheerily in the old-fashioned fire-place.

A beautifully piled tray of red checked apples and a plate full of cracked wheat, with some good looking young Annie's cognate work basket, made of pine combs by her own deft hands, and daintily lined with blue silk.

On one side of the fire place sat Mrs. Moore, fat, fair, and more than forty, at peace with all the world. She sat swaying backwards and forwards at intervals in her low rocking chair, knitting as she rocked and retired now and then to the corner of the table, or touching in a caressing manner with the tip of her foot a sleek, lazy-looking graying cat that lay purring and blinking on the hearth rug before her.

But Mrs. Moore was fully awake now. She had gotten a new idea into her head; and instead of settling herself for another nap, she pursued her train of thought and knitting, both together with wonderful rapidity. At length, stopping and looking keenly at Annie over her spectacles, she said:

"It may be a queer notion of mine, Annie, but I've a fancy that that man was David Winthrop."

"Oh! but Annie's face didn't catch her eye. It might have lit any number of candles by it."

These suspicious symptoms did not escape the eye of the killifish inquisitor, who calmly continued:

"Pears so to me; cause them big whiskers put me in mind of 'is; and then the awkward way he gripped me with his big paws!"

No answer. But Annie was wonderfully busy. She bent over her work and drew her needle through so quickly that the thread snapped, and then she didn't have time to talk, she was so taken up with trying to coax the thread through the eye again!

Inflexible Mrs. Moore went on:

"I don't believe that kiss was intended for me after all. Do you, Annie? Well, of course, we know 'is wasn't? But then I do wonder who 'it was intended for? And I wonder if you don't know more about it than you seem fit to tell?"

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, 're mother? you was mighty anxious to get me up Pap off to Aunt Ruth's to-night; but I noticed you was winked extraordinary for all you wern't going."

Here Annie lost her needle and went down on the floor to hunt it.

"Now, Annie, her mother went on, 'I'm getting old, I know that, but I haven't lost my eyesight yet, nor my hearing neither. I've surprised a little something about these goings on between you an' David here now. What are you playin' possum for? Out with it, I say. 'Taint fair to be tryin' to come it over your old mother."

A KISS IN THE DARK.

—BY W. W. T.—

"Will you be at home to-night, Annie?"

The person who asked this question, a tall, muscular, good-looking young fellow, was leaning upon Annie Moore's front gate talking to the Squire's pretty daughter, who stood inside of it. As the simple words passed her lips he noticed suddenly to the very roots of his fair hair as if he had just been guilty of some great impromptu.

He was bashful—extremely bashful was David Winthrop—at least in the presence of young ladies, most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young man in all Wilkes county owned a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his cronies of stock and crops and such like. But the sight of a pretty face or face coming his way, as it called him queer.

On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands and eyes and legs all ways to feel like screwing himself into the nearest hole until the danger—that is to say, the young lady was past.

This state of things being considered, no one ever understood how he contrived to muster up courage enough to enlightened Annie Moore on the subject of his preference for herself. The matter probably remains to this day as much a mystery to him as it is to others.

Miss Annie, however, had a fair share of tact and womanly cleverness showed safely away somewhere in the recesses of her pretty little head, although it was rounded shoulders of fresh eighteen.

She did not need to be reminded that David was worth, in a worldly way, much more than any of her other suitors, and that he was good-looking, good-hearted, and intelligent enough to satisfy any but an over fastidious, in short, hard. He was unexceptionable and excessive bashfulness, which indeed, was a never-failing source of merriment to the young people of their little circle.

So when David in his awkward, blundering, half-frightened manner began shyly to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as treating her to and from singing school, constituting himself her escort when she went Saturdays on horseback to the lonely little church in the woods, and singing her out as the recipient of whatever attentions he could find the nerve to pay, at the frequent quilting parties in the neighborhood, Annie did not flinch; she showed her surprise and marked preference, but took it all in the easiest, pleasantest, most unexceptionable manner possible. The girls talked and nudged each other's elbows, and the young men cracked furtive jokes at the expense of her timid suitor, but she stood up for him like a real kind-hearted, independent Western lass, as she was called, and tried to encourage him out of his shy-

ness as far as she consistently could. She never seemed to notice any of his unfortunate blunders, and very likely helped him along considerably when his feelings reached the culminating point, one moon-lighted August evening, as they were walking home together from a corn-husking.

That had been just one week ago. Annie had said "yes," and had agreed to take the responsibility of bringing father and mother "around" on the subject. David had not been to the house since. Probably he felt very much like a dog who fears to venture upon the premises of a person whose sleepfold he has just plundered. Thus it happened that as yet the "old folks" knew nothing of their momentous secret, which they kept between themselves, fearing to divulge. And now Annie, who wished to put off the ordeal of avowal as long as possible—at any rate to gain time for one more confidential talk with David on the subject—said hastily in reply to that stammered query of his with which we have prefaced this narration.

"Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's with father to spend the evening, and she wants me to go, too, but I guess I can't. I've been working on father's new shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work yesterday, and I'm about tired out."

Then she added before he could reply: "Don't come until 8 o'clock. I shall be about through putting things to rights by that time."

Of course David was not too obtuse to understand that he was specially favored by this arrangement, and so he forgot his bashfulness as to petition awkwardly for a parting kiss, which was at once refused in the most inexcusable manner possible.

"No, you shan't! There, now! Do take yourself off, will you? I've think I didn't see you fidgeting around 'em. Smith! I've not forgotten 'that' air, sir!"

"Oh, now, Annie! just one!"

But further appeal was brooked off by a tantalizing little laugh, and when rendered desperate by this, he tried to revenge himself, at the very moment when he thought he was secure of the coveted bliss and stooped his head triumphantly, landing his face suddenly from under her arm and was off and away up the garden path leading to the house—almost before he could realize what had happened.

For one moment David, who stood gazing ruefully after her, thought of suit and re-capture, but before he had time to put his plan into execution, his tormentor, after stopping to give one mocking farewell wave of her hand from the front porch, vanished inside of the hall door. So there was nothing to be done but to turn reluctantly from the gate and take the road homeward.

If you could have looked into the family sitting room at Squirt's momentary before eight o'clock on that evening you would have had a cheery picture before you. The after supper clearing away was over, for the sitting room was also the room where the daily meals of the family were eaten. The leaves of the old-fashioned dinner table had been taken down, and the table itself covered with a bright white cloth set back against the wall. The crumbs had been carefully brushed with a tusk wing from the neat home-made carpet, and Annie's workstand was drawn up in front of the ample and blazing fire of hickory logs which crackled cheerily in the old-fashioned fire-place.

A beautifully piled tray of red checked apples and a plate full of cracked wheat, with some good looking young Annie's cognate work basket, made of pine combs by her own deft hands, and daintily lined with blue silk.

On one side of the fire place sat Mrs. Moore, fat, fair, and more than forty, at peace with all the world. She sat swaying backwards and forwards at intervals in her low rocking chair, knitting as she rocked and retired now and then to the corner of the table, or touching in a caressing manner with the tip of her foot a sleek, lazy-looking graying cat that lay purring and blinking on the hearth rug before her.

But Mrs. Moore was fully awake now. She had gotten a new idea into her head; and instead of settling herself for another nap, she pursued her train of thought and knitting, both together with wonderful rapidity. At length, stopping and looking keenly at Annie over her spectacles, she said:

"It may be a queer notion of mine, Annie, but I've a fancy that that man was David Winthrop."

"Oh! but Annie's face didn't catch her eye. It might have lit any number of candles by it."

These suspicious symptoms did not escape the eye of the killifish inquisitor, who calmly continued:

"Pears so to me; cause them big whiskers put me in mind of 'is; and then the awkward way he gripped me with his big paws!"

No answer. But Annie was wonderfully busy. She bent over her work and drew her needle through so quickly that the thread snapped, and then she didn't have time to talk, she was so taken up with trying to coax the thread through the eye again!

Inflexible Mrs. Moore went on:

"I don't believe that kiss was intended for me after all. Do you, Annie? Well, of course, we know 'is wasn't? But then I do wonder who 'it was intended for? And I wonder if you don't know more about it than you seem fit to tell?"

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, 're mother? you was mighty anxious to get me up Pap off to Aunt Ruth's to-night; but I noticed you was winked extraordinary for all you wern't going."

Here Annie lost her needle and went down on the floor to hunt it.

"Now, Annie, her mother went on, 'I'm getting old, I know that, but I haven't lost my eyesight yet, nor my hearing neither. I've surprised a little something about these goings on between you an' David here now. What are you playin' possum for? Out with it, I say. 'Taint fair to be tryin' to come it over your old mother."

Thus adjured, our small feminine Machiavel made a clean breast of it, much relieved to find that mother "hadn't nothin' to say about it an' bringin' him around."

"But, Anna," said Mrs. Moore, dried, in conclusion, "I want you to tell David I'd rather he'd not make such a mistake again. I don't like the feel of his big whiskers about my face, and, moreover, I don't approve of promiscuous kissing!"

David never heard the last of that kiss in the dark. Old Squire Moore, of course, heard of it, and used to take great delight in slyly alluding to the circumstance when all the parties concerned happened to be present. He would shake his curly sides with laughter at David's discomfiture and his wife's tart replies, while the girl would sit side more so in her place than thirty years ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from her then. I hope the occurrence will be a lesson to you an' Annie, agin the policy of underhanding in's of all sorts, seem' as how they're liable to end, in such cases, in kissin' the wrong one in the dark.

**Irish Ladies.**

Happening to be in Queensstown, Ireland, one evening in July last, I was invited to attend a grand ball. I had been doing some of the interior districts of Ireland, and was so tired that at first I was rather inclined to excuse myself.—But before deciding, I asked a question or two: "Is it a big thing?"

"Never saw anythin' so grand in town?"

"What class of women?"

"The first class; the very best from Queensstown, Cork—in fact, the most beautiful women in the world."

I knew how the common women of Ireland looked. I had seen hundreds of them about Kilmaree selling "mountain dew" and "pea mill" and in fact for some time had seen nothing else. But I had seen the common class only—the servants, peddlers and peasants. I had not seen the aristocracy. I made up my mind to go. The number of ladies was about one hundred and fifty. Their dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions, only a little more so—sleeves a little shorter, corsage a little lower. The ladies were remarkably self possessed, quiet and graceful, and I think on the whole averaged prettier than I have ever seen for the number on such an occasion.

Some of our naval officers were present in their stunning uniforms and were honorably well marked attention and the sweetest smiles.

I have written all this regumole in order to say something about the physical development of these Irish ladies.

The Irish girls we have seen in America have full chests, large, fine, and are altogether plump and vital. When an American lady has shown her arms—candle-dips, No. 8—and has asked, "How can I get such arms as Bridget's?" and I have said "Work—work as she does, and you will have her arms," the lady has generally said, "Oh, that is not work, that is beauty." I told you if I had the world at my feet, I should have had her feet, but, this terrible dry American air takes all the juices out of us."

My curiosity was on tip-toe to see how Irish ladies, brought up in their moist, even climate, but without work, would look.

I have said there was one hundred and fifty ladies present. They were certainly very pretty dressed, but now, taking the witness-stand, I testify that I have never in America seen one hundred and fifty young women together with arms so small and chests so flat and thin.

They belong to the tall class, and all the more so, for the ill class have fine spindle arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment.

Elegance, education, rank, aspiration, ambition, prayer—these will not produce a strong, full, muscular body. They are the appointed means. Exercise! exercise! work! work! this produces strong muscles, full chests and physical beauty. Work is the appointed means.—*Die Leiter*, in 70-day.

**SHAMPOONING THE ROAMI.**

Let no tourist, experienced only in the effeminate imitations of the hummock, or Moorish bath, to be found in New York of London, expect similar "conservative treatment" in Algeria. It will be more likely to receive the "M'zabite" wash, of which the following paragraph, which is a quotation from an English Journalist in the land of the Kabyles:

"We are told to sit down upon a marble seat in the middle of the hall, which we had no sooner done than we become sensible of a great increase of heat; after which each of us were taken into a closet of milder temperature, which, after placing a white cloth on the floor and taking off our napkins, they laid us down, leaving us to the further operations of the naked, robust negroes. These men, newly brought from the interior of Africa, were ignorant of Arabic; so I could not tell them in what way I wished to be treated, and they handled me as roughly as if I had been a Moor incured to hardship. Kneeling upon one knee upon the ground, each took me by a leg and rubbing the soles of my feet with pumice stone. After this operation on my feet, they rubbed my hands into a small ball and rubbed me all over with it as hard as they could. The distortions of my countenance must have told them what I endured, but they rubbed on, smiling at each other, and sometimes giving me an encouraging look, indicating by their gestures the good it would do me—while they were thus cursing me, they almost drowned me by throwing water upon me with large silver vessels, which were in the basin under a cask fastened in the wall. When this was over they raised me up, putting my head under the cask, by which means the water flowed all over my body; and as if this was not sufficient, my attendants continued drying my vessels. They having dried me with very fine napkins, they each of them very respectfully kissed my hand. I considered this as a sign that my torment was over, and was going to dress myself, when one of the negroes, grimly smiling, stopped me till the other returned with a great quantity of earth, which they began to rub all over my body without consulting my inclination. I was as much surprised to see it take off all the hair as I was in the operation; for this earth is so quick in its effect it burns the skin if left upon the body. This being finished, I went through a second ablution, after which one of them seized me behind, by the shoulders, and setting his two knees against the lower part of my back, made my bones crack, so that, for a time I thought they were entirely dislocated. Nor was that all, for after whirling me about like a top to the right and left, he delivered me to his comrade, who used me in the same manner; and then to my no small satisfaction, opened the closet door."

**THE MANNER OF CULTIVATING THE CUCUMBER IN JAPAN** is somewhat novel, and in some respects superior to our trade. Instead of sowing the seed in hills, it is sown in double rows, as peas are frequently done, only at a greater distance apart, both between the rows and the plants, say three feet between the first. The vines are supported by placing brushwood along each row, forming an arch, over which they may grow. The advantages this method presents are, that the fruit is always clean and straight, of a uniform color on all sides, and can be gathered without incurring the danger of injury to the vines by tramping on them.

The economy of rapid and comfortable transit for beef cattle was recently shown at a meeting held in Manchester, England. The latest attending the driving of fattest stock on foot to market was formerly 80 pounds per head, per 100 miles; now a fat bullock is taken 530 miles by rail to London with a loss of 40 pounds only.

## GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

A young lady in New York was in the habit of writing on the subject of intemperance. Her writings were full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul that a friend accused her of being a fanatic on the subject of intemperance, whereupon she wrote the following touching lines:

Go feel what I have felt,  
Go bear what I have borne—  
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,  
And the cold world's proud scorn;  
Thou suffer on from year to year—  
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,  
Implore, beseech and pray—  
Strike the besotted heart to such,  
The downward course to stay—  
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,  
Your prayers but useless, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,  
O'er loved father's fall,  
See every promise blessed swept—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Life's fading flowers strewn all away,  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,  
Behold the strong man bowed—  
With gasping teeth—lips bathed in blood—  
Only glad to have been in your place thirty years ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from her then. I hope the occurrence will be a lesson to you an' Annie, agin the policy of underhanding in's of all sorts, seem' as how they're liable to end, in such cases, in kissin' the wrong one in the dark.

**Religious Notes.**

VIRGINIA preachers were formerly paid for their services in tobacco. BOSTON proposes to establish an Old Man's Christian Association. NEARLY all the Presbyterian pastors in Arkansas are accustomed to preach separately to the children of their congregation. A MEMBER of a church in Boston sent a check for pew rent payable to "improved preaching or order."

DURING the past year eight Southern Presbyterian churches were organized and enrolled in the Presbytery of Eastern Texas.

AT Mount Sterling, Ky., the churches are reported to be closed on account of the epidemic of small-pox.

THE Methodist Book Concern has sent to Congress the modest claim of \$400,000 for the site of their buildings in Nashville, Tenn., during the war.

WHEN they do manage to get the people of the country to come into church the sexton is obliged to lock the doors to keep them there until the service is over. THE entire membership of the Methodist Episcopal church in Cincinnati is 4,573 being an increase of 709 in the last ten years, and the church property is valued at \$775,000.

GEN. L. M. AYER, of South Carolina, a former member of the Confederate Congress, has concluded to devote himself to the Baptist Ministry, and is preaching with great acceptance.

THERE are said to be 1,156 unemployed ministers and 1,174 vacant parishes in the Presbyterian church, and no organized way of bringing ministers and parishes into correspondence.

BISHOP Tuttle reports that while the parishes of the Southern States prior to Idaho City have increased the Episcopal congregation has diminished. He thinks the Chinese population is now larger than the white.

THE Methodists are divided into twenty nine denominations, eleven of these divisions are in this country. They aggregate 22,361 ministers and 3,609,450 members. The union of this was body is being in this and other countries.

FATHER Boehm, aged ninety-eight, preached a short and very edifying course in the Ashbury M. E. Church, of Wilmington, Del., last week. He referred to his preaching in that city in the year 1800. This is a most extraordinary fact.

The First Presbyterian church, at Newark, New Jersey, was founded about two hundred years ago, being at that time the only church in town. It is a grand old structure of brown stone, and is now one of the wealthiest in the country.

The Baptist Home Mission Board reports that its receipts for the current year to date are larger than they were this time last year, while the liabilities are smaller; so that the treasury will be in a good condition at the close of the year.

The nine states issued by the Domestic Missionary Committee of the Episcopal Church, have, within three years, brought into the treasury \$60,000. It is believed that a general adoption of the plan will secure the annual collection of \$50,000.

The ministers of the different denominations at Findlay, Ohio, have issued and addressed to their parishioners, stating that they have agreed to meet in a series of religious meetings, laying aside all denominational preferences and peculiarities and forgetting all merely sectarian interests.

As mentioned some time ago, the American missionaries in Japan lately agreed to waive their denominational differences, and join hands in their work. The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* remark kindly upon this, that the missionaries have conducted a newly invented form of Christianity, got up expressly and exclusively for Japan. A very charitable conclusion surely.

The new Archbishop Bp. says that he manfully: "A real inspection of liquor would destroy two-thirds of temperance." Any real good government should force such an inspection, or stop the sale altogether, because the object of government is to protect the lives of citizens, and while it enforces stringent laws against the sale of decayed vegetables, it is far more important that it should hinder the sale of drinks which poison the body and madden the brain."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Westman and Reflector* suggests the following insurance plan for clergymen: "That clergymen to the number of one or five thousand insure themselves on the mutual plan, as do the locomotive engineers, and others, each to pay one dollar upon the death of a member, and if a pastor reaches the age of sixty, after at least twenty years service, let him be paid the one dollar for each."

The English Bishop of Manchester administered a severe rebuke to one of his clergy. He said he had heard with shame and confusion of face of a church in the diocese in which there had been carried a banner on which was embossed the name of "The Queen of Heaven," and he remarked that though he was glad to see a revival of reverence, devotion and piety, it must not be forgotten that there was a limit beyond which they must not go in imitating the practices of the thirteenth century.

To resist temptation once is not a sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury. If he is overcome you share his guilt.

## JOB PRINTING, ETC.

## DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE