E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1873.

Terms I Two pollans per year in advance;

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, ATTORRETS AT LAW Office over the Rank, Montro Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

D. W. SRARLE A TTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [au] &

W. W. SMITH. CABINET AND CHAIR MANUPACTURERS.—Vo

M. C. SUTTON. Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent

C. S. GILBERT, Auctioncor, Great Bend, Pa.

AMI BLY, U. S. Auotioneer.
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, ttorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door R. De Witt's store, opposite the bank. Montrose, Jan. 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

B. L. BALDWIN, Tronner at Law, Montrose, Pa Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871.

A. O. WARREN, A TTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay. Pensio and Exem on Claims attended to. Office fr —oor below Boyd's Store, Montrose. Ps. [An. 1, '6

W. A. CROSSMON. Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. Chossmon. Montrose, Sept. 6th. 1871.—tf. McKENZIE & CO.

haiers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses and Shoes, Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company, [Montrose, July 17, 72, DR. W. W. SMITH.

Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of tean printing office. Office hours from 9 A.

Montrose, May 2, 1871—if

LA W OFFICE. FITCH & WATSON, Altorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

J. SAUTTER. FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. R. DeWitt

ABEL TURRELL, beskr in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils Dye staffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Per-nauery, &c., Brick Biock, Montr. se, Pa. Establisher, 1818. [Feb. 1, 1873.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, PAYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his profession services to the citizens of Mourrose and vicinity.— Office a his-residence, on the cornercest of Sayre's Bros. Foundry.

[Aug. 1, 4859.

CHARLES N. STODDARD. calerin Boots and Shoss, Hats and Caps. Leather an Findings. Main street, 1st door below Boyd's Store Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL, SHAVING AND MAIR DRESSING. Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want snything in his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

DR. S. W. DAYTON, PEYNICIAN & W. DAYTON,
PEYNICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to
the citizens of Great Bond and vil bity. Office at his
residence, opposite Barnum House, GV Bend village.
Sept. 1at, 1800.—47

DR. D. A. LATHROP, s Election Prenata Barne, at the Proof street. Call and consult in all Chroni Diseases. Mentrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

CHARLEY MORRIS. "HE HAYT! BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. B. De Wilk, where he is pre-pared to do s. I kinds of work in his line, such as ma-sing switches, puffs, etc. All work done on short nestee and prices low. Please call and see me.

H. BURRITT. Desier in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hard-waie, Iron., Stoves, Drugs, Ulls, and Pelits, Boots and Shore, Hats and Capp, Purs, Buffalo Robes, Gro-ceries, Provisions, &c. New-Millord, I.a., Nov. 6, "72—tf.

RXCHANGE HOTEL A. McCRACKEN? wishes to inform the public that having reated the Exchange Hotel in Mourrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style Mourrose, Aug. 23, 1872.

BILLINGS STROUD.

J. D. VAIL. HONTOFATHIC PUTSICIAN AND SURDEDN. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will prompt by attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.

Montrose, February 8, 1871.

F. CHURCHILL. Justice of the Peace: office over L. S. Lenheim's store-Great Bend borough, Susquehanua Connty, Penu'a-Has the set lement of the dockets of the late Leac Reckhow, decrased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a m, and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Great Bend, Oct. 2d, 1872.

DURNS & NICHOLS, DILLING W. MICHULES,

Plancing is bysgs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestids, Faints, Glis, Arraish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy rivice, Parant Medicines, Parkimeryand Tollet Articles, Ext. Pyressription, exposity compounded.

Brick Block, Montrone, Pa.

A. U. Banas.

A. U. Banas.

GET ALL RINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.

BERCUTED AT THE

DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

The Loet's Corner.

MADRIGAL.

BY ROWARD GLYNDON.

Every robin-redbreast takes himself a mate? Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong t wait
Till the lily-footed Spring glides in at Summer's So I heard the birds sing, once upon a day; Oh, my treasure! Oh, my pleasure! Canst thot say me nay?

in the wood the wind-flower is sunken out of sight, Low down and deep down and world forgotten

quite, But do you think the wind forgets that she was sweet and white?
Then listen to his sad voice a little while I pray!

O, my crue!! O, my jewel! Canst thou say me

The sun stole to a wild rose and wiled her leaves apart; May dew and June air had woord her at the start ; But was't not fair the sun should have her golden perfect heart?

Let me choose one short word for timid lips to

Ah, my precious! My delicious! It shall not be nay! -Atlantic Mouthly.

MARYS DREAM.

They parted in tears at the shining bay, And her heart was sad and her eyes din; And her love was gone for a year and a day, And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for

him And still she heard by the land or the lea The wall of the mouning sea. She dreamed that she saw him one stormy

night,
When the b llows were high and the wind
was loud. was found.
The ship was tossing, the wayes were white,
And the black hull seemed like a drifting

The sun shone out on the morrow morn,
And Mary went down to the quiet shore,
To see her lover all white and torn,
And kiss the lips that would speak no more,
And still she hears by the land or the lea
The wail of the moaning sea.

The Storu Teller.

MR. BOYSALL'S MATCHMAKING.

My uncle, Alexander M'Farlane, was waiting breakfast, an event very uncom-mon with him, for Aunt Nancy was the soul of punctuality. Nevertheless she was a little late this morning. Eight o'clock was the breakfast hour, and it was

now fully ten minutes past.

Aunt Nancy was not my Uncle M'Farlane's wife. He was a widower of some fifteen years' standing. Fifteen years before his wife had left him a delicate little boy for a keepsake, and had gone away, whispering with her last breath that she was very happy. Her mother and sister who had come to the house to nurse her, remained after her death, according to Uncle M Farlane's particular request.—He would be so glad, he said, if it were not exacting too much of a secrificate. not exacting too much of a sacrifice, to little boy. So Mrs. Howard, who was a widow with a very straitened income, rented her little house in the New England village where she had always lived, and came to preside over Mr. M'Farlane's spacious mansion and liberal housekeeping in Greenwich street, New York-my Uncle M'Farlane lived in Greenwich

street, a fact which marks the date of my fair, prim, and somewhat quiet girl hair, violet thue eyes, and a pure soft, at which many people wondered. somewhat changeful complexion. She "Well, Bousall, how goes the state of life to which it had pleased God in the collaboration of the complete of the call her. She did not consider herstelf a martyr to uncongenial circumstances, because she made Uncle M'Farlanc's shirts and mended his stockings, "Well, what is it?" asked my uncle,

and even the fact of going down into the kitchen, to do up his immaculte ruffles, when old Mrs. Brown's hands were too lame, and the chaimbermaid's too unskillful to be trusted with, did not awaken in her mind any desire to rush out into the world in search of a career. No such fancy had ever entered Nancy Howard's head. She was absolutely "contented with her present condition." willing to go on making Uncle M'Farlane's shirts, keeping his house, spoiling his child, and keeping his house, spoiling his child, and when the old lady simply said. Her great pleasures consisted in doing muslin, embroidery, visit-that, and folks will talk. Nancy's an old ing the poor, going to church, and reading the English chasics, with now and then a novel If she had any trials she "Th kept them to herself, confiding them to ing him.
no spiritual director, newspaper editor, "Well, five years don't matter muchno spiritual director, newspaper editor, or female friend. Such was Nancy How-

man in the true sense of the phrase. He was unimpeachable in integrity, unspotted in morals, in manners absolutely perfect—

little set in his mers absolutely perfect—

little set in his mers absolutely perfect—

(W) a little set in his, ways and possibly some-what particular in eating and drinking. He was also given to amuseing himself in a chance of marrying you; but you don't quiet way with the peculiarities of those about him. But he never wellingly hurt or neglected any one, and he had a certain "I must beg, Bonzall, that you will not genial gracionsness of manner, which and all his employees, from Mr. Sawn-ders, his confidential clerk, down to Black not to be taken with respectable young Sam, the carman, and Davy, the errand ladies." Libe

"Miss Nancy is a little late this morn- about it. Nancy Howard is dead in love an injury to them rather than a beneing!" observed Uncle M'Farlane, as with you herself, and of course you can't fit.

Brown, his man, brought him the pa-"Yes, sir. She was out till after twelve

Say me nay?

Over. It was a great comfort to them, sir.
You see Sam's wife, she's got a little young baby, too, and altogether it comes hard!"

All gone! love alone laughs at bitter weather. Summer days, or winter days; little recks Love whether;

If so be that Love have his own, his darling way,
Ah, my fairest! Ah, my rarest! Canst thou say me nay?

In the wood the wind-flower is sunken out of the sum of the wood the wind-flower is sunken out.

You see Sam's wife, she's got a little young baby, too, and altogether it comes hard!"

"I should-say so, indeed. We must see that everything is done, Brown. Find out when the funeral is to be, and let me know, and tell your wife to send them sail paused a moment. "Women see something comfortable when she goes to market. But here comes Miss Nuncy.—

Soud up breakfast, Brown."

Soud up breakfast, Brown."

Soud up breakfast, Brown."

Soud up breakfast, Brown."

"Of course she does. She was talking of it last right. 'Nancy ought to have a

her newhew's gaze fixed upon her.
"I was thinking how pretty you are!"
answered Alick, with his usual frankness "I think you are a hundred times pret tier than Miss Regina Schuyler, that they want her for a stepmother. So there!"
"What is that about Miss Schuyler?"

asked my Uncle, laying down his paper

"It strikes me that you are taking rather a liberty with that young lady—to say nothing of myself."
"It wasn't me, father; it was Mr. Bonsall," answered Alick. Bonsall asked he reme if I wouldn't like a pretty young lady like Miss Regina Schuyler to come into the house; and I told him no—I didn't she so want any one but Aunt Nancy. Then he said Aunt Nancy was an old maid; and I said, if she was forty old maids she

was a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina—and so she is!"
"We won't discuss that matter!" said my uncle, analyed, but repressing his annoyance, as usual. "You need not mind Mr. Bonsall. We all know his

There was something in his father's tone which made Alick aware that he had better drop the subject. Uncle
M'Farlane wenton with his paper, but
now and they glanced over it with an
expression of some interest. "Nancy is
pretty!" he said to himself. "There is
something in her face which reminds me

of my mother."

Breakfast being over, my uncle put on Breakfast being over, my nucle put on his overcoat, asking, as he did so, his invariable question, "have you any commands for the city?"

"And, by the way, please see that everything is done for Sam's family. The poor woman will perhaps be the better for some port wine, or ale, and let everything be nice about the functal. I will take the expesse on myself. Sam is a goal

the expense on myself. Sam is a good faithful fellow." "Really Nancy is very pretty!" said

he passed the clerk's desk. "I see the

not exacting too much of a sacrifice, to have Mrs. Howard and Nancy stay with him, keep up his house, and attend to his little boy. So Mrs. Howard, who was a widow with a very straitened income, who will be with the work of the work o fore forgot to ask for my wife. I hope nothing is wrong." Mr. Saunders had an invalid wife, who was indebted to Mr. M Farlane for many little comforts.

Mr. Bonsall was waiting in the office story with sufficient exactness.

Mrs. Howard had been dead three months whiskers, and a bluff, uncompromising mand still Aunt Nancy presided over Uncle manner. He had a habit, on which he and still Aunt Nancy presided over Uncle manner. He had a habit, on which he M'Farlane's household. Neither of them prided himself, of always "speaking his had ever thought of a change as either mind"—that is, of saying everything and necessary or desirable. Nancy had been anything which came into his head—a habit which did not cause him to be bewhen she came to live in Greenwich street. She was still a fair, somewhat prim woon of thirty-five, with pretty, soft brown hat prim with the winds the street of the stre

somewhat changeful complexion. She "Well, Bonsall, how goes the world was not in the least like a modern young with you?" asked my uncle, leisurely lady's heroine. She had no particular taking off his coat and overshoes.

aspirations beyond the limited and old "Oh, well enough. If it don't go to

state of life to which it had pleased God Mr. Bonsall. "But, see here, M'Farlane,

lanc's shirts and mended his stockings, and even the fact of going down into the preparing to listen, not without a long-

maid, to be sure-forty, if she's au

"Thirty-five!" said my uncle, correct-

She's an old maid, as I said. Still, folks ard at five-and-thirty.

My Uncle M Farlane was a fine gentle-rid of her. The trath is, M Farlane, you "Why, of course, not. There's Miss Re

marry her-that is out of the question. "Nancy Howard!" repeated my uncless a tone of bewilderment.

"Yes, sir. She was out till after twelve last night, at Sam's, sir?"

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Well, you see, sir, Sam's girl was took with a quick consumption last spring, and his wife ain't very rugged either.

Miss Nancy, she's been there a good deal, and when Susy was struck with death last evening, she sends for her. So Miss Nancy, she went and stayed till it was all over. It was a great comfort to them, sir. You see Sam's wife, she's got a little young

Send up breakfast, Brown."

Breakfast was usually a somewhat sichange, says she; 'if she don't she'll go lent meal, sare for Alick's chatter with off like her sister. She's a quiet, patient his aunt, for Mr. M'Flarhane always read the paper, invariably asking Miss Nancy's permission.

"Whit'do you look at me so closely.
Alack?" asked Miss Nancy, as she caught my mind, as I always do, and I hope you will have sense enough to act

"I shall certainly act upon it!" said my "I shan on the said Mr. Bonsall, "And soon, I hope!" said Mr. Bonsall, rising. "The sooner the better."

he repeated the substance of the conversa-tion. Mrs. Bonsall was a quiet, kind hearted woman; but, like her husdand, she sometimes spoke her mind. She did so on this occasion. One speaker, for instance, tasked the congregation to congratulate him. He had "been to Washington, that sink of iniquity, and got back alive." so on this occasion.

"Bonsall, you are an idiot! Most men are in such matters, and you are a perfect Mr. Bonsall looked as if some one had

thrown a wet towel in his face. "Why, Mary Anne! What's that for?" "You'll find out soon enough. Go along do, and leave me in peace."

Mr. Bonsall was always very meek when his wife took these rare fits of plain speaking, and he shut the door without stother word. Mrs. Bonsall sat looking at the fire with an expression of verstion which gradually changed to one of kindness.
"After all it might be worse," said she,

speaking to the fire. "Nancy is a good soul, and as sweet as honey. She will make him happy, and be happy hersell, and it will be good for the boy. But I think I see Bonsall's face when he hears For two hours my uncle sat looking

through his office window without oven thinking of his letters. Then he drew a deep breath, as of one relieved of a doubt, and turned to his correspondence. He did not go home to dinner, but left the office early, stopping at a flurist's where he early, stopping at a florist's where he bought some beauiful hot house flowers, jury—a plain old farmer—meeting the jury—a plain old farmer—meeting the

observed a slight change in her manner towards himself. Probably Alick remarks might disturb her a little

"Certainly, my son. And be sure to ask, particularly, how Mrs. Saunders finds said the clerk to himself, as his principal passed on. "I don't believe he ever bego is I wish to consult you on a matter of great importance to us both." then, in his usual kind, somewhat formal manner, he opened the subject. He was desirous, he said, of going abroad for some time, perhaps for years. He thought the change would be good for Alick who showed signs of delicate lungs.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Siz:—Please advise your readers always to leave their names and addresses in their pocket books. It frequently bare the true comments and their pocket books.

Aunt Nancy's heart fluttered, and her color went and came; but she had long been schooled in self control, and she made no other sign. "It won't be for long!" said the quiet, breaking heart to itself, little guessing what was in store. My uncle continued. I don't know exactly how he worded it, but he made it

sent to become his wife, and be a mother to Alick in fact, as she had long been in name? And so in an Lour the matter was all settled. "We are asked to a wedding!" said

Mrs. Bonsall to her husband some six weeks afterward.
"A wedding-whose wedding?" asked

Mr. Bonsall. not greatly interested.
"Nancy Howard's!" "Nancy Howard's-you dont mean-The idea which occurred to Mr. Bonsall

"Yes: Nancy and M'Farlane!" answered his wife, enjoying her lord's discomfitare. "They are to be married at St. Paul's, very quietly, and sail for Europe as soon as possidle."

"The deuce they are. And after all I

said to him!" "After all you said to him!" echoed Mrs. Bonsall. "The moment you told me uot five miles from Buffalo. He worked

"But such a sacrifice, Mary Anne!" "But such a sacrifice, Mary Anne:

"Oh, well, I don't know. I dure say he
might feel it a little of a sacrifice just at
first; but by this time he has persuaded
himself that there never was such a woman, and that the favor was all on her
man, and that the favor was all on her man, and that the favor was all on her comm side. I don't think, for my part, M'Far-see?"

Mifflintown, Pa., has thrown out of its ments entirely out."

"Well, what if I have?" said old oboring Miss Schuyler's name into question." said my uncle. "Such liberties are not to be taken with respectable young ladies."

"Liberty or not, she would have you in a minute. And there's another thing a minute. And there's another thing a minute. And there's another thing a minute about it. Nancy Howard is dead in love."

"Weil, what it I have?" said old objective some termination to have no more books of that there's more there now than you'll keep!"

Another and more correct artist was omployed the next day.

"Weil, what it I have?" said old objective some thing stinancy, as he ran his eyes completely over his work. "There' more there now than you'll keep!"

Another and more correct artist was omployed the next day.

Goldsbord." N. C., is entranced by

Plous Eccentricities.

The Fulton street prayer meeting is for myself and family." Another requested prayer "for a blasphemer." Another "for a young man in this city who is was-ting his substance in riotous living." A sincere "sister" wrote the following: "I ask your prayers to know how to serve God before, but your prayers have not been answered thus far. I have refused to give my heart to Jesus so many times that I am now afraid I shall be ruined forever. If I wait any longer I shall surely be lost. But if I try to be a Christian, it cannot possibly be any worse for me, and I may perhaps be saved. Won't you pray for me until I am a Christian? Another wrote: "Pray that our pastor may be removed from us. He has broken up our little band, and we are a scattered flock." A tempted sister wrote: "A minister's wife, away from her husband and little ones, fears that while she has taught others the plan of salvation she will herself be a castaway. If this fear be a delusion of the tempter, pray that her misgivings be taken away, and she may be able to return to her family rejoicing." Another wrote: Please pray that all my backslidings may be forgiven. I am in great distance of principles of programs of the second of present of the second of present of the second of present of the second of th rising. "The sooner the better!" echoed my uncle. "I quite agree with you. Thank you, Bonsall, thank you!"

"It hink I did a good piece of work this morning!" said Mr. Bonsall to his wife, as he was preparing to go out; "I spoke to M'Farlane about Nancy!" And occarnestly pray that to-day, now, this present hour, I may find joy in Jesus."—

Occasionally the proceedings border on the ridiculous. One speaker, for instance,

Suspected the Lawyer-

The law provides a defender for every arraigned criminal, no matter how well known his crime, but it will not do for a bad man's counselor to try to make his crime a joke, and try to ridicule it out of court. Such a course fairly leaves the law

yer himself open to distrust.

Counselor Higgins, of the State of —,
was exceedingly adroit in defending a prisnor, and would sometmes laugh down n inditment for a small offense. A fellow on inditinent tora sman one most garacter, the being on trial for stealing a turkey, the the c unselor attempted to give a good-burnored turn to the affair. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this is really a very small affair. I wonder any one ould bring such a complaint into court If we are going on at this rate, we shall have business enough on our hands.

Higgins then alluded to the "foraging expeditions, of his college days, and the boys thought it no harm to take poultry here and there once in a while when the the prisoner.
After the Court arose, one of the

Pickpockets.

THE New York Tribune of Tuesday contains the following considerate note from a pickpocket:

To the Editor of The Tribune : pens in our business that we cor ossession of porte monnics containing private papers and photographs which we would be glad to return, but we have to carry them about-so we are forced to destroy them. I remember an instance where I met with serious trouble because I could not make up my mind to destroy plain that neither he nor the boy could live without Nancy. Would Nancy cona picture of a baby which I had found in came into my hands in the way of business on the Third avenue road. I had lost a baby myself, the year before, of the same age as this one, and I would have given all I had for such a picture. There was no name in the porte moanaie and no way of finding out who was the owner, so like a fool I advertised it and got shadowed for it by the police. Tell your readers to give us a fair show to be decent-and always leave their addresses in their pocket books. We want to live and let live. Yours, truly,

Mor'n You'll Keep.

A PICKPOCKET.

Some years ago, an old sign painter, who was very cross, very, gruff and a lit-tle deaf, was engaged to paint the ten com-mandments on some tables in a church what you said to him, and especially as to Nanoy's being talked about, I knew you had made the match. You could have got him to marry old Miss Paget in the same way."

I have the paster of the church went to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over

the tablets.
"Eh!" said the pastor, as his familian

side. I don't think, for my part, be really side. I don't think Uncle M'Farland ever did.—From the Aldine for May.

Lutheran Sunday School of Turk and I don't think Uncle M'Farland eftout, where?" "Why, there," persisted the pastor; look at them in the Bible, you have left some of the commandments entirely out."

PAINFUL suspense-Hanging.

BY MRS. M. A. P. STANSBURY. certainly the people's institution, and very many of them have unbounded faith in its efficacy. Among the written requests sent to the last meeting was this: "Pray God to give me means to make a living beside my knee—"

So you beg for a story, my darling—my browneyed Leopold—
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold:
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee by the sea. It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun That blazed above Fort Sumter had awakened ask your prayers to know how to serve God and do good to my fellow man." An , 'anxious sinner' wrote: "Pray for me. I have asked you to do it two or three times before, but your prayers have not been before, but your prayers have not been the word of their heart desire.

> High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball.
> That hung like a radiant planet caught in its cartbward fall,
> First glumpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round,
> And last slow fading vision dear to the out-

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleep-

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the house-less mother fied,
With the babe she pressed on her bosom shrick-ing in nameless dread—
While the fire king's wild battalions scaled wall and cap-stone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them and the crash of ruin loud,

To the great square of the city, were driven the

the fiery flood, With its heavenward-pointing finger the church of St. Michael stood.

But c'en as they gazed upon it, there rose a sudden wail.

A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale.

On whose scorching wings updriven, a single

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand trembling lips, Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships—

like the stillness of death.

Once more the shouls of the people have rent

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them clergymen without pastores. while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled mumur of wonder and amaze? He stood in the gate of the temple he had per-

With folded arm he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud, And his eyes ablaze in their sockets burnt into the eyes of the crowd; "You may keep your gold—I scorn it—but an-A METHODIST camp meeting is to be held this Spring at Cedar Lake, Michigan,

He stepped but a short space backward, and from all the worden and men
There were only sobs for answer, and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great scal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out

UNLESS all the old-time predictions in regard to the coming crops prove false we shall have a wonderfully bountiful season not only for fruits, but for cereal products. The winter has been remarkably favorable for the grain, and the fruit prophets predict such a supply of apples, peaches, strawberries, etc., as will outrival any sea-

A Wasr, with a yellow bustle, is no in significant agent in dispersing a crowd but a nervous woman making through a crowd with a valise in one hand and an

How He Saved St. Michael's.

curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close
beside my knee—
To a tale of the southern city, proud Chrieston

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shown like a jeweled crown,
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's rise.

miscrable.'

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsades, as you will pray to-night;
The roise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow, the city slumbered on.

A LITTLE Concord chap; who lived next to Everge the result of the property of

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
-For a cry was heard at midnight and the rush
of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the fruntic bells went clashing clamorous
stroke on stroke!

surging crowd, Where yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by

flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

thousand trembling lips.
Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone
Like a flickering, trembling Will-o-Wisp to a steady bencon gown.

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But see! he has stepped on the railing, he climbs with his teet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection with the belfry beneath him he stands!
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single tempestuous breath—
And there falls on the mutitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unlecding aught save the goal of the fire, Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.

Ite stops! Will he fail? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track.

And hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black!

place in Plainfield, New Jersey, since the the quivering air,
At the church door mayor and council wait
with their feet on the stair—
And the eager throng behind them press for a
touch of his hand—
The unknown savior whose darling could compass a deed so grand. opening of the year 1873.

iled his life to save,
And the face of the hero, my children, was the
sable face of a slave!

swer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the
deed of a man f"

-Aldine for May.

son for twenty-five years past.

Odds and Ends. A YOUNG woman in Portland lost ber

heart the other day—but can't remember whether she lost it in church or at the theatre. THE late George A. Clark, of Paisley, England, the thread maker, left \$100,000 to his native town for building a town hall, and \$100,000 to Glasgow Universi-

A SAN FRANCISCO firm has contracted with parties in Providence for twenty-eight car leads of oysters of various ages, which are to be transported in Pacific

waters. WHEN you see a horse start off for a walk, shout "whoa?" at the top, of your voice, and flourish your hat and handkerchief, it soothes and tranquilizes his feel-

ings amazingly. "How is it," asked an enthusiastic English nobleman of a Polish refugee of high rank, "that you regard your country's mistortunes with such stoical indifference?" "You quite mistake me," was the reply; "I have married a Russian lady, and am doing my best to make her miscopile."

Two Dartmouth students were put off a train on the Grand Trunk Railway for

door to Emerson, was engaged one day in digging a hole by the roadside. A worldly trifler, passing by, asked him, "What are you digging after little boy? With great gravity he answered, "After the Infinite." The roof of Westminter Abbey, in London, ilong supposed to be of oak, when recently examined as to its soundness and found to be perfect, was at the same time discovered to be chestnut. It has stood for eight centuries already.

"I wonder what causes the eyes of young men of the present day to be so weak?" said a young town lady to a coun-try nunt, who was reading the "Pilgrim's Progress' in the smallest type without barneys. "My dear," was the tart response, "the eyes of young men are in the weakest part."

A Stony is told of a French gentle-man, who having lost the bulk of his property through the rascalities of friends in whom he trusted, lost his mental balance, and for the remainder of his days found his only delight in riding in omni-buses and passing fares from passengers to the driver, taking care when changed to add to it a sou or two from his own pocket and watch the effect on the receiv-

After the Court arose, one of the jury—a plain old farmer—meeting the counselor, complimented him on his ingenuity.

"And new, 'Squire" said he, fixing a rather knowing look upon him, 'I should like to ask you one question: Which road do you take in going home—the upper or the lower one?"

"The lower," said the counselor.

"Well, then, it's no matter. I only wanted to observ that it you were going my way, I would just jog on before you and lock up my hen-house."

"Pickpockets.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand. For the love of the periled city, plucks down you burning brand!"

"Charleston, that all the people heard.

But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face up turned to the sky?

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face up turned to the sky?

Will he dare it, the hero undanuted, that terrible, sickening height?

Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But seel he has stepped on the railing head through the bars. The hippo, roarhead through the bars. The hippo, roaring frightfully, pulled one way, Bartlett and the keepers pulled the other, and at last out came the tooth, and Hippo soon

got well again. Religious Notes.

THEY have reserved sents at the revival meetings in Denver. Colorado. THERE are 35 county townships in North Carolina without a Baptist house of wor-

Four hundred conversions have taken

THE Rev. W. W. Heberton, has accepted the call to the Presbyterian Church in Eikton, Md. THE records still show more than 800

Presbyterian and 775. Congregational

The Irish Evangelist reports numerous

revivals in Ireland, the first extensive awakening since 1858. THE Presbyterians in the United States average ninety-eight communicants to a church.

tents for five thousand people are to be THE Episcopal Church has now seven missionary Bishops and 215 other missionaries equally distributed in the South and West.

THE Baptists of Louisville, Ky, kave organized a committee of women to labor for the eva igelization of the German population of that city. A FRENCH-speaking Presbyterian church was organized in Brooklyn on the

9th inst., at which forty members were received by letters and on confession. Over 2,000 children are in the American Methodist Sabbath school in Sweden.

ludia has 1,600 Methodist Sabbath school scholrs-800 of them in Lucknow. Rev. C. O. Huzzey, of Billerica, Mass., besng sick last Sunday, his daughter read sermon and otherwise assisted in the pulpit service.

THE observance of Lent this year . has

been much more general and devout than ever, and some of the special services have been attended with great interest.

palling an object as the human mind can conceive and maintain its balance.—Danbury News

Goldstore, N. C., is entranced by the ontery of a colored elergywoman.

REV. H. A. Hough, 'a Methodist minister of Wellon, Vt., broke his promise to a young woman, and the conference suspended him from the ministry for a whole-year.