THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1873. Terms {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, 50 CTS. EXTRA.

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 M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Jan 1 69

W. W. SMITH,

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

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

[apl 69tf **Friendsville, Pa.**

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.

[aug1 69tf **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, fitting 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 20, 1871. tf.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exten on Claims attended to. Office one door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 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. E. P. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

J. SAUTTER,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. R. DeWitt's store Montrose Feb. 19th 1873.

ABEL TURRELL,

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints Oils, Dye stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c, Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1848. [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 east of Saylor & Bros. Foundry. [Aug 1, 1869.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,

STAVING 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. 13, 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, G't Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

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.

CHARLEY MORRIS,

THE HAYTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. R. DeWitt, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, puffs, etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me.

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 travelling public in first-class style Montrose, Aug 28, 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 8, 1871.

F. CHURCHILL,

Justice of the Peace: office over L. S. Lenheim's store, Great Bend borough, Susquehanna County, Penn'a. Has the settlement of the dockets of the late Isaac Hickslow, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m., and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Great Bend, Oct. 26, 1872.

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. 21, 1872.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.,

EXECUTED AT THE

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

Our Poet's Corner

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

The times are all so fearful!
The heart so full of cares!
To eyes that question tearful
The future spectral stares.

Wild terrors creep and hover
With foot so ghastly soft!
The soul black midnights cover
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving,
For trust is left no stay;
The thoughts, with whirlpool raving,
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eyes resistless,
Decoys from Truth's defense;
Life's pulse is flagging listless,
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,
To shelter and make whole?
Who lives from sight received
That he may help the soul?

Haste to the tree of wonder;
Give silent longing room;
Outgoing flames asunder
Will cleave the phantom-gloom.

Draws thee an angel tender
In safety on the strand;
Lo! at thy feet in splendor,
Outspreads the promised land.

Scribner's for May.

TO MY SLEEPING BOY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Sleep on, precious! mother's man!
Brow of snow and cheeks of tan;
Thy sweet breath, like new-mown hay,
Puts to shame the flowers of May.

Rest thee, hands so small and slight,
Never still from morn till night;
Nimble fingers, deft and spry,
See how helpless now they lie!

Little feet that hourly run
Through the shadow and the sun—
Heedless feet that often stray,
Rest thee at the close of day.

No more laughter, no more words,
Till at dawn the little birds,
Waking from their restless sleep,
Gaily twitter, trill, and peep.

Then my birdling too will wake,
Give a early nead a shake,
Bound with bare feet across the floor,
Till he reaches "mamma's door."

Then such prattle and such laughs!
Such sweet kisses, one by one,
You have never heard, unless
You too have a boy to dress!

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Story Teller.

THE STOLEN CURL.

Upon the shores of Lake Ponchartrain, and on the southern border of the State of Mississippi, a long row of elegant villas, a group of warehouses, and here and there a public building or private institution form the lovely and quiet town of Pass Christian, noted for its balmy climate, the beauty of its situation, its handsome residences, and the wealth and refinement of its citizens.

To the young ladies' academies and military institutions of Pass Christian, many of the wealthy planters were wont to send their daughters and sons to be educated: and as the pupils of the representative institutions would meet, in their daily promenades, many admiring glances would be exchanged between them, and longings felt to become acquainted.

Among the fair pupils of the Lake Academy none were more beautiful than Rosa Verner, the sole heiress to all of her doting father's cotton estates, situated upon the Mississippi river. A shower of golden curls fell upon her shoulder. Blue, dreamy eyes, a bright smiling face, and a graceful form, added to a disposition of the truest womanly sweetness, made the young girl of fifteen particularly attractive to all who knew her.

Many a handsome cadet from the military academy had fallen in love with the bewitching beauty at the first glance from her heaven-lit eyes; but to no one did she show a preference, when meeting at the soirees and the receptions given by the different schools.

One of Rosa's greatest, though silent admirers, was Edward Griffith, the son of a Mississippi planter, whose estate lay adjoining that of Mr. Verner; but between Mr. Verner and Col. Griffith there existed great bitterness, and for years the families had not spoken, though meeting constantly in social intercourse at the houses of the neighboring planters.

The feud commenced long years before, when Mr. Verner and Col. Griffith were rivals for the hand of Edward's mother. Col. Griffith had won her, and his success so enraged Mr. Verner that he challenged his successful rival; a duel followed, and in this encounter Col. Griffith came off victorious, severely wounding his adversary.

Since that day neither had spoken to the other, and all interchange of friendly intercourse between even the negroes upon the plantations was forbidden.

Meeting once at Pass Christian, though Rosa could not but see that Edward Griffith admired her, and that he felt that she was not indifferent to his gaze, both were governed by the remembrance of the feud existing between their parents, and gave no sign of the recognization of the other's feelings.

* * * * * *

Toward the close of a lovely summer's day, in the year that this story opens, the pupils of the Lake Institute had gone down the long pier leading out into the lake, to the bath house of the institution. Soon a merry party of damsels were splashing about in the water, riding the breakers, and chasing each other about in glee.

It was a pretty sight, dressed as they were in their various colored bathing suits; and a handsome youth of twenty-one, clad in the stylish uniform of the Pass Christian Military Academy, paused and gazed upon the lovely scene. Suddenly a shriek was heard, and a dark form was borne away by the tide, out of reach of aid from her companion. With the speed of a deer the young cadet sped down the long pier, reached the bath-house, and regardless of the cries of the freightened girls bounded headlong into the water.—Vigorously did he breast the waves, and soon overtook the fair girl, who was nobly struggling to sustain herself above the waters, for she was a fair swimmer.

Soon he came nearer; and seeing that help was at hand, her courage forsook her, and she sank beneath the waters, while shrieks of distress from the shore showed her that her companions believed her forever lost. With a deep dive the youth succeeded in catching hold of the drowning girl, and with renewed strength started shoreward.

Bravely did he struggle, and at last he felt that he would reach the shore, for when almost at the bath house two of the professors had run down to the scene, and swimming out a few yards had relieved the tired youth of his precious burden.

Without a word, the young man turned once more away, and, to the surprise of all, commenced to swim down the coast. In vain did they call to him from the shore; on he swam, and night coming rapidly on, he was no longer visible.

After continuing slowly, and with slow and steady stroke down the coast, the cadet swam towards a pier that projected some distance into the lake, and then threw himself, greatly fatigued, from the water. Looking around him to see that he was not watched, he walked rapidly up the pier, and struck off across the fields for the Academy. Arriving there he sought his room, and reached it unperceived, where he hastily changed his clothing.

Before descending to the study hall to join his fellow students, he drew from the pocket of the saturated jacket he had thrown aside, a long golden curl, dampened by the water.

'I could not resist the temptation to sever this beautiful curl from its golden mates; she will miss it, and yet she will never know who it was that saved her life.'

And carefully drying the tress of hair, the cadet placed it securely away.

A great excitement was created at Pass Christian by the saving from a watery grave of the beautiful Rosa Verner, and of the strange conduct of her noble preserver, whoever he might be for it was impossible to discover his name, and all that could be ascertained was, that he was a cadet from the Military Academy.

This much the young girls had noticed as he sprang from the pier, and Rosa, having become unconscious, could not describe his features.

The missing curl was commented upon, and the faces of all the cadets were eagerly scanned by the pupils of the Lake Institute, and the citizens who evinced a deep interest in the mysterious affair; but still an expression of innocence rested upon every student's face, and gave no clue.

Mr. Verner came to the Pass, and in vain did he visit the Academy and endeavor to find the brave youth who had rescued his daughter from death; it was useless, and after a time it was thought over only as a thing of the past.

* * * * * *

Three years have passed since the incidents mentioned above, and from the shores of the sunny gulf the scene changes to the banks of the Mississippi river.

Riding slowly along the road are two persons, a lady and gentleman upon horseback. Earnestly they are conversing together, and then the maiden draws rein and rests her gloved hand upon her companion's arm.

"Edward here you must leave me, and forever. It is hard to give you up, but my father will never forgive and forget the past, dearly as he loves me. I cannot again meet you. This morning he discovered our secret interviews, and forbade me ever again to see you; and upon your return home, you will find a bitter letter from him, demanding my letters. You know how dearly I love you, and yet you know we must part. Good-bye, Edward, and that Heaven may protect you will ever be my prayer.'

And bright diamond tears rolled down the beautiful face of Rosa Verner, and fell upon the roadside.

'I will not urge you to disobey your father, Rosa. I have loved you since, as a little girl, I used to see you dashing about on your little pony.

When at the Pass at school, I loved you more dearly; and how I blessed kind fate that threw us together, untrammeled by the presence of our parents, when you came up the river a year ago on the steamer. Then I felt that you controlled by life's happiness, and dearly have I enjoyed our stolen interviews. Now all is over, and we must part. I will do as your father asks me in his letter—return all you have sent me. Rosa, my own darling, good bye!"

Thus the lovers parted; and while Rosa returned to her father's plantation a mile down the river, Edward Griffith leaped his horse into a cotton field that bordered the river bank, and darted away in the direction of his own home, for death had laid his father in the grave, and he was master and owner of the large estate.

Arriving at his own door, a negro messenger from the Verner plantation awaited his arrival, and presented him with a letter. Entering his library, he broke the seal, and his brow darkened as he read the contents.

'For her sake I will forbear, and for her sake I will return her letters—every little memento of her love; yes, all.'

A few moments after, the ebony messenger rode away, bearing in his hands a small package addressed to 'William Verner, Esq., Sunny Side Plantation.'

Mr. Verner was pacing the broad verandah that encircled his handsome residence. A stern, haughty man, his brow was darkly clouded, and his eyes wore an angry expression, as ever and anon he glanced down the avenue, as in expectancy.

'Ha! at last! I hope he has not dared to refuse my demand; if so—'

And he grasped the package held out to him by the negro boy.

Breaking the seal, he glanced over the contents. The frown darkened, when his face suddenly paled. The letters and love trinkets fell to the floor, as he exclaimed, 'What does this mean?'

In his hand he held a long silken flashing like golden strands in the setting sun.

Upon a card attached, he read:

'Rescued from the waves. Pass Christian, June 15th, 1850.'

One moment he glanced at the card, his face changing with the emotions that swept over him, and then he called out to the retreating messenger, 'Robert, come here.'

The negro again advanced.

'Mount your horse, and return at once, and quickly, to Griffith Manor. Present my best wishes to Mr. Griffith, and say that I request the pleasure of seeing him immediately at Sunny Side plantation.'

'Yes, sir.'

And while the messenger started away at full speed, Mr. Verner continued his walk up and down the verandah.

An hour had not passed when Edward Griffith rode up to the door, dismounted, and ascended the broadsteps, wearing upon his face a puzzled expression at his strange and unexpected summons to Sunny Side.

Advancing towards him, Mr. Verner extended his hand, while he said, in a firm voice, 'Edward Griffith, I never believed that you, or one of your race, would ever be invited across my threshhold. Your package sent me this evening, told me whom it was that saved my daughter's life three years ago; hence I bury the hatchet, and offer my hand. You are a noble young man, and I believe you will accept it.'

Thus the feud was settled, all animosities buried and the two families united by the strongest ties; for Edward and Rosa were married soon after, and all this happiness came about through the romance of the stolen curl.

Domestic Experience.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe and the chair, and here she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extreme of sanity. Her dress is pinned over the waist, and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents' worth of pot black on her nose, and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling that you know some fool has been fixing it, she stands safely on the floor, and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as: "What's the use of swearing so?" "You know no one has touched that pipe." "You ain't got any more patience than a child." "Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes off, and reappears with an armful more of stove-pipe, and before you are aware of it, she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem as if there were no two pieces alike.

You join the ends, and work them to and fro, and to and fro again, and then you take them apart and look at them.—Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window.—But she don't lose her patience. She goes around with that awful exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm, and a long handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is some people never have any trouble in putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare into the pipe along the mantle, and down on the stove, and off to the floor. Your wife watches you, and is finaliy thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after, and on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go out doors and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of brick buildings, but she merely observes: "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare around like a dummy." When the part of the pipe which goes through the walls is up, she keeps it up with her broom, while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms are slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets.

Here your wife comes to the rescue by inquiring if your are going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think her arms are made of cast iron, and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with its load of fried soot, and then the chair tilts forward enough to discharge your feet, and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with a force that would bankrupt a pipe driver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to a neighbor with her chair, and tells them about its injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry of its sympathy long before you get home.—*Danbury News.*

A NEW HAMPSHIRE paper says: "The ladies' temperance movement at Concord is assuming large proportions, and their mammoth petition to the Mayor, calling upon him to carry out the directions of the City Government for the suppression of the liquor traffic, will soon be presented. The petition contains the names of hundreds of ladies who represent all political parties, all the religous organizations, and all classes of society."

A Fair Exchange.

There is a little romance going the rounds about Richard Farquahar Dingle and his wife Phœbe, and Robert Moore and his wife Mary. The account of the strange fortune that happened these couples is so circumstantial that it must be in the main true. All the parties were English, and were newly married as above in England, before they came to the new world to court fortune. Dick Dingle and his wife were both blondes, and Bob Moore and his wife were browns, and both women were beauties of their respective type, and all were young and adventurous. The two couple didn't come over in the same ship, but they came about the same time, and they did not know each other. Dick Dingle and his pretty wife went to Petroleum Centre, Pennsylvania with a capital of $1,000, which was soon sunk in oil wells—all but $400. Dick divided this sum with Phœbe and started out alone for Argentine Republic to retrieve his lost fortune and make another. He struck a good streak of mining luck, and cleared $1,000 in the first two years, which he sent to Phœbe, and which she duly received. This reconciled her to her husband's absence for the time, but she heard from him no more for some years, and she began to regard him as dead.—The fact is he was living [illegible] life in South America, a [illegible] forgotten his blonde wife, though he carried her picture.

Bob Moore and his brunette wife had also a comfortable capital when they arrived in this country, and lost some of it in unfortunate speculations. Bob left Mary in Rochester, N. Y., and went to South America full of golden visions. He promised to write to his wife soon, but never did, and was not lucky in the Argentine country. Finally Dick Dingle and Bob Moore met, and both were vagabonds, in a strange country, without money or friends. They joined their fortunes and told each other the story of their lives. There was a remarkable similarity between them. They both had pictures of their wives, and, strange to say, each went into raptures over the other's picture and cared very little for his own. In a mad freak vagabond Dick and vagabond Bob exchanged the pictures of their wives, and some luck appeared to come to them afterwards. They were fast friends and accumulated some money, and began to behave themselves better. It was seven years since Dick Dingle had written to his wife, and one day in a fit of repentence he wrote her a letter enclosing $1,000, and asking her to join him in South America as soon as possible. In the meantime she had removed from Petroleum to Philadelphia, but the letter and money found her after a long delay.

As Dick had waited the proper time, and heard nothing from his wife, he began to feel uneasy, and one day resolved to return to the United States to hunt her up. He started from Panama on the English steamer George Watts, for the United States on Friday, the 7th day of June last, while his wife sailed from New York for the Argentine Republic the next day, Saturday, June 8th. Dick went to Petroleum Centre, thence to Philadelphia, but could not find his wife or hear anything of her. He then went to New York, resolved to take the next packet for South America to join Bob Moore.—But something occurred to prevent the voyage. He got on a little bit of a spree in new York and happened to stumble into a store on Broadway to buy some trifling article. There, behind the counter, he saw a handsome brunette whose face looked charmingly familiar. He was not mistaken; it was she, and the picture he carried proved it. The acquaintance ripened. Mary had sought and obtained a divorce from Bob Moore for desertion, and was free and lovely and still young. Dick Dingle told the story of his wife's disappearance, and the couple resolved that she must be dead, so those two got married and are now living happily in Brooklyn

Phœbe Dingle ploughed the deep to join her recreant but repentant husband, in the Argentine republic. She was doomed to disappointment, but she found Bob Moore, and Bob showed her the picture which he had received from Dick Dingle himself, but he did not tell her the whole story. In fact it is uncertain what Bob did say to the beautiful woman who had come so far to find a husband and failed, but it is quite certain that those two got married in a very short time, and now live in good style in Cordova city, Argentine Republic. A real blonde is a variety down there, and she makes a sensation when she rides out every evening on a beautiful palfrey. It is, perhaps, just as well as it has fallen out. These two singular couples are too far apart ever to interfere with each other's happiness, and are much better satisfied as they are than as they were.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE gentle sex is very rapidly gaining the power to protect its right. A woman lately entered a horse car in Cleveland with her poodle dog, and the conductor informed her that it was not a dog car and the poodle must walk. He was about to eject the canine passenger when the woman pulled a pistol from her pocket and remarked, "Unless you drive on without molesting my dog I'll make you eat this straw." The conductor, having no appetite for straw, left the woman and her dog without further molestation Now, such a woman as that does not need to vote.

A GOOD anecdote is told of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant.—Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from his capacious pocket of a tattered coat a loaf of bread and a dried codfish, and holding them up, with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate exclaimed: "You don't catch me in that way—I'm no vagrant! Ain't them visible means of support, I should like to know?"

MRS. JONES says her husband is a three-handed man—right hand, left hand, and a little behind-hand.

KNOWLEDGE is the mind's treasure.

How to Marry.

When you get married, don't marry a pet,
A jilt or a vixen, or yet a coquette,
But marry a maid, that is, if you can,
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Look out for a girl that is healthy and young,
With more in her eye than you hear from her tongue,
And tho' she's freckled or burnt to a tan,
Yet she is the girl for a sensible man.

With riches will wretchedness often in life
Go link'd, when your riches are got with a wife,
But marry, and make all the riches you can,
Like a bold, independent, and sensible man.

Look out for a girl who is gentle and kind,
And modest and silent, and tell her your mind;
If she's wise as bewitching she'll welcome the plan,
And soon be the wife of a sensible man.

Then cherish her excellence wisely and kind,
And be to small foibles indulgently kind,
For so you make happy, if anything can,
The wife of a sober and sensible man.

Captain Jack.

Captain Jack, the chief of the tribe and author of the villainous plot, is a full-blooded Modoc of about thirty years of age, though he looks much older. He has a good head, though like all Indians, the forehead is low and retreating. His complexion is dark, being a bright, copper color, and his eyes are black, full and piercing. His hair is long, hanging down to the shoulders, and his face is entirely destitute of beard. His mouth is large, and its shape indicates firmness and determination, though it by no means denotes cruelty and baseness—traits which Jack seems to possess above all others.—In manner he is cool, self-possessed and very dignified. He insists upon being treated with the greatest respect by all with whom he comes in contact, and the chief ruler of forty millions of people could not be a greater stickler for official etiquette than is this same miserable savage. He never smiles. His greeting of his visitors on the occasion of the visit referred to was a splendid exhibition of indifference and haughtiness, notwitstanding at the time he was so ill he could not stand up. Before this act of treachery he was believed to be the soul of honor. Settlers in the neighborhood who had many dealings with him said that they never knew Captain Jack to do a mean or base act, nor would he knowingly permit any member of his band to do one. If any of the ranch-men ever complained of any act of speculation or other annoyance, Jack was sure to visit punishment upon the head of the offender. He was elected chief of the tribe two or three years ago, and Squire Steele, of Yreka, acted as judge of election—a fact which has always made Steele, Jack's friend. He was the last man in the tribe who it would be thought could be guilty of so base an act—an act entirely out of keeping with him and his past character. *San Francisco Chronicle.*

How Rich Men Began Life.

Hon. Asa Packer went to Mauch Chunk in 1833, with a hand saw, jack plane and a stout heart, followed boating awhile and is now worth $30,000,000.

Ario Pardee, who is estimated to be worth over $20,000,000, went to Hazleton forty years ago a poor young man, but possessed of diligence, energy and pluck.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life with an old pirogue, running between Staten Island and New York city, and carrying garden stuff to market. With two or three thousand dollars raised from that source, he entered upon steadily increasing enterprises until he amassed the enormous sum of $50,000,000.

Alexander T. Stewart first bought a few laces at auction, and opened his way to success in a dingy little shop in Broadway, near the site of his wholesale establishment.

Daniel Drew, in his early life, was a cattle driver at the munificent rate of seventy-five cents a day, and he has now driven himself into an estate valued at from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000.

George Law, forty years ago, was engaged in building Ryan's Lock, above Mauch Chunk, and at present counts his fortune at something like $10,000,000.

Robert L. and Alexandria Stuart, the noted sugar refiners, in their boyhood sold molassess candy, which their widowed mother had made, at a cent a stick; and to-day are worth probably $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 apiece.

Marshal O. Roberts is the possessor of $4,000,000 or $5,000,000, and yet until he was twenty-five, he did not have $100 he could call his own.

The Young Mechanic.

A clever writer says: "Let every farmer who has boys provide for them a workshop, or workroom, or workbench, where the boys may gratify their longing for tools, and satisfy their restless activity for 'something to do.' It should be made pleasant, attractive, and comfortable. If room enough, there should be a workbench and vise, a shaving tool, and perhaps a small foot lathe, two or three planes, augers of different sizes, a few chisels, knife, saw, and hammer. For those who cannot afford the whole, apart would answer, and to those who can, other tools might be added; the cost of the tools being but a trifle compared with the advantages gained, one of which is a real progress in practical education. It has been said, the best inheritance a man can leave his children is not money to them, but the ability to help and take care of themselves.

A young man who can at any time mend sofa, chair, rocker, harness, or tin ware, set the clock, repair an umbrella, whitewash a wall, paper a room, and do a hundred other small jobs, will get through the world far more comfortably and thriftily than one who is constantly obliged to depend on the help of others. Besides all this, and greater still, is the moral influence of tools in furnishing boys something cheerful to do in stormy weather or leisure hours, and thus weakening any temptation to attend those places of diversion which so often lay the foundation of lifelong harm to character.

Good manners are never amiss.

For the Ladies.

THEY are thinking about appointing women police inspectors in Chicago.

IN Iowa two pounds of canned corn is worth six pounds of field corn.

A LADY of eighty years lately went hunting in Buda, Ill, and bagged one rabbit.

IT has been discovered that three-fourths of the women of Boston wear false teeth.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is credited with saying that with all his wives he cannot keep his buttons sewed on.

MR. and Mrs. Bayard Taylor are in Florence, and are stopping at the Casa Guido, which Mrs. Browning has rendered famous.

SIGNORA Politi, ex-maid of honor to the ex-Queen of Spain, has been convicted of purloining jewelry.

A CHICAGO druggist, whose clerk's "mistake" cost a woman her life, has been sued for $25,000 damages by her husband.

THE ladies of Ironto, Mo., have united to discourage the practice of smoking in church.

A YOUNG lady in Kentucky arose in her sleep and prepared for an imaginary ball by cutting her hair off.

A VERMONT widow, while attempting to drive her chickens from the railroad track, was run over and killed.

Two of the richest market-women in New York are known as "Strawberry Anna" and "Red-headed Jane."

A WOMAN in New London, Conn., lately ran a pin into the end of her finger while washing, and is likely to die from the effects.

AT a recent fashionable wedding in New York, three thousand friends of the happy couple were present at the ceremony. A band of thirty musicians supplied the music.

A BILL has passed the Illinois Legislature by which married women who hold property in their own right may be sued, like single women, upon contracts they may make in regard to it.

A TOMBSTONE at Saratoga, N. Y., remembers testifies and warns thus: "Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C., and wife of Theodore S., died Aug. 10, 1868, Æ26 yrs., leaving five children; married too young against her father's will. Single women take warning."

A YOUNG clerk in a Dubuque fancy store, who had been requested by a lady customer to send home a spool of thread which she had purchased, hired an express wagon in which he placed the spool and so drove to the lady's residence, where he deposited the spool in the hall endwise like a barrel.

A BEAUTIFUL young girl was married in San Francisco last week, and at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she turned to her husband and said, "George kiss me, I am dying." The husband complied with the request, and at that moment the young bride fell dead to the floor.

Religious Notes.

A MORMON Church has been established in Florida.

A CLERGYMAN in New Castle, Del., has been obliged to sue for his salary.

THE Presbyterian churches of England are to be united under one head.

THE Episcopalians are to have a cathedral of St. John the Divine, at Albany.

The Swedenborgian mind is now exercised upon the question whether spirits have the sense of taste.

The records still show more than 800 Presbyterian and 775 Congregational clergymen without pastorates.

ADVICE is like snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it inks into the mind.

IN the city of Rome there are seven Evangelical ministers, nine Jewish rabbis, 2,175 Roman priests and monks, and 1,829 nuns.

THE Government of Stockholm has abolished the ordinance which restricted Jews as to their residence. Jews can henceforth reside where they please in the kingdom.

DR. E. H. Chapin, the eminent Universalist minister in New York, most earnestly warns his hearers of punishment beyond the grave, but holds that suffering as the fruit of sin will not be endless.

IT is understood that Mrs. Van Cott will soon make another attempt to secure ordination at the hands of the Methodist Church. Her labors are still attended with marvelous results.

THERE is a religious brotherhood called the Penitentes in Southern Colorado, who spent the last week in Lent flogging themselves. This is a salutary form of punishment if properly administered, but we doubt the wisdom of accumulating the year's allotment thereof into a single week.

THE Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore is pronounced the most elegant Methodist Church edifice in the United States. It is lighted by electricity. The organ cost $10,000, and is worked by water-power. The cost of the lot and building was $300,000.

A baptist clergyman, who has been traveling through the South, says that the freed-men's churches are, to an alarming extent, under the control of ordained ignorance. An unlearned freedman preacher will not study himself, and tells his people that they need not be educated.

THE Clergymen's Mutual Insurance League of the Episcopal Church now numbers 1,018 members. The members pledge themselves simply to pay two dollars each to the family or heirs of any members who dies. The heirs of the last deceased member therefore received $2,036.