THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXX. "TRUTH AND RIGHT: GOD AND OUR COUNTRY." NUMBER 26.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 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. Dessoder, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [apl 69

W. W. SMITH,

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

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, [ap. 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer. [ap. 21 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, work done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,

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

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY A. LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first 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 3, 1871—tf

LAW OFFICE.

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys 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's store. Montrose Feb. 19th 1872.

ABEL TURRELL,

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established [Feb. 1, 1872.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 2 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y. WM. H. SCOVILL. [Jan. 1, 1873 JEROME DEWITT.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bro.'s Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

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

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 15, 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,

A graduate of the Thermal Baths, at the Foot of the Lake, Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases. Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

CHARLEY MORRIS.

HAVING HAIRDRESSER, 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.
June 12, 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 Rexford, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m. and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Great Bend, Oct. 2d, 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. H. BURNS, AMOS NICHOLS. Feb 21, 1872.

GET ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING, ETC.,

EXECUTED AT THE

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

WEST SIDE OF PUBLIC AVENUE.

The Poet's Corner.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

BY GEORGE MCDONALD.

WERE I must—my heart runs over;
Would he once himself discover—
Only once from far away!
Holy sorrow! still prevailing
Is the weeping, is the wailing:
Would I here were turned to clay!

Evermore I see him crying,
Ever praying, ever dying:
Will this heart unending beat?
Will my eyes in death close never?
Weeping all into a river
Were a blessedness too sweet!

Is there none with me lamenting?
Dies his name in echoes fainting?
Is the peopled world struck dead?
Shall I from his eyes, ah! never
More drink love and life forever?
Is he now and always dead?

Dead! What means it—sound of dolors?
Tell me then, I pray, ye scholars—
What imports the symbol dim.
He is dumb, and all turn from me
No one on the earth can show me
Where my heart might look for him.

Earth no more while I am in it
Can provide one happy minute;
All is but a dream of woe.
I too am with him departed:
Would I lay with him still-hearted
In the region down below!

Hear, oh, hear, his and my Father!
Speedily my dead bones gather
Unto his—oh, soon, I pray!
Grass will soon his low mound cover
And the wind will wander over,
And the form will fade away.

If his love they but perceived,
Suddenly had all believed,
Letting all things else go by;
Lord of love him only owning,
All with me would fall bemoaning,
And in bitter weeping die.

—*Scribner's for June.*

The Story Teller.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLD STONE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

In those far away times when the world was getting its baby clothes and people were not as wise as they are now-a-days, there dwelt in the town of London a poor tailor's apprentice named Bartlemy Bowbell. He might be called poor in a double sense, for not only was he such a lazy, idle fellow, that he scarcely ever took a stitch, and seldom had a cent of his own, but he was a miserable workman. In the same room with him were several other tailors, who sang together one or two tunes as they stitched. If they were paid by the day for their work, they sang "By the da-y, by the da-y, by the da-y!" and the needle went in and out as slowly as the coaches of a funeral procession; but if paid for every garment as they finished it, then they sang "By the job, by the job, by the job!" and the needle flew like a express train. Bartlemy, however, scarcely stitched more than five minutes at a time, then gazing out of the window, he would sing:

"Oh! if I were only possessed of my riches.
I never would sew on a pair of old breeches!
Thimble and thread!
Buttons and braid!
Oh! who would be bound to this rascally trade!
If money I had, I'd be free from all care,
And what master must make, I should have but to wear;
Needles and pins!
Shears and cloth ends!
When the work's ended, then pleasure begins."

"What's that you are singing about riches?" cried his master sharply. "Riches, forsooth! You will die in the poor house, I can tell you if you don't stitch away more dilligently. Come, sew away!" So saying he gave him a good thwack with his yard stick. All the beatings in the world, however, could not thrust out of Bartlemy a belief that he should one day become rich. He had heard of a wonderful jewel called the gold stone, that had the power of turning to gold any common metal that it touched, and he felt perfectly certain somehow that he would one day find this wonderful jewel.

But tired out with his idleness, one day his master turned him out of doors, saying that "he ate more than he would ever earn."

As he had not earned a penny during the week, he was entirely out of money, and he knew that nobody would give him food and lodging for nothing, so he wandered on until he was clear of London, and in the open fields, and as night came on he was compelled to seek shelter beneath a tree, where he soon fell asleep.—The moon rose high, still Bartlemy snored, when, all of a sudden, he was aroused by a smart blow on the shoulder which he would have sworn was from a yard stick.

"Needles and pins!" said Bartlemy, sitting up in haste, "what's that?"

"Bartlemy Bowbell," croaked a strange voice, "look at me."

Bartlemy looked around and to his extreme terror, saw standing beside him a goblin. He was not more than four feet high, with very bow legs, as though from a constant habit of tucking them upon a tailor's shop board; his clothes fashioned from odd bits of velvet and cloth, such as tailors call "cabbage," were trimmed with thimbles for bell buttons; on his head was a tailor's cotton night cap, with a long tassel, and hanging at his waist were an immense pair of shears, and a pin-cushion bristling with needles stuck, and in the other a tailor's goose, or flat iron.

His face was expressive of the most jovial good humor, but it was far from handsome; for his nose was flat, and he had an abominable squint.

"Bartlemy, what is the matter with you?" said the goblin, "you are everlastingly growling and grumbling, instead of working at your trade like an honest tailor, and richly deserve to be thwacked with the yard stick every morning by way of breakfast, but never mind I choose to help you; so say what you want quick?"

"A-and who might your worship be?" asked Bartlemy, with a cold shudder; for he felt desperately afraid that he had gotten hold of Old Bogey or Old Nick.

"That's none of your business," said the goblin, "but still I'll tell you; I am Snippenbitz, the patron of the tailors.

"O lord, your worship, you don't say so," stammered Bartlemy.

"That's a fact," returned the goblin, "Come, out with it; what can I do for you?"

Bartlemy scratched his head, and took off his cap, looked into it, found no words there, put it on again, and finally, with a bow that nearly toppled him head over heels, and a kick up of his foot, behind, he managed to say:

"Please, your worship, I want to find the Gold Stone."

The goblin burst into a laugh on hearing this, then said: Well, that's a sensible request, Bartlemy, and a modest one under the circumstances. Never mind, I have taken a fancy to you: your wish shall be accomplished. "See here."

With these words Snippenbitz put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a magnificent jewel, as it seemed to Bartlemy. It was of the most beautiful purple color, and sparkled all over with flecks of gold. Nothing could look more gorgeously beautiful, as the astonished tailor held it up in the moonlight. Yes, there could be no doubt of it. The mysterious the unattainable Gold Stone was really his.

"Now, Bartlemy, attend to me," continued the being." The gold stone is yours, but under certain conditions, which must be faithfully complied with, or no gold! First, you must return to London to-morrow, seek out your old master, and ask him to employ you as a regular workman. You will find yourself to sew as well as the best, through my assistance, and you must employ this power diligently on the work I give you to do. I warn you, however, that you must keep the secret of the gold stone from everybody; and in order that you may do so you must never take it out of your pouch until you are safe in your own chamber. Secondly, when you receive your wages, place the money directly in the pouch containing the gold stone, and do not look at it until you go to bed. Then you will find the copper turned into silver, and the silver into gold. But if you count the money first it will not change. Thirdly, in a year's time from to-night, meet me at this spot, and tell me how you have prospered. Will you keep these conditions faithfully?"

"Ye-y-es! your lordship!" stammered the apprentice.

"Then, how are you, Mr. Goldstone?" exclaimed the goblin. With an outrageous wink he treated Bartlemy to another with the yardstick and vanished.

The blow struck our tailor insensible! and when his eyes again unclosed it was broad daylight. For a moment he stared about him, wondering how he came there, then remembering the extraordinary events of the privious night, he hastily felt in his pouch and drew forth the miraculous jewel. It flamed in the sunlight like a bright diamond eye, and taking a long and delighted stare at the much desired Gold Stone, he started straight for London. After the way in which he had been turned out of his master's shop, he hadn't much hope of getting in again, but afraid of disobeying the goblin's injunction, he entered with as much courage as he could muster, and found the other tailors stitching away as usual, while his master cut out a coat.

Bartlemy took his cap humbly off, saying, "Please, master, if you will employ me as a workman now, I think I can please you. Do try me. I will be industrious—indeed I will."

"Oh-ho!" said the master tailor; sleeping out in the fields and going without supper and breakfast has done you good, has it? Well, take this coat and sit you down; but I warn you beforehand, and if you are not more industrious than usual, I will lay my yardstick over your shoulder, and clear you out again."

Bartlemy took the work, and having planted himself on the shopboard near a window, he put on his thimble, threaded his needle with a grand flourish and began to stitch away for dear life. He sewed faster and better than he had ever done before, and found to his joy, that the goblin's promises had begun to be fulfilled in reality. But bad habits are not to be conquered as one would pull up weeds, though both must be torn up by the roots, if you wish to get rid of them, and so Bartlemy began to ply his needle less briskly; his thoughts wandered, and finally the work came to a dead stand still. But thimbles and thread! What happened! The instant his hand stopped, a long yellow yardstick came flying through the window, and hit him such a whack on the shine that he roared again with the pain, and the stick instantly vanished.

"Why what's the matter?" asked the other tailors, startled, as well as they might be.

"Matter!" cried Bartlemy. "Why didn't you see that—horrible yardstick coming at me?"

At this they laughed at him for a fool; for nobody but our tailor could perceive this terrific weapon—it was invisible to common eyes. His conscience told him that it came from the goblin, and he set to work with renewed diligence. But again and again his mind wandered, and his work would fall, but just as often in came the yardstick, and awaked him with a vengeance. The yardstick would only allow him to stop and thread his needle, or turn his work, and by sunset the coat was done.

Bartlemy, taking his coat in hand carried it to his master, who viewed it in the greatest astonishment; but, not wishing to raise his apprentice's ideas of himself, he grumbled out, "for a wonder you have your work this time; so now take your wages, and be sure to come early Monday morn." As he spoke, he slipped a couple of coins into Bartlemy's hand, who remembering the goblin's words, put them into his pouch, without looking at them—and hurried home. On reaching his room, and striking a light, he found, instead of a farthing and penny, which had always been his weekly pay, he had a crown and six pence.

"Huzzah! huzzah!" he cried, fairly jumping for joy, "my beautiful Gold Stone is doing the work bravely." He kissed the stone in his delight and went to bed to dream of becoming a master tailor and making clothes for the king.

The following Monday he went to his master's shop, and with him went the watchful yardstick, and its reminder had a good effect, soon Bartlemy kept along so steadily and swiftly that the yard-stick was much less frequent in its visits.

So things went on till Bartlemy had earned quite a fortune in his eye; ten whole guineas lay glittering in the old nightcap where he kept his savings, and the tailor felt that he had now earned enough to set up for himself. The year at last drew to a close, and one moonlight night he suddenly remembered that it was the very anniversary of his meeting with the goblin. Starting up he ran to where his pouch was placed took out the Gold Stone and enjoyed a long look at it, and then throwing a cloak around him, he hastened forth.

At last he paused under the old tree; he heard a familiar croaking laugh, and found himself unexpectedly in the presence of Snippenbitz, the friendly goblin. "Well Bartlemy," croaked the being, "and have you prospered with the Golden Stone?"

"Marvellously, well, your worship," replied Bartlemy, in a joyous tone.

"And you found a crown and a shilling, and a guinea and a crown, instead of your penny and farthing, did you, Bartlemy?"

"Why yes, your worship, I did certainly."

"And the Golden Stone changed them did it Bartlemy?"

"Why yes your lordship, of course it did."

"Now, Bartlemy," said the goblin, in a confidential tone, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "I want to tell you *something. It isn't the Gold Stone—*"

"It's not—not—the—Gold—Stone?" *gasped Bartlemy.*

"Why, no, you donkey! there's no such thing. That is but a bit of purple glass. There is no such preposterous jewel on the face of the earth as you imagine. There is but one true gold stone, and it's name is

"FAITHFUL INDUSTRY."

As the goblin spoke these words, he suddenly began to change his form, and grew taller and broader, and his bell-button thimble fell off, his flat nose became long and sharp, his thread hair gave way to a bald pate, and his whole appearance became wonderfully like Bartlemy's master. He raised his gold stick, brought it down with a tremendous crack—and Bartlemy awoke.

Yes! he was lying under the tree where he had thrown himself the night before. The whole of what had passed; Gold Stone, yardstick, money, goblin and all, was but fantastic tracing of a dream; and above him really stood his master, who had repented of having turned away his hapless apprentice and had come to seek him.

The lesson was not lost, however, on our hero. He returned to his master's *shop, where he worked diligently* without any yardstick coming after him, and in three years' time rose to be master tailor, *married his old master's daughter,* cut the coats of the King himself, took for his arms a gold *stone supported* by two shears, and the motto

"FAITHFUL INDUSTRY."

SPARE WELL. SPEND WELL.

Ella's and Lucy's husbands were each hard working men and had about the same income, but the difference in their home comforts was very marked. If a friend called to take tea with Ella, she was always thrown into the greatest consternation and trouble. In private, she opened her mind to her husband in no measured terms.

"She had nothing fit to set out a table with. The only decent table-cloth was in the wash; she hadn't a clean napkin; her dishes were cracked and chipped, and not half enough of them; the coffee pot leaked;" and so on indefinitely. If a guest came to stay over night her troubles were multiplied ten-fold.

Now Lucy had none of these perplexities. Though her stores were simple and plain, they were sufficient and always in readiness. The cause of the difference lay in the fact that Lucy had earned the art of spending well. It is a greater virtue even than that of earning money. She made every dime tell.

"What are you going to trim your Spring dress with Lucy?" asked her neighbor, running in one afternoon with her sewing, as she often did.

"O, some simple trimmings made of the material," said Lucy indifferently, "I *mean to cover buttons for it out of a* scrap of silk I happen to have, which *matches nicely.*"

"Now I would be a Quaker in earnest. Are you not going to flounce it?"

"O, no, I like a plain skirt quite as well. The flouncing would cost an extra dollar, which I prefer putting into a nice covered dish I am coveting for my table It will give me twice as much pleasure there."

"Well, I expect to put two flounces on mine, and a row of beautiful trimming above each flounce. I paid three dollars for trimming, but wouldn't have Ned know it for anything. He would think it extravagant."

"He wouldn't miss it much, would he, Ella? Now I can think of a dozen things I should prefer to three dollars' worth of trimming for my dress. You could buy a nice table cloth, with a set of respectable napkins with it, or a new rocking chair, or four nice pear trees, which would soon furnish you with an abundance of delicious fruit, or two nice calico dresses, or any number of small permanent comforts and conveniences about the house. You don't know how many nice things I have bought just by saving up milk pennies—that glass sugar bowl and cream cup, covered butter dish, set of best cups and saucers, preserve saucers—and I have almost enough to buy me a half dozen soup plates; we have taken our soup in saucers quite as long as I like."

"Why, you will need a china closet to hold your dishes," said Ella, looking at the nice shelf full with a half envious feeling.

"I should like one, but this pantry shelf must answer for the present. Fred has one planned for rainy day's work. I have tacked this little curtain so it hangs down over the shelf, and keeps out flies and dust."

"Well, I should never have thought of that; but it makes little difference. All my dishes are in constant use, and have no chance to get dusty. Did Fred make these nice drawers below the lower shelves?"

"Yes, this is one for table linen, and this for kitchen towels and tea towels."

"Dear me, what a supply you have! I don't know how you can afford it."

"Believe me, Ella, they did not cost half what you spend in trifles that never show for themselves afterward. Money put into substantials gives us tenfold the real satisfaction that it does in fancy articles, which no one cares for but ourselves or scarcely notices. It was an old maxim of my father's to "spare well and to spend well." He had no idea of hoarding his money, but he taught us from childhood to spend our pennies in something that would show where the money went. He always encouraged us when very little to buy pretty toys rather than candies, and when we grew older to get books and periodicals, which would please and instruct us all through the year, rather than toys.

"I wish I had been trained in a similar way; but it is too late now," said the other with a sigh.

"No, no, Ella," said her friend earnestly. "It is never too late to mend habits, you are just at the time of life to take a new start, now you have a dear little home of your own to beautify. Indeed, I think this habit of all others, is a very easy one to change, when one really has a strong motive set before her. I remember of a young man who had squandered all his fine estates by his dissipation setting out to win them all back again.—He resolved to take the first work that was offered, which chanced to be unloading coal. He saved the small sum he thus obtained, and ate the lunch of cold meat and bread given him as a gratuity. So he saved up every penny he received, when it could be done, and at least won back not only his large estate, but died a wealthy noted miser. This is an extreme case, but shows how one can completely turn about in the matter of expenditure. I know a small family who, before the war, used to spend about three thousand dollars a year having every luxury of the season lavishly provided for their table. But when every one grew straightened their habits changed most remarkably. The cake in their silver baskets was cut into boarding school slices. One chop was made to serve as the family breakfast. The small garden-plot was cultivated to the highest degree, affording nearly all the summer vegetables for the family. They moved in the same fashionble circle as before, but within the home rigid economy was observed. If this family could turn about so thoroughly anybody can. Now take a motive strong enough, Ella, and see if you do not surprise yourself. Don't spend a dollar without making yourself give an account of it. Ned is a good provider, I know, and you can make your home just what you please, if you will only exercise prudence and economy."

"Well, I will try to be in earnest, Lucy. A sight of your nice pantry and drawers of linen has just stirred up my ambition. Who is that stopping at your gate, Lucy?" she added, looking out of the window.

"Why that is the weaver with my new carpet; he is here sooner than I expected; but Fred left the money with me for it a week ago."

"I don't see how you could ever make such a roll as this," said Ella, when the man had gone; and the two unrolled a yard or so of the fabric to see how it looked. "How many yards are there of it?"

"Twenty-one; just enough for my sitting room. It was all made up of odds and ends. I have been saving up scraps for it, and sewing a ball when I could, this long time. I had a large bag full sewed when I was married."

"That's just like you. But I don't believe I have got enough rags about the house to make a yard. I sold all the old clothes we had to an old Chinaman, and my husband hasn't mislaid an article since but yet he says he don't doubt the old Chinaman has it. The scraps I sell for old tin, but I never get enough for them to pay for saving."

"And you never will, Ella; but you can make them into excellent common carpets. I never missed the time I spent over this: but now it is done, and I am very, very, glad of it," and she looked at it with as much pleasure as a house mistress ever did her rich rolls of Brussels or Axminster.

Ella went home that day quite thoughtful, and with a new purpose in her mind. She turned over the trimming she had liked so well, and somehow it seemed to have lost half its lustre.

"I wonder if the storekeeper would take it back," she thought. "It was the last of a piece, and he did not have to cut it. I will try at least," and putting on her hat at once she was soon at the counter. Ella was a good cash customer, so the smiling shopkeeper was very ready to oblige. Instead of a little package of trimmings she could clasp in her hand, she took home a large parcel containing two substantial table cloths. How delighted she was with her purchase. She had hemmed them both before she went to rest, and taken a last pleased glance at them as they lay neatly folded in a bureau drawer. She had begun to taste the pleasure of spending well.

Edward had given her money for a new hat sometime before, but now she determined to see what could be done with the pretty one worn last year. The result was another handsome saving, which was speedily invested in some pantry stores she greatly needed. She was almost surprised at finding herself the possessor of so many new household comforts, and so thoroughly a believer in her friend's philosophy. It was easier to mend her bad early habits than she had supposed, and the result was in the highest degree satisfactory.

Let any skeptical young housekeeper, who finds herself in constant straits for needfuls for home comfort, try a similar experiment.

More Good Than Bad.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heat would make it.
To be the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There never was a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the dark hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoard of treasure;
It may be love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to God's will with a ready heart,
And hand that are swift and willing;
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

One Question Too Many.

About a generation by-gone there flourished *in Western Michigan a certain* 'Quire T——, whose stalwart sons now till the parental acres, in whose honesty the community had great confidence, but who had an unfortunate failing—Drink. He had been known to try causes when he would have been more appropriately in bed. Upon one occasion an appeal was taken from a judgment rendered, as it was alleged, "when the wine was in and the wit was out." Under the broad latitude taken that day, a full inquiry was gone into the trial of the appeal, as to *the question of sobriety of the Justice,* his friends swearing one way and his enemies directly contrary. At length a very candid witness appeared, who testified with great apparent circumspection—so great, indeed, that on the direct examination, almost nothing was elicited from him. Upon the cross examination, the lawyer conducting it made a very common mistake, and being unwilling to "let well enough alone" kept driving away at the witness until he finally felt safe in putting the leading and dangerous question:

"Did you not look upon the Justice, upon the trial of that case, as a perfectly sober man?"

The witness hesitated, and the counsel pressed the interrogatory still closer.

The witness finally emitted the following, with great difficulty, as though it had been drawn from him painfully:

"I should have thought so only for one thing."

"Well," said the cross examiner, "what was that?"

"I saw him fill up his inkstand with whisky and take a snifter out of the ink bottle."

The cross examination stopped at that point.

How It Is Done.

They tell the story of a captain of a North River boat, who was something of a wag in his way. A committee of the New York Legislature was on the captain's boat making a tour of inspection, and one of the members, who knew the captain of old, attempted to extract amusement for himself and his fellow-members by rallying the captain on his *preaching,* as it was reported that he sometimes indulged in that exercise.

"O!" said the captain, "I've taken to the law lately."

Senator.—"Not been admitted?"

Captain—"Yes, regular; passed my examination in open court."

Senator—"And answered all the questions fair and square, captain?"

Captain—"All but one."

Senator—"And what was that?"

Captain—"I don't like to tell; it may hurt your feelings, and some of the gentlemen here may be offended."

All—"O no; out with it; what was it? Let's hear."

Captain—"Well, the judge asked me—and I couldn't tell—'How can a man go to the Legislature, get three dollars a day, pay five dollars a day for his board, and lay up money?'"

The committee gave the captain a round of applause, and invited him to supper that night, which he positively declined.

Wanted A Fortnight's Notice.

Some thirty years ago—more or less—there flourished in Dracut, or an adjoining town, a quaint old individual who was called Thurston. One fall he was lucky enough to have occasion to employ a *carpenter*; and the job "held on like the toothache." All winter long the industrious carpenter sawed and hammered away never idle, never without something to do. In the spring, however, the good man finished the last piece of work that seemed required, and once he said approaching his employer, "Mr. Thurston, I believe I have got through." "Got through!" exclaimed Thurston; "what do you mean?" I mean I believe there is no more work here for me." "Eh? What's that? No more work? Do you think I'm going to let you off so, after keeping you all winter? Guess not! I want at least a fortnight's notice before you quit!" But this Thurston's joke on the carpenter, with whom he gladly settled, without exacting the usual notice that employers require before their workmen leave them. Thurston still lives.

A MOST shameful trick was played lately upon a lover at Terre Haute by his rival. The generous wooer had procured a package of gum drops to present to his Angelina ever dear, but the other man maliciously substituted therefor a paper of white beans. It was not until three o'clock in the morning that matters were explained and a reconciliation effected.

A BEREAVED husband, in an obituary notice of his deceased wife, wrote, "She has gone to her eternal *rest*;" but to his horror the newspaper printed it, "She has gone to her eternal *roast*!"

Social Chit-Chat.

A SEVENTY-YEAR old couple were divorced in Morgan county, Ill., recently.

CHEAP necessities are respectable.—Cheap finery is low.

THE stylish feminine boot is now made very broad-soled.

ENGLISH thorn is the fashionable wood for sticks and umbrella-handles.

At twenty-five a man wonders what woman he will have; at fifty what woman will have him.

Low shoes and stockings of gorgeous colors and pattern are to be worn by gentlemen this summer.

A YOUNG husband calls his wife "Birdie," because, he says, she is always associated in his mind with a bill.

VERY pretty chatelains and their attachments are now made of vulcanized India rubber, ornamented with gold.

PLAIN white note-paper, very thick and heavy, with a crest, black outline, is now declared to be the proper thing.

ITALIAN kid gloves are cheaper than the French article, and are said to be growing in favor with the New York people.

A NEW fabric, made of woven glass, has been invented for ladies' dress material. It can't be stained and is incombustible.

ACCORDING to the recent London letters Queen Victoria shuns society more than ever, and is growing very gray and feeble.

AMONG the Arabs the inability of a wife to make bread is a good ground of divorce. What a business the courts would do if that were the law in the United States.

THERE is a young girl in Brooklyn who for a long time has supposed herself to be dying of love, but a council of eminent physicians being called pronunce it to be *dyspepsia.*

A PARTY of American boarding-school girls started for Europe the other day, under the charge of competent instructers, for a 15 months' tour of observation.

YOUNG Ladies who are disgusted with things in general, as many of them profess to be, are reminded that there are three hundred nunneries in the United States.

WHEN a man begins to present his wife and daughters with magnificent diamonds you may expect in a few weeks to hear that he is a bankrupt, not able to pay ten cents on the dollar.

A PRODIGY of domestic accomplishments advertises as follows in a Vienna paper; "Anna Agrikol, sick nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches and makes pastries, desserts and delicacies.

THE respondent in a recent divorce case in St. Louis stated that it had been agreed by himself and the plaintiff that, if they did get a divorce they would be married again immediately.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was but forty-seven when he died. His monument in Trinity church-yard, New York, gives no hint of the manner of his "taking off." A son eighty-four years old, may still be seen in that city.

ONE of the newest things in jewelry are ladies' rings to be worn on the little finger. The *coilet* is made very long, so as to cover the first joint, and is studded with gems according to the taste of the wearer.

THE nervous diseases fashionable nowadays render *apropos* the remark of somebody that "sawdust pills would cure half the ills of humanity if every man would make his own sawdust."

A PARIS paper publishes some statistics regarding the linen of the crown, the sale of which terminated recently. It was composed of 35,000 pieces, including 5,000 sheets and table cloths of a single piece, capable of dining 200 persons. The cost of washing alone amounted to 120,000 francs annually.

A YOUNG lady at a wedding, the other night, fractured her ankle by tumbling off the back of a pew, to which she had clambered to obtain a good view of the bridal party. We hope this will prove a warning to others of our gymnastic belles.

THERE is a young lady on Fifth avenue who is puzzling all her acquaintances as to how she colors her hair. She changes its color ever other day: one day it will be auburn, another brown, another golden, another jet black. How on earth she does it we don't know, but she does.

FOR full dress, gentlemen wear instead of a watch chain a fob ribbon, after the fashion of their grandfathers, with a seal attached, the older looking the better.—This taste for old jewelry is in opposition to shoddyism, the object being to show that the wearer is not the first of the family who ever possessed any jewelry.

ONE of our belles has distinguished herself as a "woman of business." Her father, a broker, having become bankrupt, she went personally to each of his creditors, and by her persuasive powers induced "a majority in number and value" to sign off. The rumor that she is about to be admitted to practice as a bankruptcy lawyer, is, however, entirely unfounded.

"Do you like chickens?" asked a remarkably modest Nashville youth of his sweetheart, as he was walking about two feet from her on his way to church, Sunday night. "Certainly I do," she replied: "why do you ask such a question as that?" "Because I thought if you liked chickens, you wouldn't object to taking a wing," and he crooked his arm in an irresistible manner. Sweetness took a wing.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS is thus described by the Boston *Times*: "Her looks are a flat contradiction to her writings, which seem to represent her as a vivacious, healthful person, overflowing with hope. But, on the contrary, she is frail, sallow, and very ill, and wears not a bright tint in all her costume to give it a cheerful gleam."