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VOLUME XXX.

"TRUTH AND RIGHT: GOD AND OUR COUNTRY."

NUMBER 28.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1873.

Terms: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, 50 CENTS EXTRA.

Business Cards.
J. E. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa., May 10, 1871.
D. W. SHARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. DeWitt, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 20)
W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—Foot of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, Friendsville, Pa.
C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer, Great Bend, Pa.
AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer, Address, Brookhays, Pa. 1870.
JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Cavendish's Store, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa., opening door 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, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, in the Court House, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
W. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Court House, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
McKENZIE & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Millinery, also Agents for the Great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 73).
DR. W. W. SMITH,
Dentist, Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
LAW OFFICE,
FITZ & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Fitz & Watson, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
J. SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Shop over J. R. DeWitt's Store, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
ABEL TIRRELL,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Perfumery, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Jewellery, Perfumery, &c., &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Feb. 1, 1873).
SCOVILL & DEWITT,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Office No. 4, Court Street, over City National Bank, Bangor, Me. (Jan. 1, 1873).
DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PRACTICIAN & SURGEON, renders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity—Office at the residence, on the corner of Berry & Bro. Streets.
CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Hatters, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Saddlery, Main Street, 1st door below Boy's Store, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend to all who may want anything in his line. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 15, 1872).
DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, renders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G. V. Bend village, Me. (Jan. 1, 1873).
DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Attending Physician, Office at the Court House, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
CHARLEY MORRIS,
THE BUILDING CONTRACTOR, has removed his shop to the new Postoffice building, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, pipes, etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me.
H. BURRITT,
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crochery, Hosiery, Hats, Shoes, Druggery, Perfumery, Stationery, &c., &c., Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
EXCHANGE HOTEL,
P. A. McCLACHRY, wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style. (Montrose, Aug. 23, 1873).
BILLINGSSTROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, A. B. Billingsstroud, has been appointed agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, in Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
J. D. VAIL,
Attending Physician and Surgeon, has permanently located himself in Montrose, where he will promptly attend to all who call upon him, and who will be found ready to attend to all who may want anything in his line. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 15, 1872).
BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, DYEING, PAINTS, OILS, TANNING, GLASS, FANCY GOODS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, &c., &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873).
GET ALL KINDS OF

Poetry.
THE OLD HOME.
On southern slope of terraced green,
With gabled roof and massive door,
Calm, in the mild and tranquil scene,
The ancient home in humors bore.
Still lingering to our later day,
& sacred, peaceful vision, looms,
To soothe and cheer, with sober ray,
The pathway of our discontent.
Type of a strange and distant past!
Lost from the ken of fleeting time;
No more light than this is cast,
From the far annals of our prime!
As mid the still, the scene is bright
With all the glories nature gave;
Fair sleep the fields in sunset light,
Low murmurs in its sleep the wave.
The forest chieftain wandered here,
Till, of wild oceans' tossing foam,
The blue-eyed hero came to rear
In peace his fair New England home.
Yet not the virgin soil could gain
His willing love, or claim his pride:
True to his land of mist and rain,
"A loyal Englishman," he died.
Ah! many times the autumn sun
Returns to pour a golden gleam,
And many years the shadows dim
O'er ancient wall and gable eave.
Voices of children at their play,
Age smiling on the careless mirth,
There vanish, and the dawning day
Beams on another epoch's birth.
Sigh were the homes our fathers knew,
Set in the land they died to save!
What though at last the cloudless blue
Looks only on the field and wave?
Still, o'er the wreck of fateful time—
While empires darken, creeds decay—
Rises anew earth's morning shine,
And even smiles in primal day.
What though the mansion's hour is sped,
And low in dust its ruins lie—
Now thus the founder's hope has fled,
The home he loved shall never die.
The lives, the memories we know—
These ask no pile of stately towers,
Can't be razed, and razed regions show
A nobler heritage than ours!

I came down to tell you that my sister is making up a party to visit some watering place this summer, and I wish you to accept the invitation, Mary.
"Are you going?" asked Mary.
"No; my practice will not allow it— But I shall see you several times. You will go."
"Oh, Lennox, don't make me!" sobbed Mary, hiding her face on his shoulders, as a vision of his stylish and haughty sister rose before her. "I don't want to go! I hate fashionable society! I don't want to be polished! I'd rather stay here in the country, and not wear any bonnet, and climb cherry trees every day."
"Mary, I am surprised at this display of childishness!" I must insist upon more self-control," he said coldly.
"But don't send me away! I don't want to go!"
"I must," he returned, but more gently, softened a little by her agitated eagerness. "It is for your good, and you must consent to go." "Will you?"
The upper lip rang at that instant, and, anxious to escape before the rest of the family came in and saw her in tears, Mary hastily answered, "Yes, let me go, Lennox," and ran out of the room and up stairs to her own chamber.
"They were at supper before she came down again, with smooth curls and no trace of tears, but with a bright light in her brown eyes, and a firm look on her pretty face, and as she went through the hall out to the vine-shaded porch, where the tea-table was, she murmured, "Yes, I'll go! And I'll teach you one lesson, Mr. Lennox Ray; see if I don't!"
It was nearly the middle of September before Mr. Ray, bearded, dusty and weary, entered his room at the Scarborough Hotel, where his sister's party was stopping.
"Dear little Mary," he said, as he made a careful toilet before going down stairs. "I am going to see her, and I know she will be glad to see me. A moment of her sweet naturalness will be quite refreshing after all these artificial women. They don't know I've come, so I'll just go down and surprise them."
As he entered the apartment amid the flash of jewels and rustle of silks and laces, he met his sister Laura.
"Lennox! you here!" she said, giving him two white hands.
"Yes, where's Mary?"
"She was on the terrace talking to a French count a moment ago. Ah! there she is at the door."
"Ah!" said Lennox, dropping Laura's hand and making his way towards the door.
But it was difficult even when he drew near her to see in the stylish, stately lady, whose hair put up over a monstrous chignon, and whose lustrous robes swept over the floor, a ray of the old Mary of the month ago.
Lennox strode up with scarcely a glance at the bewigged dandy to whom she was chatting, and held out his hand with an eager exclamation, "Mary!"
She made a sweeping courtesy, and languidly extended the tips of her fingers; but not a muscle moved beyond what accented with well-bred indifference.
"Ah! good evening, Mr. Ray."
"Oh, Mary, are you glad to see me?" said Lennox, feeling his heart chilled by her.
"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Ray, quite glad. Allow me to present Count de Beaurepaire, Mr. Ray, my cousin."
Lennox hardly deigned to bow to the Frenchman, and offered his arm to her.
"Thanks, but the music is beginning, and I promised to dance with Mr. Blair."
"But afterward?" said Lennox, the chill growing colder.
"Thanks again, but I am engaged to Captain Thomson."
"When, then?" demanded Lennox, with a jealous pang.
"Ah, really, my card is so full that I hardly know. I will try to spare you a waltz somewhere," with an indifferent glance.
Lennox bent down and spoke, with bitter reproach in his tone, "Good Heavens, Mary! What affection is this?"
She favored him with a well-bred stare.
"And taking the arm of her escort, she walked away with the air of an empress. Lennox sought his sister.
"Laura, how have you changed Mary so?" he demanded.
"Yes, she is changed; greatly improved. Isn't she perfect?"
"Perfect? Rather too perfect to suit me."
"To-morrow I shall see more of Mary," he thought.
But to-morrow, and to-morrow it was always the same, and that elegant Miss Irving, as they styled her, was always in demand. She played the role of an accomplished lady and gay-hearted coquette to perfection; and poor Lennox, from the distance in which she kept him, looked on almost brokenhearted, varying between wrath, jealousy, pride and despair.
"Mary, said he, one morning, when he found her alone, "how long is this to last?"
"How long is what to last?" asked Mary, innocently.
"How long are you going to remain the conventional creature you are?"
"I believe you wished me to come here to improve my manners, Mr. Ray; to acquire the elegance of society," she said, coldly.
"But Mary?"
"Your sister thinks I have been an apt pupil."
"Yes, too apt; too apt entirely!" cried Lennox.
"Well, if you are not pleased with the result of your own advice, I am not to blame. You must excuse me, Mr. Ray. I am going to ride with Count de Beaurepaire."
And with her sweetest, hollow smile, she made a graceful gesture of adieu, and

left him sick at heart, puzzled and disgusted.
That afternoon, as Laura and Mary were about dressing for the evening; Lennox walked, unannounced, into Laura's little parlor, where they sat alone.
"I thought I'd drop in and say good-bye before you went down stairs," said he. "I leave for London to-night."
Laura elevated her eyebrows a little. "Indeed, isn't it? But since you are going I will give you some commissions."
"You needn't. I shall only stay in town for a day."
"Indeed! Where are you going?"
"Oh, I don't know," was the savage reply.
"Laura gave him a look of cold surprise.
"At least you will take a note to George."
"Yes, if you get it ready," said he ungraciously.
"Very well; I will write it now."
Laura went to her room, Lennox stood moodily at a window. Presently Mary, who had not spoken one word, came and stood near him.
"Are you really going away?" she asked.
"Yes, I am," was the short answer.
"And won't you tell me whether you know or care?"
"I don't know myself—neither know nor care," he growled.
She slipped her hand into his arm with the old caressing movement he remembered so well, and spoke so gently, using his name for the first time since he came.
"But, Lennox, dear, if you go away off somewhere, what shall I do?"
He turned suddenly and caught her to his heart.
"Oh, Mary, Mary!" cried he passionately, "if you would only come back to me and love me; if I could recover my lost treasure I would not go anywhere. Oh, my lost love, is it too late?"
She laid her face down against his shoulder and asked:
"Lennox, dear, tell me which you love best, the Mary you used to know, or the fashionable young lady you found here?"
"Oh, Mary, darling!" he cried, clasping her closer. "I wouldn't give one precious thought of your old brown curls for all the fashionable young ladies in the world—I wouldn't give one careless ring of your merry laugh for all the polished ladies in society. I wouldn't!"
Mary laid her arms caressingly around his neck, and said softly, "Then I think you will have to take your old Mary back again, and get her and love her as you used to do, for I am sick and tired of the fashionable young lady you see me as, Lennox, dear."
"You are dear, passionately clasped her to him, begged to be forgiven, and vowed he would not exchange his precious little wild rose for all the hot-house flowers in Christendom."
"Laura!" Lennox called, tapping on Laura's door a little later.
"Will," answered Laura.
"You needn't write your note. I shan't go to town to-night."
"Lennox, I never saw such a fellow for fancies," cried Laura. "Are you crazy?"
"No, I have been, but I am coming to my senses," said Lennox.
Lennox and Mary have been sedate married people many years, but I never heard that Lennox complained in any of his wife's want of conventionalty or even wished to pursue the acquaintance of the fashionable lady whom he met at Scarborough.

The Dead Emperor.
By GEORGE D. CHEEVER, D. D.
He has come to the land, through Eternity's portals,
Where Dukes and Kings are remembered no more,
But the wester's of crowns are the lowliest servants
Of Him who for sinners the crown of thorns wears.
Where the proud and the mighty are counted as nothing;
Where the Court of the Soul is in justice arrayed;
Where the verdict of innocence cannot be purchased,
Where the wages of character promptly are paid.
He has gone where the feet of oppressors tread never,
Nor the prayer of the prisoned for freedom is heard;
Where the flatterer's music is silent forever,
And the snare's never laid for the innocent bird.
Where the voice of a Socrates' applause cannot reach him,
Nor the wailing of conscripts, by armies mowed down;
Where the votes of a parliament never can reach him,
Nor the bribes of the unscrupulous a crown.
Where the calm of Eternity gives him the leisure
To study the temple of passion on earth;
To ponder the pathway of glory and pleasure,
And to bask the world with the soul in its worth.
The strange, silent man from the fields of Magenta;
The unscrupulous monarch from the bloody Bedouin;
The chess-politician, whose moves are a venture
The subtlest inquisitor never could scan.
Where now is the spirit that grasped at dominion?
That rode on the whirlwind of power to a throne?
Does it soar with the angels on ecstasy's pinion?
Does it span, like a rainbow, the storm over-blown?
Has it gone to inhabit, in darkened seclusion,
Some remote retreat, far from the world's gaze?
Or joined the purple Cesars of Old World delusion?
Or roused the Achilles of Gaul from his grave?
Have the shades of the Pit ordered forth their legions?
To lead the usurper with desolate stride?
Do the slaves of the Hades of sceptred confessions
Resound the grim astro of 'Vive l'Empereur'!
O, tell us, ye forms of immortal forewarning,
That watch at the gateway of morning and night,
Was the spirit withdrawn in the blackness of darkness,
Or lost in the splendor of infinite light?

For the Ladies.
A young lady at Lafayette, Ind., lately thrashed her father-in-law.
A trobriand woman of Kansas City lately fluffed a youth for marrying her daughter.
A young woman in Iowa got all her teeth pulled out, and told the dentist to send the bill to General Grant.
Lucy Quinn, of Philadelphia, sold her new bonnet so that her lover might purchase a ball ticket. That's true love.
A Detroit woman, aged twenty-five, was lately married to her fifth husband. They are all alive, and the other four doing well.
A young woman at Pekin, Ill., attempted to leave the house by the window, but the sash fell upon her neck and she was found choked to death.
A Boston paper tells this: A lady called at a drug store and breathlessly remarked, "There! I have serened all the way down here to get a recipe prescribed, and disremember the combobestibles."
Ladies are swinging at their wrists those old-fashioned little bags in which their grandmothers used to carry purses and handkerchiefs. They are called portegees now.
WOMEN members of the Congregational churches of Iowa propose to raise an endowment of \$20,000 for the female department of Iowa College by contributing each one cent a day for the next five years.
A lady in Reading, Pa., who put out several pieces of lace on the grass, was mystified by their strange disappearance. They finally were discovered in a tree, to which a robin had carried them to weave into its nest.
A woman in Burlington, Ia., several years ago, while attending the funeral of her first husband, heard that her house had burned down. Recently her second husband died, and while absent at his funeral, her horse was again burned.
A Florida girl, on her marriage, sold her piano and bought a sewing-machine, and materials enough to make full suits for her husband and herself, and straightway went to work making them up. Her sisters are already all married.
An Indiana lady lately gave a brilliant party on the occasion of the success of her application for a divorce. The guests who crowded her brilliant parlors were enthusiastic in their congratulations and on leaving at a late hour each wished the fair hostess many returns on the happy occasion.
A GENTLEMAN of "elegant leisure," and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and reports that out of 200 marriages published in New England journals, last week only two of the ladies had old-fashioned names—such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Molles, Dollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Bibbies, Hatties, Patties, Natties.

On Cats.
We are fond of cats. Unlike most persons, it pleases us, while lying in bed at night, to hear three or four cats out in the back yard rattling and pouncing and walking around to their own mysterious music. So we always keep a cat on hand, in order to contribute our share to the entertainment. It is a singular fact, however, that one hundred and sixty-three successful cats which we have purchased have disappeared, one after the other. We would buy a cat, and have it around for a few days; and we would place it out in the yard, on a given night, before retiring. In the morning that animal would always have disappeared. And none of them ever came back!
We regarded it as a somewhat singular coincidence that the man who lives just back of us always had fireworks on the very nights that our cats disappeared. Reflecting upon this circumstance, we purchased our one hundred and sixty-fourth cat—a tortoise shell—and determined to watch her. We placed her out in the yard a few nights ago, and observed her from the kitchen door. The tortoise shell frisked about for a while and ground out a few melodious screeches. Then she jumped upon the fence for the purpose of making acquaintances. While there, we perceived the man in the rear yard wipe that cat suddenly off the fence into a bag. Then that scoundrel tied a string to the tail of the tortoise shell and affixed the other end of the cord to a sky-rocket. He then lit a match, and in about a minute that animal was whisking around among the stars without a hair on her body. We observed, where the rocket fell. We went out and climbed that fence early next morning, and there lay one hundred and sixty-fourth rocket stick, each with a string cut tied to it with a string! Now we know why we missed our pets; and if we do not soon down on that fire-works man with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it will be because that organization is hopelessly demoralized.

On Cats.
A BRITISH jury doesn't consider it an act of impropriety for a schoolmaster to kiss a cook, if the cook doesn't object. A Mr. Royston was recently engaged in school in one of the southern counties of England at a salary of \$300 a year, and was discharged without notice or any just or reasonable cause and he sought to recover damages in one of the civil courts. It was alleged in defence that one of the causes of the dismissal was that Mr. Royston had kissed the cook. The plaintiff, however, denied having positively kissed the cook, but admitted that he tried to do so in the pantry before the other servants. There was no secret about it; but his employer said, "he did not think a man of good character would try to kiss a cook." and thereupon he dismissed the poor pedagogue. The jury, however, saw not in the kissing of a cook the evidence of a bad character, and with British gallantry gave the defendant a verdict, saying there was nothing to justify his dismissal, and that they rather looked with extra feeling on the dismissed tutor, for they not only awarded him his three months' salary, in lieu of notice, but also \$15 he had given to an agent to obtain another situation.
In olden times, an essential part of a bride's outfit was said for scouring her kitchen implements. Nowadays they don't trouble about the said; all that is required from father is that he shall "down with the dust."

On Cats.
SCHOOL teachers in Cass county, Iowa have to agree not to be courted because they can get situations.

The Story Teller.
POLISHED AND VARNISHED.
Lennox Ray sprang from the train just as the June sunshine was dropping down on the west of a flood of golden glory, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of new mown hay, and dew with the approaching twilight.
"Well, this is rather pryer than London air," sighed Lennox, drawing a deep breath of delight as he hastened up the green lane to the wide, old-fashioned farm house, carrying in his hand a note. "I wonder if Mary got my note, and is looking for me? Hello!"
The last exclamation was drawn from Mr. Ray's lips by a big ripe cherry, which, descending from above him, came into sudden contact with his nose. He looked up, and there, perched like a great bird upon the bough of a cherry tree, and looking down at him with dancing eyes and brilliant cheeks, was a young girl, pretty and willful enough to set a man crazy.
"How do you do, Lennox? Come up and have some cherries!" was the mischievous greeting, with saucy dimples playing about her lips.
"Mary, is it possible?" exclaimed Lennox, serenely.
"What! that the cherries are ripe? Yes, and splendid, too. Have some?" returned the nymph, coolly holding out a great ruby cluster.
"Mary, will you come down from there?" said Mr. Ray, not seeming to notice the cherry.
"Yes, to be sure, now you've come, and I have had all the cherries I wanted."
And while Mr. Ray looked on in stern disapproval, the young witch swung herself lightly down from her perch and lit on the grass at his feet.
"Now, don't look so serious, Lennox, dear! No! I don't sicken, for then you wouldn't have fallen in love with me! What made you, any way, my dear?" she said, with a fond glance and a caressing movement.
"Because you are a sweet darling," answered Mr. Ray, melted in spite of himself. "But I do wish, Mary, you would leave off these foolish ways and be more dignified."
"Like Miss Ishman?" asked Mary.
"Miss Ishman is a very superior woman, and it would not hurt you to copy her in some respects," said Lennox, coldly.
The tears sprang into Mary's eyes at his tone; she loosened her arms from his and, dropping down upon the emerald grass at his feet, began to braid a bracelet of the long blades in silence, with a grievous expression around her sweet mouth which he did not see.
"There!" cried Lennox, pettishly. "Now you look more like a five-year-old baby than a well-bred young lady."
Mary threw away her bracelet and got up again.
"I didn't mean to vex you; shall we go now?" she said, sadly. They went into the parlor, and Mr. Ray took a seat in the great armchair while Mary flung open the window and dropped down on her knees beside it, letting her glossy curls fall in a great shower on the widow sill.
"Now, don't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, drawing a chair near his own. "Come here and sit down like a rational being."
"I wish you would put up those fly-away curls," said Mr. Ray. "And see here, Mary, I want to talk with you. You know I love you, but, in truth, my dear, wife must have some of the elegance of refined society. Your manners need polish, my dear."
Mary reddened and her scarlet lips curled a little, but she said nothing.
"A few weeks in fashionable circles will be a great benefit to you, and I wish you to have the opportunity. In short, dear,

A TERRIBLE REAL STORY.
Nine days after a storm in the Gulf of Mexico a traveler, finding his way from the salt-pans of Western Louisiana took a little fishing craft. There was that fresh purity in the air and the sea which follows the bursting of the elements. The numerous larks and keys that indent the shore look fresher and brighter, and there was that repentant beauty in the waters white with foam that is so forgetfulness of his recent angry passions. The white-winged sea-birds flew about, and tall water-fowl stood silently over their shadows like a picture above and below. The water sparkled with salt freshness, and the roving winds sat in the shoulder of the sail, resting and riding to port.
The little boat slipped along the shores and shading, and in and out by key and inlet, seeing its shadow on the pure white sand that seemed so near its keel. The last vestige of the storm was gone, and the little Gulf world seemed fresher and gladder for it. The tropical green grasses and water plants hung their long, linear, hairlike sheaths in graceful curves, and their sails even with the water, or broken by the white buildings of a sleepy plantation in its bow of fig and olive and tall moss-clustered pines.
Suddenly the traveler fancied he heard a cry, but the fishermen said no—it was the scream of water-fowl or the shrill call of an eagle far above dropping down from the blue zenith; and they sailed on. Again he heard the distant cry, and was told of the pantner in the brush and wild birds that drummed and called with almost human intonation; and they sailed on again. But again the mysterious, troubled cry arose from the labyrinth of green, and the traveler entreated them to get in quest of it. The fishers had their freight for the market, delay would detract from its value; but the anxious traveler bade them put about and he would bear the loss.
It was well they did. There, in the dense covert of the sea swamps, amid the brackish water-groves and grasses, they found a man and woman, ragged, torn starved. For nine days they had had no food but the soft pick of the palmetto leaves, their bell and scant poisonous berries, their bed the damp moss, and they drank the brackish water; and they told the wild and terrible story of Last Island.
Last Island was the Saratoga and Long Branch of the South of the southern-most watering place in the Gulf. Situa-

JOB PRINTING, ETC.

DEMOCRAT OFFICE,

West Side of Public Square.