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THE DEMOCRAT

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W. W. SMITH,

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M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT, aug1 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

UNITED STATES AUCTIONEER, aug1 69tf Great Bend, Pa.

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JOHN GROVES,

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

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 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 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. 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 1845. [Feb. 1, 1873.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y. WM. H. SCOVILL, JEROME DEWITT. June 18th, 1872.

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 & Biros. 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.

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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. 12, 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. 1-1, 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 HATTI 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.

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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,

HOMOEOPATHIC 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 6, 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 Heckhow, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m., and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Great Bend, Oct. 24, 1872.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. S. S. BURNS, ANOS NICHOLS. Feb. 21, 1872.

Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

Agnes H. Post, youngest daughter of William M. and Lucy J. Post, of Susquehanna Depot, Pa., died in Binghamton, May 28th, 1873, aged eighteen years.

In childhood I knew her, the bright, joyous one,
Whose warm, guileless nature my heart fully won.
E'en strangers oft lingered to gaze on her face,
And whisper their praise of its sweetness and grace.

No eye save the mother's had watched with more care
This early unfolding of flower bud rare;
I found her heart spotless, not one stain of sin,
And the beauty without caught new charms from within.

But pure, happy thoughts o'er reposed in her breast,
Like birds with white wings making there their warm nest;
A mission she gave them, Earth's sad ones to cheer—
They sang o'er my heart when this life looked most drear.

Each year she grew gentle, and lovely, and good,
And bore her child-faith into fair womanhood,
A faith that shrank not at the gloom of the grave,
But clung unto Him who is able to save!

Oh, beautiful life, had it nothing to leave
For hearts that unceasingly sorrow and grieve?
Yes, influence tender, and precious, and pure,
Which long as God liveth shall so long endure.

Oh, beautiful life, like the fairest June day,
It passed in its gladness and freshness away;
All laden with melody, fragrance, and light,
It passed ere a storm came, or shadow, or blight.

Thus Aggie went home—to the home others gain
By long years of struggle, of sorrow, and pain.
Refining by furnace, or chastening by rod,
To thee were not needful, thou sweet child of God.

By the nearness we feel to thee, glorified one,
We know that thy home is not far from our own;
And oft shall thy spirit our silent guest be,
Enriching our lives by its fond ministry!

MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

The Story Teller.

THE HILL-SIDE FLOWER.

Near the close of a sultry afternoon in August, two young men might have been seen emerging from a narrow path that led through the woods upon an unfrequented road. As they seated themselves to rest beneath an overspreading elm and raised their coarse, broadbrimed hats to wipe the drops of perspiration from their brows, we can see that they are unaccustomed to such hard tramps, whilst the guns leaning against a tree, and the well filled game bag by their side tell the story of their wanderings.

Soon one, who had been for some time whistling, sang in a loud, clear voice, the first stanza of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and was commencing the second:

"The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,"

when he was interrupted by his companion, with the words:

"Fred do stop that; it is hard enough for a fellow to be tired out, and choking, without you tantalizing him."

"Well, it is too bad, Hal. But, I say would you feel very badly to see one of the aforsaid buckets? I am sure I should not."

"No, Fred; but that is a view to which distance lends added enchantment. There is not the least sign of a habitation. To tell the truth, I think we have lost our bearings."

"Perhaps so. At any rate we must be moving on, or night will overtake us.—This is only a lumber road, but it must join the main road somewhere."

"Yes, providing we are going toward that somewhere. We will hope for the best."

Plodding wearily on, they reached at last a road that appeared more traveled.—Here they came to a stand-still, not knowing the best direction to go. On either side were high hills, and up these they toil. They decided to turn to the left thinking it must lead to some village, if not the one from whence they set out in the morning. Following the road for at least an hour, over hills, and through valleys, too fatigued to enjoy the beautiful scenery, as from hill-tops they could catch glimpses of the distant ocean, but not a dwelling was to be seen. Almost discouraged, they toil up another long hill, stopping often to take breath. If this was only the last!—it is hoping against hope. As they gain the summit and look around expecting to see the same uninhabited waste, what was their astonishment to see, snugly nestled in the valley beneath, a small white cottage, with its numerous outbuildings, whilst near the door stood, if not the identical well of the song, another similar.

With quickened steps they hasten up. Opening the small lattice-work gate, up the customary narrow path, they reach the front door, where, in their eagerness, they gave a rap with the knocker that must have awakened the seven sleepers, if that was the place of their repose.

It was answered by an elderly colored woman, who started with surprise at seeing strangers. Fred, raising his hat, said:

"Would you please give us a drink of cold water?"

"Certainly," she replied, and went to procure a glass. Soon, not a woman, but a beautiful maiden, appeared at the door. She invited them to enter and rest. This they were only too happy to comply with.

Opening a door into the room at the right of the entry, she ushered them into a small, but handsomely furnished parlor. A gentleman of noble and commanding mien approached to greet the strangers. Extending his hand most cordially, he invited them to be seated.—The house and surroundings, also the inhabitants, denoted more refinement than is usually met in such sparsely settled localities.

The young gentlemen introduced themselves, and explained the object of their being in the neighborhood. Mr. Clayton (as the host informed them was his name) entered into an animated conversation, evidentially much pleased to hear so directly from their city home. Again the door was opened, and the young lady came in carrying, not a silver salver with the ice pitcher and goblet—no, it was before their day; and, if we doubt if our rustic beauty had ever seen such articles.

Upon the small waiter in her hands was a pitcher of clear, cold water, drawn, as her father laughingly explained, from the northeast corner of the well. Besides the china plates and heavy glass tumblers, there was a dish of real country doughnuts, that made the eyes of our tired and hungry guests glisten with pleasure.

Did you ever eat any of these cakes? We do not mean the tough, grease-soaked articles called by that name, but light, tender balls, whose exterior is of a delicate brown, and in whose heart you will find ensconsed some favorite jelly, and wonder how it could have got there. Then you know the enjoyment of Fred and Hal, when taste was added to sight.

Feeling greatly refreshed, with many thanks, and leaving part of the contents of their game-bag behind, they bade adieu to their entertainers, and started for Farmer Williams's, where they were boarding. Leaving them for awhile, we will give a short sketch of Mr. Clayton.

Born in the country, he left it when a lad to seek his fortune in the city. There, entering a law office as a boy, he had by hard study and perseverance, fitted himself for the practice of that profession, and was admitted to the bar. By his strict integrity and attention to business, he had been called to occupy many positions of trust and honor. Married late in life to one whom he almost idolized, on his wife's death, which took place when Mary was about five years old, he determined to give up his busy life, and devote his time to the education of his daughter.—He had come to Glenwood and purchased the retired spot where he is first introduced to the reader. Mary's old nurse remained with them as housekeeper. Mr. Clayton occupied his time in cultivating his farm, and instructing his child. He had brought from the city his large library, and on his yearly visit to the metropolis, added to the number of books. Mary was a loving child. Her mind, of a high order, eagerly drank in the instructions of her father. Could you have watched them in their rides and rambles, you would have deemed them more like brother and sister, for with his daughter, Mr. Clayton made himself a companion.

At the time our story opens, we find Mary possessing a highly cultivated mind, and endowed with uncommon beauty.—Do you ask if she was contented with her secluded life? Often she would have longings for the gay world, but they soon passed away. Although mingling somewhat with the villagers, she had no congenial companions. She was considered proud and haughty, and at few places was Mary so well known and loved as at Farmer Williams's.

Days passed. The young men found it a very pleasant route by the white cottage. Fred seemed to have some excuse always ready for stopping, very important to himself, but very transparent to his friend. After a vacation of two weeks, Hal was obliged to return to the city, whilst Fred determined to remain for another week.

We will briefly relate a conversation which took place between the friends the night before Hal's departure:

"Fred, you must be careful of your attentions to Mary Clayton, unless you mean to marry her, and you know that is out of the question."

"Fudge! Can't a man look at a girl without being engaged? I am sure I have no such intentions."

"Then do not give her reason to suppose so."

"Dear me! Just as though I would take a wild flower like her. What would my lady mother and stylish sister say? But then, she is a good girl, and has helped to pass away many hours that otherwise would have been very tedious. Marry her, indeed! what an idea!"

Yet why did the hot blood flush his cheek? Or why did he dream of Mary all night? But such is the human heart.

Passing over the intervening time, we come to the evening preceding Fred's departure. As usual, he is wending his way towards Mr. Clayton's. Seated upon the porch is Mary. Her eyes anxiously scan the road. When she sees the well-known form, they sparkle with a happy light.—As Fred approaches nearer, she lets her gaze fall upon the book in her hand. We do not know how much she read, for Fred coming up behind her, says:

"That must be a very interesting book, Miss Clayton."

Then for the first time, she perceived the volume was upside down. As Fred's merry laugh pealed out in the air, her face became crimson with blushes. Noticing her embarrassment, he said:

"It is a splendid evening. Will you not take a walk with me?"

They passed through the garden and down a well trodden path, to a grove of trees, where a little brook tossed and foamed over the rocks, forming many a miniature cataract, then glided silently through the neighboring valley. It was a beautiful evening. The moon, queen of night, with her star bespangled train, rode far above their heads, casting wierd shadows from the old trees along their pathway. Neither seemed to notice the beauty of the scene, for they passed silently along until they reached a rustic seat beneath an old oak.

"Mary, let us sit here awhile. I have much to tell you, and I wish to bid you good-bye."

"Why, you are not going?"

"Yes. To-morrow my time is up, and I must return to the city. Before I go I wish to tell you that which I never uttered before. I love you! Can you love me?"

In his earnestness Fred saw not the flushed face and downcast eyes. Taking her hand, he urged:

"Will you not say one word?"

Only a lover's ear could have heard the whispered, "Yes, I do love you."

His arm stole around her waist, and a happy kiss sealed their betrothal vows.—Such scenes are private, and we will no longer intrude. They sat there exchanging confidences, until the falling dew warned Fred that he must guard his newly-won treasure. Passing her arm in his, he conducted her to the house, and into the presence of her father.

"Mr. Clayton," he said, "I have a great boon to ask before I go. I love Mary and she has promised, with your consent, to be mine."

Mr. Clayton, although very much surprised, replied:

"Mr. Brainard, I have made inquiries about you amongst my city friends, and find that you bear an excellent character. If it had not been so, I should not have allowed Mary to be so much in your company. This I will say: If you love Mary and she feels the same toward you, I will not refuse my consent. I only make one request. She is young, has seen little of the world, and is in many ways unfitted to adorn the society in which your family move. It has been my intention to travel with her. Now, what I ask is, that you will let the matter rest where it is. If at the end of the year you both feel the same, I will not withhold my blessing. It will be better to prove your love before rather than after marriage."

"But we may correspond?"

"No, it will not be best. Now, good bye. I shall be happy to call you son if in the future you both wish it."

Mr. Clayton passed from the room, leaving the lovers alone. For a few moments neither spoke. The silence was broken by Fred:

"Well, perhaps your father is right; you may love me less in a year, but I shall never change. If at the end of the time you write to me to come to you, I shall most gladly comply."

Mary assured him of her unchanging love, and with faith in each other they parted.

Soon after Fred's departure, Mr. Clayton and his daughter left Glenwood for Europe.

A year had nearly passed, bringing with it many changes. Hal Graham was married, and he often rallied Fred Brainard upon his flirtation (as he called it) with the country girl. Fred had been admitted as partner with his father in his large wholesale establishment. The son of a wealthy man himself, possessing good business qualities, of high moral standing, handsome in face, with commanding form, what wonder many a mamma deemed him a great matrimonial prize? But he passed coldly by all. He had heard only indirectly from Mary. He wondered if she was changed. But he would not doubt her love.

Again it was August. The city was almost deserted. Fred's parents and sister were spending several weeks at one of the old fashionable watering places.—His sister's letters contained glowing accounts of a Miss Layton, a great belle, rich and accomplished. She was quoted in everything, until he was really interested.

As the time drew near when Mary, if still the same, should call him to her, he was anxious and restless, and thought the company of Miss Layton might help to pass away the interval.

On his arrival at the Springs, he was disappointed when his sisters informed him that Miss L. was obliged to leave the previous day, but she had promised to visit them soon. Everywhere he heard the praises of Miss L. her playing and singing, her horsemanship, her beauty and dignity, until he was quite anxious to see the queen of hearts. Fred was about to return home, when he received a note, mailed at Glenwood, containing only these words:

"MR. BRAINARD: If still the same, meet me at the little cottage on the fifth. MARY.

How joyfully he read the words, say-to himself: "Then she is unchanged, and I may claim her." Telling his friends that he was called away on business, he hastily packed his travelling bag and left the hotel. Journeying as quickly as possible, he reached Glenwood on the morning of the fifth. After changing his dusty clothing, he sought the home of Mary.

As he trod the well-remembered path, how many pleasant fancies filled his mind of their meeting. On reaching the door, it was opened by Mr. Clayton, who warmly welcomed Fred. Ushering him into the little parlor, he went to call his daughter. Again the door opens, but this time it is Mary who enters. She is the same. Time has only heightened her beauty, whilst contact with so many different persons had added new dignity to her bearing. Fred felt that time had only made her the more worthy of his love.

He approached to meet her, saying:

"Mary—my—Mary—is it not so? for so your note gave me to hope."

"Yes Fred, I am yours."

After many loving words and brief notes of the past year, Mary went to find her father. Mr. Clayton coming forward, placed Mary's hand in that of Fred's with these words:

"My son, she is yours. You are worthy of her. May God bless you both."

That evening Fred wrote to his parents telling them the story of the past, telling them that it was his intention to fulfill his promises at once by making Mary his wife. He trusted that she would be kindly received.

We will not intrude on the privacy of that family council, held on receipt of that letter. They were surprised, yet felt that he had gone too far to retreat with honor. They wrote in reply that it would not be convenient for any of the family to be present at the wedding; but they would prepare for a reception at home, and inviting them to their house until they could find a home for themselves, also extending an invitation to Mr. Clayton to accompany his daughter.

The weeks passed swiftly away at the cottage. Fred had made a short visit to New York, but he now returned to claim his bride.

It was a lovely day in October when the happy couple stood before the altar in the village church and plighted their vows, leaving the village immediately after the ceremony for the city. Mr. Clayton informed Fred during the journey that Mary was not a penniless bride, giving him at the same time a check for ten thousand dollars as a gift toward purchasing a house.

As they neared the city Fred became very anxious as to the reception Mary would meet with from his friends. But she seemed not in the least to doubt her power to please. As the carriage drew up before the door of the elegant mansion, obsequious servants opened the doors, showing the bridal party into the drawing-room, where the family were assembled to welcome them home. Mary had dropped a thick veil over her face, and as she leaned on Fred's arm he could feel her tremble—he thought with fear. His mother stepped forward to welcome her new daughter, when, Mary, throwing back her veil, turned her laughing face to them all.

"Well, Minnie Clayton, where did you come from?"

"Mary (or Minnie, if you prefer) Brainard, if you please. I said I would come to see you soon. I hope you are glad to see me."

Fred stood by in utter astonishment at this scene, hardly knowing the meaning. His wife's welcome was so hearty that they seemed for a time to forget him.—But turning to him, they said:

"We did not dream that you knew Miss Layton."

"Neither did I, for Mary's name was Clayton, and this is her father, Judge Clayton," introducing the latter who had just entered the room, having waited behind lest his sudden appearance might hasten the denouement of the plot.

"Yes," explained Mary, "when I learned Fred's sisters were at the Springs, and not wishing him to know of my whereabouts, I took advantage of a mistake in my name. But when I heard Fred was coming I fled with the promise to visit you soon, and I have done so."

There was an elegant reception at the Brainard mansion. On every side was the beauty of the bride, whilst the sisters never seemed to tire of her praises.

When spring came Fred bought and furnished a house near his father's.—There we leave them enjoying much happiness. Mr. Clayton makes his home with his daughter, and as Mary's character developes day by day, her proud and loving husband never regrets that he gathered the hillside flower.

A Tough One.

A boy on the south side has been making some trouble. He got himself caught in a fly wheel, which resulted in the worst commotion that ever was seen in that mill. His familiarities were caught by the fly wheel, and just as it raised him from the floor the pants couldn't stand it; they gave way and he was thrown out through the rear window, which is always kept open for that purpose. The boy skirmished along the bank of the river, dodged between the heaps of cinders, and darted under ware houses, according to varying circumstances of whom he met and where. He was seeking his home and his fond mother; he found them and had cause to wish he had stuck to the fly wheel when his fond mother got the sole of her brogan into active operation. The scene changes to the rolling mill. Those old corduroys went flapping around the fly wheel and slashing against the timbers of the mill till they attracted the attention of the catcher, who threw up his arms and shouted frantically for the engineer to stop the machinery. When the horror stricken men found nothing left of that boy but a few strips of his corduroys their courage failed them, strong as they were. They notified the coroner, as men who know their duty, and would perform it. They gazed mournfully on the remains, and who can say what awful thoughts filled their breasts. They drew lots to decide who should carry the news to the boy's home, and a rough but honest fellow, with a fist of iron but a heart that melted at the sight of sorrow in others was fated to convey the heart-rending intelligence, and as he went he committed a brief speech to memory. "My poor woman, prepare yourself for the worst; your son—" and then she interrupted him. He was surprised, but not altogether according to the programme he had laid out. When he went away from that house he went to get a dozen stitches in his scalp, and the tender mother of the enterprising boy remarked as she laid the poker down. "I'll teach the big fools in that mill to steal my poor boy's clothing and send him home in the condition he was in the first time I saw him."

AT Barnum's show, one day, a young husband, the happy father of a chubby, rosy-cheeked baby, was wandering about the concern, and after awhile neared the headquarters of the "Wild Fiji Cannibals." Holding the aforesaid offspring in his arms, he stopped to view those feeders on human flesh. Mr. Fiji accosted the papa thusly: "Fattee baby; white man good eat; tender. Fiji-man like him.—How muchee price? Fiji-man like pay Melikee man dollars."

The horrified father drew back aghast, but hastily responded in this wise.—"What'll you give, noble savage?"

"Fiji man give ten dollars."

"Too cheap; worth more; but I'll tell you what I will do. I've got a nice old mother-in-law at home I'll sell you for five dollars; she rather tough eating, but good for a square meal."

THE story of Rebecca Wright, who gave Sheridan the information which led to the victory of Winchester, has passed the point of romance. Sheridan gave her a gold watch and she also received a $900 clerkship. For a time all went well; but in an evil hour she was induced to marry a Pennsylvania farmer. And now comes the end; for the lady has taken her clerkship again, and her husband is making a slim living as the driver of a street-car. That's what comes of matrimony.

Lament of Grandmother Grumble.

BY HELEN J. ANGELL.

What hath become of the suppers,
The suppers we used to know,
When David and I were youngsters,
In the beautiful long ago,
When people got up in the morning
And slept the night hours through?

I hate the glare of gas-light
And the smell of kerosene;
Their tapers of wax are better,
But they have a Romish lean,
And the blessed sun is the best light
That these old eyes have seen.

But, for fear of fading their carpets,
They darken the house like a tomb;
They're not a particle better,
Than those from my mother's loom,
That looked so gay with the sunlight
Or the firelight in the room.

They talk of charming pictures,
Of "A Sunrise by the Sea,"
And a "Morning in the Bernese Alps;"
But they just make fun of me
If I praise the real sunrise,
A sight they never see.

It is not according to Nature
To lie in bed till ten,
And come half-dressed to breakfast,
As if it were early then.
When my children got up grumbling,
I sent them to bed again.

They dress for morning callers,
Or sit up stairs and read
Of horrors that never happened
And never could, indeed;
Or spend whole hours a shopping,
When there isn't a thing they need.

But they buy ice creams and candies,
And are home for lunch at two;
Then practice what they call music,
Perhaps, for an hour or two;
And then crochet or take a nap,
For they've nothing else to do.

At half past six comes dinner,
With the best of meats and wine,
And the men folks finish with cigars,
And there's cake and tea at nine;
But they're not so happy as we were,
With all their fixings fine.

They have what they call suppers,
Sometimes, at dead of night,
When they rig up in their finery
And all "our set" invite;
The women are plates of fashion,
And the men wear coats too tight.

But there's nothing left of the suppers
That cheered our spirits so
When David and I were married,
Nigh three-score years ago,
When 'twas fashion to dine at twelve o'clock,
And sup when the sun was low.

How to Bet.

A yankee arriving in Boston without money or friends was revolving in his mind some plan whereby he could raise the *chink*, as he expressed it. Jonathan had never visited a city before in his life. He strolled into a shoemaker's where an advertisement, "Wanted, a first class boot maker," appeared on the window, and accosted the proprietor:

"Do you want a first-class boot-maker here?"

"Yes"

"What do you pay?"

"That depends on your capacity. Have you worked on custom work?"

"I reckon. You jest try me, Captain; I hain't skeered a bit at tryin'."

The proprietor gave his new hand a bench and materials and bade him make a pair of ladies' gaiters. Soon after he left the store on business.

Jonathan made a shoe, but such a horrible affair, that ashamed to show it, he hid it in the shavings. Just as he completed the second shoe the proprietor returned. He flew into a passion at beholding the botched shoe.

"You confounded rascal, so bad a shoe as that has never been made in this establishment!" he exclaimed.

"Would you like to bet on that, stranger?"

"Bet? Yes, I'll bet ten dollars no such work as that was ever done in this store."

Jonathan walked to the shavings, dragged forth his first shoe, and coolly pocketing his ten dollars, walked off.—*Inland Monthly.*

A Proposition.

Wm. Templeton wants to send his mother-in-law up in a balloon. He writes this letter to the *Daily Graphic:*

"I see by the *Scientific American* that you have a few seats to spare in the Daily Graphic Balloon to dispose of, and fearing that my telegram and pony express dispatch may not reach you in time, I write in great haste to request you to reserve a seat for my mother-in-law. If a choice of seats is left, I should prefer to have her seat as near the edge as possible. The cost I am not particular about, but if you know her special value for such an expedition, you would give her a free pass. What I mean by her value is that, in the event of an exhaustion of gas, the Professor would only have to call her attention to the fact that the balloon was at fault, when she would give it such a "blowing up" as would astonish old Boreas himself. If you will allow me to adjust the ropes on her side I will pay double fare.

P. S.—If the seat next to her should be occupied by a member of Congress, or any other approachable person, please let me know.

N. B.—The old lady is worth $100,000, all of which I should touch if anything should happen to her, and I would cheerfully divide, etc., etc.

Yours Truly,
WM. TEMPLETON.

"REALLY my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his better half; "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you have turned out to be only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

An exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again."

WHY is an old pocket handkerchief like an old ship? Because it has experienced many a hard blow.

For The Ladies.

DRIVING schools for ladies are in vogue.

THE paper that's full of rows—the paper of pins.

TEXAN housekeepers get a prime cut of beef for three cents a pound.

A PALMYRA lady jerked her teeth out by catching a fish, at Sodus Bay, last week.

AMERICAN girls are said to expose the biggest braids at the Vienna Exposition.

HINDO women own $500,000,000 worth of ornaments. They must have jewelry, even if they wear nothing else.

A WYOMING woman lawyer lately argued for the plaintiff a case wherein her husband was defendant, and won it.

A FEMALE lunatic in Fayette county, Iowa, has put together 8,153 pieces of calico in one quilt.

A YOUNG man at Vermilion, Indiana, who shot a young lady for fun, has settled by the payment of $500.

A POOR lone widow with seven children and a sore throat paid the necessary taxes and took six dogs from the Milwaukee pound.

A GIRL in Bayfield, Illinois, was lately frightened to death by feeling hot breath on her face and finding a rattlesnake by her side.

AN Iowa wife, who lately came into possession of $500, just stepped out and procured a divorce while the potatoes were boiling.

AN old couple living near Sparland were recently divorced. The husband has since married the hired girl and the ex-wife has taken the hired girl's place.

A DRUNKEN virago in Memphis seized a little child by the legs and thrashed the crowd with him. A woman who tried to rescue the child was arrested.

A MASSACHUSETTS woman went before a justice the other day and swore that a neighbor woman had bewitched her into having cramps and spasms.

A WOMAN in Haverhill, Massachusetts, poured kerosene over a cow which was trespassing upon her premises, and then set the poor animal on fire.

A SON of Mrs. O'Leary, the lady whose cow once upon a time caused so much trouble in Chicago, is now in jail in that city for stealing old iron.

A LADY of Biddeford, Me., drew $5,000 in the Kentucky lottery, and now claims that she is able to draw any young man in the town.

SERVANT girls in Montana get $60 gold a month, with the use of a piano and sewing-machine, besides three nights "off" in the week.

MRS. VAN COTT is preaching in Beaver Dam, Wis., with a fixed determination to pray away the latter portion of the name of that town before she leaves.

FRED GRANT went through La Crosse, Wis., not long ago, passing one night in the place, and now a girl at whose house he stopped claims that she is engaged to him.

A WORCESTER, Mass., man stopped drinking just because his wife proved to him that he had been arrested for drunkenness 117 times and had disbursed $1,142 in fines.

A LAWRENCE, Me., girl was going to sue a false-hearted lover for breach of promise, but she agreed to compromise the matter for $61 and a new switch.

A MAN who sent his wife to a place on the Jersey coast because he heard that dumb ague was prevalent there, is greatly discouraged because she has returned with the chattering kind instead.

SUE GATES, a young miss at Westmoreland, N. H., recently worked one day and a half on the highway to pay her road tax. She said she never was so taxed in her life as she was to get through with the job.

AT the recent Caledonia Club games at Scranton, Pa., one feature was a fat women's race for a new bonnet. The leanest weighed 180, and three others weighed, respectively, 200, 242 and 261 pounds.

A VERMONT woman undertook to paint the cellar stairs. She found a pail of paint and commenced at the top, painting herself into the cellar, and had to crawl out of the cellar window.

IT is held that, according to the laws of New York, there can be no such thing as a mock marriage between single persons. Any agreement to live together as husband wife marries them. There is no need of priest, magistrate, or formal ceremony.

A WISCONSIN girl, while attending a pic nic recently, nearly lost her reason by stepping on the body of a suicide in climbing over a fence. The body was that of a man who had cut his throat with a razor and had lain undiscovered for many days.

A WOMAN seventy-seven years old, at Ripely, Mass., walked five and a half miles to market lately, carrying on her back seven turkey gobblers, twenty-two chickens, twenty-four dozen eggs, and six pounds of butter, and she does that sort of thing regularly.

MISS CLARA M. BABCOCK, having finished her studies in the Divinity School of Harvard College, is about to visit Germany, there to study for a year, when she will enter upon active service in the ministry. On a recent Sunday she occupied her father's pulpit in Boston, morning and afternoon.

AMANDA SMITH, the colored woman, who has been preaching at the Round Lake campmeeting, is described as a tall, noble looking colored woman, with white superb teeth, and great, clear black eyes—a figure that arrests one without knowing who she is, in that strangest costume for her race, the Quaker bonnet and dress.