# The Montrose Democrat. 

| E. B HAWLEY \& Co., Propxietors. |  | Mon'trose, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEP. 3, 187 |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| CR |  | By this time we hat dismunuted and entered the inn, where, in our rough crav.eling garb, with. pisuls and dagrers in onr belts, we might easily hava been mis. taken for the robbers that we were armed against The building bore the ustalappeurance of a Spanish posad. consisring of a longdark apartment, une ead of which served os a kitchen and dining room for tantily and guests, and the other being parttiosied off intes rudity made stalla for catth, 80 that we hal literally the same roof. It was a dismully rongh and comfortless-looking plaue, and stant. ed so villainunsls of a mingled compmond of garlic, stable and no wathee human'ythat my friend Charle started und turb- | of tortifying and barricading the apartmbeot appropriated to us above. So, to preventiall chances of escape on his part. march, and after uearly breasking iny neek and his own in his frantic effirts to catch a last look at his inamorata, I fimully sacceeded in getting him to the top of the ladery, and sent ham bounding, like a shot out of a shell, into the midde of the room. <br> Then closing the door, and perceiving | tory in my entreaty "to go instantly, and there would be time for lioth," that he elatehed the laddra with one hand,swang himseif lightly from the window, and disuppared, juat na the body of a mancrawlicg on bis hands and kinecs, became |  | Broviltes."Love.nze. and succecssful rain."-Thie del: |
|  | the old canoe. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | ne. <br> A womns's pride and a sailor's gaide- <br> The toedle. |
|  |  |  |  | yisible from behiud the shelter of the brrean. |  | The ueedle. Quile argaes that Grant ahould be elec- |
|  |  |  |  | ap aud ready for him, be sprang to his f.et and uttered a hoarse cry for help.- |  | ted uguin, becapse he is a third rate man: Tue recent tresfigt did $8 \$ 0,000$ worth of damage in Philauctuhia. |
|  |  |  |  |  | I was took with the forer, 1 hade up my mind |  |
|  |  |  | Then elosing the door, and perceiving ns I quite expected, thut it hud nethur | At the tamen monen Pi pointed my pis. |  | of damage in Philadeh hia. Gexerati Otori, a Japizuese agenthas |
|  |  |  | lock nor boot, I proceceded to servinizis not very low, with the naked rafters abowe and the roof floping down on either ride, |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Ture book to whish reference is most made dariag the holidays, is the pocketbouk. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Phafed out, you may say, when When my clanir run away; Went for their pay; | -Wiries, as a rule; don't care aboat Wearng the brecelies if you will let thent wear the brooches. <br> A max in Ker York has a watch whicli he chimes has sained timios enotigh to pay for itselt in six monthe: |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Weat for their pay; <br> lay thero alone- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | The stern half sunk in the slimy wave, Ants slow green moss crepps oer fita dull decay, Hidine tis monldering dist away, |  |  |  |  | Mrce harm the cheese, hut girls charm the he" 'The same is trae of their regpective eitiugs of cheese ind cheating of e' E : |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a how- <br> Or the er, that mantles the falling tower: <br> While many a blusson of loveliest hue Springs up o'er the stera of the oll canoe. | "And hare your had unde bailet | There's the fire of determinntion in your rye, as we nsed to say at Baliol. Whats mater old fellow? | phedged to brine us to that posada, instead of the one a few leagues further on, where respectuble travelerg always stop |  |  |
|  |  | the twu. Kep wide avike charlie, and withent avprearing to wnimertand. | murdered to bight, aud those derifn down <br>  <br> it" |  |  | Shah. "Here, at least, we all porsaip the proft." <br> A. Crxcrivati manin is eail to be training himelf for his approaching marriage a day in a boit |
|  | The currentless waters are dead and stillBut the light wind plays with the boat at will, And lazily in and out astain Like the weary march of the lisand of That meet and pary at the noontide clime, Anil the shore is kiszed at ach turning anewBy the dripuing bow of the old canoe. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | As I giphe we satal oursonvescloss to the fire, which was throwine out any quantity of smuke and gas, bitt us ar as I domid see itres cap bile of warin- |  | removed so noiselessly that even Charlie wide awake as he was at the time, had tary had been pushed sufficiently forward | 1 felt if he did- <br> And I think so still- <br> He wias my vill: | VBRy little difference betreen ä pen: Enife and a Congressman. One has a steel buck and the otliet " $a$ bdek steal," that's all. |
| Buginess Card. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ang nothing but itself. <br> amp aid chillo is is umonon il thos |  | the five rufians hoped to crawl in on theer hands and kuees and murder ns in our sleep. | He pat out the feecer. |  |
|  | quirk <br> the whirls are wild and the edilirs are thick |  |  | our gleep "And conld not come sonner to your |  |  |
|  | sughed as I leaned o'er the meking sile, |  | gamis warnny, and to torn our plunsfor the nigitdfter bome discu sivil we decided, is we were both quita worn out ratigite tu wateh by thrise an holl 14 a | I Wua suepreted and so elosely watched;but the justant I sav them all on the top |  | honie to her muther, conclades witb-" 1 ". S.-You sill see by my siggaturo that I |
|  |  | ble root affuded. <br> T, add thour empanenes. the brantiful yish that hat drightatione wever in |  |  | I git and 1 anend, Pay what I borrow; Lose what I lend |  |
|  | hat were mitroer And thisib below in tie slusgisht title, |  |  |  |  | are seldom if ever struckiby lightring, the solution of which conundrum is that ep:ery orchestrib has a couductor. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Love Making on Lander 1 Hill. -0-5 | Tracholera has reached Pittsburgh. two cases, one resulting in death, har. diyn might The Anleghenies are of coorse impreguable |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | A festive routh whio performa his:daily |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | he beniefif of the press, the Chicar Times sigyests that editors anite in sul:plication tor tre difuasion of intelligence mong the elergy. |
|  |  |  |  | $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { fused with a crim3ou hue which olont np- } \\ \text { ward in brilliant rays to the rers zenith, }\end{array}\right.$ | hande. When he slarted for his himbole |  |
|  | Story Telle | 边 | whice by entir:ly biwestag up an off c - |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | twal liurrwate in that y ymarter. A very fow Eer milh su:inew the throwe charibie inte an mote $p$ ofound s.ttled dowe oref the | and deempend in fire and intensity as it turched the horizoo. <br> "We part hure,genors" ${ }^{\text {csid }}$ Marichitans | cabiu in the creniug be urnapped as cow ouncus carrefully in sereral thicknesess |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | be got he pue he got to thinking how lang it wonld be before he was likely. to pet a |  |
|  | ThE GUPSY OF MALAGA. <br> "By Jove! what abeatififul girl! $T_{n} k$ | Wity |  | she stond in the pomn and glory of the snurise, her delicate features standing out |  |  |
|  |  |  | an mellesine intls. nom <br> I nedal woll the moun's posle beams, aud | the gollen masseg of her hair shining -Tonder is the in the san's first russ. - |  | in Low Imans congregation gathered <br>  Whea thoo weuthome. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | These..ere the words ,utery hivir in ruou my friend and felluw-traveler, Char |  <br> and suftuc*e of the atma! | whemeron the ground, and the poesi bifte of " "orpo the dark" in una we wrow atacked in the wher side. | the Ciryan and all the saints protect sond "Stay, Mirrichta," cried Charlie,spring | thought he onght to cull on that smithtrs gifl to-ntght. He thonght of every- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| , |  |  | Hestay |  | thing but that powder in the pocket othis coithAtter supper he conclutud to drop in | tove; it eets the heart aching go delicate. 1y, theres ano tasing a wintthe pleasure of the pain? |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | 边 | er. as I felt purfectly convinced, frum ts stace and werisht that ing duman leing wall invere fo foun the outqude. Then I | chnta, 1 -flare it to yon now-" <br> II. wals guing to lay his hand and all ais worldig mosiasshotis at har fact, hut | rose; one oiled lock hang gracetullyduwn on his foreheid, and he sarted forthe domieth or his. swetness. The yong |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | pateh, was disgusted to find thatat a par or robtios had built thaif nest antaisiug their yoing under its hiat |
|  | bearit can blot ont. we had taken ohat refreshment in the way of grapes und |  <br>  | awat all sllme ami soltuje the termina <br> tion of my dismal wateh. <br> C'ardi.'s hluc eves were wide open as | she drew heriself up, and waved bim gently back. <br> "Senor. it can not be," she suid. "Mari- | man is coloritg a neerscbanin, but bis girl detests the horid smone; so when hegot to the dour he knonted the bowl of |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | A Troma connty lad bid hioself in th Wle teilow wus not diseosered till th s evering his right leg above the aukle |
| b. 195h 184. |  |  | thanmuace thit his byar of rest was Pended. and, starting yp as frosh as if he had stent tun hours instead of one, he <br>  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | English home. One littlo souvenir is all she asks, and then placing her hards ap | the powder. His affinity mint him at the |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| haf nid dichian in hak |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | Scranton ass the plage for holding the next andual conrention. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Sutan |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | " "When I can fiol another Marrichita, |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

