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NUMBER 36,

THE DEMOCRAT

1. Paldished Every Wednesday Morning, at Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.,

By E. B. Hawley & Co.

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Nontrose, May 10, 18712 D. W. SEARLE,

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W. W. SMITH, CARD FT AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS,—Pool of Name and Montrose, Pa. | Jang. 1, 1869.

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Austral Friendsville, Pa.

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Addition. Addition. Brooklyp. Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONA ILL TALL W. Montroe, Pa. Shop ove
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ATTOENEY A. LAW, Sounty, Back Pay, Pension and Neer on Come attended to, Office at our Drow Early's Store, Montrose, Pr. [An. L. 10]

W. A. CROSSMON.

therees at flaw, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. Chossnor, Mostross, Senh 6th, 1871,—if. MeRENZIE, & CO. Texars in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misser an Phore Visa, agents for the great American less and Coffee Company, [Montrose, July 17, 74.]

DR. W. W. SMITH District Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the core ing office. Office Long from 9 a. n. Montrose, May 3, 1871—If

LAW OFFICE.

(Tso)N. Attorneys at Law, at the old office & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.

[Jan. 11, 71.] w. w. warson. J. SAUTTER,

Ma ::ore F. t 19th 1871.

ABEL TURRELL, Per er in Denye, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Deux alle : As Suices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Per-centy for drick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established [Feb. 1, 1873. S OFFILE & DEWITT.

Stephen C. Law and S dictions in Bankruptey. Office Stephen Court Street, over City National Bank. Bing. The Court Street, over City National Bank. Bing. The Court Street Street

DR W. L. RICHARDSON, FIGURE AND STREET OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPE

CHARLES N. STODDARD, et and Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Fanges, Man Street, let door below Boyd's Store, And and the Caps, Leather and repairing done nestly. Man Street, Jan. 1 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

n the new Postoffice building, where he will be dready to attend all who may want anything is one. Montrose Pa. Oct. 13, 1869. DR. S. W. DATTON.

"Wisician & SURGEON, tenders his services to the services to the of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his compared barnom House, G't Bend village states at 1800, - of

DR. D. A. LATHROP. eler. Europus Turnwal Barns, at the Poot of ant street. Call and consult in all Chroni-

Mon rose, Jan. 17, '72,-no3-tf. CHARLEY MORRIS.

THE HAVTIBARER, has moved his shop to the degree property of the first state of the first

H. BURBITT, on Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardwey I bon. Stayes, Drugs, Oils, and Faints. Stoots of the Alles and Cape, Fare, Britislo Robes, Grant Franciscos, &c.

EXCHANGE HOTEL A PARRINGTON wises to inform the public that the Exchange Hotel in Montroe, he is repaired to accommudate the trayeling public the rayel

house, 104, 25, 1873, BILLINGS STROUD.

ke and sife INSTANCE ACENT. At a stended to prompil, and it terms. Office the start of the bate of wm. II. Conper & Cs. (Agg. 1.1802). J. D. VAIL,

Bostora Third Purmersia and Semogram. Has permanently a set directly found in Municipae, Pa., where he will promptivate of a calculation his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court Boses near Fitch & Wasson's office.

Montrose, February 8, 1871.

F. CHURCHILL,

BURNS & NICHOLS, DURING & NIUHOLS,

Delta Be in Durs. Mericines, Chemicals, Dyestine, Palars, Olla, Varnish Liquors, Spices, Fancy

of car Patent Medicines, Parigmery and Toliet Agr

of "Privacriptions cardully compounded."

Brick Rick, Montrose, Pa.

4. 8. Burs.

Feb. 21, 1972.

MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1873.

Poetry. LIFE LEAVES.

The day, with its sands dipped in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden
gates,
And a single star in the cloudless blue
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours,
A lullaby breathe o'er the fulded flowers.

The lillies nod to the sound of the stream,
That winds along with lulling flow;
And either awake or half in a dream;
I pass the realms of Long Ago;
White faces peer with many a smiles
From the bowers of Memory's magical isla.

There are ashen memorles, bitter pain, And buried hopes and a broken vow,
And an aching heart by the restless main,
And the sea breeze fanning a pallid brow;
And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore
Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions wild, And the fierce desire to stand in the van Of the battles of life—and the heart of the child Is crushed in the breast of the struggling

man;
But short the regrets, and few are the tears,
That fall on the tomb of the vanished years.

There's a quiet and a peace, and domestic love, And joys arising from faith and truth; And a love unquestioning, far above The passionate dreamings of ardent youth; And kisses of children on lip and cheek, And parents' bliss which no tongue can speak.

graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
Where the streamlet winds and the violet waves,
And the grasses sway in the sighing breeze;
And we mourn for the pressure of tender lips,
And the light of eyes darkened in death's
eclipse.

And thus, as the glow of the daylight dies, And the night's first lock to the earth is cast, I gaze neath those beautiful summer skies, At the pictures that hang on the wall of the past; Oh, Sorrow and Joy, chant a mingled lay, When to Memory's wildwood we wander away!

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

. -oBY GEORGE MACDONALD; PROM NOVALIB.

————

My faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be,
That gratitude forsake not
The world eternality.
For me sore pains did wring thee—
Thou did'st in angulsh sore;
Therefore with joy I bring thee
This heart for evermore.

How oft mine eyes have atreamed
That thou art dead, and, yet
A many of thy redeemed
Thee all their life forget!
By love possessed and driven,
For us what hisst thou done!
Yet is thy body riven,
And no one thinks thereon.

With love that's never shaken With love that's never shaken,
Thou stand'st by every man;
And if by all tonaken,
Art still the faithful one.
Such love must win the wrestle;
At last they feel, they see;
Bitterly weep, and nestle
Like children to thy knee.

I in my heart have known thee—
O do not let me go!
In my heart's heart enthrone thee,
Till one with thee I grow.
My brothers, one day, will gwaken,
Look heavenward with a start;
Then sinking down, love-shaken,
Will fall upon thy heart.
—Scribner's for August.

The Story Teller.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

"Will you buy my body sir?"

I, Charles Markham, a young physician, was sitting alone in the dusky little room that the sign without dignified with the title of "Office," when the words fell upon my ears. I had just returned from visiting the few patients I could boast of, thoroughly heart-rick at the want of humanity in the world, wet to the skin, and more than half frozen.

I never remember a worse night in all respects. It was us cold as the Arctic, blustering, and the sleet that rattled upon the windows soon covered them with a coat of ice. It had stormed heavily all day, the stores were closed, and the side walk residers driven to shelter.

"God help any one that is forced to be abroad to-night," had been my thought as I hurried along after finishing my proessional duties, and breasted my omeward.

But scarcely had I reached it, changed my saturated garments, coaxing the spark-ling anthracite into a cheerful glow, made myself comfortable and began building castles in Spain, of the time when I should have a lucrative practice, ride in my car-riage and own a brown stone front, when the strange and heart chilling words fell upon my ears, causing all my pleasau ancies to drift away in an instant.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"
I sprang from my easy chair, dropping ny colored meerschaum in my astonishneat, and turned to see who it was that, like Poe's raven, had uttered the terrible

"Will you buy my body sir?"

The question was repeated for the second time before I had sufficiently recov ered myself to become convinced that it came from no ill-omened bird, but from a form of human semblance, at teast, Yet the question was so utterly unusual, so and stand in silent wonderment.

In a few moments the self command I had learned during my hospital practice came to my aid, and I saw that my visitor was a woman or girl, rather, for she could not have been more than nineteen r twenty at the utmost; and, that is if it had not been for the extreme pallor of the face, the pinched-up look about the month, and the sad, sunken eves, she would have possessed, far more than is

upon the coft, brown hair, giving it a I have been so frightened at strange more golden glory, and dissolving the noises."

In have occur at finguencia at all and occur at the process of the noises. This more golden glory, and dissolving the noises."

In have occur at finguencia at all and occur at the process of the noises. The snow flakes that had lodged there, and made them glitter like liquid pearls. This much, and that the dress and shawl were heard these words she flew to the other much interested in all my life."

An irismum in Bridgeport, Conn, who cany. "Madam, i constantly broken in upon and—will you was told that his employer's store had my heart burned down, exclaimed, "Well, I can't five miles?"

The good in much, and that the dress and shawl were heard these words she flew to the other much interested in all my life."

An irismum in Bridgeport, Conn, who cany. "Madam, i cany." "I have never had my heart burned down, exclaimed, "Well, I can't five miles?" "The good in much, and that the dress and shawl were heart words she flew to the other much interested in all my life."

are benumbed. Warm yourself and

Without waiting for further remon-

"I cannot, cannot," she gasped, half sufferer.

"Give it to me."

save one of thankfulness.

I wheeled her chair up nearer to the fire

was a momentary delusion. In another instant she sprang to her feet again.pressed her hands upon her temples, as 11 to still their throbbings, and looked wildly

around.

"O, God!" she exclaimed; "I here, amid warmth and comfort, and, and."

Convolsive sobs choked any further atterance.

"Sit down and tall me to the state of the state

And she reached out her hand toward me as a miser would have done who heard the dear sound of jingling gold.

bosom myself to a stranger?" she asked, stopping suddenly, and looking me full in the face.

"Because," I replied with a smile at her

me to get it. I must have it now-in- flushed to scarlet even at the thought.

And she would have risen again, but I esolntely held her down. "For what purpose do you wish it?"

"To purchase food, fire, medicine."
"For yourself?"
"Ah! no. Had that been the case I never would have come hither. I would have laid down in the gutter and died. God knows how willingly. But tell me," she continued almost fiercely, "will you give me some money? I must have it-

must have it" a feartul sacrifice. Is it one who is very near and dear to you?"
"It is—is—my little sister."

The words dropped from her tongue as they might have dropped from that of an angel, and her face wore as holy a light as if she had been already star crowned. "Theu she is sick?" "Dying! dying! and I am sitting icly

here!"
"Why did you not tell me this before?" "Because I had begged so long in vain, I had no money to pay a doctor, and who would go forth upon such a night as this

My blood boiled so that I could not an swer. Could there be such men? Alas! reason told me in a moment that her words were but too true, and I almost cursed my race. Without delay I gathermuch at variance with all preconceived of service, wrapped the delicate form in a do was to push a chair toward the intruder, heavy closk, and with a few whispered into the black night, and the merciless

storm and cold. Fortunately the distance we had to travel was but a short one. A few blocks passed, and she led me up several flights of dismal, creaking stairs into a room "Florence, is that you?" I heard ask-d by what my car convinced me was a pair of childish, almost infantile lips.
"Yes, durling, lie still for a moment."

wonth nave possessed, far more than is "I am so glad; you have been so long ordinary the case, the rare gift of bean the more than is "I am so glad; you have been so long than the cold and hungry, and I am so sick and cold and hungry, and it was so dark, and

of the changest material, and but a poor side of the room, and I knew that many defense against the howling storm and pittless cold, and the strange request darted again with lightning rapidity through my brain.

"Excuse me, but I have been so long away from Bessie."

I answered not. Her voice had a mel-

Without waiting for further remonstrance I hastened to get some reviving medicine, of which I saw she stood much in neved, and with gentle force held it to her lips.

"I cannot counct" she gesped half safferer.

pushing it away.

"You must," I insisted. "Remember I am a physician, that this is a prescription, and that your life may depend upon that moment she became perfectly passive in my hand.

Will it give me strength?"

That certainly is the object I have in science of materia medica to see what was urging you to take it. What else should required. I made the proper prescription, saw that it was tenderly administered told "Give it to me."

And she swallowed it without a murmur few moments, and resisting all her at-And a love unquestioning, far above
The passionate dreamings of ardent youth;
And kisses of children on lip and cheek,
And parents' bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost! There are little graves

Save one of thankfulness.

I wheeled her chair up nearer to the fire and stirred the coals to a more brilliant glow—hoping that the portion would quiet her excitement, awake the chilled blood to a warmer, swifter flow, and that sleep to a warmer, swifter flow, and that sleep to a warmer, swifter flow, and that sleep to a warmer of the fire and stirred the coals to a more brilliant earlies and resisting an left attempts to light me down stairs, groped my way into the street. I had noticed an eating house at but a little distance as we came along, and a statement of the case, the coals to a more brilliant glow—hoping that the portion would quiet be called the coals to a more brilliant glow—hoping that the portion would guilt be carried. to a warmer, swifter flow, and that sleep world, gold, soon procured the loan of the would follow.

| Dacked of the am power of the loan of the disused stove, a couple of chairs, fend would follow.

Aud, for a moment, I fancied I was right. The little hands dropped nervously into her lap; the softly veiled lids drooped over the deep blue eyes; the head fell forward upon the breast. But, alas! it forward upon the breast.

But another

"And so we sat, with the night wind paring without, watching the almost an "Sit down and tell me the reason of gelic face of the peacefully slumbering your coming here," I almost commanded shill—sat and talked of what I was more than anxions to hear. But the concersa there no such thing as forgetfulness? Yes, I remember all. I came here to—the who would have sold her body for the subset of giving a little hours. If a tell to the subset of giving a little hours.

"Be calm. I understand you are in her sister, was the daughter of at least need, and come for assistance."

"I came" she replied, and looked upon that it made my blood run cold. "I came doctor, to sell you my body."

Was I talking to a same woman or a maniac? The latter was certainly my maniac? The latter was certainly my maniac? Was I talking to a sane woman or a manac? The latter was certainly my thought; but I could detect nothing in ingratitude of the deepest dye, swept away the clear blue eyes of the wandering of all. In their footstep followed the death insanity. "Sell her body?" She spoke of it as an every day transaction.

Sea, against which no human forethought could guard, combined with treachery and ingratitude of the deepest dye, swept away she had been a widow three years, and had long put off her widow weeds. She was pretty, had placed her only child beside her husband in the graveyard, and against which no human forethought ow Smith's—Widow Sm.th—not twenty six years had flown over her head, and yet she had been a widow three years, and had long put off her widow's weeds. She was pretty, had placed her only child beside her husband in the graveyard, and against the tide manfully, for a brief my finger upon her pulse, with the exposer time, when his health gave way, and he tation of finding it bounding with racer followed his wife through the dark valley

eat?"
"I was able to live comfortably by the sale
"I am in earnest. God alone knows of the furniture and articles of value that how much in earnest. It was my last re-sort. We I you buy it?" I possessed. Then—why should I un-sort. We I you buy it?"

And she reached out her name toward me as a miser would have done who heard the dear sound of jingling gold.

"How can I purchase it when you are still alive?"

"But I will soon be done, and then—then you can claim it. For the love of heaven, give me a little, just a little money." And the hitherto dry eyes were ey." And the hitherto dry eyes were ey." And the hitherto dry eyes were expected with the lines about her noble mouth flacked with tears.

And the hitherto dry eyes were expected with a smile at her was a cressively annoyed by her domestics. Hardly was Mr. Green scated when Bridget made her appearance at the door.

And the hitherto dry eyes were expected with the lines about her noble mouth flood with tears.

And the hitherto dry eyes were expected with the lines about her noble mouth for domestics. So saying, away flew the good natured the kitchens and when he discovered a line the face.

"Because," I replied with a smile at her was struck her ears as the sweetest of sounds, he never mentioned.

"Yes, may heaven be thanked! I feel that it is so. Well; I struggled on—no, fought were the better word," sie conting get made her appearance at the door.

Hardly was Mr. Green scated when Bridget made her appearance at the door.

Mrs. Smith, if it plaze you," said the domestic, "will you look into the kitchen domestic, "is Father O'Leary here?"

A FASTINIOUS lady in Chicago broke an' not but understand that it is an unheard ing, in short doing anything that my of proceeding. Our profession never purstrength permitted, until sickness came, sed bodies (how I shuddered as I gaz- still I gave not away to despair. Truly I d in her face, while I was forcing myself to calmly utter the words) before death, darling sister. Of the insults I received no matter what we might do after." while seeking work I shall never speak .-"I know it, I know it; but I must have They must remain forever locked in my money, and there is no other means left own breast;" and the pallid face was

> "And found no employment?" "None! Piece by piece I parted with the little furniture that I was the possessor of, until what you see was all that remained."

"My poor child."
"It is true"—I saw that she was nerv ing herself to tell me something that was painful—very painful—and would have stopped her, but she resolutely continued. "It is true some money was offered me by more than one man, but I instantly and indignantly hurled it back in my insul-"It not for yourself, in the name of ters face. Then, great heaven! upon this heaven, for whom would you make such bitter night, with all of hope gone, I determined to sell my body to some surgeon."

"What in the name of heaven could have put such an idea into your head?"
"I don't know. I cannot tell. Somewhere I had either read or heard of something of the kind."

"You must have been very desper-

"On the verge of distraction, I had but one dream, one desire—to save my darling sister even a single hour of

"Not a single one that I know of .-

She pansed and turned to smooth the hair of the slumbering Bessie, and imsnowy brow; and I thought what desand a pauper's grave was staring me in the face. My kind friend—but I am keep-thing.—Max Adeler.

ing you from your rest." "Me? A physician's rest is one that is An Irishman in Bridgeport, Conn, who

A faint rose blush crept up from the exquisitely moulded throat and mantled the soft cheeks. She took my hand and pressed it to her lips, leaving a warm, lin-gering kess upon it. Did I suddenly build

when the morning light broke again over the gay city the storm had ceased. "I have no time, and must not stay," she answered with a sigh, though she dropped heavily into a chair and brushed away the snow drops from her face with her thin hands.

I have no time, and must not stay," wished it to linger unbroken upon my and nature smiled—coldly, it is true, but ear, like the strains of some songs I have heard, which have haunted me for years. In a moment the candle shed a sickly her thin hands.

Without writing for forther record.

When the morning light broke again over the gay city the storm had ceased, which have haunted me for years. In a moment the candle shed a sickly dinner was taken in far better quarters. Ight around the little room. Little in-As I write these lines I, write some, at

of a girl decorating a snow-white kitten "Who are you?" she asked, drawing with a crimson ribbon, on the rug in front of the glowing grate. I look up sudden-ly from the book I was reading at the former. Our eyes meet. Are we both thinking of the past? It may be so,— She steals softly behind my chair and twines her arms around my neck.

"Darling, do you reinember such a night as this, scarcely a year ago?" she "Yes. I was thinking of, it."

"And of what brought me to you?"
"Yes." She bends still nearer to me; I feel her warm breath upon my checks; I feel her fervent kiss—such a one as only a young and lovely wife can give; and I hear, as it

Mr. Green was a good looking man, very—he dressed well—was well posted up in matters of business, and had the reputation of being a smart man. But Mr. Green had lived thirty years without a wife. It wasn't his fault, for he was fond of the society of the fairer sex, owned a fine house, which he rented for his board, and there were plenty of marriageable la dies in the village.

How happened it, then, that Mr.Green remained in a state of single blessedness? Want of courage. Mr. Green was a coward among the ladies. True, he could pick up a lady's handkeychief, hold a skein of yarn, or give his arm in the politest manner to escort a lady from church. He had

sighed for a companion; and many a time had she remarked to her friends she wondered why Mr. Green did not get married. horse rapidity, but on the contrary, find and beyond the shitting river, leaving the ing it far more calm than my own.—elder sister to provide for the younger.

"Great heavens! you cannot be in earn—"For a time," continued the poor girl, notice. But she did not know it. He and would have married her at an hour's notice. But she did not know it. He

had never whispered to her of love.

He could talk about the crops—the "Ah, you don't understand, that is just it. I am invited to dire at one of the the young men, and all the other matters which the widow did not care to hear about, but the "one thing" which would have struck her ears as the sweetest of sounds, he never mentioned.

On the evening in question, the widow was excessively annoved by her demantics.

"Ah, you don't understand, that is just it. I am invited to dire at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgot the the same, and never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock."

Oh, is that all?" was the reply. "Just now he aisy, your riverence; I'll settly front teeth by the operation.

An old South merek, he says, "but caught nothing —until we got home."

A DARKEY BOY at Burksyille, Ky, who was looking for a squirred which a companion was shaking out of a tree, caught nothing —until we got home."

A DARKEY BOY at Burksyille, Ky, who was looking for a squirred which a companion was shaking out of a tree, caught front teeth by the operation.

A North South South —until we got home."

A DARKEY BOY at Burksyille, Ky, who was looking for a squirred which a companion was shaking out of a tree, caught front teeth by the operation.

A North South South —until we got home."

A DARKEY BOY at Burksyille, Ky, who was looking for a squirred which a companion was shaking out of a tree, caught front teeth by the operation. growth of the yilliage—the industry of the young men, and all the other matters which the widow did not care to hear about, but the "one thing" which would

Scarcely had Mrs. Smith returned, when

the bushy head of John, the hired man, was thrust into the door with:

"How I hate the name of Smith!" said not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the the lady.

Mr. Green's eyes dilated for a moment dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting -he opened his mouth and exclaimed in hurried accents:

"Make it Green, ma'am-make Green !" And in less than a month there was no "Widow Smith" in our village.

A Very Bud Boy. The chief astronomer at the Weshing-

ton Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy whose Sunday School experience scens only to have made him more deprayed, caugh some mucillage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens and what man all light apparently in the heavens and what man all light apparently in the lenguage and what man all light apparently in the lenguage and what man all light apparently in the lenguage and what man all light apparents the hole on are two holes in the wall; out of one whistle a fire-fly, and stuck it, with the aid of perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and, what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spurts and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carewas that it would give a couple of spurse and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then he began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality placed. He thought he found the locality placed. He thought he telegraphed all characteristics are the cone that passed out the whiskey, the stepped aside, replied very gently:

"Get out of my way—what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a little one that passed out the whiskey, the stepped aside, replied very gently:

"They make men out of such things as we are." Both of my parents were only children magnitude in Orion. In a day or two hulf when their parents came from foreign the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in print a kiss upon the curl-wreathed and Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found perate trials one like her must have pass. that the new star had moved about eight: ed through in order to bring her mind to een billion miles in twenty-four hours, and look calmly upon giving herself to the upon examining it closely he was alarmed knife and the ribald jests of the dissect- to perceive that it had legs! When he knife and the ribald jests of the dissection to perceive that it had legs! When he form of a benediction, and in these ing room. And I thought, too, of the went up to the dome the next morning words: "God bless this brace of particular truth of her young heart that to poish up his glass he found the light. sterling truth of her young heart that to polish up his glass he found the light-could resist the alurements of gold when ning bug. People down at Alexandria so hedged by want and pain in their most seven miles distant heard part of the terrible shapes. I thought, too—but she swearing, and they say he infused into it interrupted ma with; "My kind—indeed much whole souled sincerity and vigor-I might say my only friend-whom God ous energy. The bills for telegraphic dis raised up for mu in the hour when all was patches amounted to \$2,000, and now the darkness and misery, and black death astronomer wants to find that boy. He

The Three Sisters. BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

The parliament has lately confirmed the sen-The parliament has lately confirmed the sentence of death passed on two daughters of a gentleman of Anjou, named Madallion, for the murder of the lover of their younger sister. It appears that he was engaged to be married to the eldest sister, but, deserting her, and passing over the second, he transferred his addresses to the youngest. The two cider sisters, in revenge, javited him to play at bilindman's buff, and, while one be und his eyes, the other cut his throat.—From the Laxington papers, lately published in London.

I am the eldest born of three;
Three sisters—fair, they say—are wa;
One, only one, there soon will be;
For two must die to-morrow.
A gentleman of bel Anjou
Besought my love, and he seemed true,
But changed—as isen are wont to do,
O love, thou art but sorrow!

He wooed me long; my heart he gained; But when love's orb in him attained Its full, by slow degrees it waned; And two must die to-morrow. He broke me with his plighted word, And all his passion he transferred To ber, the fairest—her, the third.

O love, thou art but sorrow!

But Claire, the next to me in age,
My insult felt, and shared my rage,
Which, save revenge, could naught assauge;
So we must die to-morrow.
Nor was it long that we forbore,
Although a careless look we wore,
While I—I scorned him more and more.
O love, thou art but sorrow!

were, whispered rather by spirit than moral lips: "Now, my during. I am yours, body and soul."

How She Became Green.

-0
She whom he loved, loved not—'twas well To her our mind we would not tell'. Too dire such thought in our to dwell; Nor must she die to-morrow. But still, we said, should she be nigh, And see the fickle hearted die—
Yet not ere I had whispered why.
O love thou art but sorrow!

O love, thou art but sorrow Ah, skiifully our plot we laid!
At hoodman-blind a game we made,
And long and merrily we prayed;
The game must end to-morrow.
At-length, when Claire the band had placed
About his eyes, she clasped his waist,
And his red blood my danger graced.
O love, thou art but sorrow!

He struggled not; he made no mean;
My whisper froze him into stone;
We scarce knew when his soul had flewn:
Two more must part to-merrow.
No traitress was our trembling mate;
But none can be more wise than fate:
Our blood for his must expiate.
O love, thou art but sorrow!

What's done-is done: why need we sigh? What's done—is done: why need we sigh?
But ah, to young—so soon to die!—
Yet from our doom we cannot fly;
We, too, must die to-morrow.
Then welcome, Death!—revenge was sweet,
Though thou wilt make it less complete,
Like Aladallons, our end we'll meet.
O love thou wit how mert.

The Priest and His Dinner.

O love, thou art but sorrow !

An Irish priest was standing at the An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity of his wife, rose up and said: "Gentlemen, I think I can stand the soda water

"Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your riv-"Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply.
"Put out! Who would put out your diverence?"

"Ah, you don't understand, that is just

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed: "No, bother on Father O'Leary; he is

for Father O'Leary."
Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonshed priest, saying:
"All is right, your riverence; you dine

at sorty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon "Long life and happiness to your river-

ence; I have got your malady; I only wish I had your care." An Indian told up at Leech Lake,

OLD Parson Peters, who once officiated professionally in Hebror, Connecticut, and who was quite a considerable of a wag withal, once happened to marry a Mr. Partridge to a Miss Brace. When the executive part of the Ceremony had been concluded, the parents of the huppy bride desired that he would close the performance with a brief prayer; which he accordingly proceeded to do, under the form of, a benediction, and in these tridges-Amen !" The old folks were quite

A DUTCH woman kept a toll-gate, tryman as he strode into the street. One foggy day a traveler asked: "Madam, how far is it to B.

Items of Interest.

Time never "stays." That accounts for be great wasts of time.

Ir takes four barrels of flour to cover Pittsburgh with circus posters. A CALIFORNIA dog revealed a murdep

An attempt is being made to use saw mill refuse for smelting iron in Michia

by bringing home a human arm.

It is expected that Minnesota will export this year 20,000,000 bushels of wheat

THE St. Louis Dispatch is going to publish an edition on Sunday after-noon, a novelty in newspapers in this

country. The proposed new constitution of Pennsylvania covers sixty large printed pages, being five times as large as the old

"Ou, Ma," said a little girl who had been to the show, "I've seen the elephant and he walks backwards and cats with his tail."

"WHAT was the result of the trial of that horse-stealer?" usked a Missourian of his neighbor. "Oh, he was left in sus-

SUBURBAN Peorians mistake their new

letter-carriers for book agents and light-ning-rod peddlers, and throw stones at A LOUISIANA paper states that the in-scription "for sale" or "for rent" is posted on more than 6,000 houses and stores in New Orleans.

FROM Dubuque: "In order not to ruin the reputation of Dubuque business men the names of drunkards before the police

court are suppressed by the papers.

It is proposed to change the name of Chicago to Edwardsville, in honor of the Directory man, who has done for the city what no legitimate census-taker could do. -St. Louis Globe. A FRENCHMAN professes to have discovered, by experiments upon himself that coffee taken upon an empty stomach renders the mind abnormally clear and the

temper unusually bad. A young lady was thrown from a carriage in Shrewsbury. Mass., the other day, and had one leg broken, and the ac-cident was still further complicated by her falling on a wasp's nest.

speech?" enquired a tipsy burrister of his clic.t. "It is an organ without stops; and the pipes are always dry," was the

"WHAT do you think of my organ of

The editor of the Kankakee. Gazetta: thinks fishing, as a general rule, don't pay. "We stood it all day in the river last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

A FASTINIOUS lady in Chicago broke an engagement because her lover stained her sash and the back breadth of her dress suit with tobacco juice. The discarded lover now tannts her for her pride. Ir is said that many thousand pounds of tront are annually caught among the Adirondacks which are telt to rot along

hastening the depopulation of the PETER KESSLER, the mule-stealer, who was imprisoned in Jesserson City, Mo-has been hauged by a mob, and the Sheriff who had him in charge has been mortally and two others very seriously woun-

the shore. Such senseless barbarism is

took a great dislike to one of his children that was "reel footed"—having feet turned ont—was arrested for endeavoring to persuade his wife to assist him in poison-No locomotive is allowed to use a steam whistle in Altoona, that city of railroads

A FATHER in Wilmington, Del., who

Scene in the Goldsboro (N. C.) posts office: "Nothing, sir." "Thar ain't no letter for me, you say?" "Nothing." "Dad fetch the luck! Say, mister, ain't thir 'nuther postoffice in town?" "Only one." "Well, all I've got to say, it's a one-horse town that can't s'port but one postoffice," was the comment of the coun-A Baptist paper in Ohio was sent nine

"Shoost a little vays," wa the reply. Scars to a subscriber who never paid a "Yes, but how far," again asked the cent for it. The other day the newspaper weler, was returned to the patient and long ant-"Shoost a little vays," more emphati- fering publisher with the affecting pencil cally. note on its murgin: "Gone to a better "Madam, is it one, two, three, four, or world." The editor is a very pious man, lve miles?"

but it is reported that his faith is terribly
The good woman ingeniously replied.; shaken in regard to the accuracy of the information.