THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

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THE DEMOCRAT

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By E. B. Hawley & Co.

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J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, ATTORNETS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montros Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

D. W. SEARLE,

ACTORNEY AT LAW, office aver the Store of M.
Dessauer, In the Brick Block, Montroed, Pa. [40169

W. W. SMITH.

M. C. SUTTON, AUCTIONEER, and Inscrance Agent,
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Address, Brooklyn, Pa. JOHN GROVES,

PANITION ARLE PAIL JR. Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandle, Store All orders filled in districte style arranged to the change, and warranten to di.

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ATTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Escin on Claims attended to, Office its out below Boyd's Store, Montroe, Pr. [An. 1, 88] W. A. CROSSMON,

McKENZIE, & CO. D salers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses and Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company [Montrose, July 17, 72,] DR. W. W. SVITII,

DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next upon cast of the Republican printing office. Office hones from 2 s. m. Montrose, May 3, 1871—if

LAW OFFICE FITCE & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Montey & Fitch, Montroec, Pa. t. F. FITCE. [Jan, 11, 71.] w. w. watson.

J. SAUTTER.
ASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. R. DeWitt's Montrese Feb. 19th 1873.

ABEL TURRELL. Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicale, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Teas Spices, Panny Goods, Jewelry, Per-

SCOVILL'& DEWITT. Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office Vo. 42 Court Street, over City National Bank. Bergamento, N. Y.

June 18th, 1873. We It Scottle.

JEROEZ DEWITT.

CHARLES V STODD ARD caler in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Leather Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's St Work made to order, and repairing done nestly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want snything in his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

DR. S. W. DAYTON, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and sicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village. Rept. 1st. 1969.—15

DR. D. A. LATHROP. Administers Electro Thermal Baths, at the Chestnut street. Call and consult in all

Disenses, Montrose, Jan. 17, "72,-no3-tf. CHARLEY MORRIS,

THE HAYTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the huiding occupied by 2. R. DeWitt, where he is prepared to do alk kinds of wurk in his line, such as making switches, puffs. etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me. H. BURLITT.

EXCHANGE HOTEL

M. J. HABRINGTON 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 Montpuse, Aug. \$4, 1873.

BILLINGS STROUD. FIRE AND LIFE INSTANCE ACENT. All visings attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office test door eyes of the bank of Wm. II. Cooper & Cs. Public Assense, Montroso, Pa. [Aug. 1.1862] ally [I. 1872.]

HOMEOPATHIC DEVELORS AND SUBGROY. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., whars he will promptly stand to all calls in his perfession with shigh he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Waison's office.

Montrose, February 8, 1871.

P. OHURCHILL.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEAL ARS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyselaba, Paints, Oile, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy itt dres, Patent Medicines, Performery and Toller Articles, Car Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Ps.

4. B. Busns,

feb. 21, 1772. was equally hungry. TRUTH AND RIGHT; GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

Poetry. EVERY DAY.

BY ELIZABETH ARERS ALLEN.

Oh, trifling tasks often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
Oh, cares which come with every sun,
Morn siter morn the long year through!
We shrink beneath their paltry sway—
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power, The resures sense of wasted power.
The firesome found of little things
Are hard 10 barr, as hour by hour,
Its fedious literation brings:
Who shall crude, or who delay
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course, By the and tempest halled in vain, Obeys the wave whirled publics force And yields its substance grain by grain; So crimble stronges lives away Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair, Who node the lion in his lair.
Who tracks tho tiger for his life.
May wound them for they are aware.
Or conquer them in desperate strife;
Yet powerless he to scath or slay
The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops, Is mightier than the flercest shock; The constant fall of water drops Will groove the admantine rock; We feel our noblest powers decay In feeble wars with every day

We rise to meet a heavy blow— Our souls a sudden bravery fills ;— But we endare not always so The drop-by-drop of little ills; We still deplore and still obey The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death Upon the bathe-field, and dares Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath The needle-points of frets and cares; The stoutest spirita-they dismay, The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Who souls by faith have overcome;
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not with complaint alway
The petty pains of overy day.

Oh, more than nortyr's aureole.

And more than here's heart of fire!—
We need the humble strength of son!
Which daily foils and ills require.
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day.

-----FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside,
Than anow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide.
For thy stens thro life's path shall be lighter.
When the load from thy bosom a cast,
And the sky that's above these be brighter.
When the cloud of displeasure is past. -0-

The the spirit swell high with emotion,
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivious occan, For remembrance increases the pain;
And why should we linger in sorrow
When its standow is passing away,
Or seek to encounter to-morrow

The blast that o'er swept us to-day. Oh! memory's a varying river, And though it may placifly glide When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver. It foams when the storm meets the tide Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou will ever regret

The Story Teller.

Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

· THE CHAINED HOST.

The potato famine in Ireland was noof the country where the following story is told as a true tale's In a small village in one of the most

barren districts of the west of Ireland , lived a poor widow, whose sule inheritence from her husband were two healthy children, girls, of the respective ages of five PATSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professiona and three. Painfully and by the utmost services to the citizens of Montrose and ticinity.— effort she had contrived to pass two years office, Foundry.

[Aug. 1, 1859.] of her sorrowful widowhood. Bud and scanty food, obtained only by labor too, great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick bed, and death, in rity, removed her from her earthly troubles. The poverty of the whole parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans. All the neighbors, with the utmost desire to help, were assist others.

"If the childrer could only be got to Kilburn" (a village some miles distant,) said one of the neighbors after the poor nother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to-take care of them.

replied another, "and I fear they will be o better off there. "It cannot be possibly worse than here,

for nothing but starvation stares them in the tace. If we send them to their relation we have done our duty. We cannot possibly keep them here.

So a carrier, who was going near to Kilburn, as an act of charity took the wo girls—Lizzie was seven now, and and kindly asked their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the eldest, Mary was five-in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together, and the carrier hardly looked at them. Toward noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them the road to the left, and bade them go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the high road they would in about two hours come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "good bye," and looked after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and

then they both began to cry. Lizzie ceased her crying first; she took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the grass, and said, "Get up, Mary! We must not stay here if we wish to get to Kilburn. We can-

not stop here on the road."

"I am so bungry," sobbed Mary. "We have had nothing to eat all day."

And again they both began to cry; for Lizzie

the exclaimed, jumping up at the same time, and casting a piercing look at the oblideren, thoroughly frightening them.

His face grew red—then tears came into his aver—at last he sobbed aloud. He

ward the spot. But it took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farm house, for such if proved to be. With hesitating steps they entered tho yard, for they had never begged before in spite of their former misery.— But at this moment they could think of nothing else but their terrible hunger.— When a few steps from the house they heard the farmer violently scolding one of his men. Then he went into the house, flercely closed the door after him, so as to make the windows rattle, continuing his abuse all the time. The children terrified, stood still at the door until the voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door and both children entered. The farmer sat in an arm chair by the blazing fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word and to tell their erronchly.

"Can'!, you speak?" he asked more "Can'!, y

doubt perfer idling rather than getting their living by honest labor." "Our parents are both dead," said Liz-

zic.
"I thought so," replied the turner.-"Whenever children are sent out to their father and mother are always dead or at least their father. This a mere excuse for begging. Be off this min-

The dog not accustomed to such guests, so looked at the children full of ast nichment; he drew back, then sat down and left them his dinner, of which he had left them his dinner, of wh

toward them, exclaimed: you to pieces. to the ground; the dog had got up again and gone near the children, then he look-

ed at his master and wagged his tail. It "Don't drive my guests away !" At that sight a change came over man; the speciacle before him acted like an electric shock, and feelings such he

never had before seemed to stir within The children had risen, terrified at the too famine stricken, and heard their own call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten, with downcast eyes, last, after several minutes silence, the far-

iner said.
Are you really so fearfully hungry that one of the neighbors after the poor little hand been buried, "a brother of neir father lives there, and he could not saidly refuse to take care of them.

"But matters are as bad there as here,"

"But matters are as bad there as here,"

"But matters are as bad there as here," them into the house, calling out to the servant: "Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master, the brute had shamed the man. Touched by what he had done the farmer was anxions to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. "He seated the children at the table, sat down by them

"Have your parents been dead long?"
"Our father has been dead two years,
but our mother only died last week."

At the thought of their recent loss both children began to weep.
"Don't cry, children," said the farmer. kindly. "God will in one way or another take care of you. But tell me now, where

do you come 'rom?"
"Prom Loughrea," replied the child. "From Loughren?" asked the man. "From Loughren? That is strange!" He began to suspect the truth, and

asked hesitatingly : "What was your father's name?" "Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie,
"What-Martin-Martin Sullivan?"

to his eyes—at last he sobbed aloud, He friend," I remarked as he

had taken this farm about a year before.
A kind Providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson of kindness who knows what might after all became of the poor orphans. But He who is the Father forsaken them.

of tion by it."
"What was your theory, Robert?"

the children were, and walking quickly asked. "Was it to bet continually on the ace—to wager large sams on the same "Don't you see the dog? He will tear card, hoping and beheving it would some on to pieces."

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear card, hoping and beheving it would some ing so high 'as other towls, they make time win and make you rich? Was it..." social theory, Eli. You know I have

the consumption.' "And you have finally become engaged to the object of your affection, then Runert?" I asked, becoming deeply interested in this good vonne man

"No, sir, alas! Oh, no! My theory has failed. I have been unfortunate. The first young lady I met was from Chicago -Miss Johnson. She was sweet, and so affectionate, and had just the cough to suit me. A low, hacking It was fairly m·lodious; and I knew it would prove fatal to the object of my affection in a year; but alas, alas!" and then he buried his face in his hands.

"What, Robert ?" I asked. "Alas! in a fatal moment I learned that she had no money to go with it. She was poor, but such a lovely cough. Just the one I had so long and vainly searched

"What then?" "Why, then I met Miss Lilly Thomson of Madison avenue. She was very rich. She wore laces and diamonds and a new for, with just one exception."

"What was that, Robert?" "O dear, there was no cough to go with

and bitterly.
"Again, Eli," he began, drawing closer, searching for for years. She was rion and delicate. She had just the cough, the fadelicate. She had just the cough, the fadelicate. She had just the cough, the fadelicate. The had fancied in my dreams and sighed for in my waking my dreams and sighed for in my waking and the hired man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be asset for murder, disappeared and has right, and yet so frail and delicate—so near Death's welcome door"—and Robert face shone with a joyous light as he de-scribed the frail, rich object of his affec-

"And still you are not happy, my dear

end to utter a word and to tell their errand. "The word and to tell their errand." "Then we shall have to starve," answercognity.

Lizzie at last took contage, and said gently: "Oh, if you would be so good as to give us the least little bit to eat—a small piece of oread or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighborhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to this neighborhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to the soon perceived, for he added: "You will get nothing here. Be off, this moment!"

The children looked at the man in utter devided the said—his words and his soon perceived, for he added: "You are going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there! I am your uncle, and when Mrs. Myers asked her if she wouldn't have another she said no. she wouldn't

loons -a wretched, heart-broken and rus-do not understand. Mr. Coville is such ined man!

although they are birds of prey. They are a success, making some of the sweet-est sounds ever heard. We are sometimes constrained to stay awake all night and listen to their strains even it it's ever so confounded straining on us. If any one dosen't like their music he can lump it, and failing to do so, they will lump him, and if he "gets on his ear" about it, such a proceeding is foolish, for they are very accommodating and will get on his ear for him. I like their music better than anything else about them. Many a time have I lain on my downy bed and listened them as they sung "Come Where My Live Lies Dreaming," "We won't Go Home Till Morning" and such like, till I have been so carried away (and wishing I was carried still further) that I've joined in the melody "Shoo Fly," and cheered them by clapping my hands togther in the hope of giving the little suckers an

affectionate squeeze .- Danbury News. A KEOKUK lady while engaged in th pursuit of her domestic duties, encounter dress at every hop. She just suited me. She was just the girl I had been looking most halies under similar circumstances would have utterd a few feminine shricks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possessed more than the ordinary it. She was all health and money. There degree of feminine courage. She summonnever had been any consumption in the ed the hired man and told him to get the never had been any consumption in the family—just my luck!"—and then he shot gun, call the buil dog and station buried his face in his hands and wept long himself at a convenient distance. Then she climed half way up-stairs and com-menced to punch the flour barrel vigor-"one happy day I met the very object of only with a pole. Presently the mouse my affection—the paragon I had been made its appearance and started across my affection—the paragon I had been made its appearance and started across searching for for years. She was rich and delicate, She had just the cough, the last suit. The man fired and the dog dropped not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

Mistress-"A day's holiday, Jane! what for?" Jane-"Well I thought you'd brushed the think it rather soon; but, please mum, my The children were very weak, and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. At last Lizzie for help; she could not think what the last pale jewelled hand in mine. Upon it the question this time,"

I remarked as no ordinate the think it in the ordinate as also of his cigar upon my boot. "Can young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to the that she has refused you."

Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to the that she has refused you."

Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to the that she has refused you."

Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to the that she has refused you."

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Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to the that she has refused you."

Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to the that she has refused you."

Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to the that she has refused you."

Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to help the that she has refused you."

Young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps to help the that she has refused you."

BY Z. T. WINK

Upon my manilepiece there stands
A vase of antunn leaves,
Whose varid hints—from russet hue
To that like golden sheaves—
Were once Nature's living green,
Ere chilling frosts had blanched them,
And rendered them, just what we see,
Of man's frail lile an emblem.

O inded, secred, and withered leaves,
When in your youthful pride,
To pilgrims through this vale of tears
You showed the cheery side;
But now, alas! the Autumn wind
A requiem round you plays,
And you are glories of the past—
The light of other days.

When summer swayed her sceptre bright
O'er forest, hill, and dale,
Yeu basked in sunlight's mellow flood,
While zephyrs did regale;
But nature raised her magic wand—
But change was sad, I ween;
For now you're robed in other hues
Than that of joyous green.

Thus, as I look upon this vase Of Summer's faded treasure, I feel that all we hold most dear, Like seasons, have field most dear, Like seasons, have file in ensure; For Father Timo with ruthless scythe, Cutt down hope's birest flower, And Death, the final conquerur, Holds revel in Life's bower.

Then let not mortals swell with pride, Nor boast of rank nor birth. Since we must fall, like autumn leaves, To deck our Mother Earth:

But let us live that we may see The land beyond the river, Where brightly blooms the Tree of Life, Whose leaves do never wither.

Mr. Coville's Complicated Misfor-

tunes.

a man. When he heard a carpenter say hot taught him a lesson of kindness who knows what might after all became of the father less would surely not have forsaken them.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Colonel Delevan rides out in his charing that there was so many shingles on the that there was so many shingles on the campaign speeches by valued to the fatherless would surely not have forsaken them.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Colonel Delevan rides out in his charing roof of his honse because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubting that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued the figures, and when the carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued to the figures, and when the carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued to the figures, and when the carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued to the figures, and when the carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued to the figures, and when the carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued to the figures, and when the carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued to the figures, and when the carpenter say that there was so many shingles on the making her campaign speeches by valued to the figures. or at least their father. This a mery excuss for begging. Be off this minute."

"We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lezie, "We are so trust that we arount more a step. If you would but give us the least to to eat, we are so hunger."

"I have hold you I would not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a thundering look. Lezie up kely repeated the door and drew her stater with her. The childen again about in the farmyal, but keep not what to do. Sould-nly little Many drew her hand from her sixt or standard and the beat hand from her sixt or standard and the beat many that to the other said of the state and the beat many and the standard beat that the content of the standard was the time of the board and some with the door, and in the farmyal, and keep the board from the risk of shows every young haly at the system of the board and some with the door, and the standard beat the standard was that in the beats that the standard beat the standard b

anticipated. In fact it struck so close as lation in Great Britain can be extracted "What was your theory. Robert?" 1
asked. "Was it to bet continually on the asked. "Was it to bet continually on the card, hoping and believing it would some time win and make you rich? Was it."

"O, no; nothing of the kind. It was a social theory, Eli. You know I have a dramed of. They are not very devoit although they are birds of prey. They although they are birds of prey. They blood and family and good looks. My pet theory was to come to Saratoga and are so tame that they will come and eat threw hum over into the gutter and poungent and are so tame that they will come and eat threw hum over into the gutter and poungent and are so tame that they will come and eat threw hum over into the gutter and poungent and in Dubuque the other day.—

As extraordinary thing happened to gentleman in Dubuque the other day.—

Ced his legs, and then hauled him back to the was walking on the plattern helion. the walk again and knocked his head

against the gate.

And all the while the elder Coville sat on the roof and cried "police," but could not get away. And then Mrs. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed on the roof and cried "police," but could not get away. And then Mrs. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate, and one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barrel gun, and hearing the cries from the roof, looked up there and and it is supposed will hereafter hold espying a figure which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot into its

With a howl of agony Coville made a plunge to dedge the missiles, freed himself from the nail, lost his hold on the roof, and went saining down the shingles with awful velocity, both legs spread ont, his hard velocity, but helps spread ont, his hard to trivilless efforts to save himself. He tried to swear, but was so frighted to swear when he passed over the edge of the roof, with 20 feet of the gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then dove in the house to load up again. The unfortunate Coville struck into a cherry tree and thence bounded to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors, and carried into the house.

MASSACHUSETTS papers are telling the picking the shot out of his legs. The

THE first verse of the Western Radical arrested for murder, disappeared and has office seekers' song is now said to be as on Mr. A., and remonstrated with him follows:

"Oh Flong to be a Granger, And with the Grangers stand, A bunch of clover in my arms, And a pitchfork in my hand,

Special programme

NUMBER 37.

THE Pall Mall Gazette says that the real name of Miss Lydia Thompson, the actress, is Mrs. Tilbury.

THE most expensive and fashionable jewelry in Denmark is said to be made from fish bones and scales. It is more costly than articles of gold.

A MAN addicted to snoring, remarked to his bed fellow in the morning, that he slept "ike a top." "I know it," said the other—"like a humming top."

THE residence occupied by the Emperor Napoleon I., on the Island of Elba, in 1314, will shortly be offered for sale, at the "upset price of 400,000 francis.

"It is very curious," said an old gen-tleman to his friend, "that a watch should be k-pt perfectly dry when there is a run-ning spring inside."

CHARLESTON, S. C., claims to be one of the healthiest cities on the continent, bas-ing its assertion upon the fact that only fitteen deaths occurred there in one week

Scene in court: Judge--"Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?" Prisoner: "No judge: I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

THE "grasshopper bend," which is said to have originated in Saratoga, has made its appearance in town. It is more utterly absurd than even the Grecian bend or Kangarod droop. A JEALOUS Saratoga woman recently prevented her husband's attendance at a ball by carrying away every article of clothing be owned and, hiding them in a barn three miles away.

MRS. LEMON of Centralia, Illinois, is running for the office of School Superintendent. She is much annoyed when

An extraordinary thing happened to a

He was walking on the platform behind the eating house at the I. C. R. R. depot enjoying the gentle evening twilight. Be-fore him was a green, semi-colored slough fished out the wetest and slimiest of men, "fresh fields and pastures new," in natural abhorrence. With a howl of agony Coville made a Ridge, Mount Haven, N. Y., between ton

ened that he lost his power of speech, and in all the trials, making in the last one,

A new doctor is making good day wages following: "A geutleman of Boston had bicking the shot out of his legs. The a son in law who was a preacher. He geboarder has gone late the country to cured his settlement over one of the city spend the summer, and the junior Coville churches. He was a feeble preacher, and churches. He was a feeble preacher, and having sequestered a piece of brick in his the congregation soon tired of him and a handkerchief, is laying low for that other boy. He says that before the calm of The parish voted by pews, and there was another Subbath rests on New England one unjority for retaining the pastor .there will be another boy in Danbury who Upon inquiry it was accertained that the can't wear a cap. Upon inquiry father-in-law had bought up all the cheap pews in the gallery and olse-where, and had actually secured a maon keeping a preacher in the pulpit so distasteful to the congregation. He replied: "Gentleman, I know my son-inlaw is not much of a preacher, but my position is purely a business one. I have got him on my hands with my daughter A REVIVALIST asked an African if he and must support him. All the assished found the Lord. "Golly," said Sambo, "am de Lord lost?"

्रमु पुर्वकारी । अध्यक्ष आकृत । 🚉