

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

TRUTH AND RIGHT; GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, SOCTS EXTRA.

VOLUME 30.

MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1873.

NUMBER 39.

**THE DEMOCRAT**  
Is Published Every Wednesday Morning, at Montrose, Susquehananna County, Pa.,  
By E. B. Hawley & Co.

**TERMS:**  
\$2 a year in advance, or \$2.50 if not in advance.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**  
(Three fourths the space, or less, makes square.)

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of W. D. Casser, 16 1/2 Brick Block, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.

**W. W. SMITH,**  
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—Foot of Main Street, Montrose, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

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ATTORNEY AND SHERIFF,  
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No. 1, 1868. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

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ASHIONABLE TAILOR, Shop over the Store of Casser's Store, 16 1/2 Brick Block, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.

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**W. A. CROSBY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, in the Chamberlain's Office, W. A. Crosby, Montrose, Pa., Dec. 10, 1871.

**MCNEEL & CO.,**  
D. C. in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ladies' and Men's Clothing, Office in the Court House, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.

**DR. W. W. SMITH,**  
DEVELOPER Rooms at the Court House, over the Chamberlain's Office, Montrose, Pa., Dec. 10, 1871.

**LAW OFFICE.**  
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Fitch & Watson, Montrose, Pa., Dec. 10, 1871.

**J. SUTTER,**  
ASHIONABLE TAILOR, Shop over J. R. DeWitt's Store, Montrose, Pa., Feb. 19, 1872.

**ADEL TURRELL,**  
Dresser in Dress, Millinery, and other articles, Office in the Court House, Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1872.

**SCOVILL & DEWITT,**  
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Office in the Court House, over the Chamberlain's Office, Montrose, Pa., June 18, 1872.

**DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, resides his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity—Office at his residence, on the corner of Water & Iron, Montrose, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

**CHARLES S. STODARD,**  
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, just over the Store of W. D. Casser, 16 1/2 Brick Block, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.

**LEWIS KNOLL,**  
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING,  
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend to all requests and to give a shave to his clients, Montrose, Pa., Oct. 13, 1869.

**DR. S. W. DAYTON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, resides his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity—Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, off of Bend village, Montrose, Pa., Dec. 10, 1871.

**DR. D. A. LATHROP,**  
Attending Physician, resides at the Foot of Chestnut Street, Call and consult to all Chronic Diseases, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 17, '72—303-1/2.

**CHARLEY MORRIS,**  
THE BETT BAKERY, has moved his shop to the building occupied by R. H. DeWitt, where he is prepared to do all kinds of baking, including cakes, pies, etc. All work done on short notice and at low prices. Please call and see us, Montrose, Pa., Nov. 6, 1872.

**H. BURRITT,**  
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Brass, Crops, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Hides, Groceries, Fruit, etc., etc., Office in the Court House, Montrose, Pa., Nov. 6, 1872.

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**  
M. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in the most comfortable manner, Montrose, Pa., Aug. 25, 1871.

**BILLINGSSTROUD,**  
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, All business attended to promptly, at terms, Office at the foot of Chestnut Street, Wm. H. Conner & Co., 16 1/2 Brick Block, Montrose, Pa., (Aug. 1, 1869.)

**J. V. DALL,**  
Notary Public, resides in Montrose, Pa., has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with the usual fees, Office in the Court House, over the Chamberlain's Office, Montrose, Pa., Dec. 10, 1871.

**FALLET HOUSE,**  
Clean, large and comfortable house, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished rooms and elegant arrangements, adjacent to the Court House, Montrose, Pa., Nov. 6, 1872.

**F. CHURCHILL,**  
Justice of the Peace, resides at the Lombard's store, in the Court House, Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with the usual fees, Office in the Court House, over the Chamberlain's Office, Montrose, Pa., Dec. 10, 1871.

**BURNS & NICHOLS,**  
D. C. in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ladies' and Men's Clothing, Office in the Court House, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.

**Poetry.**

**MY WEALTH.**  
"Thy very strange indeed, I fear,  
That any one should think me poor,  
While I have wealth at my command,  
Which equals any in the land.  
The wealth of earth I value not;  
My treasures are not sold nor bought;  
Sure and abiding riches they,  
Which take not wings and flee away.  
No crash of banks is feared by me;  
No loss by fire, nor storm, nor sea;  
No moth, nor rust, nor decay,  
Nor midnight thief who steals away.  
Kingsdoms and Empires would not buy  
One of the gems I hold so high;  
Not wealth of earth shall I ever sell  
For mine of silver and of gold.  
My goodly anchor Hope is worth  
Far more than all the stores of earth,  
A priceless boon, in kindness given,  
To keep it till I enter Heaven.  
And Peace, Oh! tell me no possession  
Of Peace, and yet not richly blest!  
Like a deep river, on its flows,  
Nor changes, nor interruption knows.  
Contentment, sweet contentment, too,  
Is mine, a treasure never to be lost;  
I have it, with something more than fame,  
Least it should seem of doubtful claim.  
Great gain the Apostle says these be,  
Some wealth in them the world can see;  
King Mammon's too poor by far,  
But the store of earth is but a store of care.  
And Truth's power that cannot fail,  
"Whom I would not, just one day  
Content to barter Truth in night,  
Wisdom that never fails in night,  
Says: "They that seek and sell it not,  
Truth is a portion that is sure,  
All who possess it are not poor.  
Such is my wealth; I'm rich indeed,  
Best with the best, and all I need;  
The wealth of earth, and heart and mind,  
The best bestowed upon mankind."

**THE OUTCAST.**  
Found dead! dead and alone!  
There was nobody near, nobody near,  
When the outcast died on the pillow of stone;  
No mother, no brother, no sister there,  
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,  
Not a smiling eye to give a parting tear,  
Oh! the city slept when she died alone,  
In the noiseful street, on a pillow of stone.  
Many a weary day went by,  
While wretched and worn she begged for  
Tired of life and longing to lie  
Peacefully down with the silent dead;  
Hunger and cold, and aching pain  
Had wasted her form and seared her brain,  
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,  
With a pillow of stone, was the outcast found,  
Found dead! and alone!  
On a pillow of stone, in the noiseful street,  
Nobody near her when she died,  
Nur knew when her heart ceased to beat;  
No mother he wept with tears of sighs,  
Had wasted her form and seared her brain,  
And the child wings passed with a willing soul,  
Over the lonely spot where her form was found,  
For dead! yet not alone!  
There was nobody near, eye, he was near,  
With a soft red man to cast the first stone,  
When an outcast died a repentant tear,  
Perk up his feet, he flung his hat,  
Forgiven, and snatched from the edge of the pit,  
With Rahab and Mary in heaven to sit.

**The Story Teller.**

**SCATTERING BREAD.**  
"It is one o'clock, gentlemen," said the ubiquitous and weary waiter, entering a luxurious, brilliantly lighted room in a fashionable club house, where a jovial little party of young gentlemen were assembled.  
"What a bore you are, Dennie," answered Hal Burgess. "Why didn't you stop this morning at the great American hotel, that is my last night here for a long time to come? Give us a fresh pack of cards to change the luck. We must have one more game while you are bringing us another bottle of Carte Blanche for a far-well bumper. 'Just think,' he continued, appealing to his companion seated around the table, 'tomorrow night at this hour I shall be playing a lively game of pitch and toss with old Neptune, and getting badly worsted in the encounter. Console yourselves with the thought of extraordinary good fortune this evening."  
"Don't speak of it, Hal. We hate to hear of your going," chorused several voices in tones of genuine regret, that proved what a favorite he was in that coterie of gay young bachelors.  
The card party which had just been interrupted by the sequel of a farwell dinner, given on the occasion of his departure for Europe, where he intended to pass several years before entering upon the practice of his profession. It was the last of many similar festivities in which he had been a leading spirit, and relative to as they that it should come to an end. "The week's hours a vout the tea" refused to "arry at his bidding"; the last round was finally played, and the last merry toast proposed. Hal had won largely and rose crumpling a roll of bills carelessly into his pocket, and promising his opponents their revenge when he returned. Then cordial adieux were spoken, and leaving his friends at the door of the club house, he walked briskly up the avenue. At that late hour of the night it was silent and deserted, but, turning a corner, he saw a young girl coming hastily from the opposite direction. The bewildered, frightened expression of her wan but beautiful face, revealed by the gaslight near which they met, caused him to stop and exclaim: "What is the matter? Can I do anything for you?"  
"I must find a doctor: do you know where there is one?" she answered, hurriedly, with a quick, questioning glance, and reassured by his respectful manner.  
"There is none very near here," Hal said after a moment's reflection, and added, from what the young man he had left would have deemed a most Quixotic impulse, "but I am almost a physician myself; unless the case is very serious, perhaps, I think I can attend to it."  
"Oh please come quickly, then," replied the girl, and she led the way rapidly past several blocks of stately houses, to one of those poor neighborly houses which are sometimes found crowding the back doors of an aristocratic quarter.

Who is sick?" asked Hal, as, reaching a small house, he held open the door for her to pass, and taking a flickering candle from the floor, lighted his way up to flights of narrow, rickety stairs.  
"My mother," she answered in a trembling voice.  
"And was there no one in the house you could call upon to help you?" he continued.  
"No; the people who have the lower rooms go away at night; I was obliged to leave her all alone."  
On the bed in the room they entered lay a woman apparently insensible, with sickening marks of blood upon her, and crimson drops still oozing from her lips. The girl hastened to the bedside in a mute terror at what might have happened during her absence, but Hal's practiced eye saw that she had a bad but not fatal hemorrhage, and could soon be restored to consciousness. With a few consoling words to the daughter, such as enabled her to assist him, he proceeded to treat the case as well as circumstances would permit, as he did so that ghastly as was the pallor of the thin, careworn face, it still showed traces of former beauty, and of unmistakable refinement.  
At last the sufferer opened her eyes, with the vague, indifferent look of complete physical exhaustion, but closed them wearily.  
"Do not speak to her," said Hal in a whisper, "she must be kept perfectly quiet; but I think she will do well now."  
As he proceeded to give the necessary directions for further treatment, his eyes wandered across the room, which was neat, though meagerly furnished, and borne witness to that struggling situation so much more pitiable than thriftless, squalid poverty.  
Under the lamp on the table lay several pieces of fine needlework, in a confusion that showed how recently the labor upon them had been interrupted. Ostentatiously searching for something in his letter case, Hal bent over the delicate embroidery with a wondering pity for the patient hand by which they were produced. He had been among poor people before, but never when his sympathy was so deeply elicited as in this instance. Both mother and daughter seemed so wholly unfitted for this hard life—so helpless and forsaken.  
The girl came toward him trying to express her gratitude.  
"Have you no relatives or friends?" he asked her.  
She shook her head sadly.  
"Your father?"  
"He died two years ago, just after we came here to live. We have no more family now," she answered, and she turned away the notes of his questions, "but I shall get so soon as this work is finished, and if you will give me your address, I will—"  
"I do not mean that," he interrupted hastily, but he did not add that he was really thinking how soon she might be alone in the world, for her mother was evidently a victim to a quick consumption. "I am going to Europe to-morrow," he went on, "so I shall not be able to call again; but I will leave a prescription for your mother, which I trust will do some good."  
He wrote a few lines on a scrap of paper, then, waiting himself for a moment, when he had remembered, he slipped the money he had recently won into an envelope and left it on the table. Fortunately, it was a considerable amount, although he regretted that it was not in his power to give something besides money and left, thoughtful at the contrast between the prodigal, careless pleasure, and austere want which the last few hours had forced upon him.  
Amid the distractions of foreign travel however, the incident was soon forgotten; but before a year had passed he was reminded of it by receiving a note dated from a large western city, and enclosing a draft for the amount he had given away that night.  
The style of this missive was curt and business like:  
DEAR SIR:—Though personally unknown to you, I am under great obligations for your kindness to my sister and niece at a time when they were in much need. Without wearying you with my personal affairs, I will merely explain that just now, a most unexpected misfortune happened one night last spring was my sister. She married against my wishes a man who gradually squandered the little fortune she possessed. All intercourse between us had ceased, and I knew nothing of her husband's death, nor the destination which followed, until the dread news of her death reached my ears. A doctor overcame her pride and resentment, and she wrote to me. I reached her only a few hours before her death, and it is only within a week that I have learned through your niece that it was your charity she was indebted for her last earthly comfort. A card which was found upon the floor after you left, furnished me with your address, and I hasten to remit to you the amount of the pecuniary indebtedness, as well to express my gratitude for the service you rendered to members of my family. Respectfully yours,  
JOHN J. RHODES.  
"Rather a romantic ending to that little episode," mused Hal. "Well, I am glad that lovely girl found a home, and some one to care for her after her mother's death. I wonder if I shall ever see her again. The uncle is evidently well off, and she is discharged his 'cunary indebtedness,' as he calls it so promptly. Judging from the note it wounded his pride, and I wish I had not been so careless as to drop that card. What the deuce am I to do with the money?"  
He would not have asked that question two years later, when the news of a great fire in his native city came across the cable, and he learned that the riches he had enjoyed so thoughtlessly had vanished on swift wings of flame.  
He returned at once, self-reliant and hopeful—the change in his circumstances developing all the latent energy of his character. The necessity of gaining a livelihood from the profession which he had formerly looked upon as the outlet of a certain philanthropic ambition, was just the stimulus he needed, though even

in his prosperity he had never been an idler with no earnest purpose or endeavor. But, knowing as he did from experience the butterfly life of club and ball room, he realized that it would be incompatible with the practicable work that lay before him, and he felt that it would be easier to sever the old social ties at once and seek his fortune among strangers.  
He went to a Western city; but even there, to his surprise, he found some old friends in an agreeable family he had met while traveling abroad. They were gay people who entertained handsomely, but he persistently declined all their invitations, until he was once persuaded to attend the debut ball of one of the younger daughters.  
He did not repent his concession when he found himself in the midst of the brilliant scene, but yielded frankly to its exhilaration.  
The fair debutante showed him much favor, but in the midst of her lively chatter his eyes wandered to the door through which a tall, graceful girl was just entering.  
She was indeed very lovely; form, coloring, movement, were all exquisitely perfect. The shining ripples of golden hair the dewy, violet eyes, the roseleaf complexion, the arch, smiling mouth, the supple, rounded figure, revealed each other in the gleam of the chief charm of her fair presence.  
Hal's genuine admiration was very evident, as he asked abruptly:  
"Who is that lady?"  
"If you were not such a reclusive you would not ask," replied his companion.  
"That is Laura Gresham, the belle of the season. Isn't she lovely?"  
"Yes, very," answered Hal; "she has that rare beauty that reminds one of a flower, delicate and perfect, yet living—I think I have seen her before."  
"That is hardly possible, for she has been in a convent school all her life until this winter. Let me introduce you to her."  
Hal assented eagerly, but was surprised to see a sudden blush suffuse Miss Gresham's face when his name was mentioned, and he fancied her manner nervous and distraught. She had no lance left to give him, but they chatted in a few moments on ordinary topics, and a vague allusion elicited from her the question:  
"Is it long since you returned from Europe?"  
"Only about six months. I should have remained a year longer, but all my worldly goods being converted into dust and ashes in the night, it behoved me to exchange the life of a vagabond for the practice of my profession, which I began here in preference to my native city."  
The highly spoken words seemed to astonish her. "What a misfortune," she exclaimed.  
"I trust it will not prove so in the end," he answered, thoughtfully; but the dance had already begun, and the tete-a-tete was interrupted.  
Later in the evening his hostess said to him playfully: "You should be much attracted by Miss Gresham, she has been asking about you, and it is not often that she condescends to take so much trouble. Of course you have fallen in love at first sight."  
"Perhaps I should if I had not long since on my own sake a possibility," he answered carelessly.  
Nevertheless, as he sat next morning in his modest little office, Laura's beautiful face came between his and the dry reports of the medical work he was reading with such foolish persistency, that it was a relief when the bell rang and he was interrupted by a messenger desiring his attendance upon Mr. Rhodes as soon as possible.  
"Rhodes," thought Hal, has prepared to obey the summons, surely I have heard that name. Why! it is the same as that of my erstwhile correspondent, and this is the city he lived in. Strange, I never thought of it before! I should like to see his little office again."  
But when he reached the handsome house to which he had been directed, he found only an irascible, dyspeptic old gentleman, who made no allusion to any previous intercourse, and proved a most annoying and exasperating patient. It was not until a third visit that he found a young lady in the room, who was introduced as "My niece, Miss Gresham."  
"This was the poor needy girl he had secured—this contumacious and heinous. Truly, circumstances had strongly changed with both of them since their first meeting."  
"I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Burgess before," she said with a slight hesitation, "but beyond the significance of the name, he attached to those few words no reference was made to any previous incident in their acquaintance. Apparently, she desired it should be ignored, and Hal had far too much tact and breeding to betray by word or look his own remembrance of it. Yet he often wondered at this silence as in the course of several months' professional attendance he became better acquainted with herself and her uncle. The latter was a confirmed invalid, to whom his niece was exceedingly devoted, and she found an efficient aid in the young doctor, who, although his practice was rapidly enlarging, somehow always managed to have considerable time to devote to this special case. Seeing Laura thus frequently and intimately, Hal became more and more interested in her, and consequently this persistent reserve, which apparently arose from false shame of the past or shallow pride in the present, vexed and puzzled him. It was the one bluish he found in her character, and he could not understand nor excuse it.  
"I kept him, if not from falling in love at least from ever avowing his affection; one who attached such undue importance to wealth and position would hardly tolerate the address of a poor physician, he reasoned, although Laura's manner certainly gave him cause to entertain a contrary opinion.  
One morning he met her in the hall. "Can I speak with you a moment before you go to my uncle?" she asked.  
"Certainly," he replied, following her into the reception room. Closing its door

she came toward him, saying, with a smile, "Have you quite forgotten me?"  
"Surely, Miss Gresham need never ask such a question," he said gallantly, "besides, I saw you yesterday."  
She made a slight movement of impatience. "I do not mean that. I want to know whether you have never guessed that I was the poor girl you met on the street that dreadful night when my mother was so ill, and you befriended us. Am I so much changed that you did not know me?"  
"No," he answered, "out I thought—" "I thought that I had such a foolish false pride that I shrank from acknowledging my indebtedness to you, and recalling my former pride and wretchedness," she interrupted, her soft eyes filling with tears and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion. "I am sorry, but you have had good reason. My uncle is always so annoyed by any allusion to that miserable time, that he reproaches himself bitterly for ignorantly allowing my mother to struggle and suffer as he did, and I have never dared to speak of it before him. In fact I resorted to a ruse to induce him to have you attend him, telling him though the names were the same, the Dr. Burgess he remembered was rich, and probably still abroad."  
"Then you recognized me yourself at once?"  
"Certainly, and I am not so ungrateful as I have seemed. I have so longed to thank you, although words never can for all you did for me."  
"Do not say anything more about it, Miss Gresham," said Hal, much embarrassed, "it was trifling service, and so unfortunate as to render you, and you may be sure I should never have reminded you of it."  
"But I feel under such a weight of unacknowledged obligation to you, that I cannot help myself. I have not been earnestly, and besides I think I may venture to tell my uncle now. You have been so much a favorite with him that I think he will be able to forgive you even your charity toward us."  
He winced at the words spoken half playfully, yet with genuine humility. "I assure you, Miss Laura, there is no such debt of gratitude between us as you suppose; any benefit I was to you at the time has already been more than repaid by the patronage which has been secured for me through your uncle's influence since I came to your city, your unknown physician."  
"I shake my head incredulously. You would have secured it all without any aid from me. I do much wish there were any way in which I could repay you."  
"There is one," he said yielding to a sudden impulse as he looked down into Laura's eyes, "I think I may venture the original debt, increased by such generous charity, that I do not dare to propose it."  
"Our estimates might be different," she murmured, the long lashes drooping shyly, and the tall tale color flushing her cheeks.  
"All debts are more than canceled by the gift of love," was the reply.  
A few mornings later, Laura leaned over the back of her uncle's chair and said coaxingly:  
"Dr. Burgess has done you a great deal of good, and I should think you would like to make him a present." "So I would, so I would," she said, "but what may I select it?"  
"Well, uncle, it is a strange affair, but he thinks he would like me."  
"You?" cried Mr. Rhodes, in utter astonishment. "You! Even as well as I like the fellow, that is a little too much."  
"Oh! don't say that, uncle," answered Laura, laughing. "Think of all his services and kind attentions to you, and I am sure I owe him everything—for he has proved to be the Dr. Burgess who befriended me when I was in such sore trouble."  
The old gentleman sat speechless for some moments, engrossed in conflicting emotions.  
"You said I might choose the present for him," urged Laura timidly, "and it will not really be giving me away, for we shall both belong to you."  
Her uncle kissed her fondly, and Hal appearing at that instant in the doorway, he called to him: "This little woman has pleaded your cause so well that all that is left for me to say is that you do on the spot, and in the story books. Take her and be happy."  
**Handling a Snapping Turtle.**  
A man named Gilev, who by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of encumbrance, was fishing in Still River near the Beaver Brook Mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours without catching anything he was gratified to see on a flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself. The but end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge; and when he got to reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sootable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilev's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bare-headed man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet-bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that he was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet-bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and he was clinging to him until he reached White Street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife asked him what was the matter, he said, "nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.—Danbury News.

**Imitations of Antiquity.**  
The following verification of one of the greater stocks of life has appeared unsigned in the Minneapolis Tribune, and is sufficiently general in its human interest and quantity commending itself to our notice.  
THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.  
And that white hair! It is not mine,  
My locks are like the raven wing;  
No flag of truce I fling to time,  
No meadow to age I sing.  
Haste, then, be gone! thou form of fright,  
I will not have thee curse my sight.  
One gleam of white—but here it lies,  
A stiffened shining silver thread;  
In sad and plaintive notes I sigh,  
"I've come to tell thee youth has fled,  
Then in thy presence let me stay;  
Send not thy messenger away."  
"And wherefore shrink from sight of me,  
As from a bitter thing to rue,  
And why behold me cowering?  
As though thine age it could renew?  
The child was born to sorrow in years,  
And leave his childish joys and fears."  
"Would'st thou an infant always live?  
Love and caressed as childhood is?  
Who for its peace would manhood give  
And make its false pleasure his?  
The higher gods are bound with tears  
And come to man with rolling years.  
True: youth is beautiful and bright,  
When love and hope its transport bring;  
Its laughing vision dreads no night,  
And sings alone its volens with tears,  
But storm and darkness linger still  
When age its tread it treads at will.  
And thou hast felt the childish joy,  
And some alike the bitter pain,  
Has kept the gold, and lost the alloy,  
Why would'st thou be a boy again?  
Where all that's fair, as false is found,  
Would'st give the scar and take the wound?  
In faith in man and true in heaven,  
We have a hucker and a shield;  
The first to youth is kindly given;  
The last, in age we wear a field,  
If I forget the thorny road,  
Know that it leads to Heaven and God.  
And in this tale of lengthened days,  
I tell of added wisdom, too;  
Of heart withdrawn from selfish ways,  
And gain of what is tried and true,  
Then in thy presence let me be,  
Send not thy messenger from me.

**Flatfooted Courtship.**  
One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled, and odd. He hated old women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot and heavy whenever chance threw them together, yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected.  
One day the contest waged unusually strong and Aunt Patty left in disgust and went into the garden.  
"The bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stooped to gather a flower which attracted her attention.  
"What did you run away for?" said a gruff voice close behind her.  
"To get rid of you."  
"You didn't do it, did you?"  
"No; you are worse than a barlock but."  
"You won't get rid of me, neither."  
"I won't, eh?"  
"Only in one way."  
"And that?"  
"Marry me."  
"What! you two fools get married! What would people say?"  
"But'st you mind to come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."  
"Well, no, then."  
"Very well; good by. I shan't come again."  
"Stop a bit—what a pucker you are in."  
"Yes or no?"  
"If no consent."  
"All right; I thought you were of age. Good-bye."  
"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, come back, I say. I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider."  
"I don't want to be considering. I am going. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance, Patr. All right good-bye."  
"Jabez! Jabez! That snuck-up Beck Hastings shan't have him, if I die for it Jabez, yes! Do you hear?—Y-E-S!"  
**The Sewing Machine Agent.**  
We have no other authority for it than Jones himself, and therefore cannot vouch for its truthfulness. Jones told us that he was persuaded to meet the death some time ago by a sewing machine agent, who wanted him to make a purchase. Unable at last to endure the persistence of the man Jones says he bought a diving-bell, went out 400 miles from land, and descended two miles into the ocean to spend a few days in peace. He had hardly touched bottom when he saw the sewing machine man coming down in the dire's armor, carrying with him a shuttle feed and sixty strong testimonials to the merits of his button-hole attachment. Jones informs us that he suddenly rose to the surface, and prepared to sail home; but just as the ship's anchor was being hauled over the side, it recoiled and upset the cook's embargo, scattering the live coals in the powder magazine. This caused a terrific explosion and Mr. Jones was blown four miles upwards into the air. Just as he began to come down, he met the sewing machine man coming up in a balloon, with a bucket-full of samples of the lock-stitch and a model of his patent reversible hemmer. When Jones fell he was picked up and he sailed straight for home. As the vessel drew near the dock, Jones perceived the agent standing on the wharf, waiting for him, with a "noseless button-hole attachment." Thereupon Jones hid himself in the cabin, and instructed the captain to say to the agent that Mr. Jones had died of yellow fever on the voyage. When the sewing machine man heard that he seized a copy of a certificate from a clergyman's wife, and then blew out his brains with a pistol, evidently determined to follow Jones into the next world and sell him a machine at all hazards. "We give this for what it is worth. We only know that Jones was educated by his parents to believe that it is wicked to tell a lie.

**Varieties.**  
November and December are rightly named; they are the embers of the dying year.  
A boy defines salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."  
Two men had a fight in Providence the other day, and one of them was knocked into Massachusetts.  
The women take a lively interest in the farmers' movement. They are naturally patrons of husbandry.  
It is sad to see so many walk in the dark themselves, who carry a lantern for others.  
Good men are guided not that which is afflictive, but that which is diaphanous.  
Ord has promised pardon to him that repeatedly has had not promised repentance to him that sineth.—Anselm.  
A boy in Chillicothe, Ohio, was so hungry after gum drops that he mistook a Union torpedo for one. Up went his hair.  
A Pennsylvania paper employs a calligrapher, two ditty composers, and a pink mushin devil, and does a building business.  
A Missouri woman won a house and lot at a raffle, and then she had to buy a shotgun to keep her adorers from wearing out the steps.  
"We are fearfully and wonderfully made," is the quaint Scripture said to his friends as they were looking at the skeleton of a donkey.  
A girl out west, who recovered ten dollars from a young fellow for kissing her against her will, offered him the money back if he would do it again.  
Puzzled school-boy to his teacher; "But, sir, I won't do it, nothing, nothing, twice would not be something; for it's double what won't amount to it."  
A Danbury boy wants to know if it is right for his folks to pay \$500 for a piano for his sister, and make him pick berries for circus money.  
The highwaymen in Norwich mesmerize any stray people they find out late, by the dextrous use of a club. The people are going to club together and go for them.  
A lady was thrown from a carriage in Shrewsbury, Mass., the other day and had one leg broken, and the accident was still further complicated by her falling on a wasp's nest.  
The Job Millers of Rochester, say, he feels the effects of emotional insanity working in him every time he sees his tallowing round the corner with the bill for last winter's overcoat.  
A Cincinnati man who went the other day with all his family, excepting his mother-in-law and the house cat, found upon his return that the animal had been talked to death for being out late at night.  
A French writer says: "A kiss gives more pleasures than anything else in the world." The lady who wrote that sentiment evidently never knew what it was to slide down hill on a slab, "belly-bumpers."  
A happy couple in Iowa, having been twice married and twice divorced are now doing their courting for the third time, and the persons in the neighborhood will be steady customers for many years to come.  
"Is your house warm enough in cold weather?" inquired an anxious father, of his newly married son. "My mother-in-law makes it plenty warm enough for me, but I guess Mary Jane and the baby shiver some," replied the happy boy.  
A young man who prided himself on his mental qualifications, once speaking of the advantages of these, remarked: "What is better than a good education?" "Common sense, you fool, you," quickly remarked one of his hearers.  
A club has been organized in Rochester called the Dismal Six—all the members are old bachelors whose sole aim is to make themselves miserable. The presiding officer is called the Doleful Graid, and his deputy the Vice Doleful.  
A man in Manch Chunk found a small keg of powder in the road, that had been wet and caked together. He let a friend try it, and he found it would burn. Probably the powder was a drop of something cooling by this time.  
The last sensation in kerosene is this: A tumblerful of it made a man believe that it was whiskey the other night, and he took it in. He made a better looking funeral than kerosene victims usually make, but he scored one for kerosene nevertheless.  
An uneasy boy, whose mother tried to quiet him on a Boston and Main train the other day, by telling him the conductor swallowed naughty boys, astonished her a few moments after, as the pretty form of the conductor appeared at the door, crying behind her and exclaiming in a whisper, "Ma, I guess he has swallowed one already."  
The Peoria Review publishes the following true story: A young man got married in this city recently, and watched his father-in-law to board him for a year or two for his daughter's sake. The old man said he wouldn't. "Well," said his son-in-law, "you ought to board me for her, I loved you for her long enough." The old man boarded him—with an inch board.  
A gang of burglars entered a South Bend, Ind., hotel the other night, and left but one suit of clothes for thirty guests. They had breakfast from seven to ten, next morning, and the toilets were not conspicuous for it. One man took his coffee and taken with a bed-quilt over his shoulders, and another in a balinal belonging to one of the chambermaids.