

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

TRUTH AND RIGHT, GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, 50 CENTS EXTRA.

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Business Cards.

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Attorneys at Law, Office at the Bank, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

D. W. SEARLE,

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W. F. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS, Pa. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

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J. SAUTIER,

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NEW TAILOR,

Shop over DeWitt's Block, next to the postoffice. Work done to the best style. Give me a trial. Montrose, Oct. 12, 1873. GEO. O. WALKER.

JOHN GROVES,

ASHIONABLE TAILOR, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store, All orders filled in the most satisfactory manner. Give me a trial. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, Pa. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

W. A. CROSSMAN,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, Pa. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

McKENZIE & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, and Miscellaneous Goods. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 1873.)

DR. W. W. SMITH,

DEVELOPER, Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours, 10 to 4 p. m. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

LAW OFFICE,

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Seelye & Fitch, Montrose, Pa. 1873.

ABSL. TORRELL,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, and Miscellaneous Goods. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 1873.)

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Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Office No. 20 Court Street, over City National Bank, Pottsville, Pa. 1873.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, teaches his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner of the Court House, Montrose, Pa. 1873.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, and Miscellaneous Goods. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 1873.)

LEWIS HARRIS,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, shop in the new building, where he will be found ready to attend to all who want anything in the line. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

DR. R. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, teaches his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite National Bank, 67' Beasly Village, Sept. 10, 1873.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, Pa. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

CHARLEY MORRIS,

THE HATTI-BROWN, has moved his shop to the building between the Court House and the Court House, where he will be found ready to attend to all who want anything in the line. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

H. BURRITT,

Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Ranges, Oils, and Paints. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 1873.)

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

M. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that he has removed his office to the corner of the Court House, Montrose, Pa. 1873.

LITTLE & BLAKE'S OFFICE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their new office, opposite the Tenth House, Pa. 1873.

BILLINGSSTROUD,

FIRE AND LIFE GUARANTEE AGENT, All business attended to promptly and satisfactorily. Office at the corner of the Court House, Pa. 1873.

J. T. & E. H. CASE,

HARRIS & WATSON, Oak House, next to the Court House, where they will be found ready to attend to all who want anything in the line. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

J. D. VAIL,

Notary Public and Commissioner. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa. where he will be found ready to attend to all who want anything in the line. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

VALLEY HOUSE,

Great Beer, Pa. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot, it is a large and commodious house, with a fine view of the mountains. Newly furnished rooms and sleeping accommodations. All orders filled in the most satisfactory manner. Give me a trial. Montrose, Pa. 1873.

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DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyes, Perfumery, Stationery, and all kinds of Goods. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 1873.)

POETRY.

THE RIVER TIME.

BY E. B. HAWLEY.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it flows through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surer aim,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summer like buds between;
And the year, in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical life up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June with the roses staying.

And the name of this is the Long Ago,
And bury our treasures there;
There are brows and beards and bosoms of snow—
There are hearts of dust, but we love them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a harp unwept, and a lute without strings,
There are broken words and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy
By the miracle is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Swooning voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed life,
All the day of our life ill night,
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed in slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

MY HUSBAND'S FIRST WIFE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Such a child to be married!" said Aunt Tabitha.

"Not sixteen yet!" said old Mrs. Merwin.

"I don't know what this world is coming to," said Desires Higgins, who at forty-six, was an unguaranteed rose upon the bush of "maiden meditation."

Yes, it was all quite true. I was very young to be married, and yet it seemed as if I had lived a whole century since first I had seen Edward Rayner. Only sixteen, and yet as I walked down the broad aisle with the orange wreath in my hair and the gleaming wedding-circlet on my finger, I could hardly realize that it was only yesterday.

I was playing with dolls and chasing butterflies down the shady aisles of Aunt Tabitha's garden.

"I hope you won't regret your precipitant child," said Aunt Tabitha.

"I know I shall not, aunt," I flashed back. For was not my hero stainless as Galahad; without fault, King Arthur's self?

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Tabitha, in that dry way of hers that I particularly detested, "that's what all young wives think. I've heard girls talk just so before."

All this was very provoking, but what could I do? Only preserve a dignified silence, and leave Time to disprove all Aunt Tabitha's gloomy forebodings.

Oh, the cloudless Summer sunshine of those first days of my wedded life! Shall I ever forget them, if I should live to be as old as Methuselah? Our sunset walks on Grand Island, the wild flowers we used to bring home from the Canada meadows; the sweet, low singing of the birds, audible even amidst the thunders of Niagara! I remember, ever now, how people used to pause and look at us, and whisper one to another how handsome Edward was, and what a youthful bride I seemed!

Niagara was very gay that season, and when a telegram unexpectedly arrived, summoning my husband back to New York on business of vital importance, he left me with the less apprehension lest I should be lonely.

"It will only be for a week, Rosa," said he. "And you must be as gay and happy as you can until I come back."

So he left me. And in that first evening of his departure I put a knot of white ribbons in my hair, and went down into the great, cool veranda as gay as a lark.

Mrs. Ingoldby Bennet was there—a friend of mine, from New York, with three blowy, overdressed daughters—and she smilingly made room for me, and introduced me to a friend sitting at her side.

"Mrs. Rayner—Mrs. Tennington."

Mrs. Tennington bowed and smiled in an amiable way.

"Mrs. Edward Rayner, of Budding Vale?"

I bowed, in some surprise.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Tennington. "The world is quite full of curious coincidences. I knew your husband's first wife, Mrs. Rayner."

I colored and then grew pale.

"I think you must be mistaken in the person, Mrs. Tennington," said I. "Mr. Rayner—my husband—has never been married before."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Tennington, with a little contemptuous laugh that made me hide her cordially.

"It's so natural for a wife to believe as she chooses. But that don't alter the true facts of the case. Mr. Rayner was married three years ago, to Isabel Mortimer, a friend of mine—and two years ago he was divorced from her. Yes, yes, I remember it all very well. People gossip a good deal—they always will in a small place like Budding Vale—and how you ever lived there without hearing of it—"

"But I never lived in Budding Vale!" I interrupted hotly. "I am only just from New York."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Tennington, wisely, "that accounts for it. And I dare say I'm telling tales out of school, if Mr. Rayner himself has chosen to keep his counsel on the matter;" and she nodded more provocatively than ever.

Just then to my infinite relief, a party of friends swept up to Mrs. Tennington's door, and I was able to slip away, with wild trembling heart, and cheeks alternately flushed and ashy pale.

Was this true? Had my husband then deceived me? Was I the wife of a di-

WHAT THEY DID.

BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

Solomon Brown had five daughters—the oldest of these was twenty-six, the youngest seventeen. In some of the healthier countries it is considered a misfortune when a girl is born. Solomon Brown's mind had never been imbued with this healthiness—though he owned a pew in the church, and contributed conscientiously to the donations—for he shook his head in solemn disapproval as his family increased, declaring that girls were, and had been since the world began, a failure.

Dear little Mrs. Brown emphatically declared her skepticism as to this broad assertion, saying with some spirit, "that the girls could not be dispensed with, and the great Father had seen fit to create one, it must have been, with the consciousness that they might be pronounced good. Of course they were good." She would just ask Mr. Brown, what there was that might be said truthfully, in disparagement of their own children?

"If they were boys, Lucy," says Brown, looking up a dry good bill, "they would be self-supporting. If, for instance, Matilda had been named Solomon—and you know, that name has fallen to the eldest in our family for generations—she, or he rather, might have learned a trade, and would now be able, not only to care for himself, but to render useful assistance to the family. I am sure, I never blamed her, or her mother, for that. I did not understand her, that she couldn't forgive David for not being a girl. I have never given one of my girls that they disappoint me."

"Dear me, Solomon, I'm sure the girls are doing the best they can. Matilda is a very good dress-maker."

"Josh" cries Solomon, impatiently, "the country is ever run with dress-makers. I tell you all this, because, fess and fess, I'm a ruined man—that in the people. Don't you understand every additional girl is an additional burden to someone? How much do you suppose, Lucy, I paid out for ribbons last year? Only one hundred dollars?"

"But my husband, there were five of the girls you know, not counting myself, and that makes twenty dollars only, for each. I am sure that isn't extravagant at all. There's Susan, Smart's Sallie paid that much for one Boston shoe. Our girls are very handy about turning their things and fixing them up as good as new. There were only twenty-four yards in the dears' dress this Spring—that is in the dress of each—while Mrs. Million used thirty-five, and I must say that our girls were much the prettier."

"And would have been just as well if they had made out of eight," growled Solomon, desperately footing up the accounts again.

Figures are obstinate facts, Solomon, in facing the sum total of united columns, became an obstinate man.

"I tell you, Lucy, we can't go on in this way, that's certain. Something must be done. Why don't they get married?"

But that was a needless question, for there was a New England State, and there were several thousand more women than men, and as one man was allowed only one wife, it was quite impossible that all could be provided with a husband.

"Dear me, Solomon," said the little wife, smiling humorously. "You forget that this is Utah—should there be actually no one to whom we may sell the dardings; that you, yourself, would quite disapprove of their going husband hunting."

Now, while Solomon had been talking thus complacently and confidentially, to his wife, his five unappreciated daughters had been listening from the next room.

"The old dear," cried Matilda, the oldest, under her breath, "what a man! He said, 'Poor papa, indeed,' the youngest, her blue eyes full of tears.

"Poor papa, indeed," snapped out the second sister. "I do believe he begrudges us the bird's allowance which we eat."

"Bird's allowance! Josephine, I'm sure there isn't a heartier family of girls in this country than ours. No Canary's portion would do for me—of that I'm sure! I do think it a shame, that five great girls should work as hard as we should, and yet have only one little old broken-down man for their support. Come now, Tilda, isn't it ridiculous? Don't you think that we might do something?"

"I'm sure," Matilda said, "I've been trying just the best that I know how. You know I bought the machine, and then—"

"Well," Lucy said, laughing, "poor papa had to make the payments on it."

"I'm sure I couldn't help that, because I had to get to get plenty of sewing to do, and you see that there is actually in a drug in the market. No Tilda, and Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, all of those pretty, traditional ways of a woman turning an honest penny are out of date. I've been thinking this over, and I've made up my mind. Come girls, you stand by me! Have you the courage to lay aside your dainty shippers, to engage your feet in heavy shoes, to let the sun kiss brown freckles on our face, in fact—to wear a bloomer?"

"A bloomer," the four cried together.

"Yes, my dears, for of course the work that I have laid out for us to do, couldn't be done in trains. I have been thinking that I had better take Jacob Sloan's farm for a year, and Miss Lucy, as she spoke, opened her pocket-knife and commenced whittling a bit of stick in true Yankee style."

"Jacob Sloan's farm?" they cried aghast.

"Yes, dears, I was over talking to Jacob yesterday, and he's quite delighted that we should have thought of making the experiment. He is sure, he says, that it will be a success. Only think girls, how nice it would be, if we could help the old farmer now, after all of the trouble he has had with us! And what a triumph, too, if we could prove to him, that girls are a blessing, at least; if not exactly that, still worth being born. What say you? Will you put your names to the contract? Come now, don't be cowardly, nor try to find excuses for drinking a duty. Jacob never had five more

THE VOICELESS.

BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet walling singers slumber?
But over their silent sisters' breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number!
A few can touch the magic string,
And now they are proud to win them:
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross but not the crown of glory;
Not where Lucullan breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory haunted billow,
But where the gleaming night-dews weep
On nameless sorrows church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save wringing lips and faded tresses,
Till death pours out his curial wine,
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing press;
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—O. W. HOLMES.

INFLUENCES AT HOME.

Of all the blessed opportunities, privileges, and responsibilities God vouchsafes to man, none is so great and holy, and none so lightly assumed and so tampered with, as when one is called upon to be a parent, priest, and king in his own household. You sir, who have invoked of high Heaven this grand prerogative, and who by Divine favor have been ordained to this holy office, accept and hold it! I pray you, with clean hands and a pure heart, remembering that you can find such privileges and opportunities to honor God nowhere else. Remember, too, that having invoked and obtained these opportunities, there is now no middle ground.

Through you henceforth—in time and in eternity—God is honored, and mankind are blessed or cursed. I speak not to those who, with perverted tastes and low desires, abandon the family hearth to seek enjoyment at saloons and club-rooms, but Christian or Christian-like men, who sit right after night, in the midst of your family group around the evening lamp, like a night-sun, bustling their prattle and their sports, that you may have rest and quiet, yet meaning in your heart of hearts, to do your best for those whom you love with a strength far greater than you love your life.

The poor, the sorrowful, the lost of this world have claims upon you, which as you hope for heaven, you must not slight; but do not, I beseech you, care for your children, so much money, and come to them, once in a while, to give them a taste of your sympathy, your counsel, your love. Have you any idea how hungry they are for this? Their appetites are dormant never having been whetted by the taste; but try by once letting them know the flavor, and it shall be a new rich joy to your own soul.

There are moments in my past life, that linger friendly in my memory still, and cause my heart to ache with a fond, fond, fondness, when my mind wanders back to boyish sports and boyish life, with our warts, we turn our steps toward the dear house of rest, and stills threshold lay our burdens down.

Here we have watched life come and go—here we have folded still cold hands over hearts as still, that once beat full of love for us. Here we have welcomed brothers and sisters into life, watched for the first time, from babyhood, guided the tottering baby feet from helplessness to manhood, and here we have watched, with aching hearts, to see the dear one turn from the home nest, out into a world which has proved but a snare and a temptation, to many wandering feet. And here we gather strength to take up our lives again, and go patiently unto the end. But though the world calls us, and we may find friends good and true, we turn to the dear old home, when troubles come, for help and comfort. God grant that for us all there may long remain a "mother's house."

How many a kiss have been given—how many a cross—how many a look of hate—how many a creed—how many a promise has been broken—how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a soul lost—how many a love lowered in the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone forth from earth to heaven—how many a little child, or cradle stands aloof now, which last Saturday night held the rattle of the treasures of the heart. A week is a history. A week makes events of sorrow or of gladness, which make people feel. Go home you heart-erring wanderer. Go home to the cheer that awaits you, wreathed with earth's willows. Go home to your family, man of business. Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joy and comfort of being by. Leave your book with completed figures—leave everything—your dirty slippers—your business state. Rest with those you love; for God alone knows what next Saturday night may bring them. Forget the world of care and battles with which life furrowed the weed—Draw close around the family hearth. Saturday night has awaited your coming with its adorns, in tears and silence. Go home to those you love, and as you tuck in the loved presence and meet to return the embrace of your heart's pet, give to the world a better man and to bless God, striving to give His weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

BE CHEERFUL.

Emerson says: "Do not hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not deal with sables and gloom in your conversation." Cheerful follows with: "Away with these fellows who howling through life and all the while passing for birds of paradise. He that cannot laugh and be gay should look well to himself. He should tuck and pray until his face breaks into light." Tal- sage then tells us the story: "Some people have an idea that they can't be cheerful unless they grin over their teeth. Don't drive a beam through a man's soul. When you find up a broken bone of the soul, and you want to do it, do not make them of cast-iron." After such counsels and admonitions, lay aside your long faces.

MINNESOTA has more miles of railroad than Massachusetts, the former having 1,500, and the latter 1,200. In 1863 Massachusetts had 2,624, and Minnesota only 31 miles.

TANZANIA is a ready-made sermon in a bag. It is so great in England that they can be had nearly everywhere for two shillings a dozen.

THE OLD HEARTH-STONE.

(Communicated.)

It was a pleasant place—the hearth of our earlier years.
There were but few gathered there, but their love and worth were great, and life's choicest blessings were flung around them. Each to the other was a friend and companion; o'er the sunshine of happiness played upon our heads.

But all this changed at last. Death came and stood at our door, and there was mourning and sorrow in our home.

She, whose love was to us as manna to the famishing lamb that passed over the Border Land, and for us was a sweet sheltering hope and comfort. There was fresh clay on the hearth-stone that weary slippers were flung around them. Each to the other was a friend and companion; o'er the sunshine of happiness played upon our heads.

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