E MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B HAWLEY & Co., Proprietors.

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D. W. SEARLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of R Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Vontrose, Fa. [au]

W. W. SMITH, DABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Per .. Main street Montrose, Pa. lang. 1, 1859.

M. C. SUTTON, AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT,
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AMI BLY.

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J. SAUTTELA
ASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop over J. R. DeWitt's Montrose Feb. 19th 1873.

NEW TAILOR.
Shop over Deane's Book Store, next to the postoffice Work doe to the best style. Give me a trial.
Moutrose, Oct. 15, 1973.—3m GEO, O WALKER. JOHN GROVES.

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ATTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay. Pession and Exem on Claims attended to, Office for worbelow Boyd's Store, Wontrows, Pr. [Au. 1, '69 W. A. CROSSNON.

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court Mouse, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSHON. Mentrose, Sept. 6th. 1871.—tf. McKENZIE & CO.

Dusters in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine these Also, agents for the great American Ten and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, '72,]

DR. W. W. SMITH, PENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from Sa. M. to 4 r. M. Mentrose, May 3, 1871—tf

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Rentley & Fisch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, 71.] w. watson. AREL TURRELL

LAW OFFICE.

Dealer in Prugs. Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Olls, Dys *127s, Fras, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewetry, Per famery, &c., Brick Block, Montr ss, Pa. Established 1848. (Feb. 1, 1873. SCOVILL & DEWITT.

Attorages at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptey. Office
No. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Bing-hamton, N. Y.
June 18th, 187x.

Janous Dewirt.

DR W L. BICHARDSON. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, todoers his professions services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.— Office at his saidence, on the corner cost of Sayr. & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1859.]

CHARLES N. STODDARD, ealer in Boote and Snoca, Hats and Caps. Leather and Findings. Man Street, let door below Boyd's Store, Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL. SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. obop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want saything in his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 18, 1869.

DR S. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Rend and vicinity. Office at his residence, apposite Karnum House, G't Bend village, Sept. 1st, 1893.- if DR. D. A. LATHROP.

Administers Electro Turnual Batus, at the Pool of Chestnut street, Call and consult in all Chronical Consults in all Chronical Montrose, Jan. 17, '72-an3-if.

CHARLEY MORRIS, THE HAYTI BARHER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. R. DeWitt, where he is proposed to do a liking of work in his line, each as making switches, pure etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call suid see me.

H. BURRITT. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hard-ware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Olis, and Painta, Boots and Shore-, Hat- and Cape, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c. New-Millord, (s., Nov. 6, '73-tf.

EXCHANGE HOTEL. 4. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that having regred the Exchange flotel in Moutrose, he is now received to commodate the traveling public in first-class style.

Montrose Ann. 20. 1000.

o. Aug. 23, 1873. LITTLES & BLAKESTE

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their Net Offer, opposite the Tarbell House. R. R. Lettle. Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873. E. BLARBERGE.

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIPE CISTAINCE ACENT. All business stiended to prompily, on fair terms. Officer dark down it. Cooper & Ca. Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1862, 1, 1872].

Sillings Nature. B. T. & E. R. CASE,

HARNESS VAKERS. Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cush prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Blan-kets, Whips and corrything perialing to the line, chenper than the cheapest. Repairing done prompttheoper than the same of the said in good style. Montage, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873.

J. D. VAIL. HOMEOFATHIC PUTSICIAN ATO SCHOOLON. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promute it attent to all calls in this profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence were of the Court House, near Fitten & Watton's office.

Montrose, February 8, 1871.

VALLEY HOUSE. Gurar Bryd. Pa. Situated near the Eric Railway Bepot. Lea large and commedicus house, has undergons
a thorough repair. Nowly furnished erooms and elecping a first class buttel.

HENRY ACRUST.

Froprietor.

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DUALIDE RAGICIDE. Chemicals. Dystins, Paints, Oils, Varaish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy art. iles, Patent Modicines, Perfuneryand Tollet Articles, "Prescription carofully compounded. Rick Block, Modiroso, Pa.

A. B. Berry, Modiroso, Pa.

And Revenue.

Berry, N. 1972.

POETRY.

THE RIVER TIME.

BY B. P. TATLOR. TERMS:-\$2 a year in advance, or \$2.30 if not Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time. As it flows through the realm of tears,
With a faulties rlythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
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 isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as aweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses staying.

And the name of this is the Long Ago,
And bury our trensures there;
There are browsof beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
There are trinklets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings, And a part of an infant's prayer, There's a liarp unswept, and a lute without strings, There are broken yows and pieces of rings, And the garments that she used to wear. There are hands that are waved when the fairy

shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
and we sometimes hear through the turbuler roar Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for ayo be the blessed isle.
All the day of our life till night,
And when evening comes with its beautifu
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 ANY BANDOLPH.

"Such a child to be married!" said Aunt Tabitha.
"Not sixteen yet?" said old Mrs. Mer-

win.
"I don't know what this world is coming to!" said Desire Higgins, who at forty-six, was an ungathered 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 as it 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 yesterd.y I was playing with dolls and chasing butterflies down the shady aisles of Aunt Tabitha's garden. "I hope you won't regret your preci-pitancy, child," said Aunt Tabby.

"I know I shall not, aunt," I flashed back. For was not my hero stainless as

Galahead; without fault, King Arthur's "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." 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 cloudles Summer shunshine of those first days of my wedded life! Shall I ever forget them, if I should live to be as old as Joyce Heth? Our sunset walks on Goat Island, the wild flowers we used to bring home from the Canada meadows; he sweet, low singing of the birds, audithe even midst the thunders of Niagara! life, and let your husband be acquitted or I remember, ever now, how people used to pause and look at us, and whisper one

and what a youthful bride I seemed! mmoning my husband back to New York on business of vital importance, he eft me with the less apprehension lest I had come all too late, when her false lov-

So he left me. And in that first eve-

down into the great, cool veranda as gay Mrs. Ingoldsby Bennet was there-a riend of mine from New York, with three lowsy, overdressed daughters-and she inced me to a friend sitting at her side.

"Mrs. Rayner-Mrs. Tennington." Mrs. Tennington bowed and stailed in n automatic fort of way.

"Mrs. Edward Rayner, of Budding I howed, in some surprise.

"Ex-actly so," said Mrs. Tennington. The world is quite full of curious coincidences. I knew your husband's first vife, 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 1" said Mrs. Tennington, with a little contemptuous laugh that made me hate her cordially.

"It's so natural for a wife to believe as she chooses. But that don't after the true facts of the case. Mr. Rayner was married three years ago, to leabel Morti-mer, a friend of mine—and two years ago he was divorced from her. Yes, yes, I remember it all very well. People gossiped a good deal—they always will in a simed his lordship. "Number one, my ron ever lived there without hearing of

"But I never lived in Budding Vale" I

"O" asid Mrs. Tennington, wisely, that accounts for it. And I dare telling tales out of school, if Mr. Rayner I made a bolt for the front door." himself has chosen to keep his counsel on the matter;" and she nodded more provokingly than ever.

Just then to my infinite relief, a party

of friends swept up to Mrs. Tennington's corner, and I was able to slip away, with wildly throbbing heart, and cheeks alter-nately flushed and ashy pale. Was this true? Had my husband then deceived me? Was I the wife of a di- up a mountain the lower it gets.

vorced man? the successor to a heart which had lost all the bloom and fresh-

ness of a first love?

I was crying and sobbing with all the

She list-ned to my tale with soft, wist-

ful interest.

"Do not judge him harshly," she said.

"Remember he is your husband. Wait and let him speak for himself."

"Never!" I cried, indignantly. "He has deceived me; that is enough. Where are my trunks? I will return home at once, and never look upon his face again."
"Of whom are you speaking, Rosa?"
I started and uttered a low cry—my unknown comforter and, companion hursome incoherent apology as she went.— In the opposite doorway stood my hus-

"Edward!" "Yes, Rosa, it is I. Before I had reached Buffalo I discovered that I had left some important papers behind, by mistake. My journey is deferred until to-morrow morning And now will you give me some explanation of this mystery?" By this time my pride had rallied to

"The mystery is very simple of solu-tion," said I, haughtily. "Only that I am about to leave you-

"To leave you -at once and forever!" I repeated firmly. "The husband of a invorced wife; the cold-hearted, treacher-

surely I must be dreaming. This never can be true!"

would rather be alone." "Do you really mean it, Rosa?"
"I do." "Iell me, first, what is the accusation

which you have to bring against me?" Le persisted. Never !" I said, haughtily. "Am I, then, to be condemned un heard?"

"Leave me!" I reiterated, passionately "For I never will call you husband. again!"
"Rosa!" he said, gravely, remembe

that the decision of this hour will last forever."

"So let it be!" I uttered.

He turned away; but as he turned a

cold hand encircled my wrist—the lovely tady in black was by my side again like a phantom.
"Stop a minute," she marmured.

worthy, sinning, yet repentant wife. Now listen, Rosa Rayner, to the story of my

condemned according thereto. And in a low, monotonous tone, like other how handsome Edward was, one reading a death warrant, she told of what a youthful bride I seemed! Nizgara was very gay that season, and away from her wife fidelity, ere yet the honeymoon had waned over her bridal honeymoon had waned over her bridal flowers; how she had fled with the gay Lothario; how judgment and repentance

snount 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."

"It will only be for a week, Rosa," said he. "My life is blighted," said she, "but it is no reason that yours, too, should withso he lett me. And in coat not of silence is a sense of pity and deneaty to ning of his departure. I put a knot of ward me—toward one who am not worthy white rosebuds in my hair, and went of it. Oh. child! child! his heart is a heart of gold; be thankful that you have won its love. I speak this as one may

speak from the grave."

I rose and tottered toward my hus-

"Edward-can you forgive me?" "My Rosa!" And all this time he never spoke to the

shadowy form in black.
The next morning Niagara Falls was all in a commotion. Mrs. Mortimer, the pale beautiful widow, whose room had been next to mine, had accidentally strayed too near the ledge of rock that over-hangs the American Full, and this boil-ing whirlpool below had been at once her coffin and her grave. Two or three little boys had seen her fall.

"She wa'ked right over," said they:
"just like she was blind, and didn't see "May Heaven have mercy on her soul!"

I whispered. And Edward, drawing me closer to him, marmated : "God bless you for those words, my wife!"

SAID Lord John Russell to Hume, at a social dinner, "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do good to the greatest number."

lord," was the commoner's prompt reply. "WHAT'S your business?" neked a judge interrupted hotly. "I am only just from of a prisoner at the bar." "Well you might call me a locksmith." ≈When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night; when I heard a call for the perlice

> SAID a pompons husband, whose wife had atolen up behind and given bim a kies. Madam, I consider such an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said wife, "I didn't know it was you."

THE higher we take the thermometer

WHAT THEY DID, BY MRS. A. M. PREEMAN.

agonized anguish of a sixteen-year-old sold bride, who first finds out that life is not all a rose twined holiday, when a soft, cool youngest seventeen. In some of the beath-should do what she may do

"If they were boys, Lucy," says Brown footing 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 needful assistance ried from the twilight room, marmaring to the family. I am sure, I never blamed Betsey Trotwood though I didn't under-stand her, that she couldn't forgive David for not being a girl. I have never for-given one of my girls that they disappointed me." "Dear me, Solomon, I'm sure the girls

are doing the best they can. Matilda is a very good dress-maker—"
"Bosh!" cries Solomon, impatiently, "the country is over run with dress makers. I tell you all this feathers, fuss and flummery is ruining us—that is the peo-ple. Don't you understand every addi-tional girl is an additional burden to some

one? How much do you suppose, Lucy I paid out for ribbons last year? Oulone hundred dollars?". But, my husband, there were five o the girls you know, not counting myself, and that makes twenty dollars only, for "Stop," he said, coldly, and with a strange tremor of repressed excitoment in his voice; "say no more. Rosa! Rosa! The strange tremor of repressed excitoment in his voice; "say no more. Rosa! Rosa! Rosa! Rosa! Rosa! Rosa! Rosa! Rosa! all. There's deacon Smart's Sallie paid that much for one Roman sash. Our girls "Leave me, please," I said, faintly; "I and fixing them up as good as new. There

facing the sum total of united columns, became an obstinate man.

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

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

"Pear me, Solomon," said the little

ings; that you, yourself, would quite disapprove of their going husband hunt-

Now, while Solomon had been talking thus complainingly and confidentially, to his wife, his five unappreciated daughters dainty daughters of Solomon Brown's. had been listening from the next room.
"The old bear," cried Matilda, the old

est, under her breath. "Poor papa," said Lucy, the youngest, her blue eyes full of tears.

"Poor papa, indeed." snapped out the second sister. "I do believe he begrudges second sister. "I do believe he begrud 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 por tion would do for me-of that I'm sure I do think it a shame, that five great girls able to work as we are, should depend upon one little old broken down man fo

might do something? "I'm sure." Matilda said."that I've been trying just the best that I knew how .-You know I bought the muchine, and

then—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 expected to get plenty of sewing to

do, and sewing you see ""." 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 will you stand by me? Have you the courage to lay aside your dainty slippers, to en case your feet in heavy shoes, to let the sun kies brown freckles on your face, in fact—to wear a bloomer?"

"A bloomer," the four cried together. that I have laid out for us to do. couldn't bedone in trains. I have been thinking that we had better take 12acob Sloam's take up a piece of land. As it is, there dourishing city of Indianapous, I can sincerely turrough me and an example that we had better take 12acob Sloam's take up a piece of land. As it is, there dourishing city of Indianapous, I can sincerely turrough me and an example that is of paradise. He that cannot laugh and begay spoke, opened her pocket knife and comwill enter a hundred and girsty acres in beautiful that cannot be excelled.

Habar D. Caesid.

Habar D. Caesid.

Yaukee style.
"Jacob Sloam's farm!" they cried "Yes, dears, I was over talking to Ja-

old farmer now, after all of the trouble guns over by the fence an' leave examine has had with us! And what a tri-

all a rose twined holiday, when a solt, cool hand fell on my trow.

"Pardon use; but I was passing your half- opened door, and I could not help hearing your sobs. I, too, have seen trouble. Will you let me help comfort you?"

She was tall and slight, with dewy, lovelike eyes, a face like Raphael's Malonas's, and a dress of deep mounting, limit been since the world bevan, a failure.

Alas for those who never sing, should do what she may do well, I'm very glad to have an opportunity of learning glad to have an opportunity of learning glad to have an opportunity of learning should do what she may do well, I'm very glad to have an opportunity of learning them the church, and contributed conscientions. If I have girls, you may rest assured that they shall be self-supportung, quite independent of outside when a girl is born. Solomon Brown's lad to have an opportunity of learning the dead alone, whose song has old their heart's sad story; weep for the voiceless, who have known The cross but not the crown of glory; not where Leucadian breezes sweep of the voiceless, who have known the protocome that they shall be self-supportung, quite independent of outside help to the church, and contributed conscientions. If they may be come teach the reconstruction of the dead alone, whose song has bold their heart's sad story; weep for the voiceless, who have known The cross but not the crown of glory; not where Leucadian breezes sweep. O'er Sappho's memory haunted billow, have a talent for music above the ordinary possession, they may become teach. lovelike eyes, a face like Raphael's Madona's, and a dress of deep mounting that made her ivory skin appear whiter than the actually was.

The tender light of her pitving eyes; the sweet sympathetic tones of her voice went to my heart at once; I fell weeping on her shoulder.

"I don't know who you are," sobbed I; and once it is considered that they might be pronounced what on he I am very unhappy."

I don't know who you are," sobbed I; and of course they were good." She in the case in the constant of the pronounced what on her shoulder.

The tender light of her pitving eyes; they may become teachers; if not, they will not spend four hours a day, in useless beating of their white, helplass fingers against some ill used piano keys. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may become teachers; if not, they will not spend four hours a day, in useless beating of their white, helplass fingers against some ill used piano keys. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may decome teachers; if not, they will not spend four hours a day, in useless beating of their white, helplass fingers against some ill used piano keys. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may decome teachers; if not, they will not spend four hours a day, in useless beating of their white help as fingers against some ill used piano keys. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may decome teachers; if not, they will not spend four hours a day, in useless beating of their white help as fingers against some ill used piano keys. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may decome teachers; if not, they will not spend four hours a day, in useless beating of their white he is in the case of the voice gift white he is in the case of the voice gift white he is in the case of the voice gift white he is in the case of the voice gift white he is in the case of the voice gift white he is in the case of the voice white he case of the voice gift white he is in the case 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 we should remain idle. The world is full of work, and I can't understand wity-any honest calling should be unwomanly.—Come girls, let go and sign the contract, which binds us to work old Jacob's farm." "Dear me, Solomon, said the wife Lucy, in the evening, "you could never gness what those girls have done."

"They've reuted Jacob Sloam" nantly.

farm—eighty acres, and twenty of it in fruit." "What," cried Solomon, the paper falling helplessly at his feet. "You don't surely mean our girls, not Matilda, Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, and Lu-

"I mean no one else's surely," the wife replied, a little crossly. "They take pos-session in the morning. Jacob Sloam is to find everything, and they are to have

"I'll just tell you, Lucy, what it is.-This is the most consummate piece of humbug I ever heard of. It will be a dead statement of the poor, the sorrowful, the lost of this world failure and thev'll make themselves the The poor, the sorrowful, the lost of this world the Kind friends may becken us to newer scenes, aughing stock of the neighborhood. Farming, indeed! Why "filda is that afraid of her hands that she never sweeps seach you must not slight; but do not, I be and loving hearts may bind us fast to pleasant afraid of her hands that she never sweeps seach you, earn for your children, so much even, without gloves; and Flora wraps are very handy about turning their things her head in a towel to dust. I've seen to give them a taste of your sympathy, your them all, and that is the beloved "Mother's and fixing them up as good as new. There Josephine do the breakfast things with counsel, your love. Have you any idea how House." Josephine do the breakfast things with counsel, your love. Have you any ides how House."

a fork, and Sarah wraps her fingers with hungry they are for this? Their appetite may be all and rickety, to the eyes of the

could be provided with a husband.

"Dear me, Solomon," said the little wife, smiling humorously. "You forget that this isn't Utsh—that there is actually no one to whom we may seal the daring woman. She was to be what she had been from the beginning. So he pooh-poohed at his daughters' farming, not believing that any good thing should come

It was an up hill road to those five But in one thing they resembled their father. They were obstinate, and when they learned his prediction us to their lly there. It is for you, even more than for his failure, they were quite determined not to

They were up early and worked late .-Their strawberries were a success. They gave employment to a number of girls in the village in gathering their small fruits, him then to virtue, to honesty, to truth, by thus recognizing the true policy, that women must help each other. They kept one bired man, and under his instructions

Old Solomon Brown's "pooh-poohs. their support. Come now, Tilda, isn't it grew less emphatic and he began to speak ridiculous? Don't you think that we with a sort of shame-faced pride of "Our with a sort of shame-faced pride of "Our man's estate, and know that the way into and girls' place." Then when the fame of slong the world, tor these dear ones, must be begirls' place." Then when the fame of these women farmers had traveled far, and people came from a distance to insmoot the right hand and on th left, behind and ness. Go home to show you love, man of toll, people came from a distance to inspect before, with temptation in every form and and give one night to the joys and comforts fast personally their success. Solomon begun wearing every disguise. Having done this for the power of the people came from a distance to inspect before, with temptation in every form and and give one night to the joys and comforts fast wearing every disguise. Having done this for to feel proud in saying, "yes sir, they are

my girls."
"Your girls are all boys then? said one smiling, quoting Rip Van Wrinkle.
"Just as good as boys," said Solomo Brown blushing, at the retraction of old sentiments. But theories must fall before convictions, and well filled wheat, fine potatoes, good corn, ect., were more convincing to Solomon of his daughters'

worth, than volumes favoring the "Subjection of Woman. Jacob Sleam's farm. Lucy the youngest is married to Frank Lawler, but instead

that isn't at the head of a family-Yes, my dears, for of course the work. a widow—cannot pre-empt land. If this is a feture letter I will give my Eusquehanna on the wall, and do not deal with sables and that I have laid out for us to do, couldn't was not the case. I do believe, that one of County friends, a slight disscription of the Ingloom in your conversation." Beccher follows Solomon Brown's girls would go west and disnapolis Exposition. For the people of the with: Away with these fellows who go howling long to his daughters, as it will be purchased with the profits of their farming Jacob Sloam's land.

cob yesterday, and he's quite delighted A CLAY county, Kentucky, auctioneer that we should have thought of making pulled out a revolver and announced the experiment. He is sure, be says, that "If any man goes to frolicing around A CLAY county, Kentucky, auctioneer it will be a success. Only think girls, while the sale is going on I shall inter-how nice it would be, if we could help the rupt him in his career. Put them shot-

able-bodied people than we are."

"But what will the world say? And then, dear Lucy, you have had an offer you know. Will Frank Lawler be satisfied that his tuture wife should engage in an unladylike occupation.

"If he is dissatisfied that a woman should do what she may do well, I'm very also for these who never sing.

But die with all their music in them to the said story.

(Communicated.)

INFLUENCES AT HOME. Of all the blessed opportunities, privileges, and responsibilities God vouch-safes 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 prophet, riest, and king in his own household. You sir, who have invoked of high to the still land of the Immortals. May her in-Heaven this grand prerogative, and who by what those girls have done."

"Perhaps purchased each a new silk, growled Solomon, without lifting hiseyes hands and a pure heart, remembering that you can find such privilegts and opportunities to Cod nowhere else. Remember, too, that, Divine favor have been ordained to this holy of strayed afar off, and as I recall the past, I can-

having invoked and obtained these opportunities, there is now no middle ground. Through you henceforth-in time and in eter nity-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, night after night, in the nidst ot your

with every avenue to your heart; let them have lilers we have folded still cold hands over hearts no excuse for breathing into any ear of those as still, that once heat full of love for us. Here who have a whit less right than you to hear it, we have welcomed brothers and sisters into life, the story of their temptations and sorrows, their watched for the first lisping, word from baby the story of their temptations and sorrows, their conflicts, their defeats and victories. Make the sequelated thus with you and learn to tessness to manhood, and here have watched, thoroughly know them. Study the character of with aching hearts, to see the dear one turn that eldest of yours, and turn his mind by gen- from the home nest, out into a world which has the leading, from its swift rush down the track proved but a snare and a temptation, to many it is taking to viler things, through the narrow wandering feet. And here we gather strength him, I pray you from the storehouse of wisdom to the end. But though the world calls us, and you have garnered by long experience, with a liberal hand, and season it with that richest of the dear old home, when troubles come, for help earthly blessings, a father's love The memory and comfort. God grant that for us all there of a mother's constant virtue, and unwatching love may win the boy back to the paths of retitude: but a father's steady hand may, if will, almost always hold him and lead him stead mother, to make the memory of his earlies home the sweetest, the holiest, the happiest his life. Do you not know that, almost inevitably, your son will begin life by speaking. thinking, praying, or swearing as you do. Bind

influence can break. So win him and hold him, that, as he become these young ladies learned to turn a ready hand to all kind of farm lubor.

a man like you, it may be his pride and glory to be like you, because to him you are the illustration and the word of all manliness and godliness. You tremble as you see him coming to you heart-erring wanderer. Go home to the all your children, you will have endowed them with a heritage greater and more precious than your business store. Best with those you love; silver and gold, and houses and lands. Be not for God alone knows what next attr over anxious, either, about that other best of may bring them. Forget the world of care and gifts, an education in schools and colleges for hattles with which life furrowed the weed. your children. Stir in their willing minds a Draw close around the family hearth. Saturtaste for the hidden things of science and liter- day night has awaited your coming with sadature, and you will foster such a hunger and thirst for knowledge, that in due time, "they y shall be filled." Leave only the ground unoccu ection of Woman."

Solomon Brown's daughters still hold your neglected family altar. We bless or injure by our inducace. Our affections are the

her going home to him, as is the manner thatteries of life—the moulders of our bodies—of the world, he came home to her. Under the homestead laws a woman I have already in this letter, over reached the that is space given in the columns of this paper. And

> Jeffersonvile, Indiana. ADVERTISING.

All who are of any account in business,financial, or in a social sense, are benefitted as often as their names are brought before the public.-Thus the great, immeasurable advantage of adverti-ing. It is the most effective and the most your long faces. legitimate way in which to become known in a business senso. No person, in ancient or modomph, too it we could prove to him, that girls are a blessing, at least; if not expectly that, still worth being born. What merchants at Penver, calicoes were reducted to two cents per yard, and every editor, itsy is the opposite of popularity; and all are transfer and blancasta only in miles.

Touchest a transfer of the provided that the former having 1,506, and the political, or social point of view whose name latter 1,659. In 1603 Massachusetts, the former having 1,506, and the political, or social point of view whose name and blancasta only in miles. the contract? Come now, don't be cowreporter and minister in the place now observe who are not generally known; and how
ardly, nor try to find excuses for shrinking a duty. Jacob never had five more but still a shirt. obsure who are not generally known, and how

"THE OLD HEARTH-STONE."

It was a pleasant place—the hearth of our

earlier years. There were but few gathered thereat, but their love and worth were great, and lite's choicest blessings were flung around them. Each to the other was a friend and companion : o 1/ the sunshine of happiness played upon our

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 manns to the fumishing had passed over the Border Land, and for us there seemed neither hope or comfort. There was fresh clay on the hearth-stone that weary, wintry night, for our feet had ricked it there from her grave made on the

hill-side. As time were on, our little band scattered up and down the world. There was one whose restless feet grew wairy of the cld hearth-stone, so he went away one night, and has never come back again. But MY feet always found BEST on the old hearth-stone, and its memory shall linger ever with me as the sweet inceuse rising from the June-fields of the past; and come what may, in the future, I trust, we shall never prove unworthy of the baptism that a Mother's prayers brought down from Heaven upon us, fluence be ever with the brother, who has not refrain from asking :-

"Oh! why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and elect,
Rest me tee uit slowe an the hearth-stone,
Oh! where are those other feet? Are they treading the pathway of virtue That will be no us together above? Or have they made steps that will dampen A sister's tastess love?

WATE

MOTHER S HOUSE. How many happy moughts are called up by those two beautiful words! Is there—can there family group around the evening lamp, like a be any place so full of pleasant memories as night-mare, hushing their prattle and their "mother's house." Whether our paths may be sports, that you may have rest and quiet, yet sthrough dark or pleasant places, beneath the meaning in your heart of hearts, to do your best | waving palms of sunny isles, or in the chilling money, and come to them, once in a while able for there is one place more fair and lovely than

and fixing them up as good as new. There were only twenty-four yards in the dears' a fork, and Sarah wraps her fingers with a fork, and Sarah wraps her fingers with a bit of cloth, each one separately it she is the dress of each—while Mrs. Million used thirty-five, and I must say that our girls' were much the prettiest."

"And would have been prettier will if chuckte."

Josephine do the breakfast tungs with bungsy they are for this? Their appetitemay be hungry they are for this? Their appetitemay be stranger. It may be all and rickety, to use eyes or use dormant never having been whetted by the taste; but try them by once letting them know and patched long ago and the floor worn the flavor, and it shall be a new rich joy to your through and mended with pleas of tin, but it is said mother's home, room which we tooked but at the flavor, and it shall be a new rich joy to your through and mended with pleas of tin, but it is said mother's home, room which we tooked but at There are moments in my past life, that linger with hearts full of bope, building wonderful.

There are moments in my past life, that linger with learns full of bope, building wonderful. dresses this Spring—that of cach—while Mrs. Million used thirty-five, and I must say that our girls' were much the prettiest."

"And would have been prettiev etill if they dreen made out of eight," growled Solomon, desperately footing up the accounts again.

Figures are obstinate facts, Solomon, in Figures are obstinate facts, Solomon, in so, but nature could not be tortured out the solution of the chapter. A solution is so, but nature could not be tortured out they dreen made and solutions again.

And Solomon Brown they mean they mean they mean they must remain to the end of the chapter. A prent pity, he had often said, that it was so, but nature could not be tortured out the solution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution on the solution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitutes of the solution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. Take your children, boys and girls, into your constitution of the chapter. There are moments in my past life, that linger friendly in my memory still, and cause my heart friendly in my memory still, and cause my heart friendly in my memory still, and cause my heart many a throb of exquisite delight, when my mind wanders back to boyish sports and boy links to the good Father, mother's house is the with leaves in cloudland which fated long ago; but the with leaves in cloudland which fated long ago; but the with leaves in cloudland which fated long ag

we may find friends good and true, we turn to may long remain a "mother's house."

---SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss have been given + how nany a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word-how many a promise has been broken-how many a heart has been wrecked-how many a soul lost-how many a loved one lowered in the narrow chamber-how many a babe has gone forth from earth to beaven-how many a little crib, or creale stands allent now, which last Saturday night held the rurest of the treasures of the heart. A week is a history. A week makes events of sorrow or of gladness, which people need heed. Go home figures—leave everything—your cirty shop ress, in tears and silence. Go home to those you love, and as you back in the loved presence and meet to return the embrace of your heart's nets, strive to be a better man and to blese God for giving 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 pleture mage then takes up the strain: "Bome people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted when they grown over them. Don't drive a hearse through a man's soul. When you blad up a broken bone of the soul, and you want plinte, do not make them of cast-gron." After such counselings and admonitions, lay aside

MINERSOTA has more miles of railmed than

Tan-demand ready made sermons has bepearly lithographed for two shillings a depres