

# 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, 50 CENTS EXTRA.

VOLUME 30.

MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1873.

NUMBER 53.

## THE DEMOCRAT

Published Every Wednesday Morning, By E. B. Hawley & Co.

**TERMS**—\$3 a year in advance, or \$3.50 if not in advance.  
**RATES OF ADVERTISING**—Three-fourths inch of space, or less, make one square. One square, 3 weeks or less, \$1.00; 1 month, \$1.25; 3 months \$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; 1 year, \$6.00. Quarterly, half-yearly and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. When sent without any length of time specified for publication they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.  
Advertiser's Notices, \$2.50. Executed and Administration Notices, \$3.00. All communications of limited or individual interest, 10 cents per line. Ordinary Notices, 10 cents per line—Marriage and Death Notices from  
**JOB PRINTING**—Every Style of Job Work neatly, promptly, and cheaply executed.  
**BLANKS**—Deeds, Notes, Justices', Constables', School, and other blanks for sale.

### Business Cards.

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

**D. W. BEARLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. Deane, to the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Jan 10]

**W. W. SMITH,**  
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—2009 of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, 1873.]

**M. C. SUTTON,**  
AUCTIONEER, and Insurance Agent, 201 1/2 St. Lawrence, Pottsville, Pa.

**AM I E. I.,**  
UNITED STATES AUCTIONEER,  
A. S. 1862. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

**J. SAUTTER,**  
ASHIONABLE TAILOR, Show over J. R. DAWSON'S store, Montrose, Feb. 10th, 1871.

**NEW TAILOR,**  
Shop over Deane's Book Store, next to the postoffice. Work done in the best style. G. W. WALKER, Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873—3m

**JOHN GROVES,**  
ASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. 217 1/2 West, Chandler's Store, next to the postoffice. Cutting done on short notice and warranted. G. W. WALKER, Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873—3m

**A. O. WADSWORTH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. Deane, to the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Jan 10]

**W. W. SMITH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. Deane, to the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Jan 10]

**MCKENZIE & CO.,**  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Tea and Coffee Company, (Montrose, July 17, 1873)

**DR. W. W. SMITH,**  
DENTIST, Rooms at his residence, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

**LAW OFFICE,**  
E. B. HAWLEY & CO., Attorneys at Law, at the office of H. P. Fitch, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 11, 1873.]

**ABEL TURRELL,**  
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Fire Works, Toys, Stationery, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Established 1848.]

**SCOTT & DEWITT,**  
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Office No. 21 Court Street, over City National Bank, Montgomery, N. Y.

**DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at the postoffice, services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, at the corner of State & Third Streets, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, 1873.]

**CHARLES N. STODDARD,**  
Jeweler and Watchmaker, 1st door below Boyd's Store, Work made to order and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1873.

**LEWIS KNOLL,**  
SHAVING & HAIR DRESSING,  
Shop in the Postoffice building, where he will be ready to attend all who may want shaving or hair dressing. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 15, 1873.

**DR. S. W. DAYTON,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, lends his services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, at the corner of State & Third Streets, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, 1873.]

**DR. D. A. LATIROP,**  
Adolescent Electro-Treatment, at the Foot of Chestnut Street, Calad and consults in all Chronic Diseases. Montrose, Jan. 17, 1873—10-11

**CHARLEY MORRIS,**  
THE HATTY BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. B. Deane, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as cutting, shaving, hair dressing, etc. Give notice and get the best. Please call and see me.

**H. BURRITT,**  
Dealer in Staps and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Druggs, Oil, and Fat, Soap and Candles, Hats and Caps, and all kinds of Groceries, Provision, &c., 75-77-79 St. Lawrence, Pa. [Nov. 4, 1873.]

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**  
W. J. BARRETTON wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in the best style. Montrose, Aug. 25, 1873.

**LITTLE & BLAKELEE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their New Office, opposite the Trench House. G. P. LITTLE, E. P. BLAKELEE, Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

**BILLINGSBROOK,**  
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, All business attended to promptly. On Fair Street, Office first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co., Public Square, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, 1873.]

**R. T. & H. CASE,**  
HARNESS-MAKERS, Oak Harness, Light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Bands, Ac., Whips and everything pertaining to the trade, made to the cheapest. Repairing done promptly and in good style. Montrose, Pa., Oct. 15, 1873.

**J. D. VAIL,**  
Houseowner, Printer, and Stationer, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him, and may be found at the office of the Montrose Democrat, near Fitch & Watson's office. Montrose, February 8, 1871.

**VALLEY HOUSE,**  
On the corner of State and Third Streets, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished with the most comfortable and elegant accommodations, including a first class bar. HENRY ACLETT, Proprietor. Sept. 15th, 1871-1872.

**P. CHURCHILL,**  
Justice of the Peace, Office on the corner of State & Third Streets, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, 1873.]

**BURNS & NICHOLS,**  
DRUGGISTS, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Fire Works, Toys, Stationery, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [Established 1848.]

## POETRY.

### WAITING.

Thou of the sunny head  
With eyes so fair,  
And bloom fairer than the blown sea-anemone;  
O spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay  
Whilst leaves await thy presence to be shed?  
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,  
And all imprisoned in the crocus' gold,  
Come, sweet Enchantress, come!

Though in the sombre West  
Thy star hath lit his crest  
Pale Pegasus flung full the withered moon—  
Thy violas are captured in snow,  
Thy daisies twinkle never in the sun,  
Rude torrents stream through the ruined forest  
And silent in the dove's melodious moon;  
Enchantress, hasten soon!

White are the country ways,  
And white the tangled maze,  
Lured of the thyme and the creeping thyme  
Bare shows the poplar on the sullen ridge,  
Cold glances the spectral mill above the  
Hoard to the stream beneath the frigid bridge  
And lightning strikes the darkness of the world;  
Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn  
No freshly blossomed thorn  
Gladdens the impurities of our eyes;  
The days waste drearily, through cloud and  
Over the watered meadows and stark vales,  
The night comes down impetuous and fleet,  
And ships and cities shiver in the gales;  
O fair enchantress, rise.

Arise and bring with thee  
The rube rub for the tree  
The healing sun for the trampled grass:  
Loose tendrils for the loughs which bless the  
And the swallows in the rainy hours,  
The pendant flames which the laburnum  
And faint scents for the wind stirred lilac  
Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men kneel, and kisses of old,  
Thy garments glittering gold,  
Thy radiant footprints on the mead or waste;  
Ere the sun sets, thy stars burned  
And ringing cymbals bade the hosts be gay;  
But now, in useless solitude inert,  
Thou leave'st the world unto reluctant day,  
O haste, Enchantress, haste!

The lark shall sing again,  
The brown bee through the flowered pasture  
There shall be music in the frozen woods  
And in the rattle of the rind,  
An odor in the half-undressed bud,  
And dancing foot gloves in each forest nook;  
Then, come, Enchantress, come.

### MISCELLANEOUS READING.

#### CHRISTMAS SNIP HUNT.

"I am so glad to see you, Henry, and so surprised, too; for you know you expected to remain in St. Louis till after Christmas. It has been awfully stupid here at Helena since you have been gone. There has not been a single party of any kind that I have heard of. I don't know what I should have done but for that conceited coxcomb, Raymond, who has been trying his very best to do the agreeable, and I must say amused me exceedingly."

"What you don't mean that foolish New York drummer? Why, he is greener than cucumbers; if he were turned loose out in the meadows the cows would follow him. He comes down here to Arkansas selling Yankee notions and gimcracks, and struts about in his new store clothes as though he were a heap better than any fellow in the State. And so, Kate, he has been shinning around you has he?"

"Yes, but I only laugh at him; a lady must have company of some kind, you know, Henry. If none come along whom she can laugh with, she sometimes content with one she can laugh at. This New York gentleman—Mr. Angustus K. Raymond he calls himself—has invited me to the grand party to be given by Mrs. Gordon on Christmas night."

"But you surely did not accept Kate; I heard of this party, and hurried home from St. Louis before my business was half over, on purpose to ask you to go with me. I am extremely sorry, Mr. Morgan, that you should be so disappointed; but what was a poor girl to do? I wouldn't have nursed going for the world, and how could I know that you would put yourself to so much inconvenience for my sake?"

moment later by an over-dressed young gentleman with waxed moustache, hair parted in the middle, and the air generally of one who has got himself up to make a stunning impression.

"Good evening, Mr. Raymond. Permit me to introduce you to my cousin, Mr. Morgan."

"Delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir. You reside in Helena, suppose?"

"I live here," replied Morgan, curtly. "Ah, then, perhaps you are in the mercantile business. I have the honor to represent one of the leading notion houses—"

"No, I am not in the trade," interrupted Morgan, dryly. "My cousin, explained the lady, is in the game business, and, apropos of me, he has just been telling me that he is going with a party of our young gentlemen on a grand snipe hunt to-morrow evening—Christmas eve."

"Yes," added Morgan, and we should like to have you join us."

"Do go with them, Mr. Raymond. I do so want a snipe feather to wear in my hair at the girls' party. They are all the rage. The girls are so! Long and drooping, with the richest red and yellow colors. You must go with them and get me a snipe feather, for I can't think of going to the party without one, and Cousin Henry here, even when he goes, is never smart enough to secure me a good feather. Somebody else always gets the prettiest of the finest red and yellow feathers to Kate, and that Kate's cousin had vouched for him so emphatically, determined to get it out."

"The water is very cold," he rather meekly suggested to the practical jokers were leaving him. "Do you think it will take very long?"

"We can't tell," replied Morgan. "We may take up an hour or a few minutes, and it may take half an hour or so. Then, sometimes, they don't drive well, and that you have to wait, if you should give up and go away you might just miss a splendid duck. We will go to the American hotel after the hunt is over, and have a Christmas eve supper. That will make amends for all our trouble."

We need scarcely add that they went straight home, taking their wags with them as if leaving Raymond sinking deeper and deeper into the mud and water. Return to the party, they came to find they had a jolly time and cracked many a joke at the expense of their poor victim.

"Santa Claus may take pity on him," said Bob Norton, "and fill up his bag with Christmas presents, if he waits there long enough. That would console him, perhaps."

"I don't think he would have consented so willingly to hold the bag if I had not worked upon his cursed vanity so well," said Morgan; "and then Kate Andrews made him believe that snipe had been shot, and that yellow feathers, and that she wanted him to bring her one to wear to the party to-morrow night."

"I'm thinking his own fine feathers, which he has been strutting about in ever since he came here, will be much the worse for to-night's work," observed another.

"We will soon show you," said one of the party, Bob Norton. "We are to form a line and drive the snipe down the creek while the best man is to stand in this narrow place holding a large bag with the open end up stream. We have sometimes caught hundreds of snipe alive in that way at a single haul. Do you ever have any experience in holding bags?"

"No; but I know I can do it. Only show me where I am to stand."

"You will get your feet wet," suggested another of the party, adding consolingly, "but they will soon dry again. Do you think you can keep perfectly still and wait patiently till the snipe come?"

"No difficulty about that," replied Raymond, who remembered that he had promised Kate the first pick of the feathers.

"Then you're our man," said Bob, and turning to Morgan, "You vouch for the reliability of your friend, I suppose?"

"No fear about that," said Morgan; "he represents one of the leading notion houses of New York; he is true grit, and I warrant he would stand firm in his place all night if it took us so long to get the snipe down to him."

Raymond was then furnished with a large bag, the end of which was kept open by a hoop, and suffered himself to be stationed where the water and soft mud were unpleasantly deep, his legs from the knees down being completely submerged. He by no means relished the position, but remembering that he had promised some of the finest red and yellow feathers to Kate, and that Kate's cousin had vouched for him so emphatically, determined to stick it out.

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## LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Means, Editors—Bidding our best good-bye, as we stepped into the bus for the depot of the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs railroad, and remaining at the latter place only a few minutes before the arrival of the train in which we were to take our departure for Council Bluffs. Passing down the valley of the Missouri, one of the most beautiful, perhaps to be found anywhere. The scenery here is most splendid, the river upon one side, skirted with timber, and the valley upon the other hand, which will average about ten miles in width. After a ride of ten hours, we arrive at Atchison, which is located in Kansas, upon the bank of the Missouri, so often called the muddy river; as its waters are always of muddy color. A short stop at Atchison, well paid. The place claims a population of about 15,000 and is fast growing. Purchasing tickets here of the Atchison, Council Bluffs and Santa Fe Railroad Company, we again resumed our journey in a west direction, bearing south to the Colorado river, about 475 miles, and 15 miles in the latter Territory, and is at an early date to be pushed on 300 miles further to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

But from Atchison to Topeka, about 73 miles, the road passes over a beautiful rolling prairie, chiefly unoccupied. Grasshopper flat, a place about midway between these two places, is a thriving town of about 800 inhabitants. Arriving at Topeka, which is the State Capital, situated upon the Kansas river—this place is laid out on a grand scale, the main street is 150 feet in width, and the place is growing considerably, even in these hard times. The rolling mill for making railroad iron, is situated here, the only one west of St. Louis. Westward from Topeka, about 12 miles, it is a road strikes extensive coal fields. At Carbondale mines, 400,000 tons were mined last year. And at Osage City and a number of other places, mines are being successfully worked. At Emporia about sixty miles from Topeka, a flourishing well-built city, of about 4,000 inhabitants, the State Normal School is located. On from Emporia we pass several thriving towns, such as Plymouth, Cottonwood and Florence, where building stone, in large quantities are quarried, and distributed along the line of the road. Peabody the next town of importance, is but three years old, and has a population of about 600. Leaving Peabody, the road takes its leaves of the Cottonwood valley, which is extremely beautiful, and arriving at Newton, which is 28 miles distant, the main line extends west, a branch runs south about 25 miles to Nichols, on the Arkansas river, at the mouth of the Little Arkansas river. Nichols is the centre of the Texas cattle trade. The place has grown in less than four years, from an Indian trading post to a well built city of 4,000 inhabitants, with large hotels, two National Banks, a Graded School of 250 pupils. There are four churches, of about 4,000 inhabitants. There are two large hotels, the last year 10,000 head of cattle, 60,000 head of sheep were shipped by rail.

Returning to Newton, our course was again westward, passing through small stations, we come to Hutchinson, 35 miles distant from Newton, which is the county seat of Reno county, and directly on the Arkansas river, where it bends to the south.

Reno county was organized in 1872, with a population of 650, and now claims a population of 7,000. Hutchinson has had a wonderful growth. Half a year and a half old, and now has a population of 1,500 and is rapidly increasing. There are two large hotels, the last year 10,000 head of cattle, 60,000 head of sheep were shipped by rail.

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## A CLOUD PICTURE.

I had a vision one eve at sea,  
In the clouds as they unraveled,  
When the kindly sun was falling asleep  
On his royal couch of gold.

Many shimmering pictures  
I saw among the clouds,  
And troops of laughing children  
Come dancing along in crowds.

And just in the midst of the glory,  
In the brightest, sunniest place,  
I saw four cherubim  
Pulling a fairy race.

Dimpled and white and airy,  
Pulling with baby glee,  
Their little craft a fairy,  
Afloat on a golden sea.

They rowed their boat with sturdy might  
Into a cloud and out of sight,  
And then I knew the race was won,  
And their goal was the far-off setting sun.

—From St. Nicholas for December.

## LETTER FROM WISCONSIN.

Mr. Editors—I am aware this is West and in the season not unfrequently associated with extreme cold, but, nevertheless, we are having, and have had for some time past, remarkably mild weather. Even in that somewhat remote and elevated region about the Red river of the North, I found, but recently, very little snow, and in some localities none at all. True, winter commenced early and severe. The people were not only surprised, but shocked at its sudden and frigid appearance. Nor is it strange that they recoiled with a shudder at the thought of the probable recurrence, thus suggested, of all the frightful horrors of its last visitation, which only those who saw and felt them, can fully comprehend. Happily their fears were premature, at least, and to-day the bright sun shining in the cloudless heavens, together with the soft atmosphere, give joy for the present and hope for the future.

I do not bear the birds' song,  
Nor see the opening flowers,  
Else I might deem  
And hail the gladsome hour.

This moderation of the West was quite as unexpected as the reverse, so early, in the East, with reference to which, I noticed an amusing comment by a St. Paul paper. With much gravity, mingled with a due amount of complacency, and a big heart beating for the unfortunate everywhere, the said paper poured out its expressions of regret, and commiseration, for the climate was so agreeable. This, indeed, was most kind. It is one thing to possess sympathy and another to exert it in behalf of humanity. Here we have an exhibition of both, and, therefore, under what trying circumstances. It is just possible that the editor of the aforesaid paper, while basking in the sunshine out of which such lofty philanthropy worked through the brain, might have turned occasionally, with an inquiring anxious look upon the uncertain heavens above him, for some storm cloud, "rising over yonder," to disturb the inspiration of his pen. If he had, what a monument of mercy, and we doubt not he is wondering even yet, at his marvelous escape. Perhaps, also, returning thanks, which is well. But we dismiss for the present, our interesting, fortunate and worthy disciple of the quill, with a few general remarks upon the subject under consideration. Much as the west is usually colder, in winter than the east, the contrast, for certain reasons, is not perhaps, so great as some might imagine. In the latter, there is more humidity, and one may suffer for hours without being in any real danger from the cold; whereas, throughout a considerable portion of the former, the air is so dry, that a very low temperature is often not so injurious, as it seems to be. Feels like a Damascus blade, its penetration is keen and cutting. Notwithstanding the lumbered districts, but out on the boundless prairies, is the greatest severity. The storms that occasionally sweep over them, are terrible beyond description. You have heard of that during January, 1872? Let those who experienced and survived it, speak with blanching cheeks, and point to the grave of hundreds that perished. Through the winter, usually rigorous, they become quite endurable in view of the delightful summers, especially of Minnesota, with its charming lake and rivers; magnificent climate. In the midst of such frosts and snows are forgotten, and the cup of pleasure seems full.

The times out here are paucity, I suppose, like the country in common. Finances depressed, business dull. The cause is not, perhaps, so much the scarcity of money, as the disposition to hoard it. Before the "smash up," there was too much; now too little confidence among the people. A reckless speculation followed by over-caution. Distrust is everywhere. A change for the better will come, but when, who shall tell? It would seem that the disturbance is too wide and deep for an early restoration. I think I am safe in predicting that Milwaukee will not take the initiative. Its population is chiefly composed of Germans, who in many respects, are good citizens, but not public-spirited. They look upon the present crisis as a kind of "Yankee trick," affording a pretext for guarding their mutual circumspection. Still Milwaukee is not without its importance, particularly in a commercial sense. It is one of the most extensive grain shipping points in the world—the great receiver from the vast wheat field of the north west. It is, also, some large manufacturing establishments. I cannot but admire its situation, for the commanding view of a glorious lake. There is something so grand and beautiful about the calm or fury of mighty waters, that is ever dear to me. Yes, "And I have loved thee, ocean and my joy Of youthful sports was on thy breast I borne, like thy bubbles onward; from a boy I wandered with thy breakers—they to me were a delight, and if the floating foam Made then a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, For I was, as it were, a child of thee, And trusted to thy billows far and near."

In and about the city, there are a number of excellent institutions, among which I will mention only the "Soldiers' Home." Nominally built by the Government, yet the recipient of a magnificent donation of \$100,000 from the ladies here. Heaven bless the ladies! It is a fine structure, which in connection with the ornamental grounds, cost something over \$300,000. As present, it contains about 500 veterans, who, wear-worn and disabled, can rest in peace, beneath the triumphant waving of the Stripes and the stars.

A Georgan editor was bitten by a dog, "being evidently mistaken for a hound."

The young man who boasted he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he couldn't please any.

To make money—Get an appointment in the min.

## LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Means, Editors—Bidding our best good-bye, as we stepped into the bus for the depot of the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs railroad, and remaining at the latter place only a few minutes before the arrival of the train in which we were to take our departure for Council Bluffs. Passing down the valley of the Missouri, one of the most beautiful, perhaps to be found anywhere. The scenery here is most splendid, the river upon one side, skirted with timber, and the valley upon the other hand, which will average about ten miles in width. After a ride of ten hours, we arrive at Atchison, which is located in Kansas, upon the bank of the Missouri, so often called the muddy river; as its waters are always of muddy color. A short stop at Atchison, well paid. The place claims a population of about 15,000 and is fast growing. Purchasing tickets here of the Atchison, Council Bluffs and Santa Fe Railroad Company, we again resumed our journey in a west direction, bearing south to the Colorado river, about 475 miles, and 15 miles in the latter Territory, and is at an early date to be pushed on 300 miles further to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

But from Atchison to Topeka, about 73 miles, the road passes over a beautiful rolling prairie, chiefly unoccupied. Grasshopper flat, a place about midway between these two places, is a thriving town of about 800 inhabitants. Arriving at Topeka, which is the State Capital, situated upon the Kansas river—this place is laid out on a grand scale, the main street is 150 feet in width, and the place is growing considerably, even in these hard times. The rolling mill for making railroad iron, is situated here, the only one west of St. Louis. Westward from Topeka, about 12 miles, it is a road strikes extensive coal fields. At Carbondale mines, 400,000 tons were mined last year. And at Osage City and a number of other places, mines are being successfully worked. At Emporia about sixty miles from Topeka, a flourishing well-built city, of about 4,000 inhabitants, the State Normal School is located. On from Emporia we pass several thriving towns, such as Plymouth, Cottonwood and Florence, where building stone, in large quantities are quarried, and distributed along the line of the road. Peabody the next town of importance, is but three years old, and has a population of about 600. Leaving Peabody, the road takes its leaves of the Cottonwood valley, which is extremely beautiful, and arriving at Newton, which is 28 miles distant, the main line extends west, a branch runs south about 25 miles to Nichols, on the Arkansas river, at the mouth of the Little Arkansas river. Nichols is the centre of the Texas cattle trade. The place has grown in less than four years, from an Indian trading post to a well built city of 4,000 inhabitants, with large hotels, two National Banks, a Graded School of 250 pupils. There are four churches, of about 4,000 inhabitants. There are two large hotels, the last year 10,000 head of cattle, 60,000 head of sheep were shipped by rail.

Returning to Newton, our course was again westward, passing through small stations, we come to Hutchinson, 35 miles distant from Newton, which is the county seat of Reno county, and directly on the Arkansas river, where it bends to the south.

Reno county was organized in 1872, with a population of 650, and now claims a population of 7,000. Hutchinson has had a wonderful growth. Half a year and a half old, and now has a population of 1,500 and is rapidly increasing. There are two large hotels, the last year 10,000 head of cattle, 60,000 head of sheep were shipped by rail.

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