E. B. Hawley, - - Wm. C. Cruser.

E. B. HAWLEY & CO.,

PUBLISHERS OF

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT,

AND GENERAL JOB PRINTERS,

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. Devoted to the Interests of our Town and County. FIFTY CTS. EXTRA IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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The Montrose Democrat

Is Published Every Wednesday Morning.

Contains all the Local and General News, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Miscellaneous Reading, Correspondence, and a reliable class of advertisements.

Advertising Rates:

One square, (¼ of an inch space,) 2 weeks, or less, $1; 1 month, $1.25; 6 months, $2.50; 6 months, $4.50; 1 year, $5.00. A liberal discount on advertisements of a greater length. Business Locals, 10 cts. a line for first insertion, and 5 cts. a line each subsequent insertion.—Marriages and deaths, free; obituaries, 10 cts. a line.

Job Printing:

We make a specialty of this branch of the trade. All work done in the best manner at the lowest rates.

MONTROSE

TIME-TABLE OF MAILS.

Winter Arrangement.

Via Railroad:

	Arrives.	Departs.
Tunkhannock, (Daily.)	7 00 p m	12 .5 p m

Via Stages:

Montrose Depot, (Daily.)	6 00 p m	6 20 a m
New Milford, (Daily.)	10 00 a m	1 30 p m
Wyalusing, (Daily.)	9 45 a m	2 00 p m
Friendsville, (trio weekly.)	6 00 p m	8 00 a m
Conklin Station, (trio weekly.)	7 00 a m	7 00 a m
Binghamton, (via S. Lake, (trio weekly.)	6 00 p m	7 00 p m
Meshoppen, (trio weekly.)	10 00 a m	4 00 p m

The New York, (via Montrose Depot,) New Milford, Tunkhannock, and Wyalusing are daily.

The Conklin Station mail runs Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

The Binghamton mail, (via Silver Lake,) runs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Friendsville mail runs Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

The Meshoppen mail runs Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Additional Stages:

A Stage leaves daily for Montrose Depot at 12 m., and returns at 6 p. m.

A Stage leaves daily for New Milford at 7 30 a. m. and returns at 3 30 p. m.

R. C. FORDHAM, P. M.

Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
Attorneys at Law. Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

D. W. SEARLE,
Attorney at Law, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, In the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [apl 69

W. W. SMITH,
Cabinet and Chair Manufacturers.—Foot of Main street. Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1. 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, apl 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

AMI ELY,
United States Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

J. SAUTTER
Fashionable Tailor. Shop over J. R. DeWitt's store.
Montrose Feb. 19th 1873.

NEW TAILOR.
Shop over Deans's Book Store, next to the postoffice. Work done in the best style. Give me a trial.
Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.-3m GEO. O. WALKER.

JOHN GROVES,
Fashionable Tailor, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

A. O. WARREN,
Attorney at Law. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

W. A. CROSSMON,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. Crossmon.
Montrose, Sept 6th. 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE, & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, July 17, '72.]

DR. W. W. SMITH,
Dentist. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

ABEL TURRELL,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1848 [Feb. 1, 1872.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y.
Wm. H. Scovill, Jerome Dewitt.
June 18th, 1873.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
Physician & Surgeon, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose Jan. 1 1873.

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

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
Physician & Surgeon, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869 —tf

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Administers Electro Thermal Baths, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases.
Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

CHARLEY MORRIS,
The hatti barber, has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. R. DeWitt, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, puffs, etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me.

H. BURRITT.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New-Milford, Pa., Nov. 6, '73—tf.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
L. 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 first-class style
Montrose, Aug. 28, 1872.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys at Law, have removed to their New Office, opposite the Tarbell House.
R. B. Little. Geo. P. Little.
Montrose, Oct. 13, 1873. E. L. Blakeslee.

BILLINGS & STROUD.
Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
17, 1872.] Billings Stroud.

B. T. & E. H. CASE,
Harness-Makers. Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Blankets, Whips and everything pertaining to the line, cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done promptly and in good style.
Montrose, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873.

J. D. VAIL.
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

VALLEY HOUSE.
Great Bend, Pa. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot, is a large and commodious house, has undergone thorough repair. Newly furnished rooms and sleeping apartments, splendid tables, and all things comprising a first class hotel. HENRY ACKERT,
19th, 1871.—tf. Proprietor.

F. CHURCHILL,
Justice of the Peace: office over L. S. Lenheim's store Great Bend borough, Susquehanna County, Penn'a. Has the settlement of the dockets of the late Isaac Lockhow, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m., and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m.
Great Bend, Oct. 2d, 1872.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
S. D. Burns, Jan. 21, 1872. Amos Nichols.

POETRY.

UNENDING.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
There is an end to laughter and to tears;
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears;
An end to enmity's foul libeling.
And to the gracious praise of tender friends:
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

That warrior swerved an empire with his sword;
The empire now is but like him—a name;
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;
Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men to them we bend!
There is an end to all but one sweet hing—
To love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass,
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;
And he who hears the voice of a welcoming
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end.

And for ourselves—our father, where is he?
Gone, and a memory alone remains;
There is no refuge in a mother's knee
For us, brown, old, and sad with cares and pains
Brotherless, sisterless, our way we wend
To Death's dark home, from which we shall not rove!
And so we cease; yet one thing has no end—
There is no end to love.

—All the Year Round.

FAR APART.

Beneath the quaint old bridge you hear
The waves make music as they pass;
And winding to the elm-tree near,
You see the pathway through the grass,
Where we were wont to walk, alas!

The river wanders as of old
Beneath the shade of willow trees;
The sunlit water gleams like gold
And ripples to the gentle breeze;
But I am far from thee and these!

The sky bends over broad and blue,
And, in the soft and mellow light,
You tread the lane our footsteps knew
In former days, when days were bright;
Do these days bring such sweet delight?

And still that lane with grass is green;
With fragrant flowers the banks are fair;
In golden gloss and silver sheen
The bees still haunt the balmy air;
But you will fail to find me there.

Again, purchance, I may not see
The rustling rows of willow trees
Which lent a leafy canopy
When we strolled underneath at ease;
For I am far from thee and these!

Our joys forsake us. Soon does Spring
Pass by and for the Summer call;
Soon do the birds lose heart to sing,
When fading leaves in Autumn fall,
And Winter is the end of all.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE DOCTOR'S LAST SHOT.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown were having a very comfortable afternoon together. Mrs. Smith, who was an invalid, or thought herself one, which is just as bad, was reclining in an easy chair, and Mrs. Brown, who had run in with her knitting work just to see how she was, had been persuaded to spend the rest of the day with her friend.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, I consider it providential. That poor niece of mine was left an orphan on the cold charities of the world, and as I was the only friend she had, she came right here, of course. Well here I am in such delicate health, needing constant attention, and I couldn't expect my own girls, poor dears, to be fussing around their sick mother all the time. I want them to enjoy themselves while they can. This poor thing needed a home, and I gave it to her at once. I said of course, child come right here and live with us. You can make yourself useful, no doubt, and *we'll* be all right." She's been here six months now, and has been a wonderful help to me. I keep her busy from daylight until dark to keep her mind off her troubles, you know, and nights when I can't sleep it's dreadful handy to have her where she can rub my back, soak my feet, bathe my head, and read me to sleep."

"Do you pay her wages?"

"Bless me, no! She said something about it one day as if she expected to be paid for her work, but I told here we couldn't think of hiring our own blood relations to work for us. I told her to just be easy about that, whenever she needed anything we'd see about it. She gave me a kind of a queer smile that I didn't quite understand or like; but, on the whole, she is wonderful quiet and gentle like, and I consider it a real Providence."

"Where is she?"

"I sent her down to the back pasture to get some blackberries for my tea. I thought may be I'd relish them if they were fresh."

Down in the back pasture she was, the poor niece, Meta Langdon, but not picking blackberries. She was sitting on a mossy log among the bushes, crying as if her heart would break. It did her good; it cooled the fierce fever in her heart, and she finally grew quiet and slipped softly down upon her knees and prayed long and earnestly for patience and wisdom and help from her heavenly Father. Then she caught up her pail and rose to commence her task. But it so happened that Doctor Chester, who was spending a few weeks in that delightful country place, was out hunting that day. A fine, plump partridge flew up from the bushes just at that moment, and the doctor fired. To his astonishment the bird escaped, but a shrill scream and heavy fall beyond the bushes made him throw down his gun and bag and rush furiously through the sharp briars, never heeding the rents they made in his fine hunting suit or the cruel scratches upon his face and hands.

There lay the game he had brought down, in the shape of a young girl who was in a dead faint or killed for aught he knew. He quickly loosened her dress and dashed water in her face from the full canteen which he happened to have, and finally forced a few drops of brandy between her lips. At length she opened her eyes, to his great relief, and tried to rise but a sharp cry of pain showed there was something more serious than a mere fright.

"What is it, where are you hurt?"

"My arm, she exclaimed."

He tore the fadded calico sleeve open to the shoulder, and sure enough the soft, white arm was covered with blood and seemed to be riddled with shot.

"Dear, dear, what have I done!" he exclaimed, hastily tying his own and her handkerchief tightly around it.

"There's no time for apologies or explanations. I thought I was shooting a partridge, and in some unaccountable way I have shot you. Now tell me where you live so I can get you home as soon as possible. I am a physician, and we'll soon have the poor arm all right again."

"My home is just over the hill; I can walk if you will help me a little." With a set, resolute face, and lips tightly closed to keep back the moans of pain, Meta walked hastily towards home leaning upon his arm. But just as they reached the gate she fainted again, and taking her in his arms he bore her rapidly to the house, and without any ceremony pushed open the parlor door and laid her upon a sofa.

Mrs. Smith screamed murder at the top of her voice, went into violent hysterics. The doctor frowned scornfully at her, and said to Mrs. Brown: "There's no time for nonsense; bring me some cold water and bandages at once, and send somebody after Dr. Chester's small case of surgical instruments."

Mrs. Smith, left to herself, soon recovered, and insisted upon an explanation of the affair.

"It's nothing serious, I hope. I have accidently sent a charge of shot into this young lady's arm. Are you her mother?"

"No, indeed, she is a poor dependent creature that we've taken in for charity's sake; a niece of mine, and what I'm to do with her now I can't see. I can't take care of her, and indeed, sir, it's mighty inconvenient to have her laid up just at this time. She is very necessary to my comfort. I need a sight of care and watin' on, night and day."

"Well, madam, *She'll* 'need a sight of care and watin' on' herself now for awhile and must have it."

By this time the young girl revived again under the vigorous treatment she received, and the instruments were brought to him.

"Now, madam, will you tell where to take this young lady, for she must be put to bed at once."

"Well she sleeps in a little closet off my room——"

"That will never do. Show me the largest, best room you have in the house." Taking Meta gently in his arms, the doctor followed Mrs. Smith up stairs to a large, pleasant chamber. She groaned in spirit as she turned down the white counterpane, and assisted the doctor in getting Meta undressed and into bed; but he was not to be trifled with at such a time.

"Now, madam, I will excuse you, but let Mrs. Brown bring me plenty of warm water and soft, old linen, and remain to assist me. And I want a servant close at hand to get whatever else I may require while dressing the arm."

It was a terrible hour to Meta while he probed each wound and removed the shot that were deeply imbedded in the tender flesh. Fortunately no bone was broken, and at last it was neatly bandaged with soft linen and wet with a healing lotion, and she fell asleep. Mrs. Brown proved an efficient helper; and as they passed quietly out of the room the doctor said:

"My patient must have the best of care and attention. Could you stay and nurse her for awhile?"

"Yes, I might."

"Very well: I will pay you well if you will do it, for everything will depend upon keeping her quiet now."

He met Mrs. Smith in in the hall.

"Madam, this woman has consented to stay and take care of your niece, and I will see that she is well paid for it. But mind what I say: you must not see her, nor must any one else see her but Mrs Brown and myself for a week at least, for she will have a serious time of it at the best. I regret it exceedingly, more than I can tell you, that I have been the cause of all this suffering, and will do my best to have her about again as soon as possible." So saying, the doctor wished them good-day, and soon disappeared from their view.

"Well, now, if that isn't cool! And what am I to do all this time?" groaned Mrs. Smith, rocking herself vigorously in her great arm-chair. "And my best spare room, too! Say, did he muss everything up dressing that arm?"

"Oh no! he was very careful about that."

"Well that's a comfort any way. To think I should have such trouble with that girl just when I needed her most! I think it is a very mysterious dispensation of Providence."

The next morning the doctor found Meta in a high fever, moaning with pain and delirious. The arm was badly swollen and inflamed, and altogether her case had assumed a very alarming aspect. He did not go hunting, or fishing that day, but stayed by her bedside administering medicine with his own hand, and doing everything in his power for her relief.—He was greatly distressed over the accident, and inwardly vowed he would never fire off another gun as long as he lived.

But what a revelation of toil, hardship, and cruel wrong the unconscious Meta made in her delirium! She fancied the doctor, as he bathed her hot head and hands and soothed her as he would a child was her mother, and she drew his head close to her lips and whispered:

O mother! I'm *so* glad you have come for me! I'm tired to death. Auntie has no mercy or feeling for me! She has kept me at work over her night and day, and I've gone hungry many and many a time, because I couldn't bear to eat the food so grudgingly given. O, I am so glad you have come!"

Now Meta was not a beautiful girl, though she had a sweet, pure, womanly face, and great, wistful eyes and an abundance of dark, silky hair. But her small hands were brown and hardened with toil; she was poor, dependent alone in the world except for this selfish, unnatural aunt, and the cousins who scarcely deigned to notice her.

Doctor Chester was a rich, old bachelor, not so very old either, only thirty-six.—Why he had never married no one could tell, but true it is he had remained heart whole these years in spite of the many beautiful women who had smiled gracefully upon him. But somehow this poor suffering orphan won his heart completely during that week of unconsciousness. He was charmed with her sweet prattle about her childhood; and her innocence and helplessness, together with the suffering he had so unwittingly caused appealed strongly to his sympathy, and he fully resolved to win her love and make her his wife if possible. Never had a patient a more assiduous doctor than did poor Meta. Mrs. Smith fumed and fretted over all the fuss that they made about "that girl," until the doctor frightened her into silence by telling her that he knew how she had treated the poor child, and that if she didn't keep quiet and have everything done that was needful for her comfort he would have her arrested and tried for inhuman cruelty.

Under his watchful care the danger was pronounced convalescent. The doctor took her out to ride as soon as she was able, in the easiest of all carriages. Rare delicacies were sent every day from the hotel to tempt her returning appetite.—The sweetest and most fragrant flowers that could be found adorned her room.—Meta remonstrated with him for all this lavish kindness, but he would silence her by saying he was the cause of all her suffering and she must allow him to atone for it in every way he could. How eagerly he watched the faint color that crept into her cheeks at his approach! How tenderly and delicately he ministered to her comfort and pleasure day after day, until at last he ventured to tell her of his love and his great desire to have her for his own. He had become very dear to her during all these weeks of suffering, and she acknowledged it and promised to be his wife. He hastened to inform Mrs. Smith of their betrothal, and asked her forebearance for another week when, he assured her, he would relieve her from all further care and responsibility of her niece. Imagine if you can her astonishment! She was completely *"dumfounded!"* and had not a word to say; though doubtless in her heart she thought it another most "mysterious dispensation."

The next day a notable dressmaker from the city arrived with various wonderful and costly fabrics, which she had orders to make up for Miss Langdon in the latest style. Such a time as there was then of cutting and basting, of trying on and trimming! Two other seamstresses kept their sewing-machines running at the highest rate of speed, until at the close of the week there was enough of a wedding *trousseau* to fill a huge Saratoga trunk. The doctor made daily pilgrimages between the chamber and the city, until at last he could not devise another thing which his darling could possibly need for dress or ornament during the trip to Europe which he had planned. Never was there a happier bride and groom than those who were made one in Mrs. Smith's parlor that bright September morning. They went immediately to his home on the Hudson, where his mother received the new daughter with open arms, and soon after went to Europe, where they spent a year. Meta made good use of the time by putting herself under the care of the best private teachers, and when on their return the happy doctor presented his wife to his friends, there was not among them one more highly accomplished or more elegant and refined. The doctor was very proud of her, and never tired of telling his intimate friends how he found his wife, or the result of his last shot.

MR. BROWN'S EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Herbert Brown sat in his luxurious bachelor establishment in Blank street, and pondered deeply. The subject of his cogitations was a wife, or rather, how to get one. There were enough young ladies who would be glad to bless their lucky stars for the privilege of becoming mistress of his home, as he well knew; but he also felt tolerably well assured the house was all they cared for. For the fortune they would wed its owner.

"Deuce take the money!" he exclaimed: "I wish I'd never had a farthing, and then—but botheration, then I should have been too poor to marry any way. Why couldn't I have had just wealth enough for all my wants and nothing more? I'll foil them, though, the mean adventuresses!"

A furious pull at the bell rope brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry.

"Pack up your traps, Mrs. Rinkle," he exclaimed, abruptly, "for I am a going to close the house."

It was evident he had come to some conclusion.

"Shut up the house, Mr. Brown" ejaculated the housekeeper, almost believing she had lost her reason. "Why, such a thing has not occurred since your lamented uncle took possession five and forty years ago."

"That makes no difference, ma'am; I'm master here now, and I shall close it for the present. Meanwhile, your pay will still go on and that of such domestics as you consider indispensable. Have you no relatives you wish to visit?" he inquired.

That settled it. The proffer of continued pay removed Mrs. Rinkle's scruples quite effectually. She then remembered she had some friends she had not seen for years.

Three days later Mr. Herbert Brown was safely domiciled in a quiet lodging-house, and shortly afterward he began to sell his diamond rings, seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable life, as well as dress himself in plainer clothes. A rumor that his property had been lost through an unlucy speculation was soon afloat.

He lost friends rapidly. By twos and threes they ceased to know him as they met him in the street. He only laughed and snapped his fingers at them behind their backs.

Had this adversity been real, he would not have felt like laughing.

Then came the time when this circle of acquaintances got narrower down to three. But three of his former friends clung to him, true to adversity.

It was no wonder he grew misanthropic.

Out in the street one day he met a carriage containing some of his former acquaintances, who had been absent from the city since he had closed his house. He thought they would not notice him; but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

"They have not heard the news!" he muttered cynically.

He was mistaken. That night the owner of the carriage came to see him.

"Rather close quarters my friend," he said as he took a survey of Herbert's not very pretentious surroundings.

"Pretty close, that's a fact," said Mr. Brown, icily. "But since I lost my prop—of which I suppose you have not heard—I have become quite economical!"

"But I have heard!" cried the auditor, abruptly; "and this is why I came. I knew you needed friends now if ever, and the fact is—well—my daughter, sir—I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in my counting house. Will you accept it?"

"Ahem! Well, I'll think of it. But it's a long way from my lodgings."

"Deuce take your lodgings! You can board in my family as a—well as a sort of guest, you know."

Herbert looked him over closely. John Brainard was a wealthy man—very wealthy he was called—and in his face there was nothing to warrant the suspicion that he had learned Herbert's secret, and wished to curry favor aiding him while under an apparent cloud; so that idea was speedily dismissed. Of course, he quickly thanked him, and accepted.

Once cosily snuggled in Brainard mansion, it was not long before he wondered why he had not noticed Susie Brainard before.

She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their positions, and treated him as cordially—more so daily, he thought—than before the change in his fortunes.

He would not have been human had he not learned to love her.

The climax came when she gave a grand party. Then before the elite of the city she did not hesitate to receive attentions from him, on which but one construction could be placed. He thought her quite a heroine, and asked for no further proof that she could love him.

The next afternoon they met in her father's library, where he had waited to see her.

"Susie," he said, as soon as the usual courtesies had been exchanged, "I came to you this morning to learn my fate. I know the difference in our positions, and would not urge you—only let your heart decide. My heart I lay before you."

She blushed prettily, and seemed confused for a moment; then she gave him her hand.

"I have loved you, oh, so long!" she said; "and I feared that you would never love me. You were so jealous before you lost your wealth that women were mere adventuresses. I was heartily glad when papa said you had lost it, and I—"

"You sent him to negotiate with me," cried Herbert, finishing the sentence intuitively, and giving it final emphasis.

"I loved you so!" she murmured deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest!"

And Herbert Brown believed himself the happiest of men.

They were married. The wedding was very unpretentious, as became the bridegroom's straitened circumstances; and he was in constant ecstacy as he thought of her surprise when he should tell her that his fortune still remained. He sent for Mrs. Rinkle to come and reopen the house, and to put it in condition to receive its mistress. Meantime, they tarried at her father's.

"Herbert," said his wife one day, "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"I will, if in my power, Sue, darling," he exclaimed.

"Well, poor papa is rather short of money: won't you lend him ten or fifteen thousand dollars?"

"*Me!* Why you know—"

"Oh! I know you have been pretending," was the quick reply. "But then, it wasn't so; you never lost your money."

Herbert Brown was dum with astonishment and chagrin.

"How did you find that out?" he gasped.

"I knew it all the time. When I heard that you were penniless, papa went directly to your banker, and learned the contrary. I think we managed pretty well."

"I think you did," cried her husband, desperately; "but do you think I'll endure it?"

"How can you help yourself? We are married now. You can't apply for a divorce."

"No, I can't; but—"

"Then what will you do?"

"Answer one question: Do you really love me?"

"Yes I do."

"Well; if you love me, we will drop the subject."

"I think you'd better," she said, quietly—"and lend papa the money."

And, like a sensible man, he lent it.

A school girl was overheard trying to convince a school fellow that she liked him better than she did some other urchin, of whom he seemed jealous. "Of course, I like you better than I do Bill," she said, "for don't I miss words in my spelling lesson on purpose, so as to be down at the foot of the class where you are?"

Says the Detroit *Free Press:* "In the police court the other day, when a man was about to be tried for assault and battery, he brought forward his boy, ten years old as a witness. The Justice asked the lad if he knew the nature of an oath, and the boy said his father had explained it. "What did he say?" asked the Justice. "He said," replied the boy, 'that if I din't swear that the other fellow struck first, he'd tan the whole hide off my back." He wasn't used on the stand.

A Lancaster, Pa., undertaker advertises: "Get your holiday coffins of J. Waterhouse."

THE SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL.

Oh! I love to turn and wander,
Backward to the days of yore,
With its years of guileless childhood,
Days of peace I'll know no more.
But one spot where fancy lingers
Making all my pulses thrill
With its cherished recollections
Is the school-house on the hill.

Oft we trod the pathway gladly,
Leading to the sunny spot,
Pulling roses by the way side.
With the blue forget-me-not.
For the one who gently taught me
All our duties to fulfill.
Like an Angel she seemed to me
In the school-house on the hill.

Then at noon, we lads and lasses
Knowing naught of earthly care,
Went to find our swings of grape vines,
Spending joyous moments there
Walking through the grand, old forest
By the clearly, flowing rill,
Till the shadows led us homeward
To the school-house on the hill.

And at sunset how we lingered
Ere we said the word "good-night,"
Though we knew the morrow's coming,
Would us surely all unlie
Oh! the old worn oaken benches
How they are before me still,
With their row of happy children
In the school-house on the hill.

Now there comes a youthful vision
Of a maid with locks of gold,
Though 'twas but a dream of boyhood,
Yet its depth can ne'er be told,
For life's sweetest hopes were blighted
By the death of fair Lucille,
My sad heart with her is buried,
Near the school-house on the hill.

—Minnie J. Owrey.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

All eyes have been turned toward Cuba—a sunny isle, the largest of the West India group, some 650 miles long, and its greatest width 107 miles. Lying just within the tropics, its climate is perpetual summer, tempered by cooling sea-breezes. There is one record of snow having fallen in a central town of Cuba in 1856, and hail is not unfrequent; but while the heat is rarely oppressive, the thermometer seldom falls below 60 degress, except occasionally in the interior. Havanna is a special resort for invalids. This important commercial city has outgrown its original walls; but for its defence, and that of its harbor, there are half a dozen forts and a citadel. The long and narrow channel which leads to the city is defended on the east side by the great castle El Morro, and on the west by the powerful fortress La Punta. La Cabana is said to be the largest and strongest of the defensive works of Havana, requiring in time of war a garrison of 2,000 men. In 1762 Havana, after a siege of 44 days, fell into the hands of English; but the next year it was restored to Spain in accordance with certain arrangements made by treaty. Havana is regularly laid out, and though its streets are narrow, many of them are well paved with granite. It is well lighted with gas, and supplied with water by an aqueduct. The city has its public promenades, its fountains, its universities, libraries, and museums, and there are numerous daily, weekly, and monthly publications. Havana, to a greater degree than any other Spanish city, has adopted the mechanical appliances of industry and the various improvements which have been brought to it through its commercial relations with other nations.

AN EXPERT LOCKSMITH.

The most skillful safe-opener in the world was recently caught in the act of committing a burglary in San Francisco, and is now in jail. His name is William F. Ensign, and he was formerly employed by Lillie, both in San Francisco and the eastern States, and long enjoyed the reputation of being the best locksmith in the country. If the combination by which a safe was locked was forgotten, Ensign was sent for, and was always equal to the emergency. Safe doors flew open at his bidding. At one time, says the *Chronicle*, an English safe manufacturing company placed $1,000 in gold in one of their safes, and advertised to the world that any locksmith who would pick the lock could have the money on the inside. Ensign crossed the ocean and won the British gold. He was a dangerous man to be at large. His knowledge of locks and drills, of the construction of safes, their weak and strong points render the very names of "safe" a mockery, to him at least.—Some two years ago he was in the employ of a safe dealer in San Francisco, named Kittredge, but that gentleman became suspicious that all was not right, and discharged him, and since which time he has been without visible means of support, though always appearing well dressed and with plenty of money. Of late he has frequented the store of Dunn & Stevens, one corner of which is partitioned off and occupied by a money broker named P. G. Peltret. One day he saw Peltret place $8,000 in his safe, and at night, with drills, monkey wrenches, chisels, and other articles used by cracksmen, he made his way into the premises and was arrested by the officers, who saw him enter, just as he was about beginning operations. He is charged with quite a number of safe robberies, and those who have visited him in his cell say he appears to have abandoned hope of acquittal and presents a deplorable appearance, the intensity of his feelings frequently causing him to faint. Honesty would have made this man rich and respected, but the temptations which accompanied his ingenuity was too great for his weak nature to resist.

GETTING RID OF BAD HABITS.

I once heard a minister say, "Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows—scratching away, and should ask him what he was up to, and he should reply: 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square, it comes on another;'—would you not say, 'Why, man, let your window alone and kindle your fire, and the frost will soon come off.' And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let the fire of love to God and man kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts, and the bad habits will soon melt away."

"Grace Greenwood" writes of the late John C. Heenan, that the deceased expressed to his physician "great regret and a manly shame for much of his past career, and an humble desire to live that he might lead a better life."

When we have learned to live, life's purpose is answered, and we die.

Better give to two unworthy persons than to deny one nearly in need.

"ALL RIGHT."

How many of us hear the expression a dozen times a week, and have it stick in the throat at least half of them. It is getting to be hypocritical appendage of business and social intercourse.

A sponge goes behind the counter and cuts off a dime's worth of tobacco or cheese with an excuse that he wants a "sample," and the grocery man says "that's all right."

A customer returns a pair of shoes, soiled and injured after half a day's wear, grunting, "they are too small," and the merchant says "that's all right."

A church member puts down his name for twenty-five dollars to pay the preacher, and when called on only gives ten dollars, with the remark that "times are too hard," and the parsons says "that's all right."

A loafer makes a regular practice of coming into a printing office and begging a copy of the paper, stating that "he just wants to read it," and though the edition is short, the editor groans with ghastly politeness, and says "that's all right."

An extravagant debtor tells a patient creditor every time he meets him that he "intends to pay that account to-morrow, certain," and the poor dun turns off with "that's all right."

And so it goes. It's all wrong, and we say it's "all right," and by want of spirit and independence encourage laziness, imposition, stinginess and every other sin.

OLD LETTERS.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words be folded over the heart that prompted them, under the sod. Above all never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection to one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one which comforts her in her dressing room. The "widow" indeed derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has just journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of Heaven, as the epistulary out-pourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them forgive and forget them.

FIRST LOVE.

People talk so much about young love, first love, being so strong, etc. Just as if there was any difference between first love and last love. It is in my opinion that last love is just as sweet and strong as first love. Love will be love, and you can't make anything else of it.—A man of thirty, or even forty, loves just as much as one of twenty; more for his feelings are stronger, and he would place his love on a firmer basis. The heart has its changes and seasons as everything else has, "none," however, says a writer, "which resembles its first freshness and purity." Perhaps that is so, but where the freshness is lost in a second love there are strength and truth gained. Less romance, but a more solid ground work for a life's happiness.

There is more of the ideal about first love no doubt, but by the time you experience a second love you become rational. Every year we live, more wisdom will have mingled in our dream of love until it becomes less unselfish and more reasonable. First love is two-thirds imagination any way. I know a dark-eyed girl who thinks she is passing through the ordeal of first love now; but in a few years she will look back at this love and laugh.

I often hear girls express great horror at the idea of being a second wife, for they fear they should not be loved so well as the first. This is wrong; second love is often stronger if anything, in its newly awakened bliss, than the first. The birds always sing sweeter, the trees wave richer foliage, roses are more beautiful, the air is fresher, when we are in love, no matter if it be a first, second or third experience.—*By a Young Lady.*

WEAR WHITE UNDER CLOTHING.

The *Herald of Health* recommends white underclothing as not only more healthful, but on account of its not radiating the heat of the body as some other colors do. Another strong incentive is the avoidance of possible poisoning, resulting from deleterous dyes. The *Journal of Chemistry* gives an instance of the poisonous effects of aniline colors upon the skin in the experience of a gentleman of Bayfield. He had a few days previous purchased some new undershirts of cotton, colored with various tints, among which aniline red predominated. In a short time after putting on the garment a peculiar eruption of an irritating nature appeared on the body covered by the cloth. The effects were not merely local, but to a considerable extent constitutional, pain and uneasiness being experienced in the back and lower extremities. In proof that the eruption was caused by the dye colors, it may be stated that a portion of the garment about the upper part of the chest was lined with linen on the under side, and wherever this came in contact with the skin no eruption or redness occurred. It is probable, the *Journal* remarks, that the number of persons is not large who possess such idiosyncracies of constitution as to be easily poisoned by dye colors, but that there are some does not admit of a doubt.

Faith takes hold on something that is substantial and true, and makes the heart triumph in hopes of things unseen.

Death is the very friend whom, in his due season, even the happiest mortals should be willing to embrace.

We have taken the first step in forgetting our own woes when we become interested in another.

There are said to be twenty-five hundred deserters from the United States regular army, scattered throughout the Western country.

The Jersey City Y. M. C. A. have opened a restaurant for the relief of the poor, where a meal will be provided for five cents.