E. B. Hawley, - - Wm. O. Crosser.

E. B. HAWLEY & CO.,

PUBLISHERS OF

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT,

AND GENERAL JOB PRINTERS,

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.

OFFICE—West Side of Public Avenue.

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.

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MONTROSE

TIME-TABLE OF MAILS.

Winter Arrangement.

VIA RAILROAD:

	Arrives.	Departs.
Tunkhannock, (Daily.)	7 00 p m	12 15 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	3 00 p m
Friendsville, (tri weekly.)	5 00 p m	8 00 a m
Conklin Station, (tri weekly.)	7 00 a m	7 00 a m
Binghamton, via S. Lake, (tri weekly)	5 00 p m	7 00 p m
Meshoppen, (tri 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.

B. 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. [ant 43

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 3, 1870.

M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT, ant 49tf 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 Deane's Book Store, next to the postoffice. Work done in the best style. Give me a trial. Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.—1m 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 Patent Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 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, '73.]

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. S. 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, 1873.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

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

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 1870.

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, '73.—n03—tf.

CHARLEY MORRIS,

THE HAYTI 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.

M. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style. Montrose, Aug. 25, 1873.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their *New Office*, opposite the Tarbell House.

R. D. LITTLE, GEO. P. LITTLE, E. L. BLAKESLEE.

Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All 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. July 17, 1872.] BILLINGS STROUD.

R. 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. 23, 1872.

J. D. VAIL,

HOMOEOPATHIC 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 a thorough repair. Newly furnished rooms and sleeping apartments, splendid tables, and all things comprising a first-class hotel. HENRY ACKERT, Proprietor. Sept. 10th, 1873.—tf.

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 Rechow, 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. A. H. BURNS, AMOS NICHOLS. Feb. 21, 1872.

POETRY.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY INA D. COLBRETH.

A lark's song dropped from heaven,
A rose's breath at noon;
A still, sweet stream that flows and flows
Beneath a still sweet moon;

A little wayside flower
Plucked from the grasses, thus—
A sound, a breath, a glance—and yet
What is it they bring to us?

For the world grows far too wise,
And wisdom is but grief;
Much thought makes but a weary way,
And question, unbelief.

Thank God for the bird's song,
And for the flower's breath!
Thank God for any voice to wake
The old sweet hymn of faith!

For a world grows all too wise,
(Or it is not wise enough!)
Thank God for anything that makes,
The path less dark and rough!

—Overland Monthly.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care—
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That the restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by and by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for the repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of "mother," "mother," the dear love calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager boyish tread
The tuneless whistle, the clear shrill shout
The busy bustle in and out,
And the pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to that beautiful golden shore
Where sickness and death comes never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care—
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

ETSY PEYTON.

"Do not return to the grange, Etsy.—Come with us to Newport; the beautiful Mrs. Peyton will be the rage there, as she has been in Philadelphia this winter, even though she does keep herself so close."

Etsy's lips curled with something of the huntiness of earlier days.

"I cannot, Aggie. I am tired of gayety. Oh, this is such a hard world to get through. I am tired of it—so tired of living."

"What Etsy! tired of living at twenty-five?"

"Even so, Aggie! fatherless, motherless, and a deserted wife—it is enough."

"Not deserted, Etsy! you have twice refused to join him."

"Yes, I know we have both erred—we are both too proud. In some of my moods I do not blame Lionel. I was so changed, so shallow, so bony and homely, and then I could never forgive him that first unconscious start and shrinking away. I had loved only Lionel in my life, and I forgot for the moment how changed I was and flew to meet him. He recovered himself in a moment, but it seemed as if it changed my whole nature, and I grew cold and disdainful; but a great pain was at my heart, even when I seemed most indifferent—I have the same pain tonight."

"You love him, still, Etsy?"

The crimson lips grew scornful and then tremulous.

"Yes. I have never loved anyone else. You will think me mean-spirited, Aggie."

"No, Etsy; I honor you for it. But we will not talk of it. Papa will go any place I wish. I have never been to Niagara; if you like we will go there, where all will be strangers to us."

So they went to Niagara—Mr. Warner, Agnes and Etsy. Leaving the ladies in the reception room, Mr. Warner went to register the names in the hotel book of entry, but returned in a moment with a face from which every vestage of color had flown.

"Esty, when I went to write my name, a gentleman was just returning his pen to the case, and the ink was yet wet on the name of Lionel Peyton."

"My husband?"

"I fear so; but do not grow so pale, child. I thought perhaps you would want to leave this place, and so did not register our names."

The beautiful face was painful to see.

"Stay, let me think. It might not be my husband, and yet I never heard of another Lionel Peyton. Was the gentleman's face anything like this?" said poor Etsy taking a minature from her jewel case.

"Yes, it is very like, only the face is more youthful. The face I saw was bearded and bronzed, and careworn."

"If I thought he would not know me, I would stay and see for myself—I would like to."

"He would never know you, Etsy. You are as unlike the Etsy of fifteen as you are the wife of twenty. I think you might remain with perfect safety; and it may not be your husband after all."

So Etsy stayed, and on the book of entry was written, Mr. Ely Warner and daughter, and Mrs. Willis.

"We will call you Essie, and then if it is your husband, he will not know you."

Mr. Warner was right; Lionel Peyton could never recognize, in this brilliantly beautiful woman, either the school-girl of fifteen or the wife of twenty. Etsy at twenty-five was tall and stately, with a clear, dark skin, shadow hunting eyes, in whose depths lay a great pain; you felt it as soon as you saw her. It was her husband. Etsy knew him the moment she saw him. It was in the dining room she first saw him. He looked at the party entering, as any gentleman would look at pretty women, his gaze resting longest on Etsey, her gorgeous eastern beauty overshadowing the pale loveliness of Agnes Warner, but it was evident he did not recognize her.

He was bronzed and bearded, and sometimes more than careworn—sad. Etsy began to question whether he, too, had not suffered. They sat at the same table, day after day, this husband and wife, till poor Etsy's heart was like to break. By and by, Mr. Warner made Mr. Peyton's acquaintance in the reading-room, and together they traveled over Europe—where Mr. Warner had once spent many years of his life—Mr. Peyton's great descriptive powers painting, as with a pencil, every subject he touched upon.

One day Etsy said, half-scornfully, and half-earnestly,—

"What do you think of my husband, Mr. Warner?"

"I admire him more than any man I ever knew, Etsy. I wish I could understand what is keeping you apart."

That night he sent for the ladies to join him in the parlor. To Etsy's surprise he introduced them to Mr. Peyton, who threw the charm of his conversation over them, as he had over Mr. Warner, and the evening passed ere it begun.

Time passed on, and other evenings were together spent, and it soon required but a careless eye to see that the face of Etsy Peyton was the only face on earth to their new friend.

"Etsy, your husband is really falling in love again," Agnes said; but the sad "Essiet" made no reply.

One night Mr, Peyton said to her,—

"Mrs Willis, your face haunts me, it reminds me of some one I have seen before; perhaps it was in my dreams."

Etsy answered,—

"Perhaps."

She sat on the verandah one night waiting for Agnes and father. They were to leave for New York the next day, and there was a great ache at Etsy's heart,

Mr. Peyton stepped through the low window and stood beside her. He merely bowed his head; he never spoke—she dared not.

"You are sad to-night, Mrs. Willis.—Are you sorry to leave Niagara?"

For the life of her she could not answer him, but, without waiting for one he sat down by her side.

"I, too, am sad to-night, but my sadness has a deeper meaning than yours—At my heart are tugging love, remorse, regret, and a wretched quarrelling with fate. I wish I dared lay bare my heart to you, for my soul is famishing for human sympathy."

"You may."

"And you will not think less of me because I have sinned and suffered?"

"I will not."

"Five years ago—nay, I must begin further back. Ten years ago, I knew and loved a young girl. She was a lovely child, tender-hearted, and winning.—She won my heart ere I knew it, and I asked her to be my wife. She consented, and when we parted, hung around my neck and wept so bitterly, that I found it very hard to leave her. I went back to Germany, and afterward carried with me, all over the continent, the memory of that beautiful face, and I returned five years later, to find a cold-hearted, haughty woman, who repelled my tenderness, and threw back upon my aching heart the true love I felt for her, if she had but been tender, and patient. But I must be just—I found the lady so changed in personal appearance that I did not know her at first, and doubtless my manner seemed cold to her, for I was mourning for my dear, my beautiful Etsy, and could not believe this pale, cold woman could be she.

"We were married within the hour of my arrival, and though at first my soul sickened, I did strive, before God, to give her my love; but I verily believe she hated me, for she grew more cold and disdainful every day, till mad with sorrow and regret, I left my home to wander sad and disconsolate all over the earth. Twice, remembering that she was my wife, I wrote, begging her to join me, for I could not bear to return, where all my sad history was known; but she hautily refused, saying in her last letter that she fancied our paths would be happiest far apart."

Etsy was weeping.

"You, too, have known sorrow, Mrs. Willis, but it is better to mourn for the dead than the living."

Lionel Peyton loved the weeper, and it required all his honor and manhood, all his self control, to keep from taking her in his arms and telling her so. He did not, for all the pleadings of his heart, but continued,—

"Later I met with one, who, before I was aware of it, crept into my heart—a beautiful, regal woman, with a passionate tropical nature, entirely suited to mine. I loved that woman, but I dared not tell her so; my honor forbade it, and yet I love her. O my God, thou knowest it all!"

As the white lips grew calmer, he said.

"To-night, for all my battlings this wild love is clamoring to be heard; the anguish and regret all the harder to bear because unspoken. I thought I must speak or die, but when the storm was at its height a great calm came over my spirit, and something like God's great pity, fell upon my tempted soul, and once more I was able to overcome. I have come to say good bye, Essie. There is only one chance for me to persue. I must rejoin my poor wife, and if she is willing to receive the prodigal, try and make her happy."

"Did you love her so much, this beautiful woman of whom you spoke?—better than any beauty of Italy or Spain, or any one you met in your wanderings?"

His face flushed then paled.

"Better than any woman on earth—better than anything but my honor and my God." and he held with an iron grasp the small white hand he had taken in his.

"Love her! ah, it would be heaven to be always by her side; to watch the flash and gleam of those proud eyes, and the shining of the dark hair, and the proud throat, as white as snow."

"It must have been very hard for you to give her up."

"It was hard. What would you have done, so circumstanced."

"I would be true to my honor and my God, as you were."

"God bless you, Essie! Now we must part."

Etsy had been merciless, but the starving heart craved all she could hear of the love he bore her. But the strains had been too great, and as she rose to go she faltered, and would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms. He seated her again, and brought a goblet of water.

"You know who the woman is, Easie, that is so dear to me?"

"I have known it from the first."

"And you still advise me to return to my wife?"

"I do."

"And if she will not receive me?"

"Then return to Europe and work for the good of others."

He drew her close to his heart.

"This once let me hold you there; and now farewell!"

A moment more and she was alone, and Lionel Peyton was wildly pacing his chamber-floor, with broken words of prayer upon his lips.

A week from that time found Etsy at the Grange, where she found a letter awaiting her, announcing the arrival of her husband on the following night.

"Oh, Etsy, if you only loved Lionel!" cried the disappointed mother.

"Perhaps I may, mother, perhaps he may find me worthy to be loved."

He came at seven o'clock. The long drawing-room was lighted in honor of his coming; and the servants, at least, with bright new suits and shining faces, showed their joy at his return.

He was shown into the reception-room while Uncle Cato went to appraise Etsy.

He returned in a moment, saying she would see him in the drawing-room.—Lionel bit his lip, and followed the old servant with a proud step.

"At least, she might have appeared to welcome me," he thought.

Under the brilliant gaslight stood that beautiful Essie he was trying to forget.

"Again—must he again battle with his spirit to keep down that mad love which haunted him every hour? What could have brought this beauty to the Grange?"

She sprang to meet him.

"Oh, Lionel, I am so glad."

And bending back her beautiful head, she held up her lips for a kiss.

"I cannot, Essie—I dare not. I am glad and yet sorry that we have met."

But she fettered him with her white arms and drew his face close to hers.

"Lionel Peyton, if you will take me, I am yours; for I am Etsy."

The strong man reeled and would have fallen had she not supported him.

Need we describe the joy of the wanderer? or can you imagine it for yourselves? How the past seemed like some hideous dream, whose memory he was trying to forget; and the future so rich with immeasurable hope, and how two souls came out of the fiery crucible purified.

"Twice loved!" Etsy whispered to herself. "It was a triumph after all, and oh, I am so happy! God is good—I will praise Him all the days of my life."

HIS LUCKY NUMBER.

"Every one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me.—Yet I didn't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29—very like indeed; and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here today, and have had a long and happy life. I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine."

"I really can't understand," said I.—"Was it a lottery or a draft, a conscription, or what? Was it a game—was it?"

"It was a number on a door," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute; I'll tell you all about it."

"I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in his life. At twenty-five I was desperate. Talk about Romeo! He was nothing compared with me.

"I'm not ashamed of it. She was a worthy object. Not only because she was beautiful, but she was good and amiable, and such a singer. She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other, "is there really an angel up there? When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet and flute-like her voice was. I've never heard its equal."

"Well, I loved her, and thought she liked me; but I wasn't sure. I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings. So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain. Some old poet says:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small;
Who fear to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

"I agreed with him; and one evening as I walked home from a little party where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said:

"Jessie, I love you better than my life—will you marry me?

"I waited for an answer.

"She gave none.

"'Jessie,' I said, "won't you speak to me?

"Then she did speak:

"'No—oh, dear, no!'

"I offered her my arm again, and took her home without a word. She did not speak either. She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in New York; but I did not even say good-bye at the door. I bowed; that was all. Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the village street, I felt desperate enough to kill myself.

"Yet, it stung me all the same, I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and thought I could endure it no longer. But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and were well known and thought of. I would go to New York—even then a very large city—and, seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and, retiring at night with a bottle of laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery. I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in New York, requesting my presence on a business. I burdened myself with no unnecessary luggage. What did an 'unknown suicide' want of another coat and a change of linen?

"I kissed my mother and sister, and startled my grandmother by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determinated spirit.

"There was a certain hotel to which many of the people of our village were in the habit of going. This I avoided.—Another, chosen at a hazard, seemed to be better. Thither I walked determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me—no clew to my identity for those who shall find me dead.

I had no mark upon my clothing, no card, paper or letter with me. I had torn the hatter's mark from my beaver. As I ascended the hotel steps I felt, so to speak, like one going to his own funeral.

A grinning waiter bowed before me. A pert clerk lifted up his head and stared. I was an ordinary traveler to them—that was evident.

It was late in the evening. The place wore an air of repose. Laughter and a faint clink of glasses in an inner apartment, told of some conviviality. One old man read his newspaper before the fire.—Nothing else was astir.

I asked for a room. The clerk nodded.

"Do you care what floor?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Number twenty-nine is empty," he said, and tossed a key to the waiter, whom I followed at once.

We reached the room by two flights of stairs. At the door the waiter paused.

"Thought he said twenty-nine," he muttered. "The key is twenty-one."

"Then open twenty one with it," I said. "I don't care for the number of the room."

"No sir—to be sure, sir," said the waiter, and passed along a few steps further.

"Twenty-one," he said, and, unlocking a door, pushed it open.

"Shall I bring you anything, sir?" he said.

I answered "no," and he left me, having put the candle on my bureau.

The hour had come. As I shut the door, a heavy sigh escaped me. Alas! that life had become so woeful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it.

In the dim light of my one candle, I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I loved so dearly.

It was in the days of curtained beds.—The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows. Over the bureau was a looking glass, with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and high comb, at the top, by way of an ornament. There were four stuffed chairs, and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate. I fancied myself lying dead on the bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself. Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked, for why should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open, I lay down on the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and as true as I now speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when some one opened the door, and—"There now, Jessie," said a voice, "I told you you didn't lock it."

"I did,' said another voice, 'and sent the key to the office by the chamber maid.'

"I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains. There were two ladies in the room. One an old lady in a brown front of false curls, the other my cruel lady-love, Jessie Grey. For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming.

"Sure it's the right number?' asked Jessie.

"'Twenty one—yes,' said the other.—'And here's my band box. Oh, dear! I'm sleepy.'

"'I am not,' said Jessie. 'I wish I was, aunt.'

"'You didn't sleep a wink last night,' said the aunt. 'Nor you haven't eaten you meals to-day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Dr. Black about you to-morrow.'

"'I don't want Dr. Black to be called, sighed Jessie. 'I'd rather die.'

"'What's the matter?' cried the old lady. 'You are not yourself. You don't eat or sleep, and cry perpetually. What ails you?'

"'I'm miserable,' said Jessie.

"'Why?' cried her aunt.

"Oh, aunt," said Jessie, 'it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I liked him so! And, oh; he liked me! And when he asked me I felt so glad! But I remembered what you said, and oh, how could I do it?—I said, "Oh, dear, no!" and he left me without a word. And I'm so sorry!—oh, so sorry!—because I loved him, aunt.'

"You little goose!" cried the old lady.

"As for me, you can fancy how I felt. I had no thought of suicide now. My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again. I pocketed my pistols and crept down on the other side of the bed. I stepped toward the bureau and blew out the candle. The faint red light of the fire was still in the room. As I dashed out at the door, I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety.

"I met the waiter on the stairs.

"'Found out the mistake, sir,' he said 'Just coming to rectify it.'

"Don't mention it," I said. "I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is something for your trouble," and I gave him a five dollar bill.

"He said, "I thank ye, sir;" but I saw that he thought me crazy. He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried:

"Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number!"

"But I never was saner than I was then and never half so happy.

Of course, I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not "Oh, dear, no," and that's why I call twenty-one my lucky number.

They still advertise for "a good girl to cook."

O'Mara-Irving Murder Trial.

(Continued from last week.)

J. B. Very, re-called.—Saw a hat; the hat presented is the hat; I saw the shoes on the feet of body; these shoes are the ones, I think.

Joseph Westbrook, re-called.—I know where the bark pile is, spoken of; was there on Sunday following the finding of the body; found an ax stuck under the bark pile; found it stuck under the bark pile on the other side of the road; ax presented is the same ax; the bit and handle was covered with blood, looked fresh; I handed the ax to some one; never have seen it till now.

Cross-Examined.—(Nothing new elicited.)

Simon Carey, sworn.—Saw Mr. Sullivan have the ax in Court, coming from O'Mara's; ax looked as if stained with blood or bark juice, couldn't say which; have not seen it till now; ax offered in evidence.

Joseph Page, sworn.—Live one-quarter of mile from Montrose Depot; know where Dan. O'Mara lives; have measured distances about there; one hundred and one rods from O'Mara's house to Pat. Houlihan's, nearest way; can't see from one house to the other; from Pat. Houlihan's house to public road is twenty rods; was on the ground; counsel McCollum went with me and made an examination of the wagon; Mr. Teel and I set the wagon box on hind stake; saw blood as before described; found hair in the wagon; gave it to one of the McCollums; have seen Pat. Irving since, he has been in jail; had a conversation with him.—(Examined by Defendant Counsel.) I went to the jail to see Irving, third day of January last; came with Reynolds (constable,) and at his request; went to Sheriff Helme for access to jail; he gave me a line to his son, who accompanied me to Irving's cell; I first said "how do you do;" I told him I heard he had sent for me; I made no threat; held no inducement to him till after he had made his statement. (Objection raised by defendant's counsel, that the confession obtained by this was under inducements by one having color of authority, and that it was clearly in the rule of the Court, wherein Dennis Houlihan's testimony was rejected as to what he (Irving) said on the 27th of September. They said the only question in the case is, whether the inducement held out was continuing at the time witness (Page,) saw him on the third of January, 1874. (Evidence admitted by the Court.) Asked how he was getting along; he said first rate; told him I had heard at different times that he wanted to see me, several times since his arrest; I said how long do you expect to stay here; he said I don't hardly know; don't know what I am here for; no one came to see him to tell him about it, and he did not know anything about it; I asked him if he couldn't help himself out of it some way; said he did'nt know as he could, he had no friends; he then asked me to come inside; I said no, the Sheriff said I needn't go farther than the door; I said it will be of no use to come in, if you have nothing to say; he said if you will come in and sit down here, I will tell you all about it; I said is that so? he says hush! Dan will hear you, he don't like your coming in here; I said I don't know what objection he could have, I have always been friendly with him; he said Dan and I know all about it, and there are two others also; he says come in; I says no, I will come again some day provided you will tell me; he said I had better go, and let the other two tell all about it; I said I don't know where they be; he said one of them had gone to Brooklyn, New York; I said I will come over next week; he said do come over and come in; this closed the conversation at that time.

Cross-Examined.(As to his being with the constable and prisoners on the 27th,) At last end of the conversation he asked me what he had better do; I told him he had better turn State's Evidence; he said what's that? I told him that was to tell what he knew about it; he said I don't know much about it; this closed our conversation that day; I first reported to Mr. Helme, (Sheriff,) this conversation; have repeated this conversation once or twice or more.

Direct.—We whispered some and talked in natural tones.

Pat. Houlihan, re-called.—I went to Susquehanna Depot with the body of Mary O'Mara, all the way; it was buried in the Catholic Cemetery.

TUESDAY MORNING, 9 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Mrs Spearbeck, re-called.—(Court overrule the objections as to the admissibility of this evidence.) October first, on Wednesday after the body was found, was at Dan. O'Mara's house; Mrs. Simpson spoke of sifting the ashes; Mrs. Houlihan sifted the ashes; found some agate buttons and some melted metal, (buttons shown witness;) those are the buttons; Mr. Pat. Houlihan took them and counted them.

Joseph Westbrook, (colored.) re-called.—Live about one mile from Dan. O'Mara's house; Coroner's jury placed me in charge of the house; on Sunday, the 28th, I examined the house for Mary's clothing; found a calico dress of hers hanging up in the bedroom; searched for her lilac colored dress all through the house, and couldn't find it; I saw Mary wear that in May last, when I was shearing sheep there; I remember when women were there on Wednesday, October first; the house has never been unlocked since I took charge of it, only when people went to examine.

Mrs. Pat. Houlihan, re-called.—I saw Mary, Monday before she was killed; she had on a lilac colored dress; never have seen it since; was at the house on Sunday and Wednesday after; searched for it; Westbrook was there with us, searched for this dress, didn't find it; I sifted the ashes and found buttons, twelve in number; Ellen Handerhan found some in the ashes before I sifted; I am very sure these (buttons shown her,) are the ones; saw Mary wear some of these buttons; some I never saw her wear.

Patrick Houlihan, re-called.—Was present this Wednesday spoken of; I went alone; the women went first; I found them sieving up some buttons out of the ashes; there were twelve buttons; I took the buttons and have had them ever since; these are the ones; (buttons offered in evidence;) Margaret O'Mara was my sister; she is dead; The Coroner sent me for the oxen; I found them in the lot by the bark pile; after I brought up the oxen I went for the yoke; found it on the right hand side of the bar way; brought it up to the Coroner; didn't go to bed that night until twelve o'clock; was figuring my accounts; (evidence as to hearing the oxen gingling ring, etc., same as the evidence of his wife.)

John Hall, sworn.—Live at Scranton; am an engineer; was on train, regular No. 43, at 11:40, p. m. going south; was on time; I gave five short whistles opposite the depot; was looking ahead at the crossing; was running at the rate of six or eight miles per hour; could see by the head light ten or twelve rods; saw no one; there were two other trains in this run,

Samuel Smith, sworn. One of the engineers on the 11:40 run or No. 43; was last train. (Evidence same in substance as former witness.)

William Palhannis, sworn.—Am an engineer on the D. L. & W. R. R.; was on middle train, next to Hall; on the 11:40 run. (Evidence similar as to others.) Could see plain enough by head light to see any one if standing on the track.

Dan. Kiley, sworn.—(Testified he was an engineer, and his evidence was similar to the others.)

Almon Teel, sworn.—Live at Montrose Depot; saw Dan. O'Mara on Friday, about five o'clock in the woods, before this occurrence; had on a gray pair of woolen pants; well worn; with quite large patches on; pants in evidence look like pants he had on.

Amos West, sworn.—Dan. said they went to bed before the women did on the night before they were found dead.

WEDNESDAY, 9 O'CLOCK, A. M.

[On Motion of Defendants counsel, (McCollum,) all evidence of admissions made by Irving before the Coroner, after his arrest by Houlihan, was stricken out by the Court.]

Commonwealth here rest the case.

William H. Jessup, Esq., opened for the defense, in a very earnest speech of something over three hours.

EVIDENCE FOR DEFENSE.

Walter Graham, sworn.—I reside in Harford; two miles from Dan. O'Mara's house; have known Dan. O'Mara fourteen or fifteen years, and may be longer; have known him well; know his character; never knew anything against him up to the time of his arrest.

F. W. Boyle, sworn.—Reside at New Milford; consider his character good for honesty and regularity of conduct.

Cyrus Barlow, re-called.—Reside at New Milford borough; have known O'Mara since last March; never heard anything for or against his character.

Edward Whitlock, sworn.—Reside at New Milford borough; Dan. O'Mara worked for me during the winter of 1868; have known him since that; have seen him frequently since; I should say his character was good up to the time of his arrest, September 27th, 1873.

N. K. Sutton, sworn.—Reside at New Milford borough; have known O'Mara five or six years, or longer; his character as a peaceable man was good up to the time of this affair.

Wm. H. Tiffany, sworn.—I reside at Montrose Depot; consider Dan. O'Mara's character good.

J. Dickerman, sworn.—Live in New Milford; have known Dan. O'Mara ten or fifteen years; have done business with him; he has traded at my store; am acquainted with his neighbors; they do their business at New Milford; I would say his character as a peaceable and quiet citizen, was good.

E. B. Hawley, sworn.—Have known O'Mara several years; knew him when he lived at Mr. Witlock's, in New Milford in 1868; I considered his character good have not seen much of him since 1869.

A. B. Seamons, sworn.—Live by the "Three Lakes," about one and a half miles from O'Mara's house; have known him from a small boy; have lived there over thirty years; never heard anything against him.

Cross-Examined.—Never heard anything ugly about him.

Tracey Hayden, sworn.—Have lived about fifty-one years in New Milford; have known O'Mara a long time; never heard anything against him.

Steadman Moreau, sworn.—Live at Montrose Depot, two miles from O'Mara's house; have known him since he was three years old; never heard anything against him, nor saw anything.

A. B. Smith, sworn.—Reside at New Milford Borough, have known him about one year; character good.

Homer Tingly, sworn.—Reside one-half mile from Dan. (Evidence similar to other witnesses.)

James Kearney, sworn.—Reside at Scranton; have been there eleven years; was formerly in Ireland; came to Scranton from there in 1862; am a cousin of Pat. Irving; was acquainted with him before he came to this country; resided in the same county and neighborhood; have known him from his boyhood; he is 32 or 33 years of age; I left Pat. Irving in Ireland; he came to this country in 1869, to Scranton; to my house; was there nearly four years; was a laborer for Geo. Sanderson nearly two years; left Scranton something over a year ago; saw him July 5th last, at Scranton; his character in Ireland and in this country was good as an honest, peaceable, quiet citizen; he has always had "St. Vitas Dance;" he has a sister at Scranton; I and her are his only relatives in this country.

Cross-Examined.—I never heard of his arrest till last Thursday.

Wm. Nicholson, sworn.—Have known Irving between four or five years; lived in the same building with him in Scranton; he worked outside the mines; was working for George Sanderson, grading streets; his character was good.

Anthony Clark, sworn.—Reside at Scranton; work for George Sanderson grading streets; was foreman of