

E. B. Hawley, Wm. C. 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.

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

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1874. NUMBER 10.

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 (10 lines) one week, 50 cents; one month, \$1.00; three months, \$2.50; six months, \$4.50; one year, \$8.00. For a full and complete list of rates, send for a copy of our advertising card.

**Business Cards.**  
J. R. & A. H. McCOLLUM, Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1873.

D. W. SEARLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. D. Dwaner, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

W. W. SMITH, CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—Foot of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1, 1869.

M. G. SUTTON, AUCTIONEER, AND TRANSFER AGENT, Friendsville, Pa. at Court.

A. M. E. Y., UNITED STATES AUCTIONEER, No. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

J. C. WHEATON, CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR, P. O. address, Franklin Forge, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

JOHN GROVES, ASSHOLENERS' FAULTS, Montrose, Pa. Shop over the Store of M. D. Dwaner, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

A. O. WARREN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioners' Office, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

W. A. CROSSMAN, Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioners' Office, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

MCKENZIE & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses Sewing Machines, Also, Agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company, (Montrose, July 15, 1873)

LAW OFFICE, FIFTH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of W. W. WATSON, (Jan. 1, 1873)

ABEL TURRELL, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent, Oil, Gas, and other articles, Fancy Goods, Jewellery, Perfumery, Ac., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Feb. 1, 1873)

SCOVILL & DEWITT, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Office No. 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, Physician & Surgeon, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the corner of Main and Second Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

CHARLES N. STODDARD, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Saddlery, Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

LEWIS KROLL, SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, Shop in the new Postoffice building, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

DR. N. W. DAYTON, Physician & Surgeon, tenders his services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the corner of Main and Second Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

DR. D. A. LATHROP, Physician & Surgeon, tenders his services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the corner of Main and Second Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

CHARLEY MORRIS, THE HAYT BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by H. D. Dwaner, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

H. CURRIE, Dealer in Staple and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, and Caps, Furniture, Books, Groceries, Fruit, etc., Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

EXCHANGE HOTEL, M. J. HARRINGTON, Proprietor, has enlarged and improved the Exchange Hotel, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

LITTLE & BLAKELEE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office opposite the Barber House, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

BILLINGS-STROUD, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, All policies issued promptly on all terms. Office at the corner of Main and Second Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

R. T. & E. H. CASE, HARNESSEMAKERS, Over Harness, Saddle and heavy harness, at lowest cash price. Also, Blankets, Breast Bands, Collars, Wipes and every thing pertaining to the harness trade. Repairing done promptly and in good style. Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

J. D. VAIL, HOUSEWORN, FRUITERS AND GROCERS, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in the profession with which he may be favored. Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fifth & Watson Streets, February 8, 1873.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET, Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sausage, etc., at the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit. Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

VALLEY HOUSE, GREAT REED, Pa. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot, is a large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. New furnished rooms and sleeping apartments, splendid tables, and all things comprising a first-class hotel. HENRY A. GRIFFIN, Proprietor. Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1873)

F. CHURCHILL, Justice of the Peace, Office over L. S. Leman's store, Great Bend borough, Susquehanna County, Penn. Has the sole deposit of the doctors of the Erie Railroad, (Montrose, Pa.) Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock, a. m., and from 1 to 4 o'clock, p. m.

**POETRY.**  
**The Flower of Love lies Bleeding.**  
BY A. H. STODDARD.  
I met a little maid one day,  
All in her bright weather;  
She danced and brushed the dew away  
As lightly as a feather.  
She had a ball in her hand  
That she had just been reading,  
But was too young to understand  
That duty of a distant land.  
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"  
She tripped across the meadow grass  
As though a brook was flowing,  
Across the brook like wind did pass—  
Wherever flowers were growing.  
Whom flowers were misleading,  
Whom flowers were misleading,  
"Whose sweetest thing do you possess?"  
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"  
I've found the wild rose in the hedge,  
The blue flag by the water's edge—  
The dancing daffodil—  
Kings-cups and pansies—every dower  
Except the one I'm needing;  
Perhaps it grows in some dark corner,  
And opens at a later hour.  
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"  
"I wouldn't look for it," I said,  
"For you can do without it."  
"There's no such flower," she shook her head.  
"But I have read about it!"  
"You'll find it on a mountain side,  
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,  
She bared her neck and every dower  
Except the one I'm needing;  
Perhaps it grows in some dark corner,  
And opens at a later hour.  
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"  
"My child," I sighed and dropped a tear,  
"I would no longer find it."  
"You'll find it some day, never fear,  
For all of us must find it!"  
I talked to her of happy words,  
With one and every blessing;  
You and the little lad you know—  
I see why you are weeping now—  
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"  
"Your flower of love lies bleeding!"

**"DEAD."**  
BY MINNIE J. OWREY.  
He has gone to the golden shores of Heaven  
Entered the pearly gates of white,  
From this world of sin his spirit is risen,  
Free from sorrow and sin, and blight,  
It is not strange that the promising flower,  
Just unfolding its talents fair,  
Should bloom like all blossoms, but for an hour;  
Then close as if tired of all earthly care?

Willfully the tired eyes drank in the glory,  
Caught ere the soul from earth had passed,  
Perhaps he heard strains of the "old old story,"  
A glimpse of the gates open cast.  
Murmuring a prayer o'er the gray-haired mother,  
By his bedside kneeling in woe,  
Kissing the brow of each heart-broken brother,  
His spirit soared from this life below.

The circle is broken; we miss him at the light,  
All the life wonder, where he is,  
Till "memory" comes and tears dim our eyesight,  
As he points o'er to the Jasper sea,  
But no forever shall the chain be riven;  
One by one they shall call us home,  
Till we stand a new circle in that Heaven  
Where no sorrowing mortals ever roam.

**MISCELLANEOUS READING.**  
**A LUCKY ILL WIND.**  
The winds of fortune blow as variously as the winds of Heaven. In life there are many storms, and there are few persons who, between the cradle and the grave, are not caught in the hurricane. Whether the result of accidental circumstance or the outcome of human passions, it is certain that tempestuous events overtake most men, and that skies bright and serene will change their silver light for darker, and often vengeful, hues.

Such was life to Alfred Hargreaves. The ills of poverty attended his birth, and shadowed his early life; and while under the cloud, he, with the reckless improvidence of youth, became engaged to pretty Anna Blake. Anna was a governess, and then resident at Stamford Hall.

Young Hargreaves visited occasionally at the Hall, but Mrs. Stamford, ignorant and purse-proud, paid sparse attention to him. Indeed, as a visitor, he was merely tolerated. Her daughter, Augusta, inherited her mother's regard for wealth, and built castles in the air stored with gold and jeweled ornaments, and furnished with all the lavishness of vulgar profusion. Augusta, too, was handsome and fashionable, and like her mother, despised Alfred Hargreaves because of his poverty.

But to Anna, he was the one being in whom her affections centered, and around whom her hope of every happiness clung. Anna's love was of that jealous, sensitive character which is the inevitable source of heart burning to its possessor. A new world of light and happiness dawned upon her when Alfred Hargreaves told her he loved her. What cared she for the poverty of which he complained?

"I am poor and homeless already," she said, "but I will be rich in your love." Their marriage was to take place in a few months. The sky was then clear from the zenith to the horizon. The sweet bloom of a first love was wafted to Anna, upon the soothing winds of Hope.

While Anna was still thus happy, a telegram was put into Alfred's hands one evening as they strolled beneath the beech trees of the park, announcing the sudden death of his uncle, Sir Gilbert Hargreaves. A fortune and a title had thus fallen to him, neither of which were expected in the ordinary course of events. He was called away hurriedly, but there was something in the parting which brought dismay to the heart of Anna. Mrs. Stamford, on hearing of the change in Alfred's fortune, had invited the young baronet on a visit, after his uncle's funeral, and

Augusta, for the first time, pronounced Alfred handsome. Anna meanwhile asked herself, "Would he really give up the brilliant prospects which his new position opened up to him by marrying her?" Thoughts like these burned slowly into her brain, and created there a world of jealous, anxious forebodings.

In these circumstances, her proud, passionate nature revolted more than ever against the annoyances of her passion. The daughter of a beneficed clergyman she had been reared in a refined and luxurious home. Up to sixteen, all had been happiness to her. Sorrow then came. Her father had left a cheerful fireside upon a dark wintry night, and had ridden miles through the snow to visit a sick friend. On his return, his horse took fright, and he was precipitated into a deep ravine, where he lay unconscious for hours. When discovered he was taken to the parsonage, and only lived to say to his afflicted wife:

"Dearest, we shall meet again."  
He had made no provision for his widow or daughter. So Anna, after a year had to face the world and earn her own bread. The position of teacher in a gentleman's family was unbecoming to her because of the humiliations attendant upon it, but it was her only resource, and she accepted the post of Stamford Hall.

It was quite evident that Mrs. Stamford had invited the young baronet to her house with a view of giving him an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of her daughter Augusta, and possibly to Augusta means of conquering Alfred's affections.

These were days of special torture to Anna. She was assiduously confined to the school-room, and when not there, was carefully kept out of the way on some pretext or other, and this from early morning until long after sunset. Even when Mrs. Stamford's ordinary stock of excuses were exhausted, she feigned illness, and kept the wretched Anna by her bedside. Thus Alfred could seldom obtain more than a few moments conversation with his betrothed, while the brilliant Augusta kept him prisoner by her side. Fancy the feelings of Anna when seeing her lover arm in arm with Augusta on the pattern in front of the mansion. The flowers shone brilliantly in the glorious sunlight of an autumn morning. Augusta had tripped on to the grass through the low French window of the drawing-room and was soon joined by Alfred.

Anna trembled with fear and vexation on seeing them pluck flowers for each other, as she had done the previous evening when they strolled into the shrubbery by twilight. But her emotion became heightened when, returning to the drawing-room, the new friends mingled their voices in a passionate love-song from Ballo in Maschera. Yet she concealed her feelings by putting on an outward show of coldness, with a slight tinge of disdain.

She was the rose frozen over. From that time forward she did not seek Alfred and during their hurried interviews she maintained a dignified demeanor although foreign to her sweet, simple nature. And when Alfred left Stamford Hall to go to his new estate, the parting with Anna was cold in the extreme. But there was much flutter and excitement in the hall, when Mrs. Stamford and Augusta saw Alfred into his carriage.

A week passed without any letter from Anna. Troubled and anxious, she more than once opened her writing case, in order to write to Alfred. But she could not find suitable words. She did not wish to reproach him, nor yet to write in guarded language. In this difficulty she strolled into the drawing-room, and there found lying upon the table an empty envelope.

The hand-writing was Alfred's. The letter was to Augusta. Her doubts and suspicions were confirmed. A bitter throb of anguish passed through her. The abandonment of the moment was supreme; and on returning to her room she found a letter for her. The hand-writing she did not know. Trembling she broke the seal. It was as follows:

"An old friend of Sir Alfred Hargreaves who has heard much of the beauty and goodness of Miss Blake, feels that he has a painful duty to perform relative to her engagement. He has heard from the baronet's own lips, that if free, he would now be able to seek an alliance with the Stamford. This hint, distressing as it is, may prevent life-long misery to Miss Blake and Sir Alfred. Of course, this Miss B. will never hear from Sir Alfred's own lips."

A cold, sick tremor seized upon Anna, and she sank down upon her couch. There for hours she turned and tossed uneasily, sometimes doing battle with the Stamfords, sometimes with her fatherless lover. Sleep at length came to rest her burning eyelids. It was a restless, broken slumber. In the morning, fevered and ill-refreshed, she dropped herself at the writing table, and there, with features rigidly set, she penned two letters. One told the trust baronet that he was free, and contained her engagement ring; the other informed Miss Stamford that Anna intended, for a variety of reasons, to at

once leave Stamford Hall. After Anna's departure, the Stamford endeavoring to keep a watch upon her movements, but in those efforts they utterly failed. Wearily the months passed for Anna. She had now become companion to Mrs. Clarence, a woman possessing noble qualities of head and heart. Mrs. Clarence was the owner of a handsome bignon residence at Torquay, a fashionable watering-place in the South of England. Here Anna had all the comforts of a refined home, and the courtesy of Mrs. Clarence added much to her happiness. She shared in all the amusements of the Clarences, and enjoyed them better than might be expected from her condition of mind. A yachting excursion was at hand. The Clarences were to join it, and, of course, Anna; and much pleasant anticipation was indulged in beforehand by the guests.

The announcement of the yachting party came upon Anna like a thunder-clap, because she was told it was the invitation of Sir Alfred Hargreaves to the family. How could she meet him? She had often thought if they would ever meet again, and had sometimes half wished to show him how cold and indifferent she had grown. She would even, now that the opportunity offered, steel her heart against him and meet him as a stranger. She could not bear the idea that any one should know that she had been forsaken by the faithless baronet.

The morning dawned bright and clear, lighting up the cliffs and silencing all over the calm blue sea. Very charming Anna looked in her white serge yachting dress, with its sailor-blue collar and trimmings. Her face and features revealed none of her inward struggles, but the rose tinge had deepened on her cheek, and a restless light flashed from her soft brown eyes, as in the old days when she looked for his coming.

As they stepped on board the taunt little craft, Mrs. Clarence said: "Allow me, Sir Alfred, to introduce you to my friend Miss Blake."

A sudden pallor overspread his face as he turned and met Anna's glance. He saw, in a moment, that Anna meant to treat him as a stranger, and he determined to take his cue from her. Both found congenial attractions among the numerous guests.

Very pretty the Osprey looked in the warm sunlight. Her white sails flapped restlessly, as if dissatisfied that there was not a breath of wind out to fill them. The party had formed into groups upon the deck; the bright and varied colors of the ladies' dresses, and of the tasteful bouquets they carried, contrasting with the simple costumes of the men. Merry peals of laughter went over the water, and all fore-boded well, if only Boreas would extend to them some of his attentions.

It was a day of genial festivity to all on board except Anna and Sir Alfred, and they both dissembled so well that no one imagined they had ever met before. A heaven-sent morning was succeeded by a changeable afternoon. Sometimes the sun shone, the dark clouds gathered, and the evening set in gloomily. The whole sky became obscure; not a star was to be seen. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and its violence increased each moment. The yacht behaved gallantly, as the foamy waves went hissing furiously past, and seemed ready to avamp her. All had retired to their berths. Only Anna, unable to sleep, paced the deck, wrapped in a white shawl, the night-winds sweeping her wealth of golden hair from her heated brow. Her heart was in union with nature. The storm increased, and soon the manual gave way and was torn into ribbons. At the sudden lurch the vessel gave, Anna would have fallen on the deck had not a strong arm supported her. It was that of Alfred.

"Anna, you will be safer below," he whispered, in a voice broken with emotion. "Then there is danger, Alfred?"

And the yearning look in her eyes spoke more than words; it told him of a heart broken and a life destroyed. "Anna, we may have met only to part again. If death should come, let us understand each other. Why did you prove so false to me?"

"I false! O! Never! Never!" And there, amid the perils of the storm, with the dark clouds careering madly along, supported by his strong arm, she told him the story of her sufferings and her wrongs. Deep with his indignation, and deeper, if possible, his grief. They had both been fondly betrayed.

Mrs. Stamford had concocted a deep-laid plot to separate them, and this in the interest of Augusta. In tender accents Alfred besought Anna to give him once more her love and confidence, and she, seeing that he had endured months of doubt and sorrow, unhesitatingly accorded him the old faith and affection.

Morning came, bringing with it calm and sunshine. The lovers set beside each other, thoughtful and happy, and good Mrs. Clarence was the first to rejoice with them when she had heard the story of the reconciliation.

In after years both gratefully remembered the menacing wind of the midnight storm which had brought them so much happiness.

**I'm on the Jury.**  
Up in Blossburg, the other day, a lightning-rod man drove up in front of a handsome edifice standing in the midst of trees and shrubs, and spoke to Mr. Summers, who was sitting on the steps in front. He accosted Summers as the owner of the residence and said:

"I see you have no lightning-rods on this house."  
"No," said Summers.  
"Are you going to put any on?"  
"Well, hadn't thought of it," replied Summers.

"You ought to. A tall building like this is very much exposed. I'd like to run you up one of my rods; twisted steel, glass fenders, nickel-plated tips—everything complete. May I put one up to show you? I'll do the job up cheap."  
"Certainly you may if you want to. I haven't the slightest objection," said Summers.

During the next half hour the man had his ladders up and his assistants at work, and at the end of that time the job was done. He called Summers out into the yard to admire it. He said to Summers:

"Now that is well enough, but if it was my house I'd have another rod up on the other side. There's nothing like being protected thoroughly."  
"That's true," said Summers, "it would be better."  
"I'll put up another, shall I?" asked the man.

"Why, of course, if you think it's best," said Summers.  
Accordingly the man went to work again, and soon had the rod in its place. "That's a first-rate job," he said to Summers, as they both stood eyeing it. "I like such a man as you are. Big hearted, liberal, not afraid to put a dollar down for a good thing. There's some pleasure in dealing with you. I like you so much that I'd put a couple more rods on that house, out on the north end and one on the south, for almost nothing."

"I would make things safer, I suppose," said Summers.  
"Certainly it would. I'd better do it, hadn't I—hey?"  
"Just as you think proper," said Summers.

So the man ran up two more rods, and then he came down again and said to Summers:

"There, that job is done. Now let's settle up."  
"Do what?"  
"Why, the job's finished, and I'll take my money."  
"You don't expect me to pay you, I hope?"  
"Of course I do. Didn't you tell me to put those rods on your house?"  
"My house?" shouted Summers. "Thunder and lightning! I never ordered you to put those rods up. It would have been ridiculous. Why man, this is the court house, and I'm here waiting for the court to assemble, I'm on the jury. You seemed to be anxious to rush out your rods, and as it was none of my business, I let you go on. Pay for it! Come, now, that's pretty good."

The Blossburg people say that the manner in which that lightning-rod man tore around town and swore was fearful. But when he got his rods off the court-house he left permanently. He don't fancy the place.—Ez.

Stories of "Old Clo" men are always in order—more so than are the wares of these garment merchants. Here is a true one of a South Boston vendor:

A young mechanic saw an overcoat in a second hand clothing store which he concluded he would be glad to possess at a reasonable price.

"How much?" he asked.  
"Twenty-one dollars," was the answer. The usual haggling took place, and the mechanic started to leave the store.

"How much you give?" asked the merchant.  
"Thirty dollars."  
"Take it den. I shall shoot be den of myself. I only make two dollars off dat coat, so help me gracious."

Some useful lessons or examples may be found in the most simple occurrences. At the Terre Haute depot, recently, an old lady attempted to get off while the cars were in motion. A gentleman standing near the door prevented her. "Let her go!" exclaimed a kind-hearted passenger; "if she gets killed, it will be a warning to somebody else."

An Irishman, being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big tear on his head about the size of a small shovell.

Writing a sketch of his life, an Irishman says that he early ran away from his father because he discovered that he was only his uncle.

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

A boarding establishment—A carpenter's shop.

**THE WIDOWED HEART.**  
Put in the drawer, my heart can beat no more,  
How up the paper with my dainty hair!  
I ken, ken, I ken, but remove my woe,  
For oh! I staiden touch my lassie's hair!  
But when the part comes crowdin', thro' my brain,  
I canna let her bits of things aane.  
Sin' e'er she died, I wakened with a start,  
And oh! there's something aye comes o'er my heart.  
Then toucht like lightning mind the o'er death,  
And for a while I scarce can draw my breath,  
My mind then wanders, and I canna trace  
In airy form the likeness of her face!  
Her perfect image, pure as any snow,  
The sweetest heaven this e'er saw,  
These moments are a bliss without alloy—  
'Tis all of heaven on earth we can enjoy.

No never mair true love than the door she'll keep;  
Nae mair to mine she'll lay her dimpled cheek;  
Nae mair she'll mak a rabbit on the wa',  
Nor shall she mair be as sweet as the dew;  
And never mair me round the neck she'll tak,  
Nor hide her bonnie headie in my lap;  
Nor shall she be liked by every auld man,  
And never blithly keep my auld heartbane.  
Yes I have oft said, I had strange fears!  
She knew too much for one sae young a year!  
She knew too much for one sae young a year!  
For I never can, till life is past.

When'er my eye drops tea, I set a-jam,  
My bonnie lassie soon was at my feet;  
And in the supper eye a drop she gat,  
Then sune contented at my feet she sat,  
But when she fell down, I scarce break bread,  
I scarce can lift the saucer to my head;  
And often has I wished, tho' 'tis a sin,  
That I had died, and left the world behind!  
For, what's the world to me, I'm left a-lane,  
My e'en are seldom dry, sin' I'm a-gane.  
Oh! I miss my dear, my dear, my dear,  
I scarce can believe she's in the earth,  
Altho' they tell me on that sad, sad day,  
The laid my bairn among the common clay.

All; yes, all is past. She's in a world no more,  
Among the flowers that death can never part.  
Oh! I miss my dear, my dear, my dear,  
I scarce can believe she's in the earth,  
Altho' they tell me on that sad, sad day,  
The laid my bairn among the common clay.

My bonnie lassie soon was at my feet,  
And in the supper eye a drop she gat,  
Then sune contented at my feet she sat,  
But when she fell down, I scarce break bread,  
I scarce can lift the saucer to my head;  
And often has I wished, tho' 'tis a sin,  
That I had died, and left the world behind!  
For, what's the world to me, I'm left a-lane,  
My e'en are seldom dry, sin' I'm a-gane.  
Oh! I miss my dear, my dear, my dear,  
I scarce can believe she's in the earth,  
Altho' they tell me on that sad, sad day,  
The laid my bairn among the common clay.