

E. B. Hawley, Wm. O. Gruser.
E. B. HAWLEY & CO.,
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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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Business Cards.
J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.
D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. J. Dossener, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 20, 1874.
W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER, Foot of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1, 1870.
M. C. SETTON,
AUCTIONEER, and Insurance Agent, 1st 6th St. Friendsville, Pa.
A. M. BLY,
UNITED STATES AGENT, Address, Brooklyn, Pa. Dec. 1, 1870.
J. C. WREATH,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR, P. O. address, Franklin Park, Susquehanna Co., Pa.
JOHN GROVES,
REASONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over the Store, Montrose, Pa. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.
A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bonny, Back Bay, Pennington and Economy on Clarks street, Office No. 100 below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1874)
W. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office, W. A. Crossman, Montrose, Pa. Dec. 1, 1871.
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.)
LAW OFFICE
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Dr. J. B. & A. H. McCollum, Montrose, Pa. F. W. Watson, J. C. Fitch, (Jan. 11, 71.)
ABEL TERRELL,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Office, 100 below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. (Feb. 1, 1874.)
SCOVILL & DEWITT,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Office No. 42 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y. (Jan. 20, 1874.)
DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, renders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at the corner of Main and Second Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1874.)
CHARLES S. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, just east below Boyd's Store, Work in all orders, and repairing done neatly. Montrose Jan. 1, 1874.
LEWIS KENNEL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING,
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found in all orders, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1862.
DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, renders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Marston House, G. Bend village, Sept. 1, 1871.
DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Physician and Surgeon, Office at the Post Office, Chestnut Street, Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases, Jan. 11, 73—100-4.
CHARLEY MORRIS,
THE HATTY HARBOR has moved his shop to the building occupied by J. R. DeWitt, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the most satisfactory manner. 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, from Groves, Peck, and Peck, Broad and Main Streets, Hats and Caps, Paras, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, New Market, N. Y. No. 6, 72-1/2.
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. 2, 1873.
LITTLE & BLAKESLEE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their new office, opposite the Terrell Block, Montrose, Pa. Oct. 15, 1873.
BILLINGSSTROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, All business attended to promptly on fair terms. Office 2nd door east of the Court House, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1874.)
B. T. & E. H. CARR,
HARNESS MAKERS, Oak Harness, light and heavy, from the best material, made to order, and repaired in the most satisfactory manner. Repairing done promptly and in good style. HEBBY AGENCY, Montrose, Pa. Oct. 20, 1873.
J. D. VAIL,
REPRESENTS THE PATENT AND SCHOOL, Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, in the east front of the dock of the late Judge Eckhard, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m. and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m.
THE PEOPLE'S MARKET,
GUILFORD BARN, Proprietor. Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sausages, of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit. Montrose, Pa. Jan. 11, 1873-1/2.
VALLEY HOUSE,
GREAT BEND, Pa. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot, is a large and comfortable house, has undergone a thorough repair, newly furnished rooms and sleeping accommodations, splendid table, and all things complete in first class hotel. HEBBY AGENCY, Proprietor. Montrose, Pa. 1873-1/2.
F. CHURCHILL,
Attorney of the Peace, office over L. S. Lenthin's store, in the east front of the dock of the late Judge Eckhard, deceased. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m. and from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m.
DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST, Rooms at his dwelling next door north of Dr. Hays', on Old Foundry street, where he would be happy to see all those in want of Dental Work. He feels confident that he can please all, both in quality of work and in price. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, Feb. 11, 1874-1/2.
EDGAR A. TURELL,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW, No. 170 Broadway, New York City. Attends to all kinds of Attorney Business, and conducts cases in all the Courts of both the State and the Nation. Feb. 11, 1874-1/2.
BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyeing, Perfumery, Patent Office, 100 below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1874.)

POETRY.
A MEMORY.
—BY MINNIE J. OWREY.
I am sitting 'neath the Hawthorne,
By the old mill where we played,
In those days forever vanished,
Leaving naught but Winter's shade
And I know not why, but fancy
Brings a train of thoughts to me,
And again we boys, together,
Wander in our childhood free.
Here we stood beside this brooklet,
Made our plans for future dim,
Here, we often caught the minnows,
In our hats without a rim,
There upon the hillside yonder,
Crowned we "Edie" queen of May,
With a wreath of snowy daisies;
How my mind recalls that day.
Now I see her blue eyes, sparkling
With their ever radiant light,
And the golden curls falling
On the brow so pure and white,
And I hear the children singing,
Following her floral throne,
Memory why bring back this vision;
'Tis a scene forever flown.
And I see the peaceful valley,
With its mossy, flowery nooks;
When we studied useful lessons,
Looking up her forest throne,
Where we read our Father's wisdom,
In each thing that grew around,
To the fragrant buds we found,
Oh! these spots so dearly cherished,
How my heart aches for their clung,
To those hours of thoughtless boyhood,
To the days when we were young,
Looking up her forest throne,
Some of yore we loved so well,
Come once more; but cruel fancy,
'Tis but your recurring spell.

BONNETS IN HEAVEN.
"The sweetest thing?" She held it up before me.
A trim, very small, of flowers and lace,
And then she placed it for my admiration,
Upon the curls above her charming face.
"It is a charming thing!" I answered, looking
Not at the bonnet, but her face, the white,
And she, who thought I meant the airy tulle,
Looked so delighted that I had to smile.
An hour after, she sat beside me,
Looking up something 'bout love's paradise.
She answered not; I saw that she was thinking.
"What are you thinking, love?" I softly asked her.
"A moment more, and her reply was given;
'Why, I was wondering—now don't think me
If angels have new bonnets up in heaven!'"

MISCELLANEOUS READING.
KITTY WARD'S RESOLUTION.
For two years Kitty Ward had been earnestly striving to be good. She desired beyond all things, to be pure in heart, true in motive, single in purpose. But the result did not satisfy her. To her very great mortification, she was forced to see that the real obstacle was self-love. The issue of all this was the following insertion in her diary:—"Resolved, With the help of Heaven, I will seek to do good where and in what degree I can, without any thought or hope of reward or return in any way."
Here a pleasant voice from an adjoining room called, "Kitty love!"
"Yes, dear mother!" returned the young girl.
"Here are two invitations for you—Come for them."
Kitty opened one, which ran as follows:—"DEAR PESS:—Pack up your prettiest dress and bring them, with your sweet face over to Woodlawn, I want to borrow you for a month or two. Bring all your pretty, merry smiles, bright looks, and winning ways, for the Marceus, Livingstons, and Lees are here. Also, my dear babe, bring all your wisdom for Ursula Major is coming on the last of the month. He cares for nothing earthly but learning, and never opens his mouth to a lady, save to growl. Perhaps I should explain. By Ursula Major I mean Dr. Randall, the great savant—who, by the way, is likewise a great parti. I will send the carriage to the station for you. Good-by, dearie!"
"COSIN ALICE."
The second note, from a good old Quaker aunt of her father's, was in a different strain:—"MY DEAR KATHERINE:—Will these come and stay with my old aunt for a few weeks? I am sorely afflicted with rheumatism, and quite helpless. I long for your bright face and cheerful voice. If thee will come, thee, will be doing a great kindness to thy affectionate."
"ACNT RUTH."
Kitty was thoughtful for some time.
"Mother, what shall I do?" she asked, anxiously.
"What do you wish, my child?" inquired Mrs. Ward.
"Do you not think that Cousin Sarah would go to Aunt Ruth?" she said, after a pause.
"Very likely," replied the mother.
"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Kitty, eagerly, "I should like so much to go to Woodlawn! It is so delightful there. The company is always refined, intelligent, and entertaining. And Dr. Randall is to be there. He has been abroad for some years, engaged in scientific researches connected with his profession. He knows everything!"
Mrs. Ward saw very well the struggle which her daughter was undergoing, but she only said, "Decide you yourself, my dear," and left her.
Kitty ran up stairs, fully determined to go to Woodlawn, but the first objection that met her gaze was her diary—and the resolution.
Then commenced a sharp conflict. The many and varied delights of Woodlawn

passed before her—the rides the excursions, the boating parties, the fetes of all kinds—and the elegant refinement of its surroundings; and in strong contrast was patient, suffering Aunt Ruth, in her quiet little home, widowed and childless for years, with no company, nothing cheerful.
"Well, now if ever there is a chance to act upon my new resolution—"
To avoid further temptation, Kitty wrote a letter full of regrets to Cousin Alice, and one of acceptance to Aunt Ruth.
Aunt Ruth took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes, when she read Kitty's note, and said, "The blessed child!" and then handed it to the physician by her bedside. This physician, a quiet-looking gentleman, with a broad, white forehead, was a child of a dear, early friend of Aunt Ruth's.
Kitty came at the appointed time, and within a week the house was changed place. The doors and windows were opened, and the sweet air and bright sunshine let in. Roquets were scattered there and there, freshly arranged each day. The rigid arrangement of the furniture was broken. Aunt Ruth's old piano was tuned, and drawn up near the door of her room, that Kitty might sing to her. Aunt Ruth's good old heart was greatly rejoiced by all this change, and the doctor wondered greatly. He saw the effect, and knew Kitty to be the cause, but the means to him was a mystery. From day to day he wondered what change such a bright spirit would make in his grand but sombre old place, a mile or two distant.
Nothing could exceed Kitty's amazement when she found that Aunt Ruth's friend, to whom she had talked so much, was the great doctor. She did not talk much in his presence, for she stood in real awe of him; but her delight was unspeakable in listening to his conversation with Aunt Ruth. His vast knowledge his varied experience, his noble ideas his wonderful life, and she congratulated herself that she knew him so much better than she could have known him at Woodlawn.
To the doctor Kitty was a revelation. He had never had much time or opportunity for enjoying the society of ladies. He was not at all versed in their ways or manners. He thought Kitty's beaming face was like sunshine; her merry laugh like rippling waters; her voice like sweet melody. He noted her womanly ways, her gentleness, her kindness. He found her "never weary of well doing, seeking her own."
"It fell out as Kitty had predicted. Aunt Ruth grew rapidly better. Sooner all, Kitty went to Woodlawn about the time that Dr. Randall did; but, for some reason, she did not enjoy it as she had in former times. Everything lacked tone and interest, and she looked back with a sigh to the quiet conversations in Aunt Ruth's sick-room. She saw but little of Dr. Randall. He seemed engrossed by the gentlemen. The fact was, he avoided her; for, when he saw her so sought by her young friends, no party being complete without her, the delight and joy of all, he began to fear that the society of a dull student like himself must be irksome, and he only then discovered what it would be to him to have her always.
Toward the close of the visit, Dr. Randall proposed that the party should transfer themselves to his place for a week or so. This invitation was hailed with delight; for Randall Place, with its majestic trees, beautiful views, long avenues, gray lawns, and above all, grand mysterious rooms, closed since his mother's death were objects of interest to all. Not the smallest of Kitty's pleasure that she found dear Aunt Ruth there. But yet Kitty carried a dreary heart the while; for it seemed to her that all her interest in life was concentrated in this one spot, and how soon she was to leave it!
One day Dr. Randall sat in his library alone, his head buried in his hands. Aunt Ruth came softly in. She saw his look of wretchedness.
"Thee ought to be a happy man, Hugh Randall, with these broad lands, and thy great opportunities to do good. But thee dost not look so."
"Aunt Ruth, I would give all of this, and more, for the one little ewe lamb that is not mine."
"What dost thou mean, Hugh?"
"I mean that my selfish heart pines for my little Kitty."
Aunt Ruth walked out of the library with more courtesy than her aged body usually permitted, went to Kitty's room, in a manner that might be called excited, and said:
"Katherine, go to the library; the doctor has need of thee."
Kitty hastened, a little alarmed.
"Aunt Ruth says you want me, Dr. Randall."
"I do want you—I do! What else did she tell you? That my whole heart is crying out for you; that my whole heart is hungry and insatiable? But I did not mean to disturb your happy life—I did not mean this knowledge to come to you."
Kitty turned her sweet, true face full

upon him.
"Doctor Randall, in all the world there is nothing I would rather have than your love."
She has been his wife now for six months.
Mrs. Randall is a good and noble woman, Dr. Randall is a good and noble man; and there is no reason why they should not lead good and noble lives. Aunt Ruth has closed her little home, and is her honored guest. Kitty still strives ardently to keep her resolution, but her husband thinks she had never had need to make it.
JAMES CARROLL'S WEAKNESS.
—BY MINNIE J. OWREY.
"To-morrow is the 24th, isn't it, Mary?"
"Yes, it is," answered the young wife sadly.
James Carroll knocked the ashes from his cigar, held it carefully between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand and thoroughly looked into the fire.
Mary's tired fingers showed no signs of weariness, but turned the hem of a sheet mechanically, and then proceeded to taste it for sewing.
"Belle will be three years old," he said, interrogatively.
"Three, James," replied Mary, without a trace of bright smile lighting up her pretty face. James gave a few more whiffs at his nearly consumed cigar, but he did not seem to enjoy it much. A listener would have pronounced Mary a cold, unloving wife, that the gentle presence of her husband, or the return of her baby's birth-day failed to please.
"Lookers-on and listeners do not always look into the depths of the heart to see what struggles are there. So in this instance. Another woman whose life was all sunshine, would have pronounced Mary heartless. Poor thing! She had too much heart for this world's trials. Her wedding day was a blissful one; her husband the ideal of manly perfection. His love, unaccompanied by wealth, was worth more to her than all the treasures of earth. But a cloud arose to dim the brightness of her sky. She soon made the discovery, that he was but human; and that love of wine and possibly some stronger, filled his heart, as well as the love of his wife. He was not what the world would call an intemperate man—a glass a day does not constitute a drunkard, why should she fear?"
At the end of three years he took at least two glasses a day. What had she to hope for in years to come.
"I wish Mary, I was able to make Belle a present every birth-day, in her life, but you know that it is all I can do to get along as it is."
"I know it, James," meekly replied the wife.
James was ill at ease. Something in Mary's manner disturbed him.
"What makes you so solemn and quiet, Mary? Why not sympathize with me, and say you know I had a hard time to get along and that Belle can do without presents better than we can afford to give them?" Fox gave me a wood bill this morning, and Jones wants to know when the grocery bill is to be paid. I don't like to bother with these things, only I want you to understand that as much as I love our little girl I can't afford to make her presents."
"Mary's color came and went. Tears stole into her violet eyes and her heart beat quick and fast. Her trembling fingers guided her needle nsteadily, and her stitches were long and irregular. Three long years she brooded alone over her husband's weakness without a reproach, and much as she dreaded to speak she knew her time had come.
"I wish, dear James, I could economize in something and save money to buy our darling a present. It seems cruel to neglect her birthday so soon."
"I know nothing you could be more prudent in, Mary, and you know I am as economical as possible, don't you?"
It was very hard for the lips that had uttered only the loving words of praise to say no; but a strength not her own came to her aid, and with a sweet smile the wife uttered her first rebuke.
"No, James, I am grieved to say that in some things you are too extravagant. It must be a sin of ignorance, for I know if you realized it you would never wrong your wife and child."
James started up from his seat. His eyes flashed and his cheeks paled.
"Mary! you are crazy!"
"Not crazy, James, but clear-headed for our happiness."
After the first shock passed, and he was prepared to listen, she went on, and in a clear, concise manner, laid before him the cause of her bitter words:
"During the last year you have drunk at least two glasses of liquor a day, haven't you?"
"Why, yes, I suppose so. What of that?"
"Only ten cents a glass—that can't ruin a man."
"Three hundred and sixty-five days which multiplied by twenty cents amounts to seventy-three dollars. And three cigars a day, which I know is far below your average of smoking, will amount to as much more, which makes one hundred and forty dollars. Forty

would pay our coal and grocery bills now due, and leave a balance of one hundred and six dollars for baby and me. You know too that the time spent in drinking is worse than wasted, for tobacco and liquors poison the system, destroy the health, soften the brain, weaken the nerves and bring ruin to thousands of happy homes. There is a lack of tenderness for Belle and me when your nerves are excited by drink. I forgive you freely but the sting is left in my heart."
Mary's effort overcame her and she fell into a passionate fit of weeping.
"The strong man trembled.
"Am I blind? Is it possible I have wronged my dearest treasure?"
They mingled their tears, and talked till a late hour, laying plans for the future, and James begged forgiveness of her he had wronged.
"It is not too late to save my health and strength," said the penitent man, and so it proved.
In one year from that day two beautiful silver cups were brought home by the happy father, one for Belle's fourth birthday, and the other for his wife who had saved him.
"Mary's bore the inscription: "An angel saw me and lifted me up."
On Belle's was neatly engraved: "A little child shall lead them."
Years have passed since then, and the happy couple, in the vigor of life, on each recurring birth-day of Belle, who is now a young lady of eighteen, tell her the trial of her married life, and the great happiness that has grown from self-denial and justice.
The good wife and mother has kept the silver bright, and not a meal has been eaten at home, but the cups are on the table where James could be reminded of the promise he had made, and so faithfully kept.

Moss Skinner's Silver Wedding.
The following narrative will be suggestive to married folk generally:
"It being just twenty-five years since my first wife died, I thought I could not better celebrate the event than by having a grand silver wedding. Alas! twenty-five brief summers, and it seems but the day before yesterday since I returned from the funeral, an altered man, and told the undertaker to call around for his pay in the fall.
"The great trouble in silver weddings is that you are apt to get two or three presents alike; but I flatter myself that I fixed 'em here. In the first place, Mrs. Skinner and I looked over our stock of silverware to see what we were out of, and found that we could take about twenty-five square presents without getting bilious, and then we invited a few children, in reference to nut-crackers, butter-knives and other small fry. I issued my invitations two weeks beforehand, to give everybody a chance to buy a present, and an addition hinted in a delicate manner what I should like each one to bring. So the invitations read very much like this:
"Mrs. Charity Pheasant and Husband
You are both asked
To Mr. and Mrs. Moss Skinner's Silver Wedding,
January 17th.
"Please bring silver ware with extra mustard Jug."
"Mrs. John Brown and Husband
You are both asked
To Mr. and Mrs. Moss Skinner's Silver Wedding,
January 17th.
"We cherished that box in your direction in reference to a silver teapot."
"On the back of each invitation was a neat gilt scroll, enclosing the words, "Please avoid 'molar stones.'"
"To say the affair was a success, would be defrauding the dictionary. I have looked that venerable pamphlet through, but fail to find a word that meets the case. Nothing short of seven syllables and a "French roll" will do, so I gave it up.
"On the arrival of the guests, I took charge of the presents with as much emotion as the value of the presents called for. A silver pipe knife I received with a husky tremor in my voice, while an elegant silver teapot caused me to entirely break down with emotion. But I recovered and went through the trying ordeal with unflinching bravery. Those who didn't bring presents were told they were not at home, which, of course made the gathering more select. We received some very fine presents, including a share in a silver mine, a lock of hair streaked with silver, some silver tones from a maiden's voice, a silver beam from the moon, and some castor oil from a silver taster.
"Then my wife and I stood up and received the silver tongued congratulations of our guests on our happy married life. But I didn't need 'em; no, I should say not. When I see a man utterly crushed in spirit and bald-headed at the premature age of fifty, with a black eye constantly on hand, and a wife who is ready to furnish him with more black eyes at the lowest market price. I pause ere I congratulate him on his matrimonial bliss. Not that I would insinuate that Mrs. Skinner is not as gentle as a dove in the olive-branch business. Not at all. I simply say that in a case like this I should probably pause to the extent of semicolon and a comma ere I congratulate him."
A flash of lightning was recently measured by a French scientist, and was found to be ten and a half miles long.

AFTER THE BALL.
The bloom of beauty fades
In gaudy yellow glance,
And gracefulness is lost
In the jostling crowded dance.
At the ball—after all, after all.
After all the preparations
And dreamings of delight,
There's but little realization
Of true pleasures on a night
At the ball—after all, after all.
Fair women lose their freshness
In the over-heated throng,
Gauze and silks are sadly trampled
When worn with every care
At the ball—after all, after all.
Never sigh for the Academy
When revelry runs high—
To join the crowd of vanity,
Which stars and hastens by
At the ball—after all, after all.
Far fairer, and more winning
Is womanhood, when found
At home in quiet seclusion,
Than in the giddy round
At the ball—after all, after all.
HERNIAL IMPATIENCE.
O lagged year, that lasts long,
When will thy leaden pillows rise,
And thou break into heaving skies,
And be a disimprisoned song?
O burst into the heaving Spring!
And roll away these cold, dark days;
Inspire Zephyrus notes of praise,
That long to thaw a frozen wing.
Thou, too, art part of Nature's truth,
And in thy mystery thou art good;
Yet roll from over field and flood,
And bring us Spring's eternal youth.
I long for April's sweet sublime,
And Earth reverts the bowers of Eve,
And Angels in the night shall scarce
The dauntless flag of Time.
When all the world shall answer God,
In living greenness to the eye,
Beneath an interlarding sky,
And over a daisy-quickened sod.
When fragrant comes Creation's breath,
And Nature is a cheek in bloom;
Life wakes—and pulses dash and shoot—
In Resurrection out of Death.
—Chimney's Journal.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.
When the city of Mexico was taken by the Spaniards under Cortez, in 1519, it occupied several in the Lake Texcoco. The water, from various influences, chiefly volcanic, has since receded, and the city, although still retaining its ancient site, is now two and a half miles distant from the lake. At the time of the Spanish conquest, however, it presented very much the appearance of Venice, a "city in the sea," "throned on her hundred isles," the margins of whose broad and narrow canal-streets were in many places lined with splendid mansions. According to the ancient Spanish historians, the native Mexicans had at that time attained a degree of perfection in various arts, for which they do not appear to have been in any way inferior to the civilization of the old world, and which must have been an outgrowth of indolent native talent. Among the many novelties and wonders which met the eyes of the Spaniards were the chinampas, or floating gardens, which abounded on the lake, and supplied the city with vegetables, fruits and flowers, the latter being in great request among the Mexicans for decorating the altars of their gods. These gardens were formed by constructing a large raft from the reeds and other aquatic plants which grew by the shores of the lake, making it sufficiently firm and buoyant to sustain a quantity of soil which was spread over the surface, and kept in position by a low fence wicker work or intertwined reeds and branches which ran round the edge of the raft. The fertility of these little floating islands, owing to the constant supply of moisture, is very remarkable, and the old chroniclers describe them as being literally covered with flowers and fruit and verdure. The city of Mexico is still to a great extent supplied from these singular market gardens, which form the sole support of some villages on the shores of the lake, inhabited by families of the descendants of the aboriginal race who fell beneath the treachery of the sanguinary Cortez. Two of these villages, Santa Anita and Itzacocol, which are not very far from Mexico, are particularly noted for the production of beautiful flowers, and at certain seasons, when their floating gardens are in full bloom, they are a favorite resort of pleasure parties of the citizens.
SELLING HOMESTEADS.
There is something amazing to us in the readiness with which Americans part with their homesteads. It is painful to see how little attachment they seem to have for the place where they are born.
Boys grow up. Their father dies. The farm house where they first saw the light, the spot where their infant days were passed; where they played in their boyhood, is put up and sold to the highest bidder as mercifully as a man's arm, and more frequently in small fragments, extracted with irregular pointed instruments. The wood is excellent for house, ship-timber and furniture, and, excepting the oak and cypress, is the only wood never attacked by the myriads of voracious insects in the East Indies. The common kinds of capbar are produced by distillation.
GOOD LANGUAGE.—Young people should acquire the habit of correct speaking and writing, and abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you put this off, the more difficult the acquisition of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim will most probably be doomed to talk slang for life. You have merely to use the language which you read, notice of the slang which you hear, to form a taste in the country with the best speakers and poets in the country.
As it is a Christian duty to love others it is likewise obligatory on us to use all helps that may make us lovely, and warm ourselves into the good affections of those around us.
Italy is receiving corn from America to make into whiskey. During October, Boston sent 2,000 barrels of whiskey to Turkey. Number of Bibles sent, not stated.
A ponyweight of silver in England is now represented by eight grains Troy. In the middle of the thirteenth century it was twenty-four grains Troy.
Dean Swift says: It is with narrow ended people as it is with narrow-necked bottles; the more they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

CATTLE RAISING IN TEXAS.
A residence of a few weeks in San Antonio affords one a good look into the cattle trade of Western Texas, one of the most remarkable industries of the Southwest. One might with justice call it an indolence industry—it accomplishes great results in a lazy, disorderly way; and makes men millionaires before they have had time to arouse themselves, and go to work. Cattle trading is a grand pastime with hundreds of Texans. They like the grandiloquent sound of a "purchase of sixty thousand head." There is something at once princely and patriarchal about it. They enjoy the adventurous life on the great grazing plains, the freedom of the ranch, the possibility of an Indian incursion, the swift couring on horseback over the great stretches, the romance of the road. Nearly all the immense region up the Colorado to the Rio Grande is given up to stock raising. The woe of the grass cutter is the glory from end to end, and the horses, cattle and sheep luxuriate in it; while the giant pen throws down stores of oily nuts every year for the wandering hordes to revel over. The mountain regions around San Antonio offer superb facilities for sheep husbandry; and the valleys along the streams are fertile enough for the most exacting farmer. There are millions of cattle now scattered over the plains between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, and the number is steadily increasing. It is not uncommon for a single individual to own 200,000 head of cattle. —Scraper's.

A LAKE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP.
A New England journal relates the following: A body of water, said to cover an area of two acres or more, has just been discovered on the top of one of the mountains in Glenbury. Some of the oldest inhabitants say that many years ago it was known to be there and was called the "Lost Pond," and that one day Stephen Pratt, son of Bennington, Vt., and two other gentlemen were roaming about the then seemingly interminable forests. Happening to have books and lines in their pockets, they determined to see if there wasn't some trout in the small brook which they came across. After getting into the woods in a reckless way they threw their books into the little brook, and to their amazement, as they afterward expressed it themselves, "it was filled with trout!" They fished along the stream a few rods, and to their utter astonishment came to the pond above mentioned. There they said the trout "took hold too fast for sport!" They caught more than they could bring home through the woods, and were consequently obliged to leave some, but with a determination that they would visit the pond the next day. After a long march, they finally reached the road to town, where they had left their team, but greatly fatigued. They travelled all the next day, but could not find the pond, and it has not been discovered until now.

A GENIAL ISLE.
"Bernards is a whimsical creature," writes a correspondent "a sort of stationary ship's deck, moored just below the Golf Stream, which, with its warm air currents, presents an effectual barrier to the snobs and winter blasts of the neighboring continent. For nine months in the year—from October to June, the temperature is as equally, perhaps, as that of any part of the world, ranging between 50 and 75 degrees, and in winter averaging 60 degrees. In summer, it seldom exceeds 85 degrees, but the excessive moisture in the sea air is then relaxing, oppressive, and debilitating. The general climate is beautiful and favorable to longevity. At intervals Bernards has occasionally been visited with yellow fever, but there is no doubt that the disease was each time imported by commercial intercourse. To the incipient invalid it is a delicious contrast to pass, in a few days, from the bitter cold of a northern winter to the genial atmosphere of Bernards—to exchange for snow covered streets, carpet covered hills lighted up with banks of Oleander. Roses, geraniums, and other flowers bloom profusely, and green peas and strawberries are eaten at Christmas."
The mineral resources of Virginia and West Virginia are now evidently in a fair way of development. There are seventeen coal mines open or nearly ready for working in these States, while seven iron mines are in operation, or about to be. Twelve iron furnaces have also been built or projected within the last two months, which will probably produce 120,000 tons of pig iron annually and consume 1,000,000 tons of coal. This rapid progress indicates that the Virginia will ere long be great iron-producing States, and enjoy all the consequent prosperity.

A BURNING TREE.—The camphor tree pertains the air, and its leaves are the finest. It often reaches a hundred feet in height, with a girth of fifty feet. The precious gum is found sometimes in layers as large as a man's arm, and more frequently in small fragments, extracted with irregular pointed instruments. The wood is excellent for house, ship-timber and furniture, and, excepting the oak and cypress, is the only wood never attacked by the myriads of voracious insects in the East Indies. The common kinds of capbar are produced by distillation.
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