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

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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. Deshauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug 6

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1872.

M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT, aug 6 9tf Friendsville, Pa.

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Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

J. C. WHEATON,

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W. A. CROSSMON,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMON.

Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE & CO.

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

LAW OFFICE.

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.

L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

ABEL TURRELL,

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Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y.

WM. H. SCOVILL, JEROME DEWITT.

June 18th, 1873.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

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

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING,

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

DR. S. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Administers Electro Thermal Baths, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult on all Chronic Diseases.

Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

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, '72—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. 28, 1873.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE

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

R. B. LITTLE, GEO. F. 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.

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HARNESS-MAKERS. Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Blankets, Whips and everything pertaining to the line, cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done promptly and in good style.

Montrose, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873.

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THE HAPPY BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by E. McKenzie & Co., 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.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

PHILLIP HAHN, Proprietor.

Fresh and Salted Meats, Ham, Pork, Bologna Sausage, etc., of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1873.—1y

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 Beckhow, 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.

DR. W. W. SMITH,

DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door north of Dr. Halsey's, 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—tf

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COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

No. 170 Broadway, New York City.

Attends to all kinds of Attorney Business, and conducts causes in all the Courts of both the State and the United States.

Feb. 11, 1874.—y.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.

S. S. BURNS. AMOS NICHOLS.

Feb. 21, 1873

PRINT

JOB PRINTING

Executed

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

Try Us.

POETRY.

THE OLD MAN AT THE FAIR.

—o—

I'm very dusty and tired wife! I've just come
home from the fair;
So give me my pipe and tobacco, and I'll smoke
in my easy chair;
It's a tiresome work a playin' for feeble old
men like me;
It's a tiresome work a seein' where every one
wishes to see.

Our fairs are a runnin' down; they are not like
the fairs of old,
Where you took prizes for bread, and butter as
yellow as gold;
There were hundreds of useful things, that were
worth seein' then.
Now, dozens of racin' horses, and hundreds of
bettin' men.

What all this sportin will lead to is more than
I now can tell;
But, somehow, it seems to me like the down-
ward road to h—well,
I may be a little harsh, but I'm speaking the
simple truth,
For bettin,' racin,' and drinkin,' are the foes of
our noble youth.

We shall come to a nation of gamblers, if matters
keep on this way;
Why, what do you think? a youngster accused
me of bettin' to day;
When I laid my hand on the head—that hasn't
seen ten years set—
And called him a fine little fellow—he answered
me back, "You bet!"

Tut! tut! little man," said I, "that thing I have
never done;
Come stand by your grandpa's knee! let me
reason with you, my son."
He straightened up in his clothes and said, with
a look so queer,
I didn't come here for 'preachin;' old man
walk off on your ear!"

We never heard talk like that when you and I
were young;
My father and mother—bless 'em—put a bridle
upon my tongue.
I'm old, and I'm gettin' blind, but a difference I
can see
'Twixt the boys of eighteen hundred and eight-
een seventy-three.

How is it about the girls? They, too, from
the path have strayed;
I didn't see one a showin' the butter her hands
had made;
They stood in their pony phetons, with a wo-
man's ease and grace;
And shouted as loud as any when a favorite
won a race.

All eyes were watching the track; the race was
every man's theme;
And I said to myself, "Is this a fair; or is it on
ly a dream?"
I saw 'bout a dozen boys lookin' around at the
sheep and swine,
And the frosts of seventy winters had silvered
their heads like mine.

Why on earth don't they change the name when
the wrong name it has got?
No longer call it a fair, but an agricultural
trot;
Then men won't be takin' things for sensible
men to see,
With nobody there to see 'em but crippled old
men like me.

There, take my pipe and tobacco! I'll sleep in
my easy chair;
It's tiresome work a talkin' about a degenerate
fair;
You needn't disturb me, wife, till the bells of
the evening chime,
For I may go back in my dreams to the fairs of
olden time.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

WHEN I WAS DROWNED.

—o—

BY WM. MAYER.

—o—

For the third time I have called on Laura Mansfield, and for the third time the servant had met me with, "Miss Mansfield is not at home to Mr. Talbot," and I had turned away from the door.

What this meant I was at a loss to conjecture. When I heard it the first time I was puzzled and amazed, the next time pained, but now I was maddened, and felt that it had been intended as an insult.

"Not at home to Mr. Talbot!"—Pleasant message from the woman who had promised to be my wife, was it not? Why, it was but a week ago that she had placed her face to mine, and confessed that she was very happy because I loved her; and now she was "not at home."

I had known Laura Mansfield many years before I had asked her to be my wife. So far as the world judges, I was her equal in wealth and family as well as in intellectuality. I say "so far as the world judges," because I do not judge men and women as the world of fashion goes. That man would be a very shallow one, in my opinion, who could think of measuring his love against aught but the woman's love for him.

I loved Laura and loved her truly. I was no weak, puling boy, full of crude fancies of love, but an earnest man, who knew why he loved and trusted. She was a woman, guided by her reason and her love; not a giddy, capricious girl. But we differed in that I was somewhat sluggish in thought and decision, while she was impetuous in her decision.

I tried to recall every word and look of our last evening together, but could remember nothing that would give me a clue to her present action, and for the hundredth time in the last few days was forced to give it up.

"Not at home" to me! Very well, I would not trouble her to send the message again. The world would wag on much as it had done, and men's lives were made of tougher material than to be withered by a woman's frown.

While these thoughts were running through my mind, I had walked on and on, paying but little heed to my steps until I had passed the village, followed the lane leading to the river, but stopped only when I came to the bank.

I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of the busy hammers of the bridge builders, and I threw myself under a tree and watched them hew and match the timbers and planks, and then raise them to their proper places. The hum of the workmen's voices had a cheery sound in it, and at last led me to go out among them.

I picked my way among the timber carefully and was almost at the end of the completed part, when I fancied I heard my name spoken on the shore. I turned without thinking where I was, missed my footing upon the plank, had time to call for help, and the next instant was under water.

It seemed an age to me before I rose again. Down, down, down I went in the greenish water, and then without any apparent cause I began to rise. The water hurt my eyes, and there was a roaring noise in my ears as if a thousand cannon were thundering in discord upon every side of me. But my thinking faculties were unclouded, and my mind was busy turning over and recalling all that I had read or heard of what men should do who were in danger of drowning. I wondered if the workmen would be ready with assistance for me when I reached the surface, and I remembered that I would have but three chances for my life. Then I was above water.

No one was near to help me. I called out with all my strength for help, and struck out with my hands and feet as I had seen swimmers do; but it was all of no avail; I sank again.

Oh! the horrible noises within my head. They were growing louder and louder. I cursed my foolish fancies, that had prevented my learning to swim when I was a boy. And why were not the men doing something for me. They had to throw out a board or a rope and I would be saved. They must have seen and heard me fall—Will they be ready now? O, God! have mercy and send me help! There is a man with a rope! Ah, it fell short. The fool! why is he so slow? Help!. He—. The word is finished under water, and I have choked myself with what I have swallowed. The terrible, terrible, roaring noise! My head will split asunder. I have but one more chance. If but a hand was near me, if some one would but save me. I cannot die. I am not ready—it cannot be! There is light again. Father in Heaven help me!

There comes a boat. Hurry, oh, hurry! How slow they come! Oh, Heaven, one minute more, but one short minute! Help! O, the clumsy fool. He has lost his oar; and I am left to drown.

I won't go down; I will not drown. Oh, this cursed, yielding water; these garments of lead. I won't go down. Ha, I am rising. No, I cannot feel myself move. But the infernal roar has increased in my head and maddens me. There are ten thousand shrieking devils within my ears. They yell like tortured souls in hell; louder it grows; louder!

Why, what is this! Music! Yes, sweetest, dreamiest music comes stealing upon my senses and drives away the hordes of Satan. 'Tis sweeter, this, than life. Am I in Heaven? No water covers me; no fear or dread rests upon my spirit; I am content; my soul is full of peace and rest.—This must be heaven; but I all alone.

I must have floated in the invisible ether, for here I see another world. There are hills and mountains, trees and flowers, and men and women walking to and fro. Now like the place where first I lived; it is the self same place. I seem to remember that little boy who runs along the streets. It is myself! Follow him! see him pinch that lame boy, push over the little girl at the corner, worry the old blind soldier. Yes, I did all that.—They were funny then, but they seem fearfully cruel now. I wish I had never been so bad.

Follow him still; he drinks and swears and gambles. Stop him. Oh, if I had never done these things! But he goes on to worse yet. His life was all bad: it was my life, my own evil life. If I but had it to live again.

But his heart is not all bad. See him kneel beside that maiden and swear to live a better life. Love has touched his heart, and love is but another name for God. He strives hard to conquer himself; he is succeeding slowly; there he sits beside the woman he loves. Yes, it is Laura and myself. My face is trustful and happy, but Laura's is somewhat suspicious. I hear her words and am living over again my last night with her. There a letter drops on the floor, but I do not think it is mine, and I turn to go out with "good night" on my lips.—Before I close the door I turn around, and there is a bitter, scornful smile upon her face. What could that letter have been? It was not mine. Hold! It must have been the one I lost and had forgotten until now. I saw it fall, but thought it had dropped from Laura's hand. I ought to have remembered it before. It was from my old friend Jessie King, and I thought I had put it on my table.

That must have been the letter Laura found. Yes—and it accounts for her subsequent behavior. The letter was but a line: "Dear Frank, I will wait for you at H—. Saturday." Laura must have supposed Jessie was a lover, while she was really married to my cousin John.

"Saturday." When will Saturday come I wonder? She will not find me there. And Laura? She will learn some day that Jessie was but a friend. How remorseful she will be. And mother—poor old mother—what will she do when they tell her that I am never coming to her again?

Ah, life, you were pleasant and bright but if this is death, give me what I have. I hear the heavenly music once more, and my spirit turns to it. How sweet, how enchantingly sweet; a delicious languor creeps upon my soul, and woos me to sleep.

Oh, horrors, what was that? There it is again. Can it be hell? Millions of devils are torturing me. They are creeping into my lungs, my heart, my brain; now they pierce my every nerve. Oh, God, have pity! They come in myriads; they pour hot lead in my veins, they dance upon me, and their feet are full of hot irons that pierce me through and through Have pity, Lord, have pity! Oh, they grow more cruel; let me out of this! By Heaven, I will meet the very prince of devils hand to hand.

I made a glorious fight. I—I opened my eyes.

"Mother!" I cried.

"Yes."

"Send word to Laura and tell her who Jessie is."

"Jessie who?"

"Jessie King."

"I will, but keep quiet now."

I closed my eyes, and when next I opened them, Laura was sitting beside me. She kissed me, saying, "Can you forgive me, dear Frank?"

Yes, I could forgive her love.

"How did you know I was jealous of some Jessie," she asked.

"I saw it all when I was drowned," I answered.

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE,

—o—

Cressy Mitchell and John Martin met at a little picnic party in a country village, where she was passing a few weeks of the intolerable hot summer, and he—well he was reading law for the present with Esquire Morgan the village oracle, and working about the Squire's farm to pay his board.

John Martin was a handsome young man, and as good as he was handsome. So said Mrs. Morgan and all the ladies of the village, as also did the children, who loved him dearly for his kind acts and the cheerful words he had for every one.

The young ladies all seemed to have a great deal of regard for him, for they each and all foresaw that such a good young man must make an excellent husband; and besides, they felt assured that he would become very rich, as well as influential; for was he not reading law with Squire Morgan, who had gained riches and influence in the practice of his profession?

But somehow, John had failed to appreciate the regard of any young lady until he met Cressy Mitchel, and from that time he felt that his heart was no longer his own.

Cressy was a beauty and she knew it, he doted on it. It was passing strange that she would feel willing to deprive herself of the homage of her many suitors and banish herself to a country village, even for a limited period. But she had on making her appearance at the summer resort of her fashionable friends, when the season was half over, coming fresh and hearty from her country retreat, while the belles of fashion would have become already worn and weary with fashionable dissipation.

This was the reason for her seclusion, and with a swift, comprehensive glance she scanned the face and features of John Martin, inwardly rejoicing that such a handsome and agreable young man was to be her companion during her stay in the village.

She did not have one thought that he would fail to present himself as a candidate for her favor. She knew her power and felt sure that John Martin's love would soon be hers.

It was even as she had anticipated. At every picnic, pleasure excursion or party gotten up in the village, John Martin was her escort and companion, and ere the time which she had allowed herself to stay had passed, she was sure that she possessed all the love of John Martin's generous, noble heart.

She had learned to love him also. His superiority over all other men with whom she had associated, forced her to yield to him the respect which was due him, and respect soon ripened into a warm feeling, which Cressy Mitchell would not acknowledge even to her own heart.

The time drew near for her to take her departure from the village, and John Martin had called to say good-bye. Without preliminaries, and no words of cringing flattery such as her former suitors had invariably made use of, he told her in a straightforward manly way, of his love for her, and asked her to give him her hand in marriage.

For a time there was a severe struggle in the breast of this beautiful creature of fashion. She loved John Martain. She knew it, and her better nature cried loudly for a hearing in this case.

But pride and ambition whispered in her ear, "You must not thus fling away all your bright hopes and prospects for the future; you may form a splendid alliance; become the wife of a millionaire; wear laces and diamonds and revel in wealth and luxury, do not let the promptings of your heart, but let reason guide you."

Thus importuned by the voice of selfish ambition, she put the one love of her heart away from her, and, turning to the man who stood with folded arms waiting her decision, she said:

"Mr. Martain, I cannot afford to indulge in romantic dreams; that I love you I will not deny, but you are poor and I am not rich; consequently each must form a more prudent alliance."

He stood for a moment, as if transfixed while the cold, worldly ideas expressed by Cressy were floating through his brain. Was this to be the end of the bright dream of happiness which he had so tenderly cherished? Alas, he felt that all the world must be false and cold, now that his idol had fallen, and his beautiful Cressy, whom he had invested with all the charms and virtues of an angel, had changed into a cold, scheming, worldly creature.

But he recovered his self-possesion and extended his hand, he shook her's warmly, and with a "good-bye, Cressy, God bless you and make you happy," he hurried away.

The next day Cressy joined her fashionable friends at the ——Springs, and for the time forgot John Martin and his love.

* * * * * *

Summer passed, and winter came with its round of metropolitan gayety. It was midwinter, and the "affair of the season" came off at the house of the leader of the "ton;" none but the elite were there, of course, and indeed, they were of the "exclusive" set.

As Cressy was promenading the spacious saloon, leaning upon the arm of a cavalier, her escort suddenly paused before a tall gentleman, who stood leaning against a pillar viewing a gay throng with a weary air. "Miss Mitchell," he said "I am happy to be able to present to you a valued friend of mine, who informs me that he had the honor and pleasure of a few weeks' acquaintance with you during the past summer."

Cressy raised her eyes and met those of John Martin fixed earnestly upon her. Her heart gave an impulsive bound, but she checked its mad pulsations and replied coldly:

"Ah, yes; I believe I did have a slight acquaintance with the gentleman."

Without another word she moved on, and, as the gentleman led her to a seat, he said;

"Really, Miss Mitchell, you are a wonder of your sex."

"Indeed sir; and why?"

"I don't believe another young lady present would have treated John Martin, the millionaire, as coolly as you did just now."

"John Martin, the millionaire," she echoed.

"Aye; he's rich as Crœsus."

"But when I knew him he was a law student."

"Oh, pooh! that was one of his odd freaks; he always feared he would be valued for his money, and not for himself."

As soon as Cressy could free herself from her obsequious escort and admirer, she sought John Martin, and endeavored to explain her conduct; but he would give her no opportunity to do so, and persisted in treating her as "a slight acquaintance."

In a few weeks he brought his bride to the city, and introduced her to his fashionable friends. She was a simple, innocent country girl, but as the wife of John Martin, she was welcomed to the best society. And Cressy never ceased to regret that she pronounced Martin *only "a slight acquaintance."*

How Squire Skaggs got Skinned.

—o—

"You see," said the squire, pitching his voice to an exegetical altitude, "it wuz this way. Last Chuseday wuz a week ago, I sailed down from Gwinnet to Atlancy with seven bags of cotoon. Arter I sold em, I kinder loafed 'around lookin at things in general an' feelin' jest as happy as you please, when who should I run agin but Kurnel Blasengame. Me an Kurnel used to be boys together, an' wewuz as thick as five kittens in a rag basket. we drunk outen the same goad, an' we got the lint snatched outen us by the same bandylegged school teacher. I wuz as lonesome as the rain crow, afore I struck up with the kurnel, an' I wuz glad to see him—durned glad. We knocked roun' town right smartually, an' the Kurnel interjuced me to a whole raft of fellers—mighty nice boys they wuz, too, Arter sapper the Kurnel says,

"'Skaggs,' says he, 'less go to my room where we kin talk over old times sqrter comfortable an' ondisturbed like.

"'Greeable,' says I, we walked a square or so an' turned into an alley an walked up a narrer par of stairs. The kurnal gin a little rap at a green door, an' a slick lookin' merlatter popped out an' axed us in. He wuz the darndest perliest, nigger you ever seen. He just got up an' spun aroun' like a tom cat with her tail afire. The room wuz as fine as a fidule an' full of pictures an' sofys, and the cheers wuz as soft as lam' swool, an' I thought to myself that the kurnel wuz a lugsuriant cuss That wuz a lot of mighty nice fellers scattered roun'a laflin' an atalkin' quite soshable like. Aperient the kurnel wuzent much sot back, for sorter laffd to himself an, then he says:

"'Kurnel, what about that new parlor game you got out the other day?'

"'Oh, says the kurnel, lookin' sorter sheepish, 'that wuz a humbug. I can't make head or tail outen it."

"I'll bet I kin manage it, says Judge Hightower' quite animated like.

"I'll show you how, jedge, with pleasure,' says the kurnel, an' then he went to a table, unlocked a box, an' tuck out a deck of keerds, an' a whole lot of little what youmaycallems, similar to horn butto ns some white an, some red."

Squire Skaggs paused and supplied his tireless jaws with a fresh quid of tobacco.

"It ain't no use to tell you any more. When them fellers got done larnin' me that game I didn't have money enough to take me down stairs. I lay I looked a little while, for when the Judge closed the box he said:

"'We have had a pleasant evening" sduire. You'll find the kurnel waitin' for you on the steps, an he'll give you yous money back.'

"I ain't never laid my dyes on the kurnel since, an' when I do that's got to be a case for the kurnel—you mind my words. I seed Rufe Lester next day—you know Rufe; he's in the legislature now, but I used to give him popcorn when he wuzen't so high—I seed Rufee an' he sed I was sick in by the Pharoah men. Tuck in ain't no name for it. Derned ef I didn't go to the bottom an' git skinned alive."

Couldn't Take His Own Medicine.

—o—

Cabarrus, homœpathic physician, who had just died in Paris:

Midlle Julia Barren was out of sorts and sent for him.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor.

"O! I hardly know myself." she replied, "my spirits are terribly unequal.—Sometimes I am greatly elated, and then I suddenly sink into the deepest melancholy."

After a moment's reflection, Caburrus said gravely:

"I'm afraid there's but one way to cure you."

"What is it?', she inquired eagerly.

"You must get married." he replied, with a mirthful twinkle of the eye, but still keeping a grave face.

"Well, said Middle. Barren, after a little hesitation, followed by a long drawn sigh of relief; perhaps you are right.—Would you mary me?"

"*Ma chere.*" replied Cabrrus, blandly, "the doctor prescribes, but doesn't take his own medicines.,'

"And have you no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea captain "Oh, yes, madam, I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years!" "Really! Was he bred there, and what was his taste—sea or land?" "No, madam, he wasn't bread, he was meat—leastways the natives ate him; and for his taste—the chief said he tasted of terbaccer." The lady walked to another part of the ship, and the captain smiled, and took a fresh quid of "terbaccer" himself.

"What is heavens best gift to man?" asked a young lady the other night, smiling sweetly on a pleasant looking clerk.

"A hoss!" replied the young man, with great prudence.

THE LITTLE WIFE.

BY HETTIE A. MORRISON.

The little wife laid her knitting down,
And looked at the clock and said:
"It is time I put the kittle on,
And the cloth on the table spread,
For the clock is near the stroke of six,
And I've hardly time to see
That the kettle boils and the toast is made,
When John will be home to tea."

The table she drew to the coziest nook,
And she laid the plates for two—
They were but plain delf, there was silver
none,
And the dishes they were few.
"But butter and bread and some cake
and fruit,
As dainty as they can be;
And the cloth is white," said the little wife,
"That is what John likes to see."

The little wife took out a dressing-grown
And spread on cushioned chair,
And before it a pair of slippers placed,
Far too large for her to wear,
And she patted the gown and softly said:
"Lie there that warm you may be,
For the night is cold, for John to put on
When he shall come home to tea."

The little wife braided and smoothed her
hair,
And put on a prettier dress,
A bit of soft lace and a knot of gray silk
To finish it at the breast.
Then she looked in the glass, and blushed
and smiled.
And she was a picture fair to see!
And excused herself—"John will be so
pleased
With the dress when he comes home to
tea."

But it must be late, the kettle has boiled,
And the toast is getting dry;
It is growing late, and the street lamps
shine,
But the footsteps all pass by.
The little wife peeps out of the front hall-
door,
Then runs to the garden-gate;
But he does not come, and "O dear," she
sighs,
"'Tis a tiresome thing to wait."

Then she tries to read, but whether or no
The tale is gloomy or gay,
She could not have told, for her restless
thoughts,
With her heart, are far away.
Again and again to the front hall-door
She goes to look up the street,
Each far-away footstep making her heart
With a hope to faster beat.

"Why, it must be hours," said the little
wife,
With a pet and ugly frown;
"I'd like to know what at this time of
night
John can be doing down town?
If he cared for me he would surely come,
But I've often heard it said—
And I half believe it now—that a man
Loves only till he's wed.

"But he shall not know if it breaks my
heart,
I will have my tea—so there!"
Her cheeks are so red and her eyes are so
bright;
She looks at the vacant chair,
And her knife falls down, and "Oh, dear,"
she says,
And then begins to cry,
"I wonder was ever a six months's wife
So miserable as I?"

"John would never stay if he was alive,"
The little wife sobbingly said,
"And so all this time I've been blaming
him,
It may be that John is dead."
"Why, bless me, what's this?" says a man-
ly voice,
Tender as tender can be,
And the clock is just pointing to half past
six!
And John has come home to tea.

OUR LUCKY DAY.

There is no lack of remarkable days in the lives of great heroes and humble yeomen alike. Cæsar had his ominous ideas of March and Jack the sailor dreads evil Friday.

The almanacs of every nation on earth are filled with mysterious signs, telling the credulous husbandman when to sow and when to reap, and the customs and usages of all lands designate certain days as favorable or fatal to weddings.

The one common feature in all these superstitions is, however, the evil augury which seems invariably to attach itself to such peculiar days; they bring death, according to an old prophecy; or, at least, they are disastrous to weighty enterprises.

They are anticipated with vague but harassing doubt; they are passed in deadly dread and they leave behind them, even after all has gone well, but an increased fear of what they may bring in their speedy return.

All the more gratifying is it, therefore, to meet with one of those rare days which seem, in advance, to have been marked with a white stone, and which, not superstition, but history itself, points out to us as full of happy auguries. Every now and then, a man is heard to boast, that such a day has for many years been propitious to all his plans; and occasionally real good fortune has come, with strange and startlingly regularity, on the same day, more than once in life.

But, rare as these cases are, a day full of happy promises for a whole nation is still rarer—and yet such a day we can boast of in our Fourth of July.

It assumes its strange and mysterious influence over our national destiny in the very first records of our existence.

Walter Raleigh, in his restless activity and enlightened ambition, had fitted out, at his own expense, two small but stanch, vessels, and sent them, under two trusty captains—Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlowe—to sail toward the setting sun, and explore the unknown seas that lay in that direction.

Full of courage, and high hopes, the adventurers had left their native land in the month of April, 1584, and, after the manner of those days, sailed slowly and cautiously by way of the southern route, touching here and there on many a rich island, to refresh the crew and revictual their ships.

At last they ventured boldly into unknown waters, and began anxiously to gaze from masthead and poop, wondering what strange marvels there would arise before their amazed eyes on the western horizon. Their expectations were to be fully rewarded; for we read in the quaint but graphic "Account of the First Voyage made to the Coast of America" (Hakluyt, iii. 301,) the following report:

"The second of July we found shole water, wher we smelt so sweet and strong a smell as if we had bene in the midst of some delicious garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be farr distant; and, keeping good watch and bearing but slacke saile, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and not a forine land."

Thus, it will be seen it was on a fourth of July that the Tudor flag of England was for the first time unfurled in sight of our land, and that the foundation was laid for the empire of a new race on this continent.

The delighted crew then went on shore, landing, in all probability, on Worken Island, outside of Pamlico Sound, and formally took possession of the New World in the name of the Queen's Majesty.

But when the two captains returned full of glowing accounts of the surpassing beauty and the matchless fertility of the newly discovered land, and after the surprisingly short passage landed, in the month of September of the same year, once more in an English harbor, all England was in a glow of excitement; and court, city, and country, listened eagerly to the strange tales of the new Indies, and gazed with awe and wonder on Manteo, the Indian, who had come home with the sailors—a living evidence of what was by many fondly believed to be the true El Dorado.

The Queen herself, in her frigid virginity, could not resist the universal enthusiasm; and when she heard the reports of the two captains "as the greatest mark of honor she could do the discovery, she called the country by the name of Virginia, as well from that it was first discovered in her reign—a virgin queen—as that it did still seem to retain the virgin purity and plenty of the first creation, and the people the primitive innocence" (R. Beverly, "History of Virginia," p. 3.)

Many generations of English settlers had already been born in the New World, and countless tribes of natives had disappeared forever from the nations of the earth, when the Fourth of July once more asserted its mysterious connection with the fact of our country.

A solemn meeting, it had been arranged, should be held in the central town of Lancaster, in the new province of Pennsylvania, and there appeared on the one side commissioners of the great sea board colonies, and on the other a motly crowd of deputies from that powerful confederacy of Indians known as the Six Nations.

After much speaking and bargaining, in both of which engagements the children of the forest proved by no means inferior to their wily and experienced adversaries, the conference was brought to a happy close on the Fourth of July 1744, when "the Indians gave in their order, five yo-hahs and the English agents three hurahs."

Two striking features characterized this memorable meeting. On the famous day Canapatego, an eloquent Onondago warrior, rose solemnly from his blanket, on which he had been seated, and addressed the Englishmen present in these remarkable words:

"We have only one thing farther to say, and this is, we heartily recommend union and good agreement between you and your brethern.—Never disagree, but preserve a strict friendship for each other, and thereby you, as well as we, will become the stronger."

Strange advice, most assuredly to come from such a source!

The practical result of the meeting in the next place, was, for the sum of about four hundred pounds sterling, the Indians made "a deed recognizing the King's rights that are or shall be by his majesty's appointment in the colony of Virginia;" and the lands of Maryland were, in a like manner, confirmed to Lord Baltimore, within definite limits.

"Thus," says Bancroft, "did Great Britain at once acquire and confirm its claims to the great basin of the Ohio, and, and at the same time, protect its northern frontier." (History of America, vol. iii., p. 453.) and thus the Fourth of July became once more all important to our destinies, bringing us, by a solemn treaty, an absolute right to the Great West by purchase, and laying the corner-stone of a new, vast empire, soon to be added to the earliest colonies on the sea-coast.

It was only ten short years later, when, under peculiarly startling circumstances, and with the distant thunder of war already filling all hearts with fear and awe, that another Fourth of July added new significance and greater importance to that remarkable date.

Commissioners had met in the town of Albany, in the State of New York, to confer upon a plan of union of all the colonies, in anticipation of war with France.

The necessity of thus securing their existence, threatened by a formidable enemy, was felt by them all; the means of averting the danger and the way of accomplishing the union alone were doubtful.

Benjamin Franklin, whose calm, cool mind fully appreciated the vast importance of the proposed union, had drawn up a plan, practical plan; to this all the colonies agreed, except Connecticut, and on the Fourth of July it was signed.

Although, subsequently, the British Government refused its assent, and consequently the proposed concert of action could not be made available for the time, there can be no doubt that this plan of a union of the colonies served as a basis, if not as a model, for the successful union of later days, and that, therefore, the conference of Albany, marked once more by the mysterious date, was of the utmost importance to our national existence.

The paramount significance of that day as the date on which the Union itself began its glorious career, is to well known to admit of more than a mere reference. The careful reader of history, however, cannot fail being struck by the remarkable coincidence which seem to follow the month and day throughout our annals.

On the fourth of July, 1734, Benjamin Franklin, then slowly rising in the esteem of his countrymen, had signed the Treaty of Alabama; on the fourth of July, 1776, the same great American, now known all over the world as a statesman and a philosopher, signed once more the Declaration of Independence.

Nor does the importance of the day end here. On the fourth of July, 1754, George Washington, then an humble officer in the colonial army, had been compelled, by the fate of war, to surrender at Fort Necessity, the rude stockade at Great Meadows. He withdrew with his troops from the basin of the Ohio, and from its mouth in the Gulf to the head-springs of the Ohio, the lillies of France were triumphant.

On the fourth of July, 1776, the same George Washington was successfully commanding all the armies of America, and was beginning the great war that was to end in the defeat of England and the birth of a new nation.