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VOLUME 31.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1874.

NUMBER 19.

Business Cards.

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POETRY.

SPRING WORSHIP. As some fond mother loves to run, And in her darling's cradle keep, And feast upon him in his sleep, And find her doting never done. To watch his blossoming expand; To see his budding every day; Nor let an hour slip away: Without some favor from her hand— So I, when Candicans is o'er, And leaden days of gloomy cheer, Deign to watch his budding quick— A kind of crime to stay within. I think it then a natural sin— When shooting germs begin to prick, And buds are getting budding quick— To see it flourish more and more.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

Well, you see, Sue, the whys and the wherefores were too many to write, and when you married and went away with your husband, I'd no more an idea that things would come round as they did. I had no more an idea that you'd get into a balloon to live with you. To tell the truth it was all account of that railroad business, which cut through our orchard and running hap hazard over the best pasture and, and taking a right of way along the wood lot, and crossing the highway, so that there's no fence for the land, and in that way folks know I've no right to complain of it, in the long run. It wasn't as if our house had been in the family ever since the Plymouth folks landed, and the Legislature had given the corporation leave to run right through the best walled pasture, and take away the open stair-case stayed by the blood of the many soldiers as they did up at Squire Elderly's place. I believe that you were here when John Jordan happened this way civil engineering, and helped to lay out the railroad; and I dare say you've heard me declare that I wouldn't marry John Jordan, 'nor I wouldn't be another man on earth. Not that he had asked me then, you know; but girls aren't slow to refuse before he are asked. But he had waited upon me from evening services and societies, and he had dropped in to have a rubber at whist, just when I didn't want to be interrupted in the game of cribbage, when Lucius Glover and I were pretty sure to be playing in the back parlor, while the family sat at work on the other side of the folding doors, and the mellow light from the astral lamp lent us a twilight atmosphere conducive to flirtation. Mr. Jordan used to be a good deal at our homes, talking with father about the lay of the land, and in that way folks come to coupling our names together, and nobody so provoked as I! Mrs. Serenity, who lived opposite, and watched us as closely as a cat watches a mouse hole; who knew when we heated the brick oven for an extra baking, and counted the stockings on the line Mondays, and ran over to see us, we expected her and her husband down when we opened the parlor chamber; and who, when we declared that we had nothing to wear to Mrs. Serenity's dancing party, to thank giving ball, or charity fair, would give us an inventory of our own wardrobe.

dealt largely in sentimental enigmas; and what was more I did not know as I wanted him to; and I didn't like that John Jordan should take it for granted in this way. But I didn't understand why I didn't like it, though I have found out since.

"Who said anything about seriousness?" I snapped. "I am not one of the kind that take a man's intention if he looks at her! I never wait to know their intentions, and they don't usually have any except to while the time away!" I answered more forcibly than elegantly. "Very likely not," said he, going back to some place he had unravelled for father to see when he came in—"that is like Glover."

MASQUERADING.

They were to have a masquerade party on the evening of the 12th inst. and I was to be walking through the forest of tall flowering shrubs in some enchanted garden, and meeting such fantastic-looking companions, as if panies and princesses-feathers and costly were masquerading from men and women of the period; and sometimes I fancied that the family portrait had taken this opportunity to step out of their frames, and dance and flirt with the best! Lydia wore her grandmother's wedding brocade, that looked as if it was spun out of smoke. I had borrowed a pink silk petticoat, and whenever John and I were in the house, I had had bought for bed curtains. It is awfully cheap, but it made a lovely effect. "You look like morning blushing over the Alps," whispered my partner, in the "right and left."

staid till the unmasking, you know—well there, that's a subjective case that'll leave to your imagination. But the truth of it was that I wanted to get home and

"Come, you are waxing sentimental!" I cried, raking up the coals. "You have mistaken my listener. Good night." Seeing that nothing had come of his dancing attendance at our home, folks began to whisper about John and Lydia, as they must have something to worry over. I used to hear them, coming out of church, between comments on the sermon; and it made my cheeks burn, and must have been akin to dying that was bliss and pain, as the poet says, all at once. But I would have died first, indeed, before giving a sign. When they turned to me, as one who would know, being intimate with Lydia, and John's landlady, I smiled indifferently and answered.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Gaily the joyous bells are ringing With merry chiming sound, Our bride is wedded, their voices are ringing The news for miles around. Away she is going, far from all She has loved from childhood's hour; "Farewell to the old church tower." "Farewell to the old church tower." Its gay and ivied porch she has passed In the springtime of her life, With flowers before her pathway fast, A blooming, blushing bride. She will return, and rejoice to roam Through every well-known scene; But never again will the dear old home Be her own, as it once had been. The bridal maids tenderly press With words of cheer to her side, And heartsome wishes of happiness For the bridegroom and his bride. As they pass, then as rose buds faded, She strove to conceal the tear, But a rising sob would not be hushed When the parting hour drew near. A glistening tear in her father's eye Trembled, he kissed her brow, Clasp'd her once more, as in days gone by— Another most cherished her now. The gentle mother, with loving pride, Blesses her fluttering dove; She whispers, "Far from our fostering side Still are we near these in love."

think how near I came to refusing a lover who had never proposed.

"Do you think as badly as ever of marrying a poor man?" John asked of our wedding tour. "Not if the poor man is John Jordan," I returned. "They told me that you meant to marry for an establishment." "That was before I had seen you," I assured him; and then the carriage stopped before a brown stone front, and we ascended a flight of marble steps, and opened the door of our home! When I would to teach John, I always call him 'My Lord of Barleigh!'"

THE WEAR OF THE BRAIN.

The notion that those who work only their brains used less food than those who labor with their hands, has been the cause of much mischief. Students and literary men have often been the victims of a slow starvation from their ignorance of the fact that mental labor causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more on the whole than does a week of manual work. "Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which the organ is required to perform. This wear and tear of the brain are easily measured by careful examination of the excreta in the liquid excreta. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fourth of the weight of the body. This fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain-workers need more food and better food than mechanics and farm laborers.

BREAD AND ITS ADULTERATIONS.

Bread is often said to be the "staff of life," and so it may be if the bread is of the best quality. But nine-tenths of the articles used in our cities is of a very bad quality. So far as nutritive value is concerned, notwithstanding the fact that the bread is made of fine wheat flour. This flour is in most cases fifty per cent starch. Starch cannot, by the process of digestion, or any other process, be converted into or sustain the strength of the muscles and bones of the body; it is only useful in producing heat and motion. It is really the fuel which is burned in the body to produce motion of all kinds. It is to the body that which conveys the locomotive engine. Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, says "the magazine of phosphorus, as well as nitrogenous compounds, is in the gluten cells." Well, now, do we get the gluten cells in our fine flour? Not much. Why, our delicate ladies would be horrified to see bread containing it on the table, pie crust, etc. Gluten makes the bread dark colored. The women won't have it, and the millers won't have it in their flour. The highest priced flour is that which has the least gluten, so that millers take every means their ingenuity can invent to keep it out of their nice flour. The gluten sticks to the bran, and they sell this to the feeders of domestic animals. Considerable of the gluten is found in what is called middlings, or shorts, and these are very nutritious. They are a great deal of brain work done by civilized men and women. Now, the more one thinks or studies the more one "uses up" the phosphates—phosphate of lime, etc.—the mind becomes languid and feeble. A hard student needs much of the material daily. He cannot get it from fine flour. He cannot get it from unbolted flour. Beef, mutton, milk, oatmeal, pea, beans, etc. contain abundance of nitrogenous and bone-making material is necessary to build the human machine, and the result of eating largely of fine flour food will be a wasted body and an unhealthy constitution showing it often in the softening of the bones, defective teeth, enfeebled intellect, and various nervous disorders.

THE CAREERFUL FACE.

Next to the smile of Heaven is the smile of a cheerful face. There is something in it, the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us at once out of the grime of despair; out of the mist and shade of the smart rain storm had set in, and made a make-believe, and John's lantern gave about as much light as a glow-worm. The railroad didn't creep up to Havenham Centre at that time, but it crossed the road half-way through Havenham woods, where you would least expect it; where you had no hint of its approach till it was thundering down upon you. It was in the night, and the prospect, and the winds in the pine, deafened you. They called it the Devil's Crossing. Well, the horse went stumbling on through the slash, and the noise of his feet and the ringing of the sleigh-bells, and the storm roaring through the woods like a bull of Bashan, must have rendered it not the least in any danger of Gabriel's trumpet; for while I was wondering who would be the old Glover mansion, and if John guessed why I was hurrying home, and that I should be married in, all at once there was a flash and a noise as if a battery had been discharged across our path, might be with shouts, and a pandemonium of bewilderment followed; and then, oh! then! they got us home somehow; I didn't know anything about it. We had both been saved by a miracle, but the poor horse paid the debt of nature. I've learned to write and sew with my left hand since then, and I'm so used to my broken note that I can't see without my finger straggles long so hard; for you see, I'm no longer a beauty. A very different kind of sacrifice had been required of me from that which I had reckoned upon. I believed that all which was necessary now was to send Lucius word that I was back, and that I had no further to do with my former life. But Christmas eve, as I lay on the hair-cloth lounge in the back parlor—for, in spite of my bandages and weakness, I could be in the thick of the family gathering—just before the lamps were lighted, John Jordan came in and bent over me with a bouquet of tea-roses. "As kind as ever," I murmured, putting out my right arm instinctively, and hiding my tears against the sofa cushion. "I'm glad it was the right hand," said he, sitting down on a hassock, "because the wedding finger is left; and he slipped up next to the biggest diamond in ever." I looked like a pettified tear—my heart of joy. "It was my mother's," he continued, "will you wear it, and answer the question I asked you last month at the masquerade, sweet?" "The question you asked me?" I cried. "I thought—I thought it was only Lucius, I confessed hiding my face behind the tea-roses."

THE SIZE OF COUNTRIES.

Greece is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is one fourth the size of New York. Hindostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine. The great desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States. The red sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario. The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior. The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore. The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester. Great Britain is two thirds the size of Japan, one-fifth the size of Hindostan, one-twentieth of China, and one-twentieth of the United States. Great Britain and Ireland are about as large as Mexico, but as large as Iowa and Nebraska. They are less than New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Madagascar is as large as New Hampshire.

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