Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.

in answer to his alarmed queries.

It was all still, dark and dewy.

fore his amazement found vent in the ex

He had never seen such utter abando

and agony of shame as that with which

cowered in the wet grass, with the cry,

"Take me home," said Nancy

"Promise me you won't go away !"

"And the doctor?" asks the critical

reader. Ab, Nancy is no model of Christian maidenhood. She is only a faulty

88 8001

enough !'

work people-

"Nancy !"

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1874.

VOLUME 31.

NUMBER 23.

OFFICE-West Side of Public Avenue. Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montros Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

D. W. SEARLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M Designer, in the Brick Block, Montroso, Pa. [au] G

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS, For of Main street, Montrose, Pa. lang. 1. 1869.

M. C. SUTTON, AUCTIONEER, and Insunance Agent,
aul 6841 Friendeville, Pa.

AMI ELY, CNITED STATES AUCTIONEER Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

J. C. WHEATON.

CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR, P. O. address, Franklin Forks, Susquehanna Co., Ps. JOHN GROVES.

A HIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop ov. Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate styl Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. A. O. WARREN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exempt on Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

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

W. A. Chossman,
Hontrose, Sept. 6th. 1871.—tf.

McKENZIE, & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses and Shees. Also, agrate for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. (Montrose, July 17, 172,)

LAW OFFICE. FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montroed, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. (Jan. 11, 'Il. [w, w, watson,

ABEL TURRELL asier in Bruga Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Olls, Dye stnffa, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Per-fumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1848. [Feb. 1, 1878.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

s at Law and Solicitors in Bankrupicy. Office Coart Street, ever City National Bank, Ring. N. K. W. H. Sowill, R. 1873. Jenome Dewitt. baraton, M. K. June 18th, 1873. DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, HISICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professiona services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—
Once at his residence, on the corner cast of Bayre & Bres. Foundry.

[Aug. 1, 1869.

CHARLES N. STODDARD, ier in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Leather an adings, Main Street, lat door below Boyd's Flore ork made to order, and repairing done neatly, htrose Jan. 1 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anythin in his line. Hontrose Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

DR. S. W. DATTON,

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. ist, 1869.—tf DR. D. A. LATHROP, idministers Electro Tuennal Batus, a the Foot of Chestant street. Call and consul in all Chroni-

Discases. Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3-if. H. BURRITT. Dealer in Staple and Pancy Dr. Guode, Crockery, Har ware, Iron, Stoces, Drugs, Olis, and Painta, Boo and Shoes, Hais and Caps, Fare, Buffalo Robes, Gr-ries, Provisions, &c. Now-Millord, La., Nov. 6, '73-41.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

M. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public the having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public. s now prepared to accom a first class style. Eontrose, Aug. 28, 1873.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their Net Office, opposite the Tarbell House.

e. R. B. Little, Geo. P. Little, E. L. Blakkslee, BILLINGS STROUD. BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Al'
business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office
first door cast of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Ca.
Public Arenne, Montrose, Pa.
[Aug.; 1869.]
5419 17, 1872.]

B. T. & E. H. CASE, HARNESS-MAKERS. Oak Harness, light and beavy at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Blan kets, Whips, and everything pertaining to the line cheaper than the cheapest. Bepairing done prompt

iy and in good style. Hontrose, Par. Oct. 29, 1873. CHARLEY MORRIS

THE HAYTI BARBER, has moved his shop to building occupied by R. McKenzie & Co., where I prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as outlaing occupied by E. McRenzie & Co., where prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such king switches, puffs, etc. All work done of quiler and prices low. Please cail and see me

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET. Puntar Hann, Propri nd Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologus Sa of the best quality, constantly on hand,

rices to suit.
Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1873.-1y VALLEY HOUSE. GREAT BEED, PA. Situated near the Eric Railway D.
pott. Is a large and commodious house, has undergon
a thorough repair, Newly furnished noing a compriing apartments, splendid tables, and drailing a compriing a fine class hotel. HEMBY ACKERT,
Proprietor.

F. CHURCHILL

Austice of the Pencs: affice over L. S. Lenheim's store over L. Lenheim's store over L. Lenheim's store over L. Lenheim's store o DR. W. W. EMITH.

Dawrist. Reames this dwelling; next doorsorth of Dr. Halsey's, on Old Ponidry street, where he would be happy to see all those in want of Dental Work. He jeels confident that he can pleuse all, both in quality of work and in price. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, Peb. 11, 1875—17

EDGAR A. TURRELL, Counsellon at Law.
No. 170 Broadway, New York City.

Attends to all kinds of Attorney Business, and con acts causes in all the Courts of both the State and the sets causes in all the control states.

Sets the states.

Sets the states. P. L. T. HINES, M. D.,

Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor 1863, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Phila-delphia, 1874, has returned to Friendsvillae, where he with attent to all culls in his patientsion as unai.— Residence in Jenale Hosford's house. Office the same a herefolders. as heretoiore. Friendsville, Pa., April 29th., 1874,—6m.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALARS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dystaga Patht, Oils, variety in thouse, Spices, Fancy states, Store and the Chemicals of Pathtern and Tolet Arcies, Extra Course, Pathtern and Proceedings of Pathtern and Pa A. B. Bunns. Feb. 21, 1973

PINE

M. win Executed

The Try Ve.

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP,

POFTRY. THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRÂVES.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The I then we

An Incident of the Flood in Massachusetts, May 18th, 1874.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. No song of a soldler riding down
To the raging flight from Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's three at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear.
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay—his life. And its promise of glorious pay—its inc.

The peaceful valley was waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smilling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled hon
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.
What was it, that passed like an ominous breat
Like a shiver of fear or the touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are after on top of the hill;
It was not a sound or thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspen
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has telt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewite, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinct taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listners? Why does the course of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse? Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say, That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way! God! what was that, like a human shrick From the winding valley? Will nobody speak
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they ! Listen! And now they Whence come they f Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-heofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream,
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream,
He draws no rein, but shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this the cry that he lings to the wind:
"To the hills for your lices! The food is obtined." He cries and is gone; but they know the worst— The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst; The basin that nourished their happy homes Is changed to a demon—It comes! It comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter—white-mane
and hoarse.
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With Death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and atreet and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still, In front of the roaring flood is heard The galloping horse and the warning word. Thank God, that brave man's life is spared! Thank God, that brave man's life is spared; if from Williamsburg town he nobly dured To race with the flood and to take the road In front of the terrible swath it mowed. For miles it thundered and crashed behind, But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind "They must be warned." was all he said, As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When the heroes are called for bring the crows To this Yankee rider; send him down On the stream of time with the Curtus old: His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold, And the tale can as noble a thrill awake, For he offered his life for the people's sake.

Ration Plat

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE QUARREL.

There hung heavy plumes of purple over the little gateway in that bright afternoon—the 1st of June. A charatable breeze swept one scented bunch of bloom a bit aside, just out of the reach ed that had a moment ago ruthlessly stripped off half its

But the owner of the hand had already fore the branch swung back she was hastening up the trim garden path, and flinging with a vexed light in his eyes, stood in

the gateway watching her. Oh, it don't matter what I think! In- her mother was knitting, to ask their con-

nd said one reproachful word.

"Nancy?" The one addressed wavered a little in er retreat, then resumed it with increas "Will you stop and listen to me?" the

young man queried, his rising indigna-tion somewhat modifying his tone of ap-"No!" and the pink calico swept the

myrtles on either side of the walk faster "Very well," was the angry response as he who had pleaded turned toward the gate. "But mark my words: you'll be sorry for this before these bushes here"

-brushing the low sprays sharply aside-are out of bloom! Now good bye," Nancy, peeping from behind a curtain after his retreating figure, cried. Perhaps

the solitoquy will tell whv. "Well, it's all over between us now, any way. It's his fault, too. He'd no business to take any one else to the Maydance when I couldn't 20. I shouldn't wonder if he's gone down to Sarah Anderson's now. They'll be engaged next thing, and she'll crow over me finely. He'll try to make me jealous"—here Nan-

cy had a spasm of crying. "See if I wont make him jealous first!" The way she would do it became appa rent the next afternoon, when, dressed in ajaunty blue suit that set off well her creamy complexion, dark curls, and tin-ted cheeks, she started for the village. The dainty blue silk parasol was lowered JOB PRINTING a little as she came to the pretentions block of buildings opposite the hotel, upon one of which hung the sign, "Dr. Miles Gray. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M., from 3 to 5 P. M." But the face of the building was blank, and the office curtains lowered; so, with an impatient exclamation under her breath, Nancy went on to the post office, where, getting no letter, the turned discontentedly toward sunday atternoon. John finally came, springs and audifits as well a diffus as well a diffus as well a the gate under the lilics again. For a moment the room whirled around, and she was deathly better be paid,

white; then she rose mechanically, saying that she must bid Mr. Armitage good The Fates forbade her. She had not accomplished a quarter of the distance beby, and went out to the doorway, where John was greeting her parents, and ward. her head and start perceptibly. In a moment more young Dr. Gray, whose pretty top buggy was the envy of all the men, and whose fascinating smile had won the hearts of all the young women, had drawn up his horse at her side, and leaped to the ground, and had asked, eagerly. fore the light roll of wheels made her turn cy ?-and I've always been enterprising; so I mean to try it."

"Miss Evans, may I have the pleasure of driving you home?"

The color brightened in Nancy's cheeks The color brightened in Nancy's cheeks the light in her eyes, as she assented with a charming smile; and in a moment they were slowly rolling store the store that they were slowly rolling store the store that a store that an hour the others talked crops, politics, and prospects. She could not have spoken for her life, though the store that a they were slowly rolling along the road, and the blue ribbons were blown against John turn his obstinate auburn head to the doctor's broadcloth.

Dr. Gray was young, handsome, not deficient in brains, with pocket money detailing particulars about grazing lands, enough to prevent him from being tragitored to say "good by," while he just touched cally in carnest in his profession, and her hand. If he had looked at her the or womanhood by his side. As for Nancy, she was a little afraid of the gray eyes
that could be quizzical as well as admirand turning away abruptly, walked down and turning away abruptly, walked down ing, and of the smile that sometimes curlthe garden path with a garrulous old far-mer hobbling by his side. Nancy had d the corners of the black mustache. But Nancy was minus a lover just then, the doctor was a "catch," and she laughed and chattered as the bay horse trotted

along.

The farm house came in sight too soon and the doctor stopped midway in a duty bound, the stunned look in her face speech to inquire.

"Won't you take a longer ride! It's such a beautiful afternoon."

Nancy demurred, as in duty bound. was pitiful. She " was not well." she said

"I-don't know. I guess it must bemost tea-time." The doctor laughed, and held his watch have been insupportable. Mrs. Armitage was alone in her pew. and cried silently "Oh. well, then—" began Nancy, somewhat confused. "But aren't these your office hours?"

"Confound my office hours!" commen ted the doct or to himself. Aloud he said, 'I'm sometimes obliged to break through my hours. I'm going now to see a-a patient on the outskirts of the town." S

they drove on. The "patient" could hardly have been in a critical state. The doctor, leaning back in the carriage, let the lines lie loosely on the herse's back as they paced slowly through shady wood roads smelling of pines, while the warm breeze flut tered light curls across Nancy's arch black eyes, and the blue silk parasol had to be held up to keep the sun from her bud of a face. The doctor had a lurking fear that Nancy was rust'e and ignorant,

but an ! she was so pretty !

How far they rode in this way, wholly rapt in conversation, is not known. How ar they would have ridden is uncertain, if Nancy had not sent a mischeivous glance straight into the gray eyes, and

Why, where does that patient of yours The doctor laughed frankly, coloring

novertheless.
"I see you understand the 'ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain pretty well, Miss Nancy. And now I don't dare to tell you what I was going to beliacs, whose potent odor sickened her. fore you spoke."
"What was it?" queried Nancy, curious

and conscious.
"It, was," said the doctor, bending his own face close to the curl shaded one at his side, "that I wish I had the right to keep you with me always. Miss Nancy,

will you look at me—will you tell me?"

It was well that the doctor did not guess why, amidst Nancy's bright blushes, her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. She had made up her mind ot accept the doctor, but in that decisive moment the thought of John Armitage sent a pany, cruel in intensity, through her heart. Then came the memory of turned about, with a toss of her black sent a pang, cruel in intensity, through curls, and a flirt of her pink ealico dress, that scared the butterflies, and be-their yesterday's quarrel, and Nancy faltered, with a struggling smile."

"I-I don't know. tening up the time gather speech over her shoulder at a tall, sunburned fellow who, twilight, she and the doctor walked to-She did not know that when, at a late gether into the dusky sitting-room at pings. One end of the loosened blue sash home, where her father was dozing and had caught on a stiff bough, and the col-

deed, I don't think at all. You may take whom you like to the May dance—you bing his eyes. "Two sech pieces of news It was such a pretty shoulder over in one day's cur'us herabouts. I heard which these words were cast, and there on'y an hour since that Jounie Armitage was such a rosy flush of anger on the is agoin' to Texas to kinder farm on his round cheek half veiled in curls, that it is own account. I sorter thought, too, that no wonder John Armitage took two or he an' Nancy fancied each other, but here

three steps in pursuit of the speaker; but she's wantin' to marry another man. It's he stopped, drew himself up with sudden cur'us!' Nancy had taken her hand from the to me! Go-away!" and burst in a storm doctor's arm and had sit down in the win- of tears. dow. She heard, mistly, comments and congratulations : she answered questions, sughed at jokes. She walked down to bled curls, tried to warm the icy hands, the gate when the doctor left, and stood and did not dare to question, while he

there under the lilacs, his arm about her, replying to his tender talk; but when he "Take me home," said Nancy, mps, she rushed up stairs and threw herself on the bed in a perfect agony of sobbing that she could hardly stifle in the pillow. was gone, leaving a farewell kiss on her as she found strength to speak at all. The story of the next spring is back-

neyed. Such happenings are too common. Nancy came and went like the ghost of herself, but the whole village was gossip-ing over her engagement, and her evilences of trouble were ascribed to the "queerness of a girl just engaged." Little tired Mrs. Armitage ran over cross lets oue body'll see us: Take me home, John, and afternoon to tell the Evanses that John I'll tell you all about it." was going Monday, and she guessed he would get over an't bid them good by; and cried because her pet son was going away, and was cool and sharp at Nancy, said, nervously holding John's hand in evidently suspecting that she was the both hers. cause

Perhaps light natures suffer most over whelmingly. Often in those beautiful June days Nancy, all alone in some shadowy, grassy place, with sunbeams shimmering above, would wonder in a dim, childish way, if she should not "die when John went." Only one hope was left : John was coming to sav good-bye. Oh, if she could only let him know how it really was! But how could she? and she ould look down desparingly at the lit-

young girl, erring and loving and suffering, playing her part in one of the tragedies that are played every where in the
springs and autumns, in the time of snow
drifts as well as in the time of lilacs, tle gold circlet on her finger.
Sunday afternoon John finally came credit where credit is due, the cash had

Judicial Murder.

The history of English law contains few more startling judicial tragedies than that to which the statute against murder owed such humane amendment as to make the finding and positive identification of the body of the slain person essential to the consistion of the murderer and through the branches over-head Sing dirges sad, o'er every tomb Where sleep the dead. as the same remarkable case had a peculiar moral and social significance for the young lovers of all times, who, in their passionate devotion to each other, are al-Nancy stood pulling the rose vines in pieces while for half an hour the others together too apt to disregard the fortunes

of everybody else in the world, it may be

recalled appropriately for modern reading.
Upon the death of Mr. George Perkins, a widower of considerable property in London, it was found that his will appointed a brother of his, living near Epping Forest, the sole guardian of his only daughter, and directed that said guardian bould that the ball Cotton daughter. rose to go. He interrupted himself, while should inherit the whole fortune devised in case his young ward should die either unmarried or without children. Implicit confidence in his brother, who was a mid dle aged bachelor of limited means, had of course inspired the dying man to make such a will; but a number of family relajust time to escape her mother's eye by running up stairs. She did not faint; but God forbid that girls should often tives pronounced the document an extra ordinary piece of servile fatuity and dark-ly hinted that harm would ensue from it. This feeling caused an alienation between the occupants of the Epping Forest resi dence and the aforesaid prophets, and made the latter become the bitterest per-secutors, of the dead man's brother in the

It was Nancy who proposed that they should go to church that evening. In the corner of the high old pew, with her veil hiding her face, she could at least be unit and one harmone. strange and tragio succeeding events which have been described as follows: Uncle and niece were both seen one day walking together in the forest, bu quiet, and one hour more of effort would the young lady suddenly disappeared, and the uncle declared that he had sought he as soon as he missed her, and knew no whither she had gone or what had be all through the service. Nancy's heart so went out to the poor woman that, when in the nisle, she pressed her hand impulsively saying in a quick whisper, "Mrs. Armitage I'm sorry for you!" come of her. This account was consid ered improbable, and appearances being clearly suspicious, he was arrested and ta-ken before a magistrate. Other circum "I don't want any of your sorrow!" was the sharp response. "It's fine to stances, hourly coming to light, rendered his position scrious. A young gentle-man in the neighborhood had been pay-ing his addresses to Miss Perkins. It was talk; but you and I know well enough who's the cause of all. One word from you would stop it now if you were sorry stated, and generally believed, that he had gone a few days before she was miss-Poor Nancy! The clock was on the stroke of eleven that night when her lover finally took his leave, and she was free to pace the moon lit sitting room from him on his return. The uncle had repeatedly expressed his disapprobation of the match, and Miss Perkins had loudly reproached him with his unkindness and nd to end with set lips and wide, glittering eyes. She did not cry. She felt as if she were growing crazy, and in her desperation she did not care if she did. Hour abuse of his anthority over her as his

after hour passed, and still she paced there, till her rigid face showed whitely in the first faint gray of morning. "Oh, would he go? could he go? would nothing happen to stop him? Scarcely knowling what the weathers." A woman named Margaret Oakes was missed she was passing through the for-est and heard the voice of a young lady ing what she was doing. Nancy slipped through the door, and hatless, trailing her dainty blue skirt through the dewy earnestly expostulating with a gentlemin.
On drawing nearer the spot whence the sound came, Margaret Oaks testified that she heard the lady exclaim: "Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!" The woman was greatly terrified and ran away from grass, ran across lots to the Armitages." was greatly terrified, and ran away from the spot. As she was doing so she heard the report of firearms. On this combina-tion of circumstantial and positive evi-dence, coupled with the suspicion of in-terest, the uncle was tried, convicted of Her mind was in a whirl. She did not know why she was there, or what she should do. She was in deadly fear lest murder, and almost immediately after-ward—according to the custom of those

should do. She was in deadly lear lest some one should discover her, yet she could not go away. For half an hour she crouched there shiveringly, never taking her eyes off John's window, but starting every time the curtain blew. Suddenly a country to the surface of the sentence apon the uncle, the niece reappeared, and stranger still, showed by the history she related, that all the testing the gurden path startled her so every time the curtain blew. Suddenly a step on the garden path startled her so violently that she could scarcely suppress a scream. It was probably some of the to elope with her lover, they had given the history she related, that all the testimony given on the trial was strictly true. Arm Chair, in the United States Gazette; there a scream. It was probably some of the to elope with her lover, they had given with her lover, they had oh, if they should see her! out that he had gone a journey to the north, whereas he had merely waited near A hasty peep through the bushes showed her that it was worse than that: it was the skirts of the torest until the time ap-John himself, striding strait towards the gap in the hedge, and wearing a most unpointed for the elopement, which was the very day on which she disappeared. Her lover had horses ready saddled for propitious face. Nancy, in blind terror of discovery, crawled on her hands and them both, and two servants in attenoners closer under lilacs. He had passed dance on horseback. While waiting with her uncle, he reproached her with her disapproved, and, after some remonstrances, she passionately exclaimed : or arrested his eye. Two strides brought him to the spot, and he stood with folded arms looking down at her a moment be-

don't marry him it will be death to me and don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me !" Just as she proclaimed those words she heard a gun fired, at which she started, and she afterward saw a sian come from among the trees with a wood pigeon in his hand, which he had shot. On apthe poor little maiden hid her face and proaching the spot appointed for a meeting with her lover she formed a pretence "Uh, what shall I do? Don't you speak to induce her uncle to go on before her She then fled to the arms of her lover who had been waiting for her, and the For answer he gathered the little wet both mounted their horses and immediately rode on. Instead, however, of gofigure in his arms, smoothed the tuming to the north, they retired to Windson and about a week afterward went on tour of pleasure to France. There they passed some months so happily that in those days, when newspapers were scarce when there was no very regular posts communication, and no telegraphs, the never heard of their uncle's sad fate unti you tell me why you came. Nancy, I their return to England. couldn't help hoping a little when I saw

you here. Don't make me give it up! I thought my pride would support me The public monuments in Paris burnt down during the commune ar through anything but I'm afraid it won't" he ended sadly.

"I'm so glad it won't," breathed Nancy in tones of heart, felt, relief. "But some gradually rising again. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is now completely rebuilt, but it will not be occupied before October. The Palais Royal is nearly finshed. The Vendome columniis also being repaired.

The woman's crusade at Washington la, has taken a curious direction. nuch opposition has come from the churches themselves, pastors, and leading members, that the active crusaders have "Ah, but I want another promise first." recently taken to praying for that class, instead of the dealers and venders. Sev-Nancy looked back at the plumy hedge whose shelter they had left, and said, with a half smile, "You see the lilacs aren't out eral large prayer meetings have been held a quarter of a mile." and quite an excitement prevails as to the of bloom yet, John; and I am—sorry, as you said I'd be!" policy indicated.

"Mamma, papa is getting very rich, isn't he?" Mamma—"I dont know, why child ?" Boy-" cause he gives me why child? Doy—" cause he gives me so much money. Almost every morning after breakfast, when Sallie is sweeping the parlor, he gives me ten cents to go out and play." Sally received short notice to quit.

Dobbs thinks that instead of giving Ministers of the interior-the cook and

EMOCRAT

DECORATION DAY. Come forth with all your beauties May. And wreath the fairy, sylvan bowers, With greenest leaves and garlands gay Of buds and flowers.

Our noble dead, who died to save The country's flag from treason's stain, And found a soldier's honored grave Among the slain.

We hear the cannon's roaring sound, It cannot break the solemn sleep, Though once it caused, each heart to bour And madly leap. They fought for country, home, and God, And roused at Freedom's sacred chime And asked that she would keep our sod Through every time.

Twas well their boon was granted; see Our peaceful shores as they appear Unmarked save by prosperity To us so dear. But still to-day, some aching hearts, Are weeping by a lonely hearth, And oft a tear-drop warmly starts In midst of mirth.

Oh! God as here we kneel and strew These lowly tombs with blossoms whi Give to such ones a solace true A cheering light.

THE FAVORITE CHILD, Which of five snowdrops would the moon
Think whitest, if the moon could see?
Which of five rosebuds flushed with June
Were reddest to the mother-tree?
Which of five birds, that play one tune
On their soit-shining, throats, may be
Chief singer? Who will answer me?

Would not the moon know, if around Would not the moon know, if around One snowdrop any shadow lay?—
Would not the rose-tree, if the ground Should let one blessom droop a day?
Does not the one bird take a sound Into the cloud, when caught away,
Finer than all the sounds that stay?

Oh, little, quiet boy of mine,
Whose yellow head lies languid here—
Poor yellow head, its restless shine
Brightened the butterffies last year!—
Whose pretty hands may intertwine
With paler hands unseen but near;
You are my favorite now, I fear!

AN-EDITOR'S REMINISCENCES. John W. Forney publishes an entertaining ed, on a journey to the north, and that sketch of the growth of newspapers, and inshe had declared that she would marry cidentally rhapsodizes in this pleasant vein:— "I claim to know a little about newspapers, for I was fairly raised in a printing office, having served as 'devil,' apprentice, and journeyman; worked with the buckskin balls and pulled the old wooden Ramage; have made and pushed produced, who swore that about 11 o'clock the glue roller; have worked off large editions on the day on which Miss Perkins was on the Washington iron press, and have finally wards. wned an eight cylinder lightning Hoe, which with its modern rivals, more than realizes the ctions of the Arabian genil. Harnessed in steam, with lightning couriers, they 'strike' the oud earth breathless' with their thunder, and fill the very heavens with their millions of messengers. I have seen many a small sheet expand into a great blanket, and fold itself and penny paper till they came to thousands of households, like so many morning intelligences. What a school is a printing office! What a what revolutions are crowded into it! The We had comparatively few newspapers, and so we read them through and through. There

tion from the splendid typography and nervo Saxon of Horace Greeley's Weekly New Yorker; there was no Atlantic and Harper, but we reveled in the pages of Waldie's Library: we had no Macaulay or Bancroit to write us history but we were satisfied with Hinton and Hildreth; we had no Dickens, or Thackeray, or Charles Reade, or Wilkie Collins, or Alfred Tennyson or Oliver W endell Holmes, with their wonder resolution to marry a man of whom he ful art, so rapid, dazzling and supernatural but we lived in the gorgeous world of Walter Scott, hung around with the marvelous drapery "I have set my heart upon him. If I of Byron, and made musical with the enchant ing melodies of Thomas Moore. Byron died in 1824, Scott in 1832, and Moore in 1853, and were the gods of the reading world, and especial ly of the small gods in the printing offices. Now we are so bombarded with books, and so engulfed in newspapers, that we are lucky if we can read the title-pages of the first and the tele graphic head-lines of the second."

MIND YOUR ENGLISH.

In common talk we use a great many gram matic vulgarisms which could as well be avoided as not, and the error of which should always be pointed out to young men who are forming their language. The Methodist sensibly oyes are closed, the gray hairs are smoothed for says : Children should learn to speak correctly correct wrong habits when they become older. Many persons who have a smattering of French she may not wait as vainly for his coming in and even of Latin, too, are known to make bad | Heaven. blunders in their English, because they never learned to correct themselves when they were

The other day a little girl asked, " will you go to-morrer ?" The answer was, "I dunno How much better to pronounce the words co rectly, and say to-morrow and don't know ! No er say sech fine apples, but such fine apples Jest as live is another improper expression You should say, just as lief. And do not say, I am't. There is no such word as ain't in the will have a military pigeon-house, and each

I heard a boy say, " I never saw such figgers." That was very bad pronunciation. Another man fortress at lifetz and Strasbourg have been said, "I can holler louder than you," but a for a year past connected with other German bright little fellow replied, " I don't think I can ports by a system of carrier pigeons. holler at all, though I can halle so as to be hear

Now, children, try hard to speak properly, and never use such words as these. To morer, Dunno, Sech, Aint, Holler, Figgers. There is one mistake that almost every body nakes in saying " He don't. It is well enough to say "I don't" or " they don't" but in the

third person singular you should say, he doesn't. Muzzle-loading guns can be altered into breechloaders without difficulty. This will be a welcome fact to many sportsmen who have a great reluctance to give up their old pieces to which they have become attached and with which they have done noble duty in times past.

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· WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in

his foily. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. You can not get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every heat, has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanlty Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have neverless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so all human good is mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims: yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some kind nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's faults may show themselves, for hares pop out of a disch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the knees may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks: wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Every body can read that riddle, but it is not every body that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING

A French physician is out with a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and cry-ing in general, and especially during operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the wo grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy for a man to betray such ymptons of cowardice as either to cry or groan. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-tix to sixty pg vent to in the course of two hours, by givi as compositor, copy-holder, proof-reader, pressin the course of two hours, by giving vent to man, reporter, and finally an editor. I have his emotions. If people feel at all unhappy about any thing, let them go to their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boohoo, and

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be to greatly discouraged. It it is systematically suppressed the result may be the St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system.— What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them die; and I have watched the tew firstlings of a either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effects of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by free indulgence short space in history is a generation, and yet in groams and sighs. Then let parents show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief on the hours I spent at the case and at the press were part of children as well as persons, and regard made delightful by the reading of the times.— the eyes and mouth as safety-valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

BOYS, GO HOME.

Ah, boys! you have gone out from the old homestead into the rush and bustle of tite, do you ever think of the patient mothers who are stretching out to you, arms powerless to draw you back to the old home nest? Arms that were strong to carry you once, pressed closely to hearts that love you then as now. No matter though your bair is "silver streaked," and Dot in the cradle calls you "Grandpa," you are only "the boy" so long as mother lives. You are only the children of the old home. Nothing can crowd you out of mother's heart. You may have failed in the bustle of life, and your manhood crushed out against the wall of circumstances; you may have been prosperous and gained wealth and fame; but mother's love followed you always. Many a boy has not been 'home' for five, ten, or even twenty years. And all this time mother has been waiting, waiting, waiting. Ah, who does not know the agony expressed by that word ?-Sho may be even now saying, "I dreamt of John last night. May be he will come home to-day. He may drop in for dinner;" and the poor, trembling hands pre-pare some fayorite home dish. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with us. Thus day after day, month after month, year after year, passes, till at last, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," ay, sick unto death, the feeble arms are stretched out no longer. The dim the last time, and the tired hands are folded to while they are children, for it will be hard to everlasting rest, and mother waits no more on earth for one who comes not. God grant that

> Once more I say unto you, boys, go home, if only for a day. Let mother know you have not forgotten her. Her days may be numbered "Next winter" may cover her grave with anow.

The French government, acting on the recomnendation of the Committee on Fortifications ias determined to keep for the next five years 5,000 pairs of carrier pigeons for breeding purposes for services in war times. Each fortress English language. You should say, I'm not, or pigeon-house will contain 1.000 birds. Two genereal stations will be established, at each of which 60,000 pigeons will be kept. The German fortress at Motz and Strusbourg have been

> One of the most remarkable features of the new Illinois law concerning married women is the authorization of civil suits between husband and wife. A married woman may do business on her own account, with the same rights and liabilities as if she were unmarried, except as to partnership business, which she cannot enter without her husband's consent, unless he is insame or idiotic, has abandoned or descried her, or is confined in the penitentiary.

A Memphis paper says of a little girl who died there: "She's Jumping the rope with the angels to-day."

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