

Montrose

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POETRY.

NOTHERHOOD. My neighbor's house is not so high, Nor half so nice as mine; I often see the blind eye, And through the curtain fine— This I have seen in his eyes, Are not of stone at all; And yet I long for her small home To give mine all in all. Her heart is never left to grow— The children tread it down; And when the father comes at night, I hear them clatter down The gravel walk—and such a noise Comes to my listening ear As my sad heart's been waiting for So many silent years. Sometimes I peep to see them Seize his coat, and hat, and knes, All three so eager to be first, And hear her call "Don't tease Papa the baby springs; And then the low green door Shuts out their happiness, and I sit wishing as before: That my neighbor's little cottage I tell you I don't want anybody's attention. It would be a dreadful trial to be engaged at all, even in self-defence. "Not if the other party would agree to keep himself away, and simply lend a diamond ring for awhile, and play the part of the distant suitor?" "I don't know, Doctor; it is a desperate measure. But it would be effectual."

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE ANXIETY GOOSE. BY CHARLES BARNARD. "An ancient, gray, and solitary goose." "That's what they said of him. His mustache was gray, he was past thirty-nine, and, not being married, was considered solitary. It mattered little to him. The care of his patients kept him bright and active. His profession was sufficient for his wants. He was the loved and respected physician for half the families in the place; he never wanted for company and friendship. Why he had never married, had been the speculation of the village. The subject was now threadbare, and they had ceased to talk of it. He saw much of female society, for he was one of those fine, rare natures that make "brothers to girls." His general good nature, and above all his ability to keep secrets, made him indeed the brother to half the girls in Wanchucetta. They came to him with their little pains and ills and their little heart-breakings and love sorrows. For the one he had pills and advice; for the other, a ready ear, counsel, help and confidence. No wonder Sally Depford came tearful and angry to him in her little difficulty with Sam Barrett. A small rage made her the more attractive. As the Doctor heard her woful tale, he could hardly fail to study her face with admiration. Young, twenty years his junior, rather pretty, reasonably well-educated, sensible, and quite ready for a job at any time, she preferred the bright side of every thing. Hence her present sorrow. She did not wish to be "bothered," as she expressed it, with a serious love affair. It was a trouble, a vexation, an interference with her pleasure, and— "Well, there! It's entirely dreadful, and I don't want it, nor him. Just as I was fairly out of school and preparing to have a splendid time with the girls, this thing comes along, and I don't like it." She tried to cry, and could not. It was not worth crying about. She had brushed back the black hair from behind her ears, looked the venerable doctor straight in the eye, and said:—"That is so, Doctor. Is it not?" The Doctor had no immediate reply to make. He would consider the case—and her. There was something peculiarly attractive about her face, and it was no small wonder that Sam Barrett, the last beau left in the village, was desperately in love with her. She frowned. He was too slow. "Come, sir, parade your wisdom. I can pay for advice, and I want it." "Go to bed early, get up late, and sleep it off." "That's very good for him. Tell him that, please. As for me, it does not help a bit. There it stands. He will pursue me with attentions. I don't want—" "Snub him." "He's not snubable. Snubbing falls harmless on his goodnatured temperament. I've tried it, and it don't work. He took it like a lamb." "Tell him you're not at home." "Then he leaves his card, and says he will call again. And he is sure to do so." "Poor boy! He has it very bad this time. The symptoms are alarming." "They are, Doctor, they are, and I don't like it. It's a nuisance, and a bother, and I hate him. There!" "Feel better, my dear?" "Yes; for I'm getting mad. I feel like breaking things, and—"

DOCTOR MARRIED!

"Doctor, you are too hateful." "I presume so; doctors always are. But that's my advice. Get married; then he can no longer trouble you." "Now you're too silly, Doctor. I sha'n't tell you any more. You don't care a straw for my troubles, after all, and—"

THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.

We at length reached the hotel again, and I proposed a glass of brandy and water. My friend looked at me and then at the landlord, and then the landlord looked at my friend and then at me. Perplexity overspread the countenances of both. "Such a thing as a drop of liquor is not to be had in the place," said the landlord. "Bought, you mean," retorted my friend. "Bought, I mean," was the answer. "Does anybody give it away?" I inquired, greatly puzzled by the mystery that appeared on both their countenances. "Not exactly. You see the state complete would be after me in no time if I sold liquor," explained the landlord. "Do you want some very badly?" I could not explain how badly I wanted it, and could only give vent to my feelings in a sigh. Without a word the landlord disappeared within the recesses of a small room behind the office desk, and presently came forth with two empty tumblers in his hand. These he placed upon the desk. "But where is the liquor?" I inquired. "The law forbids me to sell it," he said. "I dare not disobey the law. If you can find any here you are welcome to it," saying which he accidentally turned back the breast of his coat. The neck of a bottle peeped forth from the inside pocket. He winked his eye at me, and I winked at him, and then he drew the cork. "But where is the liquor?" I inquired. "The law forbids me to sell it," he said. "I dare not disobey the law. If you can find any here you are welcome to it," saying which he accidentally turned back the breast of his coat. The neck of a bottle peeped forth from the inside pocket. He winked his eye at me, and I winked at him, and then he drew the cork.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S JOKE.

All good mother-in-law's will laugh with us at this funny story, which comes from Chicago. Amelia Donnerberg sued Augustus Behrens for breach of promise, and the case was heard by Judge Banyon, damages being laid in the sum of \$200. The defence was that Amelia insisted on bringing her mother-in-law to live in her new house. "Now," said the defendant, "my mother is a woman of kindly and unobtrusive habits, and would insist on feeding me too much cabbage—a vegetable for which I have a great dislike. I am ready to marry Amelia, but I am not ready to marry the old woman." The Judge: "My young friend, which would you rather do—marry the woman and take the mother to live with you, or pay \$200? A fine sacrifice expression illuminated the visage of Augustus. Firmness, also, was to be noticed in his accent as he answered; "I will pay the \$200!" When he had said this, the Judge congratulated him, and observed: "If I had only had the moral courage that you possess, it would have saved the twenty-five years of misery and unhappiness," and then, his honor went on to tell the old, old story about his mother-in-law. But the best yet was to come. "The order of the court," concluded the Judge, "is that the defendant stand discharged, and that Amelia, who has been trying to bring a man into matrimony to mother-in-law, be fined \$10 and costs." It would be rather hard and austere authority for the Judge's decision.

TER LILY.

A lily fair, With beauty rare, Gave forth a fragrance tender, The sun-beams kissed, Through morning mist, The bud and gave it splendor. It brighter grew, 'Twas nursed by dew, And balmy summer weather, It only smiled, The sun beamed, They often talked together. And now its face, In mystic grace, Was beauty's full perfection, As on the dell, Its perfume fell, An offering of affection. I passed that way, One lonely day, And saw the lily blooming, So modestly It seemed to me, Of all flowers unassuming. I pulled it then, His God like glances referred to, To take it home to cherish, For in my cot, I gladly thought, This thing would never perish. Ah, me! 'twas gone, His God like glances referred to, So as of its death the token The lily's heart, Had felt a smart, It for the sun had broken.

WALKING FOR EXERCISE.

Activity is the law of life; inaction the fruitful source of debility and disease. Robust physical health, coupled with prolonged mental effort, are not antagonistic and irreconcilable conditions. Rightly understood and cared for, they are the normal condition of true student life, and should stand as a perfect accord. They would be were it not that man, with all his God-like intellectual endowments and his primal commission as monarch of the earth, he tends, so often stubbornly through life with dead cars, blind eyes, and, per consequence, a darkened understanding. An evening promenade, however, follows swift and sure upon every road, whether from ignorance or neglect. There is no vicarious atonement for a disregard of the functional laws of life. Walking is the best, most convenient and most healthful exercise for students and sedentary persons. Has to be understood, certain, underlying rules and principles should be observed. Fanciful notions must give place to physiological common sense. 1. An hour's walk, two miles and back, should be taken daily in the open air, regardless of the weather or season of the year. Aimless sauntering is worth nothing, and on an empty stomach is injurious. The walk should be with a will and for a purpose; swinging along to get over the ground is in good earnest. 2. It should be taken in the morning, and always after breakfast, never before. An hour after breakfast is the best time to start when the system has been put in proper condition for the day; and proceeding moderately for the first mile. 3. Never walk alone, but always with a companion; so that cheerful conversation may divert attention and pleasantly occupy the mind, to the forgetfulness of physical exertion and the prevention of interminable brood, inseparable from a solitary ramble. There may be numerous pedestrians on the road, but they should run in detached couples. More than two are inconceivable; less than two makes the thing a bore, and defeats the hygienic purposes of the walk. 4. Whether the walk be long or short, two miles or four, never give over until the perspiration is started and the pores of the skin are freely opened. This is essential, a sine qua non. If this point be not gained, the walk will be a failure, it not positively injurious, leaving a sense of feverishness and debility, instead of mental clearness and bodily vigor. 5. In connection with this and as a prequisite, a cold sponge bath, or a tepid bath, as a sedative, according to health and constitution, should be taken in every morning on rising. A basin of water, sponge and a coarse towel is all that is necessary. 6. Beginners should be moderate and cautious in their first experiments, not going too far or too fast until they have ascertained their powers of endurance, and gradually brought them up to the required standard. Let me illustrate. Arriving in 1839 to complete my law studies in the office of the attorney general at our state capitol, the back office being occupied as editorial room, I noticed that that officer and O. Barrett, editor of the party organ, disappeared every morning, came in hand, soon after their arrival at the office, returning in an hour glowing with exercise and in exuberant spirits. Being the spring of the year, they generally came back with their vest and collar open, standing with his coat on his arm, and the perspiration standing in great drops on their foreheads. After cooling off they would go to their desks with a sustained power and hearty cheerfulness that contrasted strangely with my invalid way of doing things. Being a shy young stranger, I asked no questions, but often wondered where they went and what they did while gone. In the meantime I was laid up every fortnight with a bilious attack, the result of hardships, and congestive fever and overdoing at a manual labor college beyond the Mississippi. Explaining to Mr. B. one day, the cause of these ailments, he exclaimed, "That will never do it! Throw your physics to the dogs. Come with me, and I'll make a new man of you." So next morning—his legal comrade having just returned to another city and left him alone—we started out to take what I found to be his usual walk of two miles out the leading turnpike and back, within one hour. But he was soon obliged to slacken his pace for my accommodation; and at the end of the first half mile, I lay down on the grass by the roadside, completely exhausted. After half an hour's rest we slowly retraced our steps, but I was fit for nothing the rest of the day. My excellent friend said it would never do to give up and the second day after coaxing me out again, making the half mile and back with less effort and prostration; but he was perspiring freely, whilst my skin was as dry as a powder horn. In three weeks I could make the two miles and back by taking time to it and resting on the way, and in two months could do it within the hour, but frequently could not start the perspiration till we were on the home stretch. When it did come, the relief from mental cloudiness and physical discomfort was immediate and cheering. In fact a good sweat fairly earned in this way, is innocuous in itself.

HOW SALOON WHEISKEY IS MADE.

A country merchant, with whom the writer is well acquainted and known to be trustworthy, had been dealing to a considerable extent with the owners of a wholesale grocery establishment in Mansfield, Ohio, who furnished him goods in the grocery line. This wholesale firm had also a wholesale liquor department in addition to their grocery business. One day being at this house the merchant out of curiosity went down into the cellar, where the liquor department seemed to be. There he saw a man "cooling" whiskey. And this was the manner of it. The wholesale mixer of liquors would take a gallon of pure whiskey—so called—and two gallons of mean looking stuff—mix the merchant forcibly styled it—and then together, with a little coloring matter of some kind, and the speedy result was three gallons of marketable whiskey of the kind popularly and tersely though not elegantly called "rot gut." One of the firm told this merchant that the profit on one barrel of liquor was about \$30. The Marquis of Lorne will come into possession of the Dordens estate at Tunbridge Wells, the English watering-place, at the end of this month. The Marquis and the Princess Louise are to reside on this estate, which was sold to him for £230,000. John of Gaunt's bed was recently sold at auction at Tunbridge Wells. It is made of carved oak, with richly embroidered arras hangings, the latter of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

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