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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. Leander, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa [aul 60

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—Main street, Montrose, Pa [Aug. 1, 1869.

M C SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT, [ul 60. Friendsville, Pa.

AMI ELY,

AUCTIONEER, Address, Brooklyn, Pa. June 1, 1871.

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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 1st, 1871.—tf.

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,

Dealer in Drugs Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1846 [Feb. 1, 1873.

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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, June 18th, 1873. JEROME DEWITT.

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.

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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 in all Chronic Diseases. Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—n03—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 Tarbell House R. B. LITTLE, Geo P. LITTLE, Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873 E. L. BLAKESLEE.

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.

B. T. & E. H. CASE,

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 HAYTI 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, Hams, 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, Sept 10th, 1873.-tf. Proprietor.

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

EDGAR A. TURRELL.

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. 1, 1874.-1y.

E. P. HINES, M. D.,

Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1868, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, 1874, has returned to Friendsville, where he will attend to all calls in his profession as usual.—Residence in Jessie Hosford's house. Office the same as heretofore. Friendsville, Pa., April 25th., 1874.—6m

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. L. BURNS. AMOS NICHOLS. Feb 21, 1872

FINE

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POETRY.

RESIGNATION.

[Did Longfellaw ever write anything that is appreciated and understood in more house-holds than the following?]

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions,
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume the dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems to us transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great closier's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led.
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken,
The bond which nature gives.
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like an ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

MRS. GRAY'S SPARE ROOM.

"Are you sure this is the place?" asked Charles Ventnor, giving a lock of surprise at the handsome brown-stone front before which the carriage stopped, "never knew there was a boarding-house in this block."

"This must be the house," said his sister glancing at the card she held in her hand: "284—yes, that is the number Mrs. Duval gave me; and, Charley, I believe I will go in with you, and then, if the rooms suit me, I can engage them at once." And, as she said this, Mrs. Loring descended from the carriage and followed her brother up the long flight of steps.

Their ring was answered by a servant in livery, and they were ushered into a small reception-room, which was so perfect in all its appointments that Mrs. Loring gave a little sigh of satisfaction as she glanced around saying.

"I believe, Charley, that I have at last found a place which will just suit me."

"You ought indeed to be suited, if all the house is like this," replied her brother; "for this is certainly charming."

It was indeed a very pretty room. The floor was covered with a carpet of pale drab, dotted over with forget-me nots; the windows were hung with draperies, over satin hangings of a perfect forget-me-not hue; the chairs and ottomans were of the same color; and the few exquisite paintings on the wall were framed in gult, with border of pale blue velvet: costly bronze adorned the mantle; a curiously carved table, in the centre of the room, held a golden vase filled with rare hot-house flowers, and a little gleam of October sunshine that stole in at the window, lingered lovingly on an exquisite marble cupid which rested on a gilt stand.

Scarcely had Charley Ventnor completed his survey of the room, when the door opened, and a young girl entered who looked as if she might be the presiding genius of the place, for her dress was soft drab material, relieved by knots of pale blue at her throat and in her hair. She was very attractive, though there was not a singular feature in her face; but it was so bright and intelligent, and she had that graceful, dainty air, which is often as pleasing as real beauty. Her hair was really beautiful, of that golden shade which is often described and so seldom seen. She advanced with graceful ease, and said in a very sweet voice:

"I believe you wish to see my sister; but as she is unfortunately not at home, I thought that perhaps you could leave your message with me."

Mrs. Loring at once proceeded to business, "I came at Mrs. Duval's suggestion, to look at your spare suit of rooms," she said; "but if it is not convenient for you to show them to me, I will come in again when your sister is at home."

"There is no need of troubling you to do that," the young lady replied. "If you have heard of the rooms through Mrs. Duval, and would like to see them, I shall be very happy to show them, though they are not at all remarkable."

"I assure you," replied Mrs. Loring, "that I do not care for anything remarkable. All I wish is to find a pleasant home for the winter."

A little surprised look came into the girl's face as Mrs. Loring said this; but she immediately rose, and saying, "Come with me, then, if you please," led the way from the room.

When they reappeared again after a few minutes, Charlie Ventnor knew by the expression of his sister's face, that she was much pleased with what she had seen: but said nothing till they had bidden the young lady good morning, and were in the carriage once more. Then she began:

"O Charley, the rooms up-stairs are lovely, even prettier than the one you saw! The two which she showed me are furnished in crimson, and are in the most perfect taste. I do hope I shall be able to secure them.'

'I only wonder that such a remarkable boarding house is not better known. Did you ever hear of it before?' asked her brother.

'No' replied Mrs. Loring; 'but then, that is not at all strange, for Drs. Duval told me that it had only been open a short time. But will you go with me to-morrow? I am to be there at ten o'clock, to see Mrs. Gray, when we are to make all the final arrangements'

'Certainly, I will with pleasure. I am anxious to see more of this house, which I begin to think is an enchanted place, of which this 'yellow haired lassie' is the princess.

So the next morning found them at Mrs. Gray's door, punctually at ten o'clock The lady of the house proved as charming in manner as her sister; but when, after a few compliments, Mrs. Loring explained the object of her call, Mrs. Gray seemed so much astonished, that in spite of her efforts to conceal her amazement, Mrs. Loring perceived it sufficient to rouse a suspicion in her mind, as she went on boldly:

'Perhaps your sister did not tell you that we were here yesterday looking at your suit of spare rooms, of which I had heard through Mrs Duval, and with which I was so much pleased that I will take them at almost any price.'

'There must be some very great mistake about this matter,' Mrs. Gray said. And with that she rose, rang the bell, and when the servant came in answer to the summons, said: 'Tell Miss Bessie I would like to see her a moment.'

A most awkward silence fell on the trio after this, and it was a great relief to all when the young lady at length made her appearance. She came into the room in such a hesitating way, and with such a mingled look of shame and fun in her face, that Charley Ventnor thought her more attractive than ever.

'Bessie,' said her sister in rather a grave tone, 'can you explain this extraordinary proceeding to me?'

The girl blushed, hesitatingly a moment, and then said frankly:

'Yes, sister Kate, I can. It was all my fault, and I am perfectly ashamed of myself; but you see when this gentleman and lady called yesterday, I did not understand at first what they wanted, and though I thought it very strange for Mrs. Duval to send any one to look at our spare rooms, yet still as she had sent them, I did not like to refuse them, and it was not till the lady said something about wishing to find a pleasant home for the winter that I began to understand the matter. Then the spirit of fun possessed me, and I showed her the rooms, talking all the while as if we had kept boarding-house for the last twenty five years.

'Really, Bessie, I am perfectly surprised,' began Mrs. Gray; but there was no use endeavoring to reprove the girl, for she looked so pretty as she stood there before them, and the deep look of contrition she had assumed, blended with the amusement she could not disguise, was so irresistable, that Mrs. Gray's reproof ended in a laugh in which they all joined. But in a moment Bessie grew serious again, and turning to Mrs. Loring, said:

'I can not tell you how ashamed I am of my unladylike conduct. I only wish I could do something to make amends for it.'

'Pray do not think any more about it,' replied Mrs. Loring; 'though you do not know what a disappointment it is to me to give up my elegant suit of rooms,' she added laughingly; 'for I am afraid I shall find great difficulty in being suited now.'

After a little more desultory conversation, the brother and sister left the house but not without promises to continue the acquaintanceship so unpropitiously begun, and by way of finding out more about these enchanting people, they drove to Mrs. Duval's. The lady's merriment was very great when she heard the story.

'Oh, my dear!' said she to Mrs. Loring 'I told you the number was 384, not 284. Only think of your going there to look for rooms. Mr. Gray has only recently come here, but he is said to be one of the richest men in New York; his wife belongs to one of the oldest families in the country, and her sister is heiress to an immense estate. But there is no harm done after all,' she continued; 'you will find them charming acquaintaces, and Charlie, if you can come to my *musicale* to-morrow evening, I will take care that you have a formal introduction to Miss Bessie.'

It is needless to say that Charley Ventnor was one of the earliest guests to arrive at Mrs. Duval's on the following evening, but that lady's promise was distined never to be fulfilled, for it chanced that one of the first persons he met on entering the room was the 'yellow haired lassie' She held out her hand to him in a most cordial manner, saying: 'I am very much obliged to Mrs. Duval for giving me an opportunity of making my apoligies to you again, Mr. Ventnor. The more I think about my coduct the more ashamed I feel of it; but really I cannot help laughing when I remember what a distressed expression you all wore yesterday when I came into the room.'

There was no resisting this girl, for she had such a frank, unaffected way about her, that it was impossible to feel like a stranger with her very long, and before the evening was over, she and Charley felt almost like old friends.

Late in the evening, Mrs. Duval remembered her promise, but when, after much search, she discovered them in the conservatory, a single glance assured her that their acquaintance would probably progress favorably without any assistance from her. With Charlie it was clearly a case of love at first sight. All through winter he was her loyal and devoted knight; the colors of his shield henceforth were blue and golden, and the scene of tournaments was the little blue room. So one morning in spring, when he came in and found Bessie decking the marble cupid with forget-me-nots, blue as her own eyes, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to tell how a little winged arrow from the little god had entered into his heart; and when, a few months later, the golden hair rested upon his shoulder, and the sweet blue eyes looking up so lovingly at him, he knew that the 'yellow haired lassie' was his forever.

THE WAY SHE DID IT

A liberal educaton, a handsome person, and a wealthy and indulgent father were among the agreeable things that were vouchsafed Robert Anson by smiling fortune. His mother had died in his early youth, and the father and son—the only members of the family left—had afterwards been more like brothers. They had made a European tour, and had traversed every nook and corner of America together, seeking in rational amusement the legitimate enjoyment of a colossal fortune. But at last there came a seperation of a year. Anson desired to again visit Europe, and his father preferred a trip across the continent to the Pacific coast; therefore each went his way, followed by the good wishes of the other.

Mr. Anson, senior, spent six months on the plains and in California, and made a discovery on the return trip. Stopping a few days in Chicago, he accidentally learned of the existance of a distant relative of his deceased wife's—a girl whose parents had not long before died, leaving the daughter dependent upon her own exertions for support. Mr. Anson sought her out, finding in Flora Mightmay a pretty, intelligent girl of eighteen, holding a position as teacher in one of the public school. He was charmed with her and at once offered her a home.

'But I should dislike to be a burden to anybody,' interposed the independent young lady.

'The obligation would be on the other side,' replied Mr. Anson; 'I am rich and have only one relative—a son who is in Europe. He will be home soon. Both of us have had our traveling, and will want to settle down in a home. By making your home with us you will add to it a social attraction, relieve it of being a bachelor's hall, and we'll be as happy as larks together.'

The outlook was certainly alluring to the lonely orphan, and she accepted the offer, returning to New York with Mr. Anson.

Thereupon the old mansion was renovated, refurnished, and soon become the headquarters of brilliant social clique. Flora at once took her place as a favorite, and Mr. Anson was proud of his protage.

As the return of Robert Anson was now daily expected, it may be well to follow him on his transatlantic voyage. He was barely embarked at Liverpool before his eyes fell upon a form of a decidedly handsome and dashing woman. A widow—anybody could have told that by her air of independence. Not much past thirty, and at the zenith of her charms, she was a really bewildering creature. So Robert thought at first sight, and so he found her upon acquaintance. A Mrs. Morrow she proved to be, and she was alone and unprotected on her voyage, which had been made to visit some distant relatives in England. The steamer consumed nine days in passage. On the first day Robert managed to gain a speaking acquaintance. On the second he had improved it so far as to be on easy chatting terms, and before the close of the third he was enslaved. They walked the deck by moonlight on the fourth and fifth; and before the seventh their billing and cooing had attracted the attention of the passengers. On the eighth, Robert proposed and was accepted, and on the ninth they reached New York.

Mrs. Morrow owned a little house in Brooklyn, and had a modest income from property left by her husband. To her home Robert saw her safely conveyed, and then sought his own. The changes there astonished him, for his father had kept it all an aggreable surprise.

"Robert," said Mr. Anson, as he welcomed him, "do you recognize the old dingy house?"

"Scarcely, father," was the reply; "everything is new, bright, and cheerful. What does it mean?"

"A woman."

"Married?"

"No, no; but hush! There comes the cause of it. Clara, this is my son Robert."

Possibly the widow, had she seen the impression that Clara produced on her lover, would have felt less secure in her conquest For Clara had improved in spirits since her residence with Mr. Anson, and was even prettier than when she first came there.

That night, over a social bottle of wine, the father explained to his son the manner in which he found Clara, and the light and happiness she had brought to their home.

"And I have formed a plan in reference to her," concluded Mr. Wilson.

"What is it?" asked Robert.

"That you shall marry her."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

Thus brought to the point, Robert confessed his engagement to Mrs. Morrow.

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Anson.

"Thirty."

"And you are twenty-six—how absurd. People will laugh at you. Clara is young, pretty, and I know she will love you."

"But I love the widow."

"Nonesense."

"Father!"

"There, my boy don't take offence. I only mean you have mistaken admiration for love. That you really love a woman four years your senior, and a widow at that, but you don't. Now, I will tell you what I will do. Not another word shall be said on the subject for one month. At the end of that time, if you presist in marrying Mrs. Morrow, I shall marry Clara myself."

"I agree," replied Robert,

The month passed quickly, and at its close the situation was about like this: Robert was fenced between his love for Clara and his duty to the widow; Clara is deeply in love with Robert; Mrs. Murrow was troubled by a certain falling-off in her lover's ardor, and Mr. Anson, who had steadily refused to see the widow, hoped for the best of his plan. The father and son met after supper

"Well, Robert," said the former, "the month is up. What have you decided on doing."

"We have made confidents of each other," began Robert.

"Certainly,"

"And I shall not hide anything from you now. I love Clara, and believe she loves me, but I am engaged to Mrs. Morrow, and cannot honorably break the engagement."

"Then leave the matter entirely to me."

"What will you do?"

"I will secure your release by the widow."

"By fair means?"

"By her free consent."

And so the interview closed.

On the following day Mr. Anson sought the home of the widow. She was in, and upon learning who he was welcomed him cordially. She asked him to be seated on the sofa, upon whih she also gracefully sank. Mr Anson had made up his mind to be brief and business like; but the gorgeous widow quite upset him before he even broached the subject of his son's engagement. They came to speak of him naturally at last, however, and the widower saw his oppertunity.

"You love my son?"

"What a question Mr. Anson," she replied showing her perfect teeth in a bewitching smile; "am I not going to marry him?"

"I hope not."

"Sir!" and even the widow's pretty frown captivated him.

"I beg your pardon," he added, crestfallen, "I mean that I came to talk the matter over with you. Do you think the match is altogether a good one?"

"I see," and her eyes dropped appropriately, "you object because I am comparatively poor."

"Indeed I do not. The financial aspect of affairs has never been considered by me."

The widow here pierced him with a look of gratitude.

"It was the difference in, in——" he stammered.

"In social position?" sugested the widow.

"No, no——"

"Ah! I see. You mean in age?"

"Yes," he replied, sheepishly. "You divined the reason, and I will be perfectly frank with you. My son is very dear to me, and it has been the dream of my life to see him happily married to some beautiful aud loving woman."

"Here the widow turned her glorious eyes full upon Mr. Anson, and managed to show her arm, which happened to be enclosed in a loose sleave. It was a particularly round, smooth arm, aud as white as possible.

"I beg your pardon," hastily continued Mr. Anson; "I know that you are good, beautiful, and lovable, but—"

"But I am too old—I am thirty. Not so very old either, although I do feel older than Robert. My love for him has been largely of the guardian sort—I have petted and admired him as a mother might. And he loves me—"

"But not exactly as he should a wife. He loves another woman—not a handsomer, or better woman, my dear madam but younger and better suited to be his wife."

The widow burst into tears—presumably, at least, as she buried her eyes in her handkerchief, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. The widower's courage quite forsook him at this unexpected crisis. A pretty woman in tears is a melting object, and the effect upon the widower was all that Mrs, Morrow could have desired. She sank down on the sofa in her grief, very close to him. He wanted to console her, and so he took her hand. It was white, soft, and warm.

"Please don't cry," he said; "I have offended and grieved you. Pray forgive me'

"There don't pity me." said the widow, in a trembling but musical voice; I can bear it. I have only Robert's welfare and happiness at heart—if he can be happy I ought to be contented.

"Then you release him?"

"Certainly."

"And loose a fortune—you are a noble woman."

"What is money to me? I am alone and unloved—I shall try to be happy in the consciousness of having sacrificed myself for your son."

"We will oppreciate your sacrifice," and Mr. Anson wiped a tear from each eye.

Here Mrs. Morrow wept afresh' and her head sank back upon the widower's shoulder. Her form shook convulsively, and he put his arm around her waist to support her.

"My dear madam," he said, "I cannot find it in my heart to take Robert from you."

"Robert," she sobbed, "I shall never see him again. I have nothing more to desire except your respect and esteem. Without those I should indeed be unhappy."

Mr. Anson drew her closer to him.—so close that she lay trembling on his breast and he pressed a kiss on her forehead.

"You have both and my deepest admiration."

"Then I am content. Let Robert marry the girl of his choice. I only claim the privilege of retaining an interest in his welfare, and a corner of your esteem."

Mr. Anson promised, as he bade the widow adieu at the door to call again soon. And he kept his promise so well that the next evening found him there again.

"Victory!" murmured the widow, as she heard him enter the hall; "he will propose to me before he leaves to-night. Robert is a very pretty fellow, but he is inconstant. The father is handsome, infatuated with me already, and the money is all his. I prefer the father."

She proved reliable in her prediction.—Before her caller had kissed her good-night he had offered her his hand, heart, and fortune, and she had accepted all three.

The result was a double wedding, and the subsequent happiness of all concerned. Mr. Anson was a devoted husband, and Mrs. Morrow made him a faithful and affectionate wife; while both paternally watched over the younger couple. Although so cleverly fooled by the widow, Mr. Anson never suspected it, and never had cause for regret.

OUR LITTLE GHOST.

BY MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Oft in the silence of the night,
When the lonely moon rides high,
When wintry winds are whistling,
And we hear the owl's shrill cry,
In the quiet, dusky chamber,
By flickering firelight,
Rising up between two sleepers,
Comes a spirit all in white.

A winsome little ghost it is;
Rosy-cheeked and bright of eye,
With yellow curls all breaking loose
From a small cap pushed away.
Up it climbs among the pillows,
For the "big dark" brings no dread;
And a baby's boundless fancy
Makes a kingdom of a bed.

A fearless little ghost it is,
Safe the night seems as the day,
The moon is but a gentle face,
And the sighing winds are gay.
The solitude is full of friends,
And the hour brings no regrets;
For in this happy little soul
Shines a sun that never sets.

A merry little ghost it is;
Dancing gally by itself
On the flowery counterpane
Like a trickey household elf;
Nodding to the fitful shadows,
As they flicker on the wall;
Talking to familiar pictures,
Mimicking the owl's shrill call.

A thoughtful little ghost it is;
And when lonely gambols tire,
With chubby hands on chubby knees,
It sits winking at the fire.
Fancies, innocent and lovely,
Shine before those baby eyes—
Endless fields of dandelions,
Brooks, and birds, and butterflies.

A loving little ghost it is;
When crept into its nest,
Its hand on father's shoulder laid,
Its head on mother's breast.
It watcheth each familliar face,
With its tranquil, trusting eye;
And, like a sleepy little bird,
Sings its own soft lullaby.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,
Lest baby play till dawn,
Wake and watch their folded flower—
Little rose without a thorn.
And in the silence of the night,
The hearts that love it most,
Pray tenderly above its sleep,
"God bless our little ghost!

THE MENTAL CONDITION OF OLD AGE.

Dr. Beard says upon the mental condition of old age: Moral decline in old age means—take care; for the brain is giving way. It is very frequently accompanied or preceded by sleeplessness; decline of the moral faculties, like the decline of other functions, may be relieved, retarded, and sometimes cured by proper medical treatment, and especially by higiene. In youth, middle age, and even in advanced age one may suffer for years from disorders of the nervous system that cause derangement of some one or many of the moral faculties, and perfectly recover.

The symptoms should be taken early and treated like any other physical disease. Our best managed asylums are now acting upon this principle, and with good success. Medical treatment is almost powerless without hygiene.—Study the divine art of taking it easy. Men often die as trees die, slowly, and at the top first. As the reasoning faculties are the highest, most complex, and most delicate developement of human nature, they are the first to show signs of cerebral disease. When they begin to decay in advanced life we are safe in predicting that if these signs are neglected other functions will sooner or later be impaired.

When conscience is gone, the constitution is threatened. Everybody has observed that ill temper, greediness, despondency, are often the first and only symptoms that disease is coming upon us. The moral nature is a delicate barometer, that foretells long before hand the coming storm in the system. Moral decline, as a system of cerebral disease, is, to say the least, as reliable as are many of the symptoms by which physicians are accustomed to make a diagnosis of various diseases of the bodily organs. When moral is associated with mental decline in advanced life, it is almost safe to make a diagnosis of cerebral disease.

Let nothing deprive us of our sleep. Early to bed and late to rise make the modern toiler healthy and wise. The problem for the future is to work hard, and at the same time to take it easy. The more we have to do the more we should sleep. Let it never be forgotten that death in the aged is more frequently a slow process than an event; and man may begin to die ten or fifteen years before he is buried.

FIVE CENTS.

Five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty five cents per week—not much; but it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family. $18.26 a year—and this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent. computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than $870—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper, you hardly miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day—$1.05 per week—Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have $3,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week—it would buy several yards of muslin.—$36.50 in one year—deposit this amount as before, and you would have $1,310 in twenty years quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children. $3.10 a week, enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. $109.26 per year—with it you could buy a good melodeon, on which your wife and daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of $15,000.

Boys learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man—instead of squandering your extra change, invest it in a library or a savings-bank.

If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and despicable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave—take your extra change and invest it in a drinking saloon.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy years of age, that ever I knew, were to be divided; 1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch. —*Coleridge.*

THE MARRIAGE OF A DAUGHTER.

The departure of a son from beneath the paternal roof does not present any spectacle of desolation. Masculine life has, from its infancy an individuality, an independence, an egotism, so to say, which is essentially wanting to female existence. When a son abandons his parents to create for himself a separate interest, this separation causes but little interruption in their mutual relations. A man marries, and still maintains his friendship, his habits, and his filial affections. Nothing is changed in his life; it is only an additional tie. His departure is consequently a mere simple separation while the departure of a young girl, to become a wife in a few hours, is a real desertion, a desertion with all its duties and feelings still fresh about it. In one word, the son is a sapling which has always grown apart from the trunk, while the daughter has, on the contrary, formed an essential portion of it, and to detach her from her place is to mutilate the tree itself.—You have surrounded her youth with unspeakable tenderness, the exhaustless tenderness of your paternal and maternal hearts, and she, in return, has appeared to pour forth upon you both an equally inexhaustible gratitude. You loved her beyond all the world, and she seemed to cling to you with a proportionable affection.

But one day, one ill-omened day, a man arrives, invited and welcomed by yourselves; and this man of your own choice carries off to his domestic eyrie your gentle dove, far from the soft nest which your love had made for her, and to which hers had clung. On the morrow you look around you, you listen, you wait, you seek for something which you cannot find. The cage is empty; the tuneful linnet has flown; silence has succeeded to its melodious warblings; it does not come as it did on the previous morning, fluttering its perfumed wings about your pillow, and awakening you by its soft caresses. Nothing remains but a painful calm, a painful silence, a painful void.

The chamber of the absent darling offers only that disorder which is so melancholy for a mother to contemplate; not the joyous and impatient disorder of occupation, but that of abandonmdnt. Maidenly garments scattered here and there; girlish fancies no longer prized; chairs heaped with half worn dresses; drawer left partially opened, and ransacked to their remotest corners; a bed in which no one has slept; a crowd of charming trifles, which the young girl loved, but which the young wife despises, and which are littered over the carpet like the feathers dropped by the linnet when the hawk made the timid bird its prey. Such is the depressing sight which wrings tears from the mother's heart.

Nor is this all; from this day she occupies only the second place in the affections of her departed idol; and even that merely until the happiness of maternity shall have taught her whom she weeps, to assign her to one still lower. This man—this stranger—unknown a few months—it may be but a few weeks—previously, has assumed a right over those affections which were once almost entirely her own; a few hours of fleeting, and it may be even of assummed, tenderness, have in a great degree sufficed to efface twenty long years of watchfulness, of care, and of self-abnegation; and they have not only rent away her right to the first and best beloved, but they have also deprived her of the filial caresses, and gentle attentions, and the adored presence of the heart's idol, whom she herself has given to him for life.

Nothing is left to the mother but the attachment of respect. All warmer emotions are engrossed by the husband, to whom his young bride owes alike obedience and devotedness.—If she loves him, she leaves her home without regret to follow his fortune to the end of the world; if she does not love him, she will perform the same duty with resignation. Nature and law alike impose the obligation on her, and her own heart must decide whether it will constitute her joy or her trial; but in either case the result to the mother is the same.

Nor can that mother reproach her with this painful preference, for she has reared her in the conviction of the necessity of marriage; she has herself offered to her its example in her own person; Heaven itself has pointed it out as a duty whose omission is culpable; and therefore, far from venturing to wish that the lost one should restore to her all the tenderness which time and habit may enable her to withdraw from her husband, the mother is bound, on the contrary to pray that they may every day become dearer to each other, and by each other, even at the expense of her own happiness.

This misfortune is the mother's last blessing —*Lady's Journal.*

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest of words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in the degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there never was a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely and increases with years It is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

Eminent lawyers are not always the safest advisers. Charles O'Connor, of New York, who had charge of the prosecution against Tweed and his family of thieves, advised that suits to recover the money stolen by them, be brought against them in the name of the State. Other attorneys less eminent than O'Connor, advised that the city and county of New York should be made the plaintiff in these cases instead of the State: but the eminent counsellers advice was taken, the State was made plaintiff, and now the Court of Appeals has decided that the State had no interest in the suits and therefore could not sue. O'Connor is the lawyer by whom every one in New York city swears; yet his opinions have been very unsafe ones to follow.

Though sinking in decrepit age, he prematurely fails whose memory records no benefit conferred on him by man. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—*Sheridan.*

Newspaper readers do not like to peruse indifferent poetry by little girls—unless the little girls are their own.