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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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Business Cards.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over the Bank, Montrose. Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Ressaquet, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [apl 69

W. W. SMITH,

MANUFACTURER OF CHEAPSIDE AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Yoon Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1. 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT, [apl 90. Friendsville, Pa.

AMI ELY,

AUCTIONEER. Address, Brooklyn, Pa. June 1, 1874.

J. C. WHEATON,

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W. A. CROSSMON,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, late 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. E. 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 [Feb. 1, 1873.

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Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 16 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y. WM. H. SCOVILL, JEROME DEWITT. [June 18th, 1873

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

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

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose Jan. 1 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

Up 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,

Manufacturer ELECTRO THERMAL BATHS, a Medical Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult Dr. A. Chronic Sufferer. Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—use—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. Now 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, E. L. BLAKESLEE. Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office one door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co., Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869. 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 HAPPY HAIR 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 Sausages, etc. of the best quality, constantly on hand, at the lowest. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1873.—1y

VALLEY HOUSE.

HARFORD, PA. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot. A large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished rooms and sleeping apartments, splendid tables, and all things comprising a first class hotel. HENRY ACKERT, Proprietor. [Oct. 1871.—tf.

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EDGAR A. TURRELL.

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E. P. HINES, M. D.

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

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Burns Block, Montrose, Pa. AMOS NICHOLS. [Jan. 1, 1872

FINE

JOB PRINTING

Executed

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

Try US.

POETRY.

ODE TO COGGIA'S COMET.

—o—

Hail, mute, magnificent, mysterious stranger
Whose bright progression on the sky we trace!
From what unfathomed depths art thou a ranger,
Ambassador from what celestial race?
Art thou some envoy extraordinary,
With shining train attenuated very!

Though undisclosed, thou hast, I think, a mission,
Coming with blazonary that frights the stars,
Mid whose grand hierarchies thy position
We dimly guess beyond bewildering bars,
On which we beat our scientific pinions—
Spent with far flight in limitless dominions.

Did Sirius send thee on thy blazing passage,
Charged with some secret for our sovran sun?
And, glowing with the zeal of thy embassage,
Thy flight grows faster till thy task be done?
When from his august throne in pride returning
We may descry again thy pathway burning!

Or art thou one of Neptune's icy neighbors
Come up with tribute to his king and thine?
I wot his glance has quickened thy slow labors
And made the dimness of thy distance shine;
For they must ride on dull and dismal pinions
Whose circuit miles reach twenty thousand millions!

Hast thou been here before, as some conjecture?
If but the truth to me thou wilt make known,
I'll put thy glory in a flaming lecture—
The credit thine, and mine the cash alone.
How I might laugh at all the learned doctors,
The Royal Institutions and their Proctors!

Dost marvel that no more with ghastly terrors
(As in the past thy prototypes were seen)
We view thy face; but fearing only errors
In judging what thou art and when has been;
How many ells of cloth of gold thy train took,
And how intense its hues from Charles's Wain look?

Perhaps, since once a comet scared Calixtus,
And prompted him to ban it with his curse,
Thy frightful spells were meant to have transfix'd us,
Driving us trembling Aves to rehearse,
And with white lips and knees that knocked together
Beseech thee not to spoil our crops and—weather!

A hundred years ago—or two, we'll call it,
Thou hadst not waved thy horrid hair in vain;
In dread of direful dangers to befall it
The world had stooped to "bell and book" again.
And on some Papal bull or priestly chrism
Hung, halt in doubt, thy solemn exorcism!

It may be thou comest with pretension
To have a tilt with this old globe of ours;
And in our bosoms kindle apprehension
Of bursting bolides metoric showers;
Or, at the least, of most uncanthly odors,
Of deadly maladies the foul foreboders!

But since we scan the sky with magic glasses,
Sitting their flames the tell-tale prism through,
We boldly challenge each queer craft that passes
(As now our telescopes are turned on you;)
And be it planet, asteroid or comet,
We seldom fail to get its story from it!

No fiery dragon thou—red tongued and raven
ous—
To crunch our globe its fiery jaws between;
A mighty mass, all dubious and diaphanous,
Thy claims to frighten us are quite *too than;*
We'd quench thy fire, both manifest and latent,
With our extinguisher, of Babcock's patent!

I hailed thee "mute" in my first salutation,
And it is true thou hast no mortal tongue;
But still thou bringest us a bright narration,
And dost "unfold a tale" both strange and long
A tale that twenty million leagues surpasses
Were a most taking serial for the (m)asses!

When first I saw thy gleams the welkin spangle,
"A great celestial engineer," I said:
For thou wert laying out a vast triangle
With Bears, both "great" and "little" overhead
"An elevated railroad route projector,
Or, otherwise, a vagrant-star detector!"

I not knowing why thou com'st, dread visitor,
But wish I might have interviewed thee first;
How proud were I to be the grand inquisitor,
And of thy habits learned the best and worst!
Why did I not enact the "Artful Dodger,"
And get ahead of that Italian codger?

Speed on, great pilgrim from a clime uncertain,
'Tis best the earth and thou, ungreeting, pass,
Lest one least grasp should loose the filmy curtain,
And let it drop—on thy disrupted gas!
Yet, if thou dar'st the shock, why then, to sum it
Up in two words O Comet, come it!

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.

—o—

"I shall see you to-night, Mrs. Kathlane?"

"At the Grangers? Yes, I shall be there I hope it won't be a rush."

Rupert Thornbury smiled as he looked down at the speaker. Something had evidently put her out. "Are you often viciously disposed, Mrs. Kathlane? It is news to me."

"I wish you would not call me that, Rupert. Mrs. Kathlane. You do it on purpose, and I don't like it."

The last words were spoken like a petulant child, and there was a cloud on the face which looked up for a moment from the soft, vividly-colored wools which the white and slender fingers were knitting into some incomprehensible 'fancy work.' A very beautiful face it was, and a very beautiful woman was little Mrs. Kathlane; and no one in the wide world was more thoroughly convinced of this fact than Rupert Thornbury.

She was slight and small in figure—girlish-looking still, despite her four-and twenty years. No other woman would have dared, with her complexion, to wear the colors she did—often in defiance of ordinary rules. She wore, this morning, a deep royal purple dress, with purple bands in her dark hair, and looked charming. Her hair dopped over her forehead in Hottentot waves, and was fastened behind with a high golden comb. Her face was almost marvellous in its perfect form and brilliant coloring; and her great dark eyes, with their long lashes, were enough of themselves to turn an ordinary man's head.

"I don't like it," said she, again, glancing at her companion, who was abstractly tangling the bright wools, apparently lost in thought, "and I shall be seriously angry with you if you presist in being so formal. For it is formal, after you have known me since I was a little child, to speak as though we were strangers."

"I'll not call you so again, Millicent. Only—" Mr. Thornbury paused.

"Only what?" returned the imperious little lady, giving him another searching glance.

"Things have changed a great deal since you were a child, Millicent. You are a woman now, wealthy, courted, flattered; and I—but it is no good talking of these things. I must be going. Will you promise me the first waltz to-night?"

"Certainly. I hope you appreciate my kindness. I waltz very rarely you know."

"I do appreciate it; and now I must go down to that "stupid old office," as you call it, and make up for lost time. Good morning, Millicent; don't forget your promise," and then he was gone.

Gone, and unconscious, as he walked swiftly down the street, that Milbcent Kathlane's dark eyes were looking after him, and that when turned back to her work, a soft sigh fluttered from her beautiful lips and a shadow clouded her beautiful face.

He had known her, as she said, since she was a little child; and he a strong rude lad, had loved the flower-faced little Millicent dearly; and when, at the age of eighteen, he had been sent away from home to qualify himself for the work of life, it was with secret determination to return after years had passed, and claim her. Although she was a child not a dozen years old, she had taken the warmest place in his heart for her own.

Years passed by, and Rupert Thornbury, worked hard and well, but the fortune he so ardently wished for never came. He was an honorable man, and crushing his own heart back, he took his father's burdens on his strong young shoulders, and bore them bravely. Only once he faltered, and that was when, after scarcely six years had passed since he first went into the world, news came to him that Millicent, "his little Milly," was married. It was her father's wish, the gossips said. Mr. Kathlane, the suitor, was immensely wealthy, and, having been fascinated by Millicent's beauty, her parents had used all their influence with her, and the end was she married. Millicent, now Mrs. Kathlane, went away to her husband's home, and Rupert Thornbury went on with his duel, distastful labor, with not the old boyish dream to lighten his task.

Six more years passed slowly by, making many changes in the affairs of both. Mr. Kathlane died suddenly after two or three years of married life, and Millicent went abroad with some friends.

She had been back nearly a year now, and had settled down to a town life. During this period the old childish friendship of Rupert Thornbury had been warmly renewed, and Rupert had discovered that, charming as she was in her childhood and girlhood, now that she was a woman she was infinitely more so.

During this year life had grown a deal brighter to Mr. Thornbury; he was prospering slowly and steadily, and had gained many friends. Anxious mammas looked upon him with favor, and many bright eyes gave him bewitching glances—hitherto in vain. His whole heart—and he knew it—was soll with Millicent Kathlane; but her marriage had raised her, both as to wealth and position, so far above himself that he did not, except at some fond, delusive moment, dare to aspire to her. He was only a city man, plodding on in his close city office, with his three or four clerks under him

"How beautiful she is!" he thought, as he walked away from the house. "Just the same little Milly at heart, too, as in the dear old days. And her glances—O, if I might dare to believe in them!—seems as true to me as they were then. But what would the world say?"

That night saw him at Mrs. Granger's, a fashionable woman, with some fashionable daughters, one of whom, Cornelia, had made a dead set at Mr. Thornbury. He stood in the lighted rooms, watching for Milncent; but it was late in the evening when she appeared, a murmur of admiration followed her.

She was dressed in trailing robe, silvery blue, with an overdress of soft white lace; her beautiful neck and arms were bare, save for their ornaments of fretted gold; her face was untouched by paint or powder, and her civid coloring seemed almost unearthly as compared with some of the inane faces around her. Her black hair, elaborately dressed, was fastened here and there with drooping sprays, looping her overdress, and in her jewelry *bogueriere*, the scarlet buds glowed and burned.

"Is she not lovely?" That was a question that everybody felt could be answered but in the affirmative. And many an envious heart was hidden under the smiling faces which greeted her.

"There is Mrs. Kathlane, Mr. Thornbury," said Cornelia Granger, a tall, pale, ill-natured girl, to whom Rupert had been saying civil nothings for the last few minutes, who was furiously jealous of Mrs. Kathlane in her heart of hearts. "You gentlemen are wild about her. I believe. Red and blue—what excruciating taste! I wonder her maid does not teach her better."

"Every one has your critical eyes, Miss Granger," said Rupert laughing. "I thought her dress charming."

"Of course." Miss Cornelia was not an amiable girl, as we have said, and at that moment her temper was pinching her rather sourly. "Perhaps you make one of those who are wild over her, Mr. Thornbury?"

"It would be of no use to me, I expect if I were," replied Rupert, in his candor.

"Well, I suppose not—as she is soon to be married again."

"Married again!" he uttered.

"So report runs," said Miss Granger, toying with her fan.

"To whom? I had not heard of it."

"To Mr. Worthington; a cousin of her former husband, you know."

"I know him," cried Rupert, feeling he knew not how. "Dick Worthington's not worthy of *her*. It would be desecration."

"She may not think so. It was said there was a great deal of intimacy before Mr. Kathlane died. She married him simply for his money—that's well known—and the cousin used to be a frequent visitor. There was a deal of gossip about it at the time, but—there's Dick Worthington now. Look how her color rises when she speaks to him."

"Are you quite certain your information is correct, Miss Granger?"

The pale eyes glanced at him and then looked away.

"About the engagement? Quite sure Mr. Thornbury. At least, the world is sure of it. I am neither more nor less wise than it."

Mr. Thornbury did not change color at the news, or seem, in reply, to feel much surprised; he stood laughing and chatting with the young lady for a few moments on different subjects, and then excusing himself, sauntered across the room to where Mrs. Kathlane sat, surrounded by an admiring group, of whom Richard Worthington was one.

"It is my waltz," said Mr. Thornbury, as she looked up, and greeted him with one of the brightest smiles. "Or are you too tired?"

"Tired?" she laughed a little silvery laugh as she rose. "I am never tired of dancing. Richard, I will leave my flowers and fan with you as a hostage."

It was nothing, this leaving with him her fan and flowers—it was like a thousand little coquettish ways she had—but Rupert thinking, O! how bitterly, of what had just been told him, fancied that he saw something deeper than her usual light coquetry in the glance she gave the handsome young fellow, amd groaned in spirit. It seemed a full confirmation of what he had heard.

"One, two, three. One, two, three. You are shockingly out of step Rupert" said she, after the first turn. "What is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost,"

"I have," he said, almost grimly—"the ghost of a dead hope," and she, half-frightened at his tone; looked up at him questioningly. But in another moment he smiled back at her, and she was reassured.

"Don't talk nonsense, Rupert. There you are dancing beautifully now. What were you and that odious Cornelia Granger talking about so long?"

"Odious do you call her?"

"Well I do, Rupert. I think her so: she has not a spark of good feeling in her. Don't you go and tell her now."

"Do you think she is truthful, Millicent?"

They whirled lightly through the dance. Rupert almost startling Millicent by his unwonted gayety, laughing and chatting like any one but his grave self; and she, the color deepning in her cheeks, the light in her eyes glowing momentarily brighter, looked like a veritable dance spirit, so airily did she flit through the rooms.

"How beautifully they waltz."—Even Cornelia Granger involuntarily spoke in admiration, and a slender youth near her gave it as his opinion that "thistlewood couldn't be lighter than Mrs. Kathlane at a waltz."

"Are you tired?" said Rupert looking down at her beautiful face; and Millicent for answer said she could keep on for ever. And so they danced on, untill Rupert saw the bright color fade away, and the sensitive mouth beginning to droop.

"You are tired," he said, and then before she could answer, he whirled her through the low open window into the cool fresh air.

"Thanks," said she, "I believe I was a little faint. Will you get my cloak? And then till her cloak came she sat like a tired child with her head on the railing of the balcony.

"The next dance but one is Richard's," she said, as he wrapped the soft white cloak around her tenderly. "I must not slight him, but I will stay out here until then, unless you wish to go back. I am engaged for everyone of them. I'm afraid. I am sorry Rupert, but—

"No matter," he interrupted her almost rudely, "I must get used to it, I suppose." In her imperious way she laid her hand upon his arm.

"You are cross to-night," she said, "sit before me and tell me what it is."

He hesitated a moment, and then with a reckless determination to disclose everything and afterwards leave her forever, he told her the story of his love—told her in a fierce hard way which almost frightened her, and yet made her reverence and admire him, more perhaps than she did before.

"I have loved you Millicent—I love you more than you can imagine, and I have not told you because—because you are so far removed from me in all ways. I feared—O Millicent! Heaven only knows how I have loved you, and yet I have not had the courage. Now it is too late, either for harm or good. I shall pray for your happiness always, with the man whom you have chosen."

"Why, what do you mean, Rupert?" The profound wonder in her face made him hesitate. "I have heard of your engagement with Mr. Worthington."

"Who has told you that?" she asked. But at the same moment Richard Worthington stepped through the window and came forward.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he said, laughing in his boyish goodnatured way. "It's my dance, most respected cousin Millicent." And she was forced to go without another word to the man beside her.

"I was a little faint after the waltz," she answered. "Don't tease me Dick."

Meanwhile Rupert, left alone with his thoughts, sat as utterly wretched as a man can feel but once in his lifetime.—Inside the music kept untiringly on, the dancers floated past the windows, and every face was luminous with joy. How long he sat there he knew not, but at last he roused himself and rose up. "I must go back, Cornelia Granger will have a delicate bit of gossip if she sees me here," he said. So he went in and showed himself and said a few words to Cornelia Granger, and strolled about he knew not whither, talking to one, talking to another, and presently found himself up stairs near the library. The library door was ajar, and as he entered, a little figure all in silvery blue and soft white lace, with scarlet buds glowing here and there, turned and advanced a step towards him.—There were tears in the great black eyes, and the red lips trembled like a grieved child's.

"Was it untrue, Millicent?"

"Every word of it. Dick, indeed, O, Rupert!"

He clasped her hands almost rudely.

"You are not engaged, then?"

Only a look answered him. He caught her to him, pouring forth all the vows that he had sensitively refrained from before; and Millicent whispered that she should never be engaged unless it was to him.

A pity, but Miss Cornelia Granger had chanced to look into the library.

After waiting so many years!

The Nevada Fashion Reporter.

—o—

HOW HE LIVED AND DIED.

—o—

The fashion reporter of an Austian City Nevada, paper described the belle of the masquerade ball in the following astounding language: "The most gorgeous, stunning, high-toned, richest, firstest-classest, nicest, or any other adjective for costume in the "outfit," was that worn by Miss Frankie Clarke. She was the high-fantinest, gayest and gallinest gal in the room. She appeared as a page, and she was a page that no man would have any other man read. Both in costume and action she was as perfect as a big sunflower." A couple of days after the notice, into the editorial room of the paper stalked a young man. His brow was wrapped in thunder, and his body in a suit of tweed, and his hand clasped a big lump of hickory.

He pulled a paper out of his pocket, and pointing his finger to the paragraph, said: "I want ter see the man as wrote this ere." "I am the individual," replied the person. "What did yer go and do it fur that's wut I want ter know?" "Oh, because I thought you'd like to see your girl one of the most bewitching females that ever was set on earth to keep a man from his hash and drive balmy sleep from his pillow." "Now look here. Ever since that was published I can't get a ward out of her. She sits in front of the looking-glass and keeps a gazin' on herself, and makin' squint eyes at her dress, and a puckerin' up her mouth, and a actin' as if she were a blasted sight better'n anybody else. I want this ere thing fixed, or there'll be a editor's situation vacant." He looked significantly at the club. For a moment the reporter stood in profound thought; then his face brightened, and he said: "I'll fix it in the next week's paper. After you've seen the next issue, call and tell me the result." The young man left. In the next week's paper appeared the following paragraph:

"A CORRECTION.—We made a grave mistake in our issue of last week. In our description of the masquerade ball, we accidentaly substituted the name of Miss Frankie Clark for that of Miss Georgie Waller. Any one who was acquainted with the first named lady must have discovered the error. It is true that she appeared for what was intended as a page, but she looked more like a boot black in hard luck. She is not good-looking, her actions were absurd, and every man in the room kept as far from her as possible. She thinks of moving out of this community, as it's unappreciative. When she goes, she will be escorted out of town by a brass band. The people of Austin will gladly miss her from among then."

The next day the young man entered the office. In his hand he bore a rifle, and his belt was ornamented with a big six-shooter and a tremendous bowie knife. He sailed up to the reporter, "I look warlike, don't I? I don't feel a bit like fightin', you bet. You jest oughter have seen her when she read that correction. Why, she jest danced a jig with madness and she sot down and cried, and then she came up and threw her arms around my neck, and said: "Arthur, do you love me?" "You bet your best bonnet on that,' said I. "Well, never expect me to speak to you again if you don't go and kill that wat rit that slander." In course I promised. And here I am to kill you." He laughed long and heartily. After a time he quieted down, and the reporter said: "I suppose in order to make it all right between you and your girl. I've got to become a corpse. I'll do it. Sit there a minute and I'll fix the business." He sat down at a desk, and scribbled away for a few minutes, and then returned with a sheet of paper on which was written:

"OBITUARY.—It grieves us to be compelled to anounce the sudden death of Mr. Chas. Keller, the young and tallented fashion editor. In a moment of mental aberration he has slandered an estimable, accomplished and beautiful young lady named Miss Frankie Clark. Yesterday her betrothed called at this office and asked for the author of the slander, and, when he discovered him, shot him dead on the spot. This paper will be unable to give fashionable gossip hereafter. We find it impossible to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Keller. Though erratic, he was a man of kindly heart, and could listen more attentively to stale stories and drink more bad whiskey than any man in Austin.—R. I. P."

"That's your sort," said the infuriated lover. "That's the thing to a T. Come along, Mr. Corpse, and hist a little lightning." The lady was satisfied when the paragraph appeared in the next issue of the paper, and her lover wes regarded as a hero, and the Austin paper ceased to give reports of fashionable balls.

An Astonished Young Man.

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A Nashvill paper gives the following sample of social amenities in that section:

"A Nashville youth asks the sweetness to go to some entertainment with him last week, but she declined, on the ground that her shoes were out of repair, whereupon the young man offered to have them mended if she would have them sent around the next day. A lady friend who overheard the conversation, secured a well-worn pair of brogans belonging to her colored cook, and had them conveyed to the enamored young man early the next morning. The latter was astounded, as he had been under the impression that his Dulcina was the possessor of the neatest foot in Nashville (or a pair of them for that matter,) but bravely concealing his feeling of disappointment, he took them to the nearest shoemaker, and left them, with a request that they be mended at once. After the shoes had been repaired, the young fellow escorted them to the home of the dear one of his heart, expecting to be overwhelmed with thanks. On the contrary, half an hour of glib talking on his part was required in order to convince the young lady that he had no intention of insulting her."

When is a match frivolous?—When it makes light of things.

THE BRIDAL OF THE ROSE.

Fanned by delicious odors from the south,
And crowned with light, the lovely Rosebud grew!
A Sunbeam came and kissed her ruddy mouth,
Chasing away the diamond drops of dew!
She hung her head, whereon a wreath of green
Meekly adorned her fair and faultless face!
The kingly Sunbeam hailed her for his queen,
And feasted on the banquet of her grace!
All day his kisses pressed her fragrant mouth,
While round them sang the birds unceasingly!
All day the winds were blowing from the south,
And lillies murmured underneath the tree!
No clouds obscured her lover from her view—
The sky above was one broad dome of blue!

The butterflies, with gorgeous silken wings,
Came near the Rose on her bridal morn:
The music of a thousand mystic things,
Like wedding bells, upon the air was borne!
A white convolvulus had climbed the tree
And close it pressed behind the blushing bride!
Around them gaily hummed the velvet bee—
On opening buds that bloomed on every side!
A veil of splendor o'er the Rose was thrown!
The linnet sang: "The bridal hour has come!"
And so the Sunbeam made the Rose his own!
And Love, immortal Love, made glad their home!
Her ruby leaves unclosed for very bliss,
And heaven ward lifted up her face to his!

THEATRES IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

There were already seventy theatres in London in Shakespeare's time, so brisk and universal was the taste for dramatic representations—great and rude contrivances, awkward in their construction, barbarous in their appointments; but a fervid imagination readily supplied what they lacked, and hardy bodies endured all inconveniences without difficulty. On a dirty site, on the banks of the Thames, rose the principal theatre, the Globe, a sort of hexagonal tower, surrounded by a muddy ditch, on which was hoisted a red flag. The common people could enter as well as the rich; there was sixpenny, twopenny, even penny seats, but they could not see it without money. If it rained, as it often rained in London, the people in the pit—butchers, mercers, bakers, sailors, apprentices—received the streaming rain upon their heads. I suppose they did not trouble themselves about it; it was not so long since they began to pave the streets of London; and when men like these have had experience of sewers and puddles, they are not afraid of catching cold.

While they are waiting for the piece they amuse themselves after their fashion, drink beer crack nuts, eat fruit, howl, and, now and then, resort to their fists; they have been known to fall upon the actors, and turn the theatre upside down. At other times they were dissatisfied, and went to the tavern to give the poet a hiding, or toss him in a blanket; they were coarse fellows, and there was no month when the cry of "Clubs" did not call them out of their shops to exercise their brawny arms.—When the beer took effect there was a great upturned barrel in the pit, a peculiar receptacle for general use. The smell rises; then comes the cry, "Burn the juniper!" They burn some in a plate on the stage, and the heavy smoke fills the air. Certainly the folks there assembled could scarcely get disgusted at anything, and cannot have had noses.

In the time of Rabelais there was not much cleanliness to speak of. Remember that they were hardly out of the middle age, and that in the middle are man lived on a dunghill. Above them, on the stage were the spectators able to pay a shilling, the elegant people, the gentlefolks. These were sheltered from the rain, and, if they chose to pay an extra shilling, could have a stool. To this were reduced the prerogatives of rank and the devices of comfort. It often happened that there were not stools enough; then they lie down on the ground.—This was not a time to be dainty. They play cards, smoke, insult the pit, who gave it them back without stinting, and throw apples at them into the bargain. They also gesticulate, swear at them in Italian, French, and English; crack aloud jokes in dainty, composite, high-colored words; in short, they have the energetic, original, gay manners of artists, the same humor, the same absence of constraint, and, to complete the resemblance, the same desire to name themselves singular, the same imaginative cravings, the same absurd and picturesque devices—beards cut to a point, into the shape of a fan, a spade, the letter T; gaudy and expensive dresses, copied from five or six different nations, embroidered, laced with gold, motley, continually heightened in effect, or changed for others—there was as it were, a carnival on their brains as well as on their backs.—*Taine's History of English Literature.*

A TEN-THOUSAND DOLLAR GIRL.

On a certain day, on a Pennsylvania railroad, a belle of a thriving Pennsylvania town, the daughter of a wealthy lumber merchant, was traveling in the same car with a shrewd old citizen of her native town and an agreeable young gentleman from the West who tells the srory,

The latter had been talking to the belle; but as night drew on and the young lady grew drowsy, he gave up his seat to her and placed himself beside the somowhat cynical Pennsylvanian. The latter began conversation by pointing to a high mountain past which they were whirling, and said:

"You see that mountain? Six or eight years ago it was covered with as fine a forest as ever grew, and was worth $10,000 and upward.—Now, without a tree, covered with stumps, the land is scarcely worth a continental. The net produce of that mountain lies over there in that seat," and he pointed to the recumbent belle; "that is my calculation. It has just absorbed all of that lumber, which her father owned, to raise and educate the girl, pay for her clothes and jewelry, bring her out in society and maintain her there. Some of you young men, if you were given your choice between the mountain yonder as it now stands and the net produce on that seat, would take the net produce; but as for me, give me the stumps.

MAN'S DEPENDENCE.—Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effect as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; he may complain of intrusion or interference; but the frown is smoothed away by a gentle hand, and the murmuring lips are stopped with a caress, and the management goes on."

An expert printer will set about 25,000 letters daily, his hand traveling more than nine miles, and in the working days of a year about 3,000.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FURNITURE.

Young housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, alcohols, and acids.

Acids act on Marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of iron; that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it, and take its place when brought in contact with it, thus destroying the texture of the stone liberating the carbonate acid, and leaving nitrature of lime, or muriate of lime, or sulphate or acetate of lime, as the case may be, in the form of a white powder, in its place. But oils, alcohols, and water produce no effect on marble.

All varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, while not injured usually by acids, are attacked by alcohol. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the materials in alcohol so as to liquify them; and then, when they are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the surface. If, now, any alcohol substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself as used for lamps, or spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains but a small percentage of alcohol, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed.

Oils will not attack either marble or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood, or other porous substances, which admit them into the pores, from which they cannot afterwards be easily expelled.

Water effects no substances except such as have open pores—in which case it enters, and causes the substance to swell; or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum Arabic, used sometimes for attaching ornaments to fancy work.

THE DANGERS OF EAR-RINGS.

An inquest held at Liverpool the other day on the body of a little girl, aged eight years, the daughter of a sailor, conveys a lesson with regard to ear-rings, which is, at all tvents, worth the attention of woman, if she can divert her thoughts for a moment from the pursuit of her rights. The unfortunate child, whose death formed the subject of inquiry, about three weeks ago underwent the operation of having her ears pierced with a stocking-needle. After the ears were pierced, two ear-rings belonging to her mother were put in them. A few days later a blister came behind one ear; then the jaw began to swell; worse symptoms ensued, and on Saturday last the child died. The medical evidence was to the effect that death had resulted from exhaustion consequent upon the intense inflamation caused by the piercing of the ears, and the jury returned the verdict accordingly. Of course, if women choose to have their ears pierced, it would be impertinence on the part of man to remonstrate against the self-inflicted torture; but there can be no harm in suggesting that children might be allowed to reach years of discretion before they are called upon to follow the example of their elders and betters in this respect. It is, however, only fair on woman to admit that she did not invent the practice of ear-piercing.—According to the Mohammedans, Abraham began it. In one of Sarah's jealous fits respecting Hagar she declared that she would not rest until she had dipped her hands in Hagar's blood. In order to quiet Sarah and enable her to redeem her promise without further upsetting her household, Abraham pierced Hagar's ears and drew rings through them. From that time ear-rings became the fashion.

TIDAL WAVES.

The following interesting information relative to tidal waves is given by Professor Van der Weyde. Tidal waves are the only manifestation of the attraction of sun and moon on the surface of the earth. If the earth were entirely surrounded by the ocean the solar tidal wave would travel round the whole earth in twenty-four hours, which is a velocity of 1,000 miles per hour. The lunar wave would trave round the earth in twenty-five hours, at a velocity of 800 miles per hour. As, however, the continents are everywhere interposed except round the South Pole, it is only there that this wave motion takes place, and from this region it is propagated northward into the Indian Ocean and in the Atlantic, where it attains its greatest magnitude. It propagates from Van Diemen's Land in twelve hours to the coast of Hindostan and in another twelve hours from the Cape of Good Hope to Senegal. Twelve hours later it has reached the coast of Great Britian, and, turning round Scotland, reaches Norway and Denmark, in an opposite direction—namely, from west to east.

Its velocity of propagation depends on the depth of the ocean. It is only when the depth exceeds, 6,000 fathoms that the velocity is as great as the revolution of the earth. At a depth of 1,000 fathoms it travels with the velocity of 250 miles an hour, and when the depth is 100 fathoms the velocity is 100 miles. At 20 fathoms it is 30 miles, 10 fathoms 25 miles, and 1 fathom 8 miles. This law, which was discovered by Russell, is so reliable that it has been possible to determine the depth of the ocean by the velocity of the tidal wave.

It is a weakness of some good men to speak of man as miserable rather than guilty. Indeed it becomes one who has obtained mercy to pity rather than condemn. Yet compassion should be mixed with a holy indignation; for we may indulge a tenderness to offenders till we lose sight of the abomination of sin,

How easily one can tell whether a man is glad from within, or whether it is only the play of the sunbeams that chance to fall on him. Happiness is not the work of a chisel and mallet, nor mortised into the soul, it is "put out" like the arm of a tree, whose green, unraveled sleeve flutters with the life it shares.

A paper at Elgin says that a man's social standing in that town is graded by whether he drops a ten-penny nail or a quarter into the church contribution-box.

We may pray with the intellect