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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT. Is Published Every Wednesday Morning. Contains all the Local and General News, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Miscellaneous Reading, Correspondence, and a reliable class of advertisements. Advertising Rates: One square (10 lines) for the first week, 10 cents; for each subsequent week, 7 cents. A liberal discount on advertisements of a regular character. Business Cards, 10 cents a line for first insertion, and 5 cents a line each subsequent insertion. Marriage and Death Notices, 10 cents a line.

Business Cards.
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B. T. & H. CASE, BARNES-MARKS, Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Bladders, Breast Bands, Whips, and overalls, pertaining to the line, made and repaired cheap. Repairing done promptly and in good style. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 29, 1873)
CHARLEY MORRIS, THE HATTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by W. McKean & Co., where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, &c. All work done on short notice and in good style. Please call and see me. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 29, 1873)
THE PEOPLE'S MARKET, Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sausage, &c., of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit. (Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1, 1874)
VALLEY HOUSE, Wm. H. BEND, Pa. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot, is a large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished with comfortable and elegant accommodations, and all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 29, 1873)
DR. W. W. SMITH, DENTIST, Rooms at his dwelling, next door north of Dr. Hester's, on Old Foundry Street, where he would be happy to see all those in want of Dental Work. He is confident that he can please every one in the quality of work and in price. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. (Montrose, Pa. Feb. 11, 1874)
EDGAR A. TURRELL, CORNELIUS AT LAW, No. 170 Broadway, New York City. Advises to all kinds of Attorney Business, and can be seen in all the Courts of the State and the United States. (Feb. 11, 1874)
E. P. HINES, M. D., Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1863, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, 1864, has returned to Friendsville, where he will attend to all calls in his profession as usual. Residence in South Howard's Square. Office the same as heretofore. (Friendsville, Pa. April 25th, 1874)
BURNS & NICHOLS, 251 N. 4th St. Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyes, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, &c. Prescriptions carefully compounded. (Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. April 25th, 1874)
FINE JOB PRINTING

POETRY.
I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.
BY FAYLOR RYAN.
Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best?
The answer comes when life is gone.
Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake
And so the dreary night-hours go;
Some hearts beat when some hearts break,
I often wonder why 'tis so.
Some will faint where some will fight—
Some love the tent—and some the field;
I often wonder who is right?
The ones who strive—or those who yield?
Some hands fall when other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so the battle has been won;
I often wonder who is right?
Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled,
I often wonder who is right?
Some swords rest where others clash—
Some fall back where some move on—
Some flags fly where others flash,
I often wonder who is right?
Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their names above a grave.

THE FOUR LEAF CLOVER.
"They say," she thought, with a shy delight,
"There's a charm in the four-leaf clover."
If that be so, I will find that charm
If I search the whole field over.
For I know not if they tell me true,
What a four-leaf clover for me will do."
So down to the meadows she sped away
To search for the charm there growing,
Nor heed the sun that kissed her cheek,
Nor the wind that gusted her hair blowing;
But over the fragrant grass bent low
To see if the prize hid there or no.
But as she bent on the old elm tree
Who drew with secret laden,
And carried to somebody, near at hand
The news of our little maiden?
Or was it somebody wanted too
To see where a four-leaf clover grew?
For soon it happened that two heads bent
In search of the wondrous clover,
But what a pair of duped cheeks,
What a pair of disappointed eyes,
But what if their search proved all for naught,
Since, with or without, the spell was brought!

MISCELLANEOUS READING.
WORKING FOR A LIVING.
"Rained?"
Ralph Hartston made the exclamation in half incredulous and wholly surprised tone; and no wonder! Sidney Coster had been the day before the richest of all that wealthy circle of which they were the representatives.
"But I do not understand it, Coster," said Hartston.
"I suppose not. You would if by the sums were but the same number of cents, or belonged to some one else."
"That's true enough, but very hard to practice, I imagine. He did your work, who, by the way, I should call a very sharp fellow; he had lost all my fortune for me, lose all this money? Large sum?"
"Cool hundred and fifty thousand," replied Coster as composedly as if the sums were but the same number of cents, or belonged to some one else.
"And he lost it?"
"Yes, that's just it—speculating," interrupted Sidney, as his friend glanced inquiringly at him.
"And I, Sidney, what will you do?"
"Why? To work of course! What else is there to do?"
"Work? Sidney Coster at work! He of the daintiest and most wealthy aristocracy of us all, at work! Why the idea is preposterous and absurd."
"The sneering laugh that followed these words nettled his listener, and aroused all the manhood within him.
"Why shouldn't I work—or you either, for that matter? God intended that all his creatures should earn their bread, and because we have always lived and grown in the lap of pleasure, and eaten the bread of idleness, is it any reason why we always should? Out upon such ideas, I say! and away with this false pride, that will permit a gentleman to swindle, lie, gamble and steal, and not lower himself, but abuse him to the dust if he dares to honestly earn his living. It's all wrong, and I will not be bound by it!"
He showed by his earnest look that he meant it, every word. Hartston was agitated at such leveling ideas, and said:
"Just as you please, of course Coster. You are your own master. But, of course, if you choose to put yourself down in the dirt, you won't expect your friends to come down to the same level. I, for one, would never think of associating with a man who worked for a living."
Sidney Coster's lip curled in contempt of such a character. Hartston continued:
"Why don't you go ahead, old fellow, and marry some rich girl? You are a good-looking fellow and might very easily do it."
"What an honorable thing that would be, wouldn't it? I would rather starve than thus degrade myself and deceive a woman!"
"As you please. Good-day!" And one "friend" was gone.
Coster looked after him a moment, in spite of his bravado words he felt bitter against the fate that had made him a poor man. It was a pleasant life, that he had been leading, and it was hard to give it up.

employment. He possessed nothing in the world but his clothes and a small amount of jewelry—relics of his former butterfly existence—and a heart full of courage. He did not know how to work, had never attempted even the slightest details of business, but he sat resolutely about the task before him.
He walked the city days and days, but all in vain. No one wanted him. There were plenty of situations, but when his qualifications were asked he was forced to tell the miserable truth and confess that he knew just—nothing. How bitterly he regretted now, in his hour of need, that he had not spent the hours which he had wasted in acquiring his accomplishments, in learning something that would help him in his strait. Regrets were useless, and he went steadily forward upon the hard path of duty.
At last he lost all hopes of finding employment in the city, and turned his face towards the spreading fields, and shady groves, and contented, peaceful homes of God's own land, the country. He did not know what he should do there—he had not a friend in the wide world, he thought, who cared whether he lived or died. Where his uncle, the unhappy cause of his misfortunes, had gone he did not know. He only knew he was alone, tired, and heart sick, and discouraged, turning with a longing heart from the hot and dusty city streets, to fresh, green meadows of the country.
He went. For two days he tramped slowly along, sick in mind and in body. He had tried again and again to find employment as he came along, but still the same helplessness of ignorance was his barrier. He was sick, very sick, and knew not where to lay his weary head. At last he fell, and knew no more.
After the long blank and darkness he had a dreamy sense of a pleasant shaded room; of open, vine-covered windows, filled with pure, fresh flowers of a kind, heavy, rugged face that came and looked at him and then spoke cheerfully to another kind of a motherly face that hovered over him often, and smoothed his pillow, and brushed back his clustering hair, matted with his restless fever-tossings; of another face—an angel he dreamed it was—younger and so fresh and sweet that the very sight of it seemed to put him far on his road to health again.
His face did not come as often as the others. It would steal softly in for a moment with the other faces and even then, if he happened to be awake, it would dart upon him in a frightened manner, as the days passed on and he grew better, it did not come so often, and then he grew impatient to get well and find where it had gone.
At last the pleasant morning came that he was well enough to walk out and sit on the pleasant porch, and then, amazed by them, for they were too kind to intrude upon his secret, he told them all his story, and they listened and gave him their warmest sympathy; and one face—the timid, fresh, young one—was bathed in tears behind the leafy screen, where it had crept unseen.
He had found his heaven at last. Farmer Royston—the good, worthy soul that he was—offered him refuge and a place where he could earn his living; and he went to work. His whole heart was bent on learning, and he progressed rapidly with his duties on the farm. He made just as rapid headway into the affections of the family. Of the family in truth; but of the shy heart in particular, he could not feel as sure. That very shy, timid, fresh, young one, who had been so sweet young beauty, interposed an almost insurmountable barrier to her confidence. He could not tell how she regarded him; she was so shy and reserved, scarcely ever speaking to him, and never remaining alone with him for a moment.
The months rolled on and he had been there a year. In that year of independence and healthy labor he had grown strong and rugged, and handsome than ever. He had improved in mind, also, for his accomplishments were thrown aside, he had gained a store of practical knowledge that was invaluable to him; and more, he was desirately in love. The young shy face had conquered him completely.
One pleasant summer evening he strolled down by the river, and unexpectedly came upon Hattie Royston sitting silently beside the old tree that grew upon the water's edge. She started to her feet and would have run away, but he gently detained her with his arm.
"Why do you always avoid me, Hattie?" he asked, trying to look into her averted face.
She made no reply, and only turned farther away from him.
"Do you dislike me then so much, Hattie?" he asked reproachfully.
The look she flashed upon him was a direct denial of the charge, yet she would not speak.
"I love you so dearly and so tenderly that my whole life must be a sad one if you do not love me in return. You do not wish my life to be that, do you, Hattie?"
The answer came so slow and faint that he had to bend his face close down to hers to hear the soft little answer—
"No, not that."
He bent so low that his face almost touched hers, and then he saw it was a ray of light, and then a tear sparkling like a diamond. He thought she was silent in distress, and in so sorry Hattie. I did not mean to give you pain."
She stopped him with a little finger pressed upon his lip; and then looked up, gazed into his eyes.
"Can you not see that I am only happy?" That I am crying for that very happiness?" and she smiled lovingly through her tears.
"You love me then, darling?" he asked as he drew her closer to him, and bent down to look within her eyes.
"Yes, yes! I have loved you so much over since."
"Ever since when?" he asked, as she paused in sweet confusion, and her old shyness returned.
"Ever since the day you fell out there in the road and we brought you in."
They said no more just then; what

the silence is full of words to let to get Mary Doe again. I must die, I answered as blithely, "Die it is, then and without a word he disappeared, but he returned in a moment, and said that I need not hope for rescue, as my comrades had gone back to the army, thinking I was a deserter. When he had finally gone, I lay in a state impossible to describe or think of now, until a sort of sleep stole over me, in the midst of which I thought my name was called. I recognized Mary's voice in another second, and such joy as I only a lover can feel at such a time rushed through my veins. But I am talking too long. It seems that she had watched Carroll, and was now come to tell me to take courage, for she would release me in one more day. It was thirty miles to the regiment and we could expect no help short of that!
"Every moment is precious," cried the dear girl, and before I could speak she was gone.
The next day passed without food or drink, and my mental faculties partook of the weakness of my physical. I spent a good part of the day actually cursing in a mad way, for fear Mary would get tired, or because I was thirsty—but I thought not of death.
Shortly after dark I heard foot steps, and soon Carroll Stewart and two stalwart negroes entered and loosed my hands. They tried to make me walk, but I was too weak, and they were actually obliged to carry me. I was borne off in the arms of the two negroes, which I found to my surprise stood close to the new railroad, just where there was a long, straight, level stretch of grade. A rope was fastened around my neck, and the other end run over the limb of a tree close by which were two negroes held.
"Once for all," will you promise as I desire? I asked Stewart.
My courage revived. I hurled defiance at him. He motioned to the slaves who were dancing in the air. "How long I hung I cannot tell; it was years of agony to my brain, when suddenly there was a distant rumble. The negroes turned, and there, at the end of the track, appeared the monster, shaking the earth as it approached, and scattering fire. They were filled with wonder, and they had never seen an engine, and at that moment it gave an unearthly yell, which they echoed, and dropping the rope, fled. I faintly; but when I revived, friends were near and our nearer than any friend who now sits here as quietly, as I bend over me, with my tears on her cheeks. She had "run" thirty miles.

A Successful Conundrum.
"John has never seen you a ring?" said Kate's sister to her one day, John was Kate's lover.
"Never," said Katie, with a regretful shake of her head.
"And he never will until you ask him for it," returned the sister.
"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.
"Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things, and you can never pluck up courage to ask for one, and I know that you will never have one."
This set Katie to thinking and to what purpose we shall see.
That evening her lover came to see her. He was very proud and very happy for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry him, and as soon as the business could be properly done, and John was a grand good fellow, notwithstanding his obviousness to certain polite matters.
"John," said Katie, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "do you know what a conundrum is?"
"Why, it's a puzzle—a riddle," answered John.
"Do you think you could ask me one I could not guess?"
"I don't know, I never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?"
"I could try."
"Well, try, Katie."
"Then answer this: Why is the letter D like a ring?"
John paused his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.
"I don't know, Katie. Why is it?"
"Because," replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "it cannot be seen without it."
In less than a week from that date Katie had her engagement ring.

FARMER JOHN TO HIS BROTHER.
BY R. W. BIRD.
The toll of the week is ended and my team is Laura her work has finished and now sits down to read.
Our home is very quiet, the children are all at rest,
As I write this homely letter to the brother I have much that's news to tell you, so do not think it strange
To learn by this bit of writing, 'M. Master of a Grange."
"The true, to social societies opposed I've always been,
But this was before the good of co-operation I'd seen.
We meet once a fortnight now in Pomona Hall, As we call the furnished upper rooms in the house of farmer Hall;
Some forty of us farmers, who there can take our wives,
And by work and conversation harmonize our lives.
We ask each other questions in a social, kindly vein,
Learn how to lesson taxes and increase the yield of grain;
To whitte down our troubles; to build up for our joys,
To beautify our farmer homes—educate our girls and boys.
We look in each other's faces—we grasp each other's hands,
As farmers and as neighbors, we protect each other's lands.
We watch each other's lambs from dogs and wolves that growl;
And as Patrons vote together, while the politicians howl.
We agree on more to listen to the grand spread eagle speech
Of the ring and monopoly agent, who takes all the money he can reach.
We are learning to live in harmony, and as flowers from the sod
Grow to the sun light, so we're growing up to very good.
Our home is now far happier than e'er it was before,
Again the bloom's on Laura's cheek, as in the days of yore.
Our house is better furnished than it was when you were here.
For co-operation a profit left for all of us last year.
Our neighbors now call socially when comes the evening,
As peace, friendliness, prosperity, do with us now abide.
This letter tells the story, so brother, think not strange,
If I ask you soon to visit us, and then to join our Grange.

RAILROADING IN EARLY DAYS.
In the early days of the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railway, says a western exchange, there was some pretty rough times on the train; the road ran through a country which was nearly a wilderness, and some of the roughest fellows in the country traveled through. The conductors generally had crews of picked bad boys, and whenever a fight came up they were "in at the death." Especially was it so with old Bobby, passenger conductor running West. He would follow Pat and Bill, great fat factors, who would fight at the end of the road in the country. The bad boys of the bag-fell to the rabbit-brothers in the suburbs of Paris, for French robbers are very fond of the bag-fell, and will consume large quantities of it. The dog-herd drives a thriving trade. It is he who attends to the toilet of those wonderful poodles with white, chagry manes, and pink, close cropped hair, quarters, their paw-adsorbed with neat little frills, and their short tails curled up in a bush like tail, which attracts their attention while trotting along the boulevard.
The potato-maker washes, scrubs, skins and polishes old potatoes of small size till they assume the silky, light-colored silk of new potatoes, and the old, yellowed and in tissue paper, and sold as the finest quality of the season. The ham-brokers, the leech-brokers, the bird-leaders, all exercise odd professions. The item-collector is the man who scours Paris in search of items for the daily papers, one of which, if found and carefully written up, may bring him from one to two francs. A dreadful accident or a crime, a runaway stage, a horse fallen from a scaffolding, are to him precious prizes. Unfortunately he was often obliged to draw on his imagination for material for his work.
The most horrible of all these trades is indubitable that of the sorter or person whose business it is to sort over and classify the mounds collected by the rag-pickers. In the miserable dens where this industry is carried on it often happens that the lamps die out, and refuse to burn, so that the atmosphere arising from the filthy masses accumulated there. The sorters of the consumption now can hardly be recognized, the United States alone annually consume it at the cost of handling of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.
It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which civilized country in any or wholly civilized country in the world, no one makes America. At the time Columbus discovered America it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and other Ethiopias. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the invention of a monarch of Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon reports of shepherds who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of the French coffee plantations in the West Indies, the French and Spaniards all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption now can hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost of handling of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

HOW TO KEEP A SITUATION.
Be ready to throw in an odd half-hour or an hour's time when it will do you no good, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.
These young men who watch the clock when they are very near their working hour is up—who leave, no matter what state of work they may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the extra amount they can allot their work and yet not get reproved—who are lavish of their employer's goods—will always be the first to receive notice, when times are dull, that their services are no longer needed.

A woman's element—The stitch.

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LITTLE & BLAKESLEE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office over the new Postoffice, opposite the Barber House, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1874)
BILLINGS STROUD, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, All business transacted in the most prompt and satisfactory manner. Office at the corner of Market & State Streets, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1874)
B. T. & H. CASE, BARNES-MARKS, Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Bladders, Breast Bands, Whips, and overalls, pertaining to the line, made and repaired cheap. Repairing done promptly and in good style. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 29, 1873)
CHARLEY MORRIS, THE HATTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by W. McKean & Co., where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, &c. All work done on short notice and in good style. Please call and see me. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 29, 1873)
THE PEOPLE'S MARKET, Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sausage, &c., of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit. (Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1, 1874)
VALLEY HOUSE, Wm. H. BEND, Pa. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot, is a large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished with comfortable and elegant accommodations, and all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. (Montrose, Pa. Oct. 29, 1873)
DR. W. W. SMITH, DENTIST, Rooms at his dwelling, next door north of Dr. Hester's, on Old Foundry Street, where he would be happy to see all those in want of Dental Work. He is confident that he can please every one in the quality of work and in price. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. (Montrose, Pa. Feb. 11, 1874)
EDGAR A. TURRELL, CORNELIUS AT LAW, No. 170 Broadway, New York City. Advises to all kinds of Attorney Business, and can be seen in all the Courts of the State and the United States. (Feb. 11, 1874)
E. P. HINES, M. D., Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1863, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, 1864, has returned to Friendsville, where he will attend to all calls in his profession as usual. Residence in South Howard's Square. Office the same as heretofore. (Friendsville, Pa. April 25th, 1874)
BURNS & NICHOLS, 251 N. 4th St. Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyes, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, &c. Prescriptions carefully compounded. (Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. April 25th, 1874)
FINE JOB PRINTING

POETRY.
I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.
BY FAYLOR RYAN.
Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best?
The answer comes when life is gone.
Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake
And so the dreary night-hours go;
Some hearts beat when some hearts break,
I often wonder why 'tis so.
Some will faint where some will fight—
Some love the tent—and some the field;
I often wonder who is right?
The ones who strive—or those who yield?
Some hands fall when other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so the battle has been won;
I often wonder who is right?
Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled,
I often wonder who is right?
Some swords rest where others clash—
Some fall back where some move on—
Some flags fly where others flash,
I often wonder who is right?
Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their names above a grave.

THE FOUR LEAF CLOVER.
"They say," she thought, with a shy delight,
"There's a charm in the four-leaf clover."
If that be so, I will find that charm
If I search the whole field over.
For I know not if they tell me true,
What a four-leaf clover for me will do."
So down to the meadows she sped away
To search for the charm there growing,
Nor heed the sun that kissed her cheek,
Nor the wind that gusted her hair blowing;
But over the fragrant grass bent low
To see if the prize hid there or no.
But as she bent on the old elm tree
Who drew with secret laden,
And carried to somebody, near at hand
The news of our little maiden?
Or was it somebody wanted too
To see where a four-leaf clover grew?
For soon it happened that two heads bent
In search of the wondrous clover,
But what a pair of duped cheeks,
What a pair of disappointed eyes,
But what if their search proved all for naught,
Since, with or without, the spell was brought!

MISCELLANEOUS READING.
WORKING FOR A LIVING.
"Rained?"
Ralph Hartston made the exclamation in half incredulous and wholly surprised tone; and no wonder! Sidney Coster had been the day before the richest of all that wealthy circle of which they were the representatives.
"But I do not understand it, Coster," said Hartston.
"I suppose not. You would if by the sums were but the same number of cents, or belonged to some one else."
"That's true enough, but very hard to practice, I imagine. He did your work, who, by the way, I should call a very sharp fellow; he had lost all my fortune for me, lose all this money? Large sum?"
"Cool hundred and fifty thousand," replied Coster as composedly as if the sums were but the same number of cents, or belonged to some one else.
"And he lost it?"
"Yes, that's just it—speculating," interrupted Sidney, as his friend glanced inquiringly at him.
"And I, Sidney, what will you do?"
"Why? To work of course! What else is there to do?"
"Work? Sidney Coster at work! He of the daintiest and most wealthy aristocracy of us all, at work! Why the idea is preposterous and absurd."
"The sneering laugh that followed these words nettled his listener, and aroused all the manhood within him.
"Why shouldn't I work—or you either, for that matter? God intended that all his creatures should earn their bread, and because we have always lived and grown in the lap of pleasure, and eaten the bread of idleness, is it any reason why we always should? Out upon such ideas, I say! and away with this false pride, that will permit a gentleman to swindle, lie, gamble and steal, and not lower himself, but abuse him to the dust if he dares to honestly earn his living. It's all wrong, and I will not be bound by it!"
He showed by his earnest look that he meant it, every word. Hartston was agitated at such leveling ideas, and said:
"Just as you please, of course Coster. You are your own master. But, of course, if you choose to put yourself down in the dirt, you won't expect your friends to come down to the same level. I, for one, would never think of associating with a man who worked for a living."
Sidney Coster's lip curled in contempt of such a character. Hartston continued:
"Why don't you go ahead, old fellow, and marry some rich girl? You are a good-looking fellow and might very easily do it."
"What an honorable thing that would be, wouldn't it? I would rather starve than thus degrade myself and deceive a woman!"
"As you please. Good-day!" And one "friend" was gone.
Coster looked after him a moment, in spite of his bravado words he felt bitter against the fate that had made him a poor man. It was a pleasant life, that he had been leading, and it was hard to give it up.

the silence is full of words to let to get Mary Doe again. I must die, I answered as blithely, "Die it is, then and without a word he disappeared, but he returned in a moment, and said that I need not hope for rescue, as my comrades had gone back to the army, thinking I was a deserter. When he had finally gone, I lay in a state impossible to describe or think of now, until a sort of sleep stole over me, in the midst of which I thought my name was called. I recognized Mary's voice in another second, and such joy as I only a lover can feel at such a time rushed through my veins. But I am talking too long. It seems that she had watched Carroll, and was now come to tell me to take courage, for she would release me in one more day. It was thirty miles to the regiment and we could expect no help short of that!
"Every moment is precious," cried the dear girl, and before I could speak she was gone.
The next day passed without food or drink, and my mental faculties partook of the weakness of my physical. I spent a good part of the day actually cursing in a mad way, for fear Mary would get tired, or because I was thirsty—but I thought not of death.
Shortly after dark I heard foot steps, and soon Carroll Stewart and two stalwart negroes entered and loosed my hands. They tried to make me walk, but I was too weak, and they were actually obliged to carry me. I was borne off in the arms of the two negroes, which I found to my surprise stood close to the new railroad, just where there was a long, straight, level stretch of grade. A rope was fastened around my neck, and the other end run over the limb of a tree close by which were two negroes held.
"Once for all," will you promise as I desire? I asked Stewart.
My courage revived. I hurled defiance at him. He motioned to the slaves who were dancing in the air. "How long I hung I cannot tell; it was years of agony to my brain, when suddenly there was a distant rumble. The negroes turned, and there, at the end of the track, appeared the monster, shaking the earth as it approached, and scattering fire. They were filled with wonder, and they had never seen an engine, and at that moment it gave an unearthly yell, which they echoed, and dropping the rope, fled. I faintly; but when I revived, friends were near and our nearer than any friend who now sits here as quietly, as I bend over me, with my tears on her cheeks. She had "run" thirty miles.

A Successful Conundrum.
"John has never seen you a ring?" said Kate's sister to her one day, John was Kate's lover.
"Never," said Katie, with a regretful shake of her head.
"And he never will until you ask him for it," returned the sister.
"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.
"Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things, and you can never pluck up courage to ask for one, and I know that you will never have one."
This set Katie to thinking and to what purpose we shall see.
That evening her lover came to see her. He was very proud and very happy for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry him, and as soon as the business could be properly done, and John was a grand good fellow, notwithstanding his obviousness to certain polite matters.
"John," said Katie, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "do you know what a conundrum is?"
"Why, it's a puzzle—a riddle," answered John.
"Do you think you could ask me one I could not guess?"
"I don't know, I never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?"
"I could try."
"Well, try, Katie."
"Then answer this: Why is the letter D like a ring?"
John paused his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.
"I don't know, Katie. Why is it?"
"Because," replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "it cannot be seen without it."
In less than a week from that date Katie had her engagement ring.

FARMER JOHN TO HIS BROTHER.
BY R. W. BIRD.
The toll of the week is ended and my team is Laura her work has finished and now sits down to read.
Our home is very quiet, the children are all at rest,
As I write this homely letter to the brother I have much that's news to tell you, so do not think it strange
To learn by this bit of writing, 'M. Master of a Grange."
"The true, to social societies opposed I've always been,
But this was before the good of co-operation I'd seen.
We meet once a fortnight now in Pomona Hall, As we call the furnished upper rooms in the house of farmer Hall;
Some forty of us farmers, who there can take our wives,
And by work and conversation harmonize our lives.
We ask each other questions in a social, kindly vein,
Learn how to lesson taxes and increase the yield of grain;
To whitte down our troubles; to build up for our joys,
To beautify our farmer homes—educate our girls and boys.
We look in each other's faces—we grasp each other's hands,
As farmers and as neighbors, we protect each other's lands.
We watch each other's lambs from dogs and wolves that growl;
And as Patrons vote together, while the politicians howl.
We agree on more to listen to the grand spread eagle speech
Of the ring and monopoly agent, who takes all the money he can reach.
We are learning to live in harmony, and as flowers from the sod
Grow to the sun light, so we're growing up to very good.
Our home is now far happier than e'er it was before,
Again the bloom's on Laura's cheek, as in the days of yore.
Our house is better furnished than it was when you were here.
For co-operation a profit left for all of us last year.
Our neighbors now call socially when comes the evening,
As peace, friendliness, prosperity, do with us now abide.
This letter tells the story, so brother, think not strange,
If I ask you soon to visit us, and then to join our Grange.

RAILROADING IN EARLY DAYS.
In the early days of the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railway, says a western exchange, there was some pretty rough times on the train; the road ran through a country which was nearly a wilderness, and some of the roughest fellows in the country traveled through. The conductors generally had crews of picked bad boys, and whenever a fight came up they were "in at the death." Especially was it so with old Bobby, passenger conductor running West. He would follow Pat and Bill, great fat factors, who would fight at the end of the road in the country. The bad boys of the bag-fell to the rabbit-brothers in the suburbs of Paris, for French robbers are very fond of the bag-fell, and will consume large quantities of