E. B. Hawley, - - Wm. C Cruser.

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.

VOLUME 31. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1874. NUMBER 36.

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, (¼ of an inch space,) 3 weeks, or less $1 1 month, $1.25; 3 months, $2.50; 6 months, $4.50; 1 year, $6.50. A liberal discount on advertisements of a greater length. Business Locals, 10 cts. a line for first insertion, and 5 cts. a line each subsequent insertion—Marriages and deaths, free; obituaries, 10 cts. a line.

POETRY.

LIFE AND DEATH.

—o—

Doth Life survive the touch of Death?
Death's hand alone the secret holds,
Which as to each one he unfolds,
We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there, a whisper here,
Confirms the hope to which we cling;
But still we grasp at anything,
And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we knew
Hover around us while we pray,
Anxious to speak. We cannot say:
"We only wish it may be true."

I know a Stoic who has thought,
As healthy blood flows through his veins,
And joy his present life sustains,
And all this good has come unsought.

For more he cannot lightly pray,
Life may extend, or life may cease;
He bides the issue, sure of peace,
Sure of the best in God's own way.

Perfection waits the race of man;
If, working out this great design,
God cuts us off, we must resign
To be the refuse of His plan.

But I, for one, feel no such peace;
I dare to think I have in me
That which had better never be,
It lost before it can increase.

And oh! the ruined piles of man,
Daily discovered everywhere,
Built but to crumble in despair!—
I dare not think him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling
The fragments of his work away,
If ev'ry useless bit of clay
He trod on were a sentinent thing.

And does the Wisest worker take
Quick human hearts instead of stone,
And hew and carve them one by one,
Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more; if but creation's waste,
Would He have given us sense to yearn
For the perfection none can earn,
And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,
It is a cruelty refined,
To make the instincts of our mind
Stretch out toward eternity.

Wherefore I welcome nature's cry,
As earnest of a life again,
Where thought shall never be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

—*MacMillian's Magazine.*

THE STORY TELLER.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

—o—

"Minnie! Minnie is my chocolate nearly ready?"

"In a minute, grandmamma."

It was scrupulously neat and dainty in all its appointments, the little parlor where Miss. Breighton sat, although the carpet was a tissue of darns, the furniture faded, and the hearthrug skillfully eked out by a piece of quite another fabric inserted in the spot most worn. A few flowers, in a slender-throated vase stood on the antique, claw-legged table, the fender-irons glittered like gold, and the thin muslin curtains, artistically mended here and there, were white as snow; and Mrs. Breighton herself looked like Cinderella's god-mother, in her dress of ancient brocade, best yellow thread-lace, and the rings glittered on her small, shriveled hands.

Eighty years old, and a lady to the last! That was something to be proud of. What though paralysis had robbed her of all use of those dainty-slippered feet—what though the grand house she had entered as a bride was now narrowed down to this one room in a second rate building, where two other families also set up their house hold altars—she was a lady still, and she could boast that she had never degraded herself to common place toil.

"Our means are limited," said old Mrs. Breighton, with the lofty air of a duchess: but the pension of my son, the colonel—who, as you prabably may remember, was killed on the Florida frontier—is sufficient to maintain myself and my two granddaughters—an dwe are ladies."

Minnie Breighton presently came in, with her little chocolatiere on a napkin-covered tray and two slices of toast, exquisitely browned and cut as thin as a wafer.

"I hope you haven't been kept waiting, grandmamma?" she said.

"My dear"—what an air of mild resignation—"I am accustomed to wait."

"Oh, I am so sorry! But our fire is out, and I had to run in and borrow the use of Mrs. Tucker's stove to boil the chocolate, and—"

Mrs. Breighton contracted her silvery brows.

"The Breightons are not a borrowing race, Minnie."

"Shall I get you an egg, grandmama?"

"No, not if the fire is out, my dear."

And grandmamma Breighton went on with her breakfast, wearing an injured air while Minnie went back to the other room, where sat her twin sister, cogitating.

Annie Breighton was as pretty as Minnie, but in quite a different style. She was dark, with melting, almond shaped eyes, and olive skin, and lips like a pomegranate flower, so perfectly shaped, so richly red; while Minnie was tall and slender, and fair as a daisy.

Annie laid down a slip of greasy paper as Minnie entered.

"It's the grocers bill, again, sister, What shall we do?"

Minnie sank into a chair.

"And the gas yesterday, and the landlord not paid, and the purse is empty as—Mother Hubbard's cupboard. What shall we do?"

"That's the question," said Minnie, reflectively arching her jetty brows. "If we only can keep it from grandmamma!"

"We must," retorted Minnie, with a decisive nod. "It would kill her. If we were men now, Annie, we could get a job of wood-sawing, or house-painting, or—"

"And why can't we now?"

"Why? Because Pat O'Neil has got all Mrs. Baker's wood to saw, and because we can't climb ladders, with paint pots over our shoulders."

"But we can do something else, I suppose. Listen Minnie—money we must have!"

"If we go ont into the highways and ask it at the point of the bayonet!" interjected Minnie, gravely.

"There is no poverty like genteel poverty," her sister sighed. "But you haven't heard my plan. Mrs. Baker, the laundress in our top story, is sick."

"What then? We have neither wine nor jelly, nor yet crisp bank-notes to bestow upon her."

"And she can,t keep up to her engagements. There are two swiss muslin ball dresses, fluted and puffed beautifully, lying in her basket, waiting to be done up, at the present moment. Five dollars apiece she has for them.

"Well?"

"I shall do them up."

"Nancy! You?

"Well, why not? Think what a golden stream of pactolus ten dollars would be in our empty coffers! Ask yourself how on earth you or I could earn ten dollars any other way. And after all, a swiss muslin dress is a pretty poetical sort of fabrics to wash and iron; and into the borgin, poor Mrs. Baker keeps her customers."

"Oh, Nannie! have you come to that?"

"Now you look and talk like dear old grandmamma! Don't be a goose, Ninie! Just you invent some story about my being promenading in the park, or taking lessons in wax-flower making, to delude her credulous soul, while I go up stairs and coin money."

"But may I help you?"

"By-and by, perhaps, if my wrists get tired, Not now; some one must stay with grandmamma."

* * * * * * *

"It is very strange," said Miss Georgiette Appleton, "that my dresses havn't come home! Positively, I shall have nothing to wear to night!"

She was lounging before the sea-coal fire, in a blue silk negligee, trimmed with swansdown and a little French tangle of blue ribbons and lace pinned among her yellow tresses, with a pearl-headed javlin, while a novel lay in her lap.

"What an awful fate!" observed her brother carelessly. "Where's the amethyst silk?"

"Oh, I wore that at their last reception"

"And the pink crape?"

"I look like an owl in pink. I was a goose ever to buy that silk."

"The Nile green silk with the white flounces?"

"Sarah Howard has one, just a shade lighter, that she'll be sure to wear, and I believe the spiteful thing got it on purpose to kill mine.

No, I must have the swiss muslin, with knots of blue corn-flowers, and a Roman sash figured with gold. And you'll go around to the laundress, and hurry her up a little, won't you, George?—that's a duck of a brother!—and you know perfectly well you've been yawning your jaws off the last three-quarters of an hour."

"Where is it?"

"Only in Mendenhall Street—just a pleasant walk. And give Mrs. Baker a scolding, and ask her if she don't know better than to keep her customers waiting, although, of course, I know you'll do nothing of the sort. Men have no moral courage. There's the address on a card. It'll be such a relief to my mind!"

Major George Appleton was an army officer, home on a furlough, and rather at a loss to know what to do with so much extra time.

Rien, was another source of perplexity—handsome, which wasn't os puzzling!

And so he sauntered along, his hands in his pockets and a cigar balanced between his lips, unconsciously advancing to meet his fate.

Rap! rap! rap! The Major played a tattoo with his nuckles on the door.

"Dear, me, what a noise!" said a voice inside. "Come in:"—a little louder

The Major walked in, to confront, not a wrinkled old hag of a washerwoman, in a halo of soap and steam, but a beautiful young lady dark and brilliant as an Arabian dream, with jetty curles pinned back in a silken cascade at the back of her head, and a pair of fluting scissors in her hand.

Major Appleton started back, all his wits momentarily deserted him. It is a curious fact that the more embarassed one party in a *tete-a-tete* becomes, the greater the composure of the other. Annie Breighton should have colored and stuttered, at being caught thus, but she didn't.

"What is your business, sir?" she asked with the greatest calmness.

"It's—it's about my sister's gown—Miss Appleton's, you know!"

"Ah!" said Anna, "I hope to have them ready very soon. If you'll wait ten minutes you may carry it home."

And she took the second pair of fluting scissors from the stove, testing its heat by holding in dangerously neer her velvet cheek.

Major Appleton, not being posted in etiquette and general decorum, saw no harm in carrying home a basket of newly laundried clothes. So he sat down and waited, while honest Mrs. Baker stated from the other room, where she lay upon her bed—a captive of rheumatic pains.

"She's in a hurry, you know," said the major, twirling his thumbs, and thinking how very pretty the girl was.

"So am I," said Anna, making the fluting scissoss glide in and out in a most marvelous manner among the clouds of sunny muslin.

"She wants to wear it, added the major.

"But I say—you know—you're not a regular washerwomen?"

Anna slightly straightened herself up.

"My father was a colonel in the Regular Army, My grandfather was Hyde Breighton, of Breighton Manor, on the Hudson. But we are reduced now, and we need money; and I am not ashamed to work."

"By jove you're a trump!" said Major Appleton, starting up.

"Much obliged to you," retorted Anna, with sparkling eyes. "Would you mind holding the end of that sash for me—just a second while I finish this loop?"

And when Minnie came up to see how her sister was getting on, she found her aided and abetted by the major of cavalry, who was heating the alternate pairs of fluting scissors after a most scientific fashion.

"Dear me," said Miss Appleton, when at last her brother made his appearance "how long you have been!"

"Yes," said the major, rubbing his hands, "it took us quite a while to finish those last thirteen flounces."

"Us! you don't mean to say you helped the washerwomen?"

"Yes, I did," said the major; and the frocks are down stairs, and I'm going up for a game of billiards." And as he went, he murmured to himself. "I thought all girls were alike, but I believe I've discovered one independent—one at last!"

* * * * * * *

"Grandmamma, I'm going to be married."

You, Nanny? Why you are but a child?"

Anna Breighton was kneeling beside her grandmother's chair, and the fairy godmother was stroking her curls with one tremulous white hand, when the antique jewels shone like drops of blood and scintillating of green fire.

"I'm eighteen grandmamma."

"So you are! How the time flies! Eighteen years old! But who is the happy man? We see no society worthy of ourselves, Nanny and—"

I'm sure you will like him, grandmamma. He is coming to pay his repects to you to-night. His name is major George Appleton. He is the—the Cavalry, and he owns a house on Madison Avenue, and—and he loves me grandmamma!"

Nanny held her black tressed head on the old lady's shoulder as she spoke the last words.

"All natural enough, my dear; but do you love him?"

"Yes, grandmamma."

"And where did you meet him? When were you introduced?"

"I wasn't introduced at all," returned Nanny, with mischievous elves of flame coming and going in her eyes. "I was fluting muslin up in Mrs. Bakers room, when he came in on a errand; and—On grandmamma, you have always thought it so dreadful to work! But if I hadn't been working, I never should have met him. And I love him so much, grandmamma!"

"Well, well," said the old lady, rather reluctantly, "things seem to be altered from what they were when I was a girl."

"Rut you shall always, live with us granny dear, and Minnie, too, and we shall all be so happy!"

And Anna Breighton's tears were of perfect joy.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

—o—

"I wish I knew what to do!"

Kate Warfield, sitting on a knoll in the cool, shady orchard, on a warm pleasant summers afternoon, gave utterance to the wish.

She was in a quandary. She had two lovers, and she wondered which it was best to choose,

John Raynsford was young, and had a life full of promsie, and great possibilities before him. But he was poor. Kate Warfield knew that he loved as a strong man can love, but could she, used to the luxuries of life, give up that which seemed necessary to her comfort, and marry a poor man.

Philip Leigh, was old and rich. And he, in this letter which she had just been reading, made her an offer of his heart—supposing such an organ to be in existence—and hand.

He could give her all things she longed for, the glitter and show she coveted.

She heard some one whistling down the road, and looking down that way saw John coming. Something seemed to tell her that she must decide between her lovers now, and in a swift way she looked the matter over. On one side wealth and fashion, and all that heart could wish for in the gratification of its selfish, worldly enjoyments. On the other hand, an humble life, and struggling to climb to that position where wealth could place her at once.

But then? Did she—could she love Philip Leigh, a man old enough to be her father? Would his wealth make up for what her life would have if love was in it? As she asked herself that question she felt a twinge which told her that, after all, she cared for John Rainsford as she had never cared for any other man, and for a moment she wondered if life with him would be preferable to life with Philip Leigh and all his wealth.

But a glitter of gold blinded her, and she shut her eyes to the pure vision which passed before them for a moment, and in that resolute crushing down of the better impulses of her nature, John Rainsford's answer to his wooing was made, before he asked for it.

He came up the orchard path, and sat down upon the knoll beside her. He had learned, in the summer gone by, to love this woman as he thought he could never love another one. She was all that was pure and true and womanly in woman to him.

"I have a letter from the city," she said. "I am going back next week."

"So soon?" he said, slowly, and looking off to the blue hills. She knew well enough what he was thinking about.

"Yes; I have lingered here too long already. The summer has been a very pleasant one to me. One of the pleasantest summers of my life, I think."

"Can you guess what it has been to me? he asked suddenly. "I have learned a lesson in it that I have never tried to learn before. I have learned to love—to love you!"

His earnest eyes were on her face. His words were full of passionate strength and firmness. Beneath his gaze, she felt how unworthy she was of such a love as he gave her.

"I am sorry," she said slowly.

He started, growing pale.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—this letter is from the man I am to marry!"

He answered not a word, but his eyes were on her face in a strange, half-doubting gaze. Could these words of hers be true? Could it be that the woman he had thought to be so true and womanly, and who had let him go on learning to love her, knowing all the while to what he was drifting, was the promised wife of another? How he had been deceived in his estimate of her. I think that shock which John Raynsford's faith in woman's strength received was, at that moment, full as strong as that which her answer gave the love he held for her. To him she was the ideal woman: the type of womankind, and, proving her untrue, he doubted all, because he had been so cruelly deceived in her.

She saw the lines of pain about his mouth.

"I am sorry," she began.

But he stopped her.

"Don't!" he said. "Leave the matter as it is. It is better so. No words of yours are needed to soften the blow. I shall get over it in time, I think, without them."

"If I had known—" she said, but again he interrupted her.

"I am going now. I hope you will be happy and never regret what you have done, but some day I think you will see what a pitiful amusement it is to win a man's love just for the sake of winning it. Good bye."

And John Rainsford was gone.

Eight years passed, bringing strange changes with them.

Kate Warfield, in the years gone by since that summer afternoon when she had made her choice between the man who loved her, and become a wife and a widow.

In all those years she had not succeeded in forgetting John Raynsford—she had tried to do so. Her husband had been kind to her. He had lavished his wealth upon her. But she could not love him. She had been a true faithful wife to him, that is, if a woman can be without love, but all the while a memory lurked in her heart of a summer time that had been strangely sweet and pleasant because of the love that had come to her in it.

Ten years had also brought changes to John Raynsford. He had become a successful man. People began to point him out as one of the most promising men of the political world.

One night there was a party at one of the Senator's houses in Washington. The beauty and talent of the season were there. The scene was like one from enchantment. Light shone on gay, bright faces full of the glad excitement of youth and life, and on older and sober-er faces for whom the novelty and freshness of such gatherings had worn off. Jewels flashed and sparkled, and lent an added brilliancy to the scene. The air was full of strange and sweet perfumes. The soft and mellow music from an unseen band made the air viberate with exquisite melody.

Kate Leigh, in a dress of some rich fabric, that set off the beauty of her face to perfection, looked out upon the scene with a hope stirring to her heart that was very sweet and tender. The man who loved her in the years gone by was there. She was free now, and she knew that she loved him. If in all these years, he had not forgotten her!

And then women's heart stirred with a feeling that was inexpressibly tender Her life had lacked something that gold could not purchase. It was love that she had needed to make her life what the life of every woman ought to be.

A swift color flashed into her cheeks. He was coming toward her, with a sweet faced woman leaning on his arm,

He saw her, and came fowald with outstretched hand.

"I am happy to meet you once more," he said. Her eyes drooped under her gaze, and a soft, happy light came and went in them. She gave him her hand with an eagerness that told how glad she was to see him.

"Allow me to present my wife. Lois, this is an old friend of mine, Mrs. Leigh."

Every trace of color faded from the woman's face. But she gave his wife her hand in a smiling welcome, and murmured a few words congratulation, while her heart was covering up a sweet hope that had met a swift and sudden death. So true it is that smiles hide an aching heart!

They Never bet.

—o—

They never made a bet, but a California paper tells the story. A couple of pious ladies were traveling out there recently. They had with them a basket filled with nice little Bibles, and with these they were going about doing good and making money. While looking for customers, they ran across a genteel-looking fellow who offered to give the ladies a little game, just to while away time and keep them quiet. He threw the cards and then asked them to pick out the Jack, which he had previously shown They did so once, twice, three times.—Then threw them again, and one of the innocents cried, "There it is; you can't fool me, if you did throw 'em quick." "So madam, you are mistaken,' he replied, and drawing out of his pocket a ten and two twenty-dollar pieces, he said "I'll bet you $50 you don't know which is Jack.' "Oh, we never bet, said one of them. And there they stood and eyed those gold pieces and thought how little the possessor, apparently, appreciated their worth. Watching for a favorable moment, the reckless young man said, "Well, I don't care seeing its you I'll bet you this $50 against that basket of books—hallo, dem-me, they're Bibles; but everything goes as it lays—you can't find the Jack. The winner marched through the train and distributed the bibles among the passengers. What became of the women is not known to the passengers.

Of a housemaid who slipped from a table on which she was standing and fell head foremost into a barrel of flour, it was said that her head became white in a single night.

A man advertises in a New York paper for a bar-keeper, "who must be recommended by his pastor."

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A district school, not far away,
"Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Left off in one tremenduous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That's thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I saw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I did not mean to be so bad."
But when Susanna shook her curls
And whispered, I was afraid of girls,
And durst'n kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo—hoo—
I thought she kind of wished me to!"

SHOW YOU HAVE A HEART.

In this dull world we cheat ourselves and one another of innocent pleasures by the score, through very carelessness and apathy; courted day after day by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating bosom, the stern material present; invited to help in rendering joyful many a painful heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud creation of its share of kindness from us. The child is made merrier by your interest in its toy; the old domestic flattered by our seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny (though give the penny too;) the laborer cheered on his toil by a timely word of praise; the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love and superiors gratified by attention and respect, and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one hand to gather; how many blessings for one heart to give! Instead of these, what have we rife about the world? frigid compliment—for warmth is vulgar; reserve of tongue—for it's folly to be talkative; composure never at fault—for that looks wise; coolness—for other men are cold; selfishness—for every one is struggling for his own. This is all false, all bad; the slavery chain of custom, riveted by the foolishness of fashion; because there is ever a band of men and women who have nothing to reccomend them but externals—their looks and their dresses, their ranks are their wealth—and in order to exhalt the honor of these, they agree to set a compact seal of silence in the heart and on the mind, lest the flood of humbler men's affections, or wise men's intelligence, should pale their tinsel-praise; and the warm and the wise too softly acquiesce in this injury done to heartiness, shamed by the effrontery of cold claim fools, and the shallow dignity of an empty presence. Turn the table on them, ye truer gentry, truer nobility, truer royalty of heart and of mind: speak freely, love warmly, laugh cheerfully, explain frankly, exhort zealously, admire liberally, advise earnestly—be not afraid to show you have a heart; and as some cold-blooded simpleton greets your social efforts with a sneer, repay him (for you can well afford a richer gift than his whole treasury possesses) with a kind good-humored smile.

PARTING FROM A FRIEND.

'Tis sad to part from one with whom we have associated for years, who during the whole period of time that we may have been thrown together, has proved himself a true, devoted friend. Such friends are few in this world; but when the time of parting comes—when he is about to leave for some distant city where he may make new acquaintances, move in another circle, far away from us, perhaps forget us as time intervenes and we never meet. It seems so sad that we must part perhaps never to meet. We can well say with the poet, "Oh! it fills my heart with grief to lisp the word farewell."—There is an old, true saying which says: "The best of friends must part." How often have we proven the truth of this saying by our own experience. As we see the cars move away which contains our best and truest friend, it seems as if the world were all black to us; we look back upon the past as a pleasant dream, faded and gone. But oh, we would pray that God might watch over and protect him while he is traveling guard him in years to come from all temptations that may beset his path, lead him safely through all troubles and trials in this world; and may he never forget the friend whom he has left behind, but always cherish their memory as they cherish his; for they will never forget the last hand-shake in the cars, or the last good-bye as they parted from their best and truest friend. Our best wishes go with them.

Darwin acknowledged himself sold when his little nice asked him, seriously, what a cat has that no other animal has. He gave it up, after mature deliberation, and he sly little puss answered "Kittens."

Tight lacing is said to be coming into fashion again for the convenience of short-armed lovers.

When is an ox like a bullet? When it grazes.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

We know of course, that Ireland is called the Emerald Isle, and that the color of emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland.—The slopes, the knolls, the dells, the fields of young grain, over which the breezes creep like the playful spirits of the beautiful, the pastures dotted over with sheep of purest wool; the hill-sides rising up into mist-shrouded mountains, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth velvet green. But Ireland should also be called the Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower, that she has not put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendron, down to the smallest floweret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silk-worm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to drop its web of gold. The blooming hawthorn, with the sweet scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and gardens; wall flowers of every hue and variety, clamber to hide the harshness of the mural supports; the beetled cliffs of the North Sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere on the yielding velvet carpet, you will find well nigh invisible floweretts, red, white, blue, and yellow, wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.—*London Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE CHINESE IDEA OF DEATH.

A writer on the Chinese says:

"Death in China is regarded as the punishment for the most trivial offences, and frequently for none at all, except being in somebody's way. A story was told me for a fact that, during the visit of one of the royal princes, a thief was committed to a chain or watch belonging to the royal guest. The unfortunate attendant was caught with the property upon him, and, without further ceremony, his head was chopped off. The mandarin in attendance immediately announced the tidings to the prince as a delicate attention, showing how devoted he was in his service. To his astonishment the prince expressed his great regret that the man's head had been taken off. 'Your highness,' cried the obsequeous mandarin, bowing to the ground, 'it shall immediately be put on again!' so little did he understand that the regret was for the life taken, and not the severed head.

VESSELS ON ROLLERS.

M. A. Huet, a French engineer, holds it to be a mistake to make ships force their bulk through the water, meeting thereby the large opposing surface of water and a sliding friction over the whole of their immersed surface. This M. Huet holds, is as great a mistake as if we were to dismount our railway carriages from their wheels and drag them like sledges along the rails. He puts forward the theory that vessels should be mounted on rolling drums; that these drums should give principally the power of flotation, and that they should be driven round as paddles to move the ship forward. We should in this way have a floating locomotive, mounted on its supporting wheels or rollers. The vessel would offer no resistance but a rolling one to motion, and the whole of the supported weight of the ship would be used as a pressure to give adhesive frictional effect to the rollers. In this way M. Huet affirms that a velocity equal to that of our railroad trains might be attained at sea.

MALE MILLINERS.

In Paris there are now nine mantua-makers and six milliners of the masculine persuasion, each of whom is at the head of a large establishment. They are all gentlemen of unusually refined manners and luxurious habits. They never go abroad without a carriage, and are always attired in faultless costume. By uniting taste and tact with a business faculty, they are rapidly building up enviable reputations and fortunes. Is there not a lesson for ladies in their career?—It is a little curious that, while women are venturing into vocations hitherto monopolized by the stronger sex, men should turn the tables upon them, and, taking up trades which have been deemed their exclusive prerogatives, quickly coin wealth and fame out of the undertaking. Does this not tend to show that there is not much difference between the masculine and the feminine intellect after-all; that the great disparity noted in their inclinations, pursuits, and achievements, is more the result of education than of Nature?

No observant person can have failed to note the alarming increase of latter years, among children in the number of sufferers from shortsightedness and other kindred diseases of the eye. In Germany, complaints of this character have become so general as to attract to the subject the attention of the press and the most distinguished penlists. Investigation into the cause is said to show that the evil is, in a great measure, due to the unnatural position children are compelled to assume, by reason of the awkward construction of school desks and seats, and of the imperfect light of school buildings. In England, a similar increase has been observed in all schools, not excepting the great universities, and the same result is reported in Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland, in all of which countries steps are now being taken to discover the cause and apply the remedy. It is time some thought is given to this subject with us also.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.