MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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VOLUME 31.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1874.

Business Cards J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, ATTORNETS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montros Ph. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

D. W. SEARLE. APPORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose .Pa. [aul 69]

W. W. SMITH CHINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS - For of Main street, Montrose, Pa. 1atg. 1, 1869.

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F. Salto NABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over bandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style string done on short notice, and warranted to fit. A. O. WARREN.

A. C. HAMLEST,

10 (NE)

LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Peneton
of Claims attended to. Office fire
of below Boyd's Store, Montrost. Ps. [Au. 1, '09 W. A. CROSSMON, corney at Law, Office at the Court House, to the ommissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMON, doubtoer, Scot 3 (1871.—tf.

LAW OFFICE.

(TCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.

braier in Drugs Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Olls the stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Per pimery & , Brick Block, Montrese, Pa Establishes [Feb. 1, 1873. SCOVILL & DEWITT.

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Bing Mamior, N. Wa. H. Scovill, Jane 18th, 1873. Wa. H. Scovill. DR. W. L. RICHARDSON

CHARLES N. STODDARD, erin Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and ddings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store, ork made to order, and repairing done neatly, outrose Jan. 1 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL, SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. op in the new Postoffice building, where he will a found ready to attend all who may want anything a location. Montrose Pa. Oct. 13 1e69.

DR. S. W. DAYTON, HYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the children of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his stocuce, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village Sept 184, 1843.—17

DR. D. A. LATHROP, isters Exporno Thennat Baths, a . he Foot of thut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Nontrose, Jan. 17, '72, -no3-4.

H BURRITT. O'nier in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hard-waie, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oile, and Fainte, Boots and Shoes, Hais and Cape, Purs, Buffalo Robes, Gro-Cerica, Provisione, &c. New Millord, La., Nov., 6, '72—tf.

EXCHANGE HOTEL. EAR HALAGE HOTEL.

1 J. HARRINGTON whose to inform the public that having reated the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in flexichase at le-

ose, Aug. 28, 1873.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their New
Office, opposite the Tarbell House

BILLINGS STROUD. IRE AND LIFE INSTANCE ACENT. Al'
'uniner attended to prompily, on fair terms Office
strat door exte of the bank of Wm. II. Cooper & Ce.
'abilic Avenue, Montrose, Pa.
Billings Structure.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Dimock, Pa Offic at the Fureka House, will attend to all calls in his profes-Fureka Honee, will attend to

B. T. & E. H. CASE, BIARNESS MAKERS. Oak Harness, light and heavy, at three cash prices. Also, Biankets, Breast Blaukts, Whips, and everything pertaining to the line, cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done prompty and in good style. Mont ore, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873.

CHARLEY MORRIS BE HAYTI BABBER, has moved his shop to the saiding occupied by E. McKenzie & Co., where he is pepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switcher, puffic etc. All work done on abort notice and press how. Please call and see me.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET. Putter Hahs, Proprietor.

7-h and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sanetc. of the best quality, constantly on hand, at

ni ce to cult Montrosc, Pa., Jan 14, 1873.-1v VALLEY HOUSE. VALLEY HOUSE.

**OREAT BEND, PA. Stratted near the Eric Railway Deposits a large and commodions bouse, has undergone a smorough repair. Newly turnside from and blocking spartnerns, splendld tables and all things comprised a dust class hotel.

HENRY ACRES.
Frequency Frequency Services
Proprietor.
Proprietor.
Proprietor.

DR. W. W. SMITH,

DARTIST Rooms at his dwelling, best door north of Dr. Haiser, a. on Old Poundry street, where he would be not be seen to be a superior of the seen of

No. 170 Broadway, New York City. Attends to all kinds of Attorney Business, and con-airs causes in all the Courts of both the State and the nets causes in an in note States. For il, 1874 - 'y.

Consider of the Chiversity of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1995, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Philis topina, 1995, has returned to Friendswiller, where he who attend to air calls in his profession as a until—Residuate in Jessie Rosford's house. Office the same

r cudsville, Pa., April 29th., 1874.-6m. BURNS & NICHOLS.

Resident Medicines, Chemicals Dyes, Saints, Oils, Varnish, Liquora, Spices, Fancy ces Patent Medicines, Perfumeryand Tollethres, Frieschichtons carofully compounded.

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FINE

JOB PRINTING

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AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

Try Us.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Is it not told in legends old Of Saracenae lo That long ago in the olden time, When the knights went forth to Palestine To shed their blood as the ruby wine, A dazzling light, by day and night,

Beamed o'er the holy, sacred spot Where the Saviour's holy grave is made, 'Neath the arches deep in the gloomy shade, Where ages on ages their prayers have

And aves muttered o'er?

When rung on high the warrior's cry, And brave opponents met; When hand to hand in the battle hour The Christian strove with the Moslem po

And dusty clouds o'er the conflict lower, If in battle fray the cross gave way

And Christian courage waned; This glorious flame began to fail; But lambent fackerings, faint and pale, Seemed glancing upon the coats of mail, Ard the Christian helms to fret.

Wearled in strile they gained new life, Refreshed in heart and limb; Their battle-cry echoed on again From India's mounts o'er the sandy plain. For God they battle not in vain; The intidels fly at the battle-cry

And leave the half won field, When the night, coming down serene as clear, Dropped in starry curtains o'er far and near

From the vine-clad hills the olives hear The Templar's evening hymn. Servant of God who alone has trod A weary way, and striven-In vain, perchance, 'gainst a whelming host, On the battle's stormy surges tossed-

Fight on, for the victory is not lost !

In the hour of night thou shalt kno-A smile from Heaven's throne And when evening comes with starry sto The victory won, the conflict o'er,-In sweet accord shall rise once more The victor's hymn to Heaven.

THE STORY TELLER

BETRAYED.

In the pretty little morning room at Ipton Grange breakfast was laid for two

Mrs. Ellersleigh, a fine, benevolentlooking old lady, with gray hair, combed down smoothly on her high, white forehead, sat there, waiting for her son, who

head, sat there, waiting for her son, who was not yet down.
"Good morning, mother!" he said, presently entering the room. "Any letters?" he added, glancing at the table. "Not yet, my boy. Ah, here is John with the post bag. Open it Gerald, while I pour out the coffee."
"One for you, mother mine," said her

son, examining the foreign post-mark on a thin soft letter, and then passing it to Mrs. Ellersleigh, and two for myself." He proceeded to open his own letters. but from time to time cast anxious glances at the one his mother was reading, and totally neglected his breakfast, which

unheeded, was fast growing cold.
"Is it from Edith, mother? What does she say? When is she coming home?" he asked, his patience at length worn out by the slow and deliberate way in which the old lady perused the closely written

"How can you expect me to answer "How can you expect the to one of questions at once?" and Mrs. Ellersleight, laughing. "Listen," she proceeded, reading from the letter. "We leave Paris earlie on Wednesday morning, and shall arremain there all night. On Thursday my friends. Colonel and Mrs. Jameson, will see me safely into the train, which leaves Engton Square for Upton at two o'clock, so that I shall be home just in time for dinner. Gerald can meet me at the station—dear, kind Gerald, how I long to be with you and him again!"
There, my boy; that is all. The first part

of the letter contains only an account of farewell visits." "She will be here on Thursday evening, and now it is Monday. Only three more day-ito wait," repeated Gerald half to himself. "Mother, will it not be nice

"Yes my son." said Mrs. Ellersleigh, slowly—"qery."

Gerald pelapsed into silence, and apeared to be totally absorbed in a happy everie, while his mother glanced at him rather anxions!v.

Mrs. Edersleigh was a widow, her husband having died eight years ago, when Gerald, their only child, was eighteen years old. Since then Mrs. Ellersleigh had lavished all her affections on her son. "the young Squire," he was called; and well he merited all her love and care. Look at him as he stands there, one arm leaning on the mantel-piece, tall, broadshouldered, handsome, clusters of thick brown curls stealing over his broad, high forehead. "Bless him !" was the heartfelt prayer of many a heart sick and suffering creature, whose burden of pain bad been lightened by his kindness and

generosity in the hour of need.

Edith Stanton was Mrs. Ellersleigh's ward and adopted child. She was the daughter of a schoolfellow of the old Squire's, who, being a widower, and himself dying when his little girl was only girl up to her, "wish me joy; Edith is to her wish me joy; Edith is nine years old, left her and her small fortune of two thousand pounds to the care

The parentless girl was welcome to her new home, and found a second father and mother in her kind guardian and his wife. She was a winning little creature, and a warm friendship soon sprang up be-tween her and her now constant compan-

ion, Gerald.
With the latter, however, as they grew Abbey this morning."

Abbey this morning."

Abbey this morning."

"Very well, my dear; you will go in the ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of portion ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of ponv part of ponv part of ponv carriage, of course, and I will tell ponv part of ponv pa

ing happy dreams of the future, in which she was always by his side.

"No, mother; no need to keep the dinner back; we shall be back in time," exclaimed Gerald on the day of Edith's xpected arrival, "I will make Old Brownie' exert himself a little more than usual," he continued, laughing. "Adieu my mother," he called out gaily, and jumping into the pony carriage he start-ed for the station, fully half an hour too

"How happy he is," said his mother gazing fondly after him. "I pray he may always be so! So handsome and so good surely she cannot help loving him."

Yes, happy and contented was the young Squire, as he sped gaily along. Was he not going to meet the idol of his sonl, the girl whom he hoped one day to make his wife ? But as he nested the station his hear

began to beat a tittle faster. What if residence in a foreign land had changed the loving girl he remembered? What the loving girl he remembered: What if—But no; banish the thought. She would be inst the same; nothing would "Poor fellow," said Gerald trying to change her.
Gerald paced the platform impatiently.

How slowly the time passed. Would the train ever come? Yes, here it is at last; puffing and snorting, it labored slowly into the station, as if tired of its journey stops, and from a first-class carriage steps a young girl, who looks about her for a nents, espies Gerald, and rushes up to him with her hands outstretched. "Gerald, Gerald! how goad I am to see

you again! Have you no welcome for me?" she continued, for Gerald, all his courage flown, remained mute before the dazzling vision presented to his view.

Beautiful she had been when last he saw her, but now-sh! how shall I describe that lovely face, rendered the more bewitching by the French bornet, perched coquettishis on her rich brown hair; while her rosy, pouting lips looked as if made expressly to be kissed; and Gerald, awakening from his stupor, feels sorely tempted, and—

mpted, and—
"Shall I attend to the lady's Suggage," or?" said a porter, touching his cap
"Yes yes; see that it is sent to the
Grange at once." answered the Squire,

walking away.
"You have not yet said that you were glad to see me, Gerald. How silent you are sir!" exclaimed Edith, saucily.

"My pleasure is too deep for words," he replied gazing earnestly at her glowing features. "But come, Edy; mother is waiting to welcome van horns." How delightful to have at last escaped from Madame Martigny's strict

regime." said Edith, leaning back in the pony carriage. "How nice to be at home pony carriage. "How nice to be at home once more! Ah! here is the dear old ly on Wednesday morning, and shall ar-rive in London late in the evening, and splendid from here?"

> but the face before him. "Welcome lone my dear,," exclaimed Mrs. Ellersleigh, taking her adopted daughter in her arms, and kissing her affectionately. "Welcome to Upton Grange."
> "And now, Gerald," exclaimed Edith,

> when half an hour later, they were seated at dinner, "you must take me to see all our old haunts. I long to renew my acquaintance with the familiar spots. Thus, walks and drives were arranged together, and, for a fortnight, Gerald

lived in a happy dream. At the end of that time he asked Edith to be his wife. "My darling," he said, "I have loved you for years—ever since the first day I saw you, a little, delicate child. Oh turn not away from me, give me a little hope; say that you will try to love me, and I vill be content. without your affection.

yon be my wife?" And she -true she only loved him as a brother, but he was so good, so handsome; and then she had never seen any one she

hked better.

"Edith speak to me—keep me not in suspense. Or have I offended you?" he continued, tortured by her silence.

"No,no-not that; I was surprised, that all. Yes, Gerald, I will be your wife." "My darling you do not know how happy you have made me!" he said, his voice trembling with emotion. Then he took her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly and reverently.

"Now,let us go and tell my mother."

girl up to her, "wish me joy; Edith is to be my wife, and I am the happiest man in England!"

"Bless you, my dear children !" said Mrs. Ellersleigh, the emotion of joy and thankfulness suffusing her matronly face, now that the question was settled.

"Mamma," said Edith(she always called Mrs. Ellersleigh mamma,) one morning at breakfast, about a week later "Gerald has promised to take me to the Abbey this morning."

the depth and unchangeableness of love seen in almost every part of England, which would characterize that of her son.

Ther wandering among the remains of His, she knew, would be the one love of former splendor, thinking of the time impatiently, his life.

When the monks of old had tred that very G-raid sign.

> Suddenly Edith trembled, and started our wedding be? Say, shall it be next month?" to her feet.

"What was that, Gerald? Did you hear anything?"
"No, my darling."
"Hush! Listen! There it is again; a moan, as if of some one in pain.

It was plain to be heard when Gerald had ceased reading, and seemed to come from behind the wall against which they

had been leaning.
"We must go and see what it is," said
Gerald. "Perhaps some one is hurt!" Quickly they went round to the other ide of the Abbev, where the wall was lower, and having found a place where the stones had fallen away until they were almost level with the ground, they proceeded to the spot whence seemed to

There among the stones, rubbish and tangled grass, lay a man, apparently dying. His features were ghastly pale, and his thick, dark hair matted with the blood which flowed from a deep gash in his right turnels.

force into his mouth a little of the wine which he carried in a flask. "Who is he. wonder? Dearest you remain here with mm while I go and procure help, We must take him home and see if anything

He started off at once, while the halffrightened but pitying girl took her handkerchief and tenderly and carefully bound up the wound upon the sufferer's head. Then she placed his head on her knee, and waited for her lover's return. Tarrying thus, she had time to examine the strangers appearance. In spite of his unnatural pallor, how nandsome he looked as he lay there, his hair tumbled, the rich dark lashes resting on his cheeks. He was evidently a gentleman—an artist for his sketch-book and pencils lay scat-

tered around.

Was he dying—would he be dead be fore help could be procured? How slow-ly the time second to pass. Would Ger-ald never come? Yes; here he comes at last, accompanied by two farm laborers carrying a plank.

"He do look mortal bad, your honor," said one of the men. Gently they laid hun on the plank, the "You have not yet said that you were "My darling," he then said, "will you

take the carriage and go home to prepare my mother, and tell the servants to get ready a room and everything necessary? In the meantime I will fetch the nearest "My dear, what is the matter?" ex-

claimed Mrs. Ellersleigh, as Edith, pale and excited, entered the room where she was sitting. "What has happened? Ger-"No, mamma, nothing is the matter

with Gerald; but there has been an accident. We have found a stranger lying in the Abbes ruins, with a deep cut in the forehead. They are bringing him Mrs. Ellersleigh gave a sigh of relief.

"Poor fellow." she said; "I will go and tell the servants to prepare for him." Presently they brought him in, and laid him gently on the bed.

The doctor came, looked at him, and

shook his head, but finally pronounced that, though his wound was severe, with care he might recover. "The brain, is not injured," he said.

"Everything shall be done for him, interrupted Mrs. Ellersleigh. No doubt of it, madain -no doubt at all. He is in good hands. Good day.

will call again this evening." Carefully and tenderly they nursed him, but for a week he lay utterly uncon-scious of all that passed around, and se-

life to me will be worthless. Speak dearest, one little word, yes or no. Will death, but at length the former conquer-Every day Edith paid a visit to the Every day Edith paid a visit of sick chamber, and one morning she mother had been. In the arter years stood questioning the faithful old servant she loved and married her guardian, and so he was happy at last. "Peace cometh

"He has passed a very quiet night, Miss Edith, and this morning he seems 'Where am I," said a feeble voice from

behind the bed-cartains. Edith started, and approached the bed. "Hash!" she said softly, "you must not talk. You have been ill, but are with

friends.' The invalid fixed his gaze wonderingly and inquiringly on her face, and it thrilled through her with a power she neve

felt before.

From that time his progress was rapid, and Edith's visits became more frequent and of longer duration.

Nothing had the power to lull him to sleep like her soft, sweet voice reading to him from his favorite author. Then he was able to come down stairs

and lie upon the sofa, and Edith would

play and sing, or read to him, for hours,

as his fancy prompted, for was he not an invalid, and therefore, a privileged per-And to Edith these interviews were

It still remained unasked, however, when she went away.

Not without anxiety and misgiving for her son's happiness had Mrs. Eller-the time of bluff King Hale, it had been she, torgetful of duty, of her plighted troth, of everything but her mad passion for this man, promised to be his wife—to fly with him.

you know he is our guest; we must pay him some attention," she said, rathe

His, she knew, would be the one love of his life.

And now Edith, after an absence of two years in a foreign land, was coming they scated themselves on some loose, in one for good. What would be Gerald's moss-covered stones, and Gerald read in fate? Ah! if he had only known, not his rich, deep voice the "Idyls of Kinga," so calm and happy would have been the some upon his face as he stood there, thinking of the absent one, and dream to the sound the sound that the so

"Next month? No, no; that is much too soon. We are very happy as we nie; why do you wish to change? Next summer will be quite soon enough; or—

or - perhaps in the spring."

And with that he was compelled to be

satisfied. The invalid was almost well now. would, indeed, soon be able to leave them and then, Gerald thought, things would and then, Gerald thought, things would soon resume their old course, and he, would be happy again. The stranger's name, he had told them, was Edward Vane. He was an artist, and had been sketching the Abbey at the time of the accident. Climbing upon the broken crumbling wall, to get a better view, his foot should be a single property of the stranger foot slipped, and in talling, he must have struck his head against a snarp corner of

a projecting stone.

Five weeks more have passed. All is confusion and terror at the Grange.—
Edith Stanton, the Squire's promised bride, and Edward Vane have gone bride, and Edward Vaue have gone-fled together, it is whispered in the ser-

vants hall. They had missed them at breakfast and on going to Edith's room, had found the bed unslept in, and a note for

Gerald lying on the dressing-table.

Hastily he tore it open and read:—

"Gerald I do not ask you to forgive me; my sin has been too great for that.
All I desire is that you may forget me.
I was never worthy of your love and trust. Seek not to find me; before you could find me, I should be Edward's wife. EDITH.

Gone !-his Edith ! It could not be rue! Yet here was her handwriting to prove it. A deep grean escaped the young

narrow London street, a woman lies dy-ing, her only companion a little girl. ing, her only companion a little girl.

Her face is thin and haggard; but the thick, and glossy, and her bright orbs, which burn with the fever of expectation, are large and glaring, and shaded by long lashes, telling of much former beau-

"He will not come," she murmurs.—
"Ah, no! Why should he? He caunot forget the past."

"I forgave you Edith, long ago."
"I have been sorely punished for my sin," she answered. "My husband, after spending all my money, left me, to earn as best I might, a living for myself and little girl. It was a just punishment and I do not repine. But Mabel, my innocent darling, it was of her I wished to speak.— Promised, Gerald, for the sake of the old ove, that you will take her and cherish

her when I am gone. She will have no one clse, she continued, feverishly.— "Promise me, Gerald, and I shall die hap-Faithfully he gave the desired promise and well he kept his word. He stayed with her until the last, and then he took

the sorrowing orphan home to his moth-Under their loving care Mabel grew up a better and nobler woman than her mother had been. In the after years,

John's Share. "Dad," said a hopeful sprig, "how man fowls are there on the table "Why, said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finelyroasted chickens that were smoking on

"Two!" replied the smartness, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."
"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter of fact man, and understood things as he saw them: "I'd

the dinner table-why, my son; there are

like to see you prove that."
"Easily done sir—easily done! Ain't

this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here old lady do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his

Practical cremationists: The Mexi-

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

CITY ORPHANS

Fatherless-motherless-Pity our tears, Think of our loneliness all thro' the years Shelterless-comfortless-Out in the cold : Open your hearts to us, Toilers of gold.

Litt your robes daintily 'Tis here we dwell-Close on the confines of death and of he Narrow and damp With the mold of a vault --Look not so loathingly,

Is it our fault? Once we were innocent, Long, long ago— Only to think of it adds to our woe, For vainly we lift up Our eyes to the light: We dwell in the shadov Of sin and of night. Born to be buffeted-

Hunger and scorn Are but our daily bread-children for lorn : All who e'er loved us Are under the sod : Pity us; pray for us,

People of God. A Touching Incident. The world is full of mournful incidents

How little do we know of the poignant sorrow myriads of our fellow-creatures are compelled to suffer. The following event we take from the Boston Journal: An express man, upon reaching his office early one cold morning in January, observed on the sidewalk a long, heavy box, which his practiced eye at once iden tified as containing a corpse. Upon the end of the box, shivering with cold, sat a little half-clad boy, about seven of eight years of age. Addressing him kindly, he

"My lad,don't sit there,you will freeze; come in and sit by the ste Bursting into tears, the little fellow re-

"No, I can't come; my mother is in this box, and I promised her that I would not leave her until we got home."

Deeply affected with the touching devotion of this brave little fellow, he finally succeeded in convincing him of the entire safety of his precious charge, and taking him to a neighboring restaurant gave him a warm breakfast, and then learned the particulars of his story. His False; heartless!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "This is the way he repays our kindness!—the treachtway of the repays our kindness!—the treachtway of the repays of the re boy's and journey. charging the little herefalse—utterly false! Forget her! Yes, if I And this ended the romance of his and furnished him (with all she had) s Nine long years have been added to the past.

In a small, poorly furnished room, in a parrow London street, a woman lies dvertile.

> Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work, nor of hard work. Work for the wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat, and boots. to be in company you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie, or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

The Happiest Life. Do you ask me which of all I believe to be the happiest life! Then I say, from my heart, a consecrated one. Be it "in the world" (so called) or out of it, in the highway or by-way, as God wills, still a life consecrated to a service better, higher, sweeter than that of self enjoyment or self-success. We all want to be happy.— We all seek personal joy as an instinct.— Surely, God meant it to be thas when he made us. Yet no lest He has set the leepest sources of joy out side of self-indulgence—in love, obedience, devotion and duty. It may be a hard word, the last; it has a chill sound. Yet no less it claims and possesses more and more as our days go on. Impulse, desire, idolatry aggressive s-lfhood—one by one we go upward. Lo! the cross that we called Duty changes to a crown.—Exchange.

English Bodies. A spicy writer in the Aldine, exhibiting some of the differences between the vernacular of the Americans and the English, states that the waist of a dress by the latter denominated a body.-"We were much startled," she says; "on receiving our first washing bills, to find that we were charged with low bodies and loose bodies!" Not supposing that there were any such questionable shapes in our party, we found they were only high and low necked underwaists. Again at the kind of folks who don't begin, but always commence. They don't eat but mysteriously retire. They don't eat and drink, but partake of refreshments. They are never sick, but extremely indisposed. And instead of dring at least of the look of low necked underwaists. Again she reto come in and get my body."

Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world .- Dr. John-

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

Postponing Pleasure.

No one can settle down in a European city or village, says Dr. Holland, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions, and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. The European expects always to be a tenant, the American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city prices forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for his home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future case: the American fields her laborated the case. or dear, and its rewards comparatively bountiful, so that his dream of wealth is a rational one. He, therefore, denies himself, works early and late, and bends his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all for the great road that belloan his energy and the polycometer. great good that beckons him on from the far off golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a recreation, it is purely for health's sake, and at tion, it is purely for neatter sake, and at long intervals, or in great emergencies.—
He does not taste money or pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope defer-red or blank disappointment. Out of it all grows the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrup-ulousness concerning the methods of its acquirment. So America presents the anomaly of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which how ever, may never be acquired, and which has not the power when one to yield its has but the power when one to yield its holder the boon which he expects to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the frugal gown which she desires to deny her the journey which do so much to break up the monotony of her home life to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amuse-ments that have cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever -surely this is neither sound nor wse economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by re-sort to the daily social enjoyments which are always at their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. In should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain.—

Servants in the last Century. At the beginning of that century wages Philadelphia were said to be three times what they were in England. Slaves, convicts, and apprentices from the mother country supplied in a great measure the market for unskilled labor, and degraded it. In 1761 there were seventy thousand slaves in South Carolins, of an average of £40 each. The annual value of a working slave was thought to be about £10.— Thirty slaves, superintended by an overseer, were a suitable number for a rice plantation, raising four and a half barrels apiece, besides their own provisions, consisting chiefly of Indian corn. Rice, was But there is a step upon the stairs, the door opens, some one enters.

"Gerald!" cried the dying woman, strugging to raise herself; "you have come!

"Yes, Edith, I have. Alas! that I should find you thus."

"I feared that you had not got my letter; or—or that you could not forgive the past," she said, falling back upon her pillow.

"I forgave you Edith, long ago."

"I forgave you Edith, long ago."

"I forgave you Edith, long ago."

your individuality—hat, coat, and loots. Do not eat up and wear out all that you spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy it too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat that you cannot afford to buy; too proud.

"I forgave you Edith, long ago."

"I forgave you Edith, long ago." Indians and negroes, as slaves were very dangerous domestics. In 1745 Massachusetts had twenty seven hundred slaves over fifteen years of age, about a thousand of them living in Boston. When emancipation took place there at the close of the Revolution the Revolution, the number of slaves was 4,377. As early as 1769 a decision of the courts declared that a person born in Massachusetts could not be kept in slavery. Crimes committed by bondmen were severely punished. About the middle of the century a century a century a pentury a pentu the century a century a negress was burna negro at Philadelphia for a similar crime The whipping post and the stocks were common instruments of punishment for the freedmen as well as the slave .- The

Who use Long Words.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind when they use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educations, however, illiterate and half educa-ted persons use more big words than peo-ple of thorough education. It is a very common but a very egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short once—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figares improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but posed. And instead of dying, at last, they decease. The strength of the English like to see you prove that."

"Easily done sir—easily done! Ain't that ore!" laying his knife on the first.

"Yes, that's certain," said dad.

"And dan't that two?" pointing to the second; "and don't one and two make three?"

"Really, said the father, turning to the old lady, who was in amazement at the immense learning of her son, really wife, this hoy is a genius and deserver to be low mecked underwaists. Again she relacted in the strength of the English lates that a young American lady, on a visit to a country house, previously occupied by one of the family, but which that the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice tap at the door.

Among the candidates for admission to West Point is one named Sauermilch, from Pennsylvania. Should he graduate he may do for frontier service, but he can never represent the cream of the army

A bad omen—To owe men money.