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Attorneys at Law, Office over the Bank, Montrose, Pa., Montrose, Pa., 1874.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. Decker, at the West Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

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CARPET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—1874.
Jan. 1, 1874.

M. C. SUTTON,
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Friendsville, Pa.

AM. E. ELY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, Broadway, Pa., 1874.

J. C. WHEATON,
ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,
P. O. address, Franklin Park, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, Broadway, Pa., 1874.

W. A. CROSSMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, in the West Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

L. W. OFFICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the old office of J. B. & H. McCollum, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

ABEL TURRELL,
DRUGGIST,
Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

SCOVILL & DEWITT,
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DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at the corner of 2d St. & 3d St., Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

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DR. S. W. DAYTON,
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Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
M. J. HARRINGTON, Proprietor, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

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Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

CHARLEY MORRIS,
DRUGGIST,
Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET,
Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

VALLEY HOUSE,
Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

DR. W. W. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at the corner of 2d St. & 3d St., Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

EDGAR A. TURRELL,
DRUGGIST,
Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

E. F. HINCH,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at the corner of 2d St. & 3d St., Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DRUGGISTS,
Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6)

POETRY.

MOODS.
BY JOHN W. WELLSMEYER.

To my yesterday's convictions
Over night a stranger grown,
My to-day's the morrow's riddle,
And myself am not my own.

So inconstant and so changeful,
Hour by hour a thing of mood,
Now I'm cold, and then I'm heated:
Now I'm heated in the blood.

Wind and weather beat upon me;
Often am I tempest tossed,
Solar-kissed and summer-wilted,
Pinched and stiffened by the frost.

Working, I am moving measure;
And remember, I am lagging:
Speaking, I am tumbling trumpet;
In my rages, jumping tiger.

To myself I'm very vainly;
Ogre to the bird and bat,
And I'm venesome to the tiger:
Sprawling lodger to the rat.

This is a pipe and this a coffin;
Press the lids and smother both;
Pipe and coffin—fumes and ashes—
Like to things of equal growth.

Hist! no more beside my chamber
Loving forms have come to greet,
And my meditations slattered
'Neath the tramp of tripping feet.

All arrayed in joy and brightness
And their mother reaches toward me,
And dispels my solemn song,
Now they soften me with kisses,
Quell me with their love lit eyes:
Futile are my stern endeavors
To be cynical and wise.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE BEAUTIFUL.
BY ELLIENNE MAAR.

The mission of the Beautiful,
Is not for eyes alone.
It builds within the minor life,
Its glorious highest throne;
I waits the day of victory,
Where falsehood is o'erthrown.

The graves of the Beautiful,
Abide with holy love;
And benedictions circle round
Its mandate from above,
And eagle aspirations wave
Beside the household dove.

The heart—its of the Beautiful
Forever builds its nest,
Where weary disenchantment brings
The sorrow stricken breast,
Life dwells with peace and holiness,
For friendships loyal breast.

The spirit of the Beautiful
Forevermore is where
Truth's triumphant song of victory,
Are wrung from soul's despair,
For sorrows potent ministry,
Ascends our human prayer.

THE STORY TELLER.

A TREASURY ROMANCE.
BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Miss Kittie Rayne sat on the veranda and sang, "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town," while John Fenwick sat in the parlor and scowled fiercely at the portrait of that young lady, hanging over the mantel, as bright and piquant and sunny in its expression as the young lady herself. But of late within the past few weeks a "change had come over the spirit of their dream."

Kittie was—or rather had been, considerable of a flirt. She was never so happy as when she was talking some young man believe that he was the especial object of her regard. Her mother lectured her on the great wickedness of flirting, and warned her of the consequences which might result from it, but like most parental lectures, they fail to make the impression they are intended to make, and Kittie went on flirting with this one and that one until John Fenwick came. Then she gave it up, and devoted herself wholly to John; and this time she was in earnest. She couldn't have flirted with John if she had tried, because she respected him too much, and then—she was so good, so handsome, so "nice in every way," she told her mother, that she didn't want to. She was sure from the rest that he intended to marry her, provided, of course, that she was willing; and Kittie was willing, and therefore decided to be sensible and in earnest in this new phase of courtship.

Six months was a long time for Kittie to keep her flirting propensities in check. But she had done it, and congratulated herself on the victory she had gained. Why is it, that, just as soon as we think we have "won" under our own control we have "wins" along to tempt us, and something else, "cases we find that we in a great many instances of ourselves, after all, as we had congratulated ourselves on being, I don't know why it is, I am sure, Kittie don't either. But just as she thought that she had won, she began to pine for herself over her self-conquest. Carl Davenport came along; she was introduced to him, and at first she popped the old parchment for flirting from the grate into which she had thrust it and took possession of her at once. Somehow it seemed to her as if she couldn't help flirting with Davenport. He was handsome and jolly and there was a something about him which seemed to draw her. And she had been so demure, so sober and good, and

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE SEA-FOG.
Upon the cliff's steep edge I stand;
The morning sea I hear;
With ether drops are sown;
The mist that sailors fear.

The lichened rocks, the mosses red,
With ether drops are sown;
Each crimson glow hangs its head
Amid the old gray stone.

The leafless rocks, the mosses red,
Where galant ships have been,
Shows but a faint white line of spray,
A glimmering mass of brown.

A broken boat, a spot of black,
Is tossed on sullen waves,
Their crests all dark with rifted wrack,
The spoil of ocean caves.

Out that within the wood-fire's glow
He told me tales of yore,
Of perils over long ago,
And ventures come to shore.

His hand belike is on the helm;
The fog has hid the foam;
The surf that shall his boat overwhelm,
He thinks the bench at home.

He sees a lamp amid the dark,
He thinks our names are there,
And happily on some storm-bound bark,
He founders in the night.

Now God be with you, He who gave
Our constant love and truth;
Where'er your oars may dip the wave,
You bear the hearts of both.

Through storm and mist God keep my love,
That I may hear once more
Your step upon the shingled cove,
Your boat upon the shore.

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Good Rules for Guidance.

John McDonough, the millionaire of New Orleans, has engraved upon his tomb a series of maxims prescribed as the rule for his guidance through life, to which his success in business is mainly attributed. They contain so much wisdom that we copy them:

Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done by.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

Never covet what is not your own.

Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

Never give out that which does not first come in.

Never spend but to produce.

Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

Study, in your course of life, to do the greatest amount of good.

Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity.

Labor then to the last moment of your existence.

Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessings and riches will flow upon you to your heart's content; but first of all, remember that the chief and great duty of your life should be to tend, by all means in your power, to the honor and glory of the Divine Creator. Without temperance there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion, no happiness; the aim of our being should be to live wisely, soberly and righteously.

Burning the Candle of Life at Both Ends.

The deadliest foe to man's longevity is in an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be expended or husbanded rapidly, as he desires. In certain limits he has his choice, to live fast or slow, to live abundantly or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, who takes but moderate exercise, never overtaxes himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on an exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his accounts with God and man duly squared up, is sure, barring accident, to spin out his life to the strongest limit, which it is possible to attain, while he who intently feeds on high seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

False Hearts.

People often speak of false hearts. We do not fancy it. Be sure of a card, crimp it, friz it, do it up as you may; it is always a hair's breadth from the true thing. But objectionable as false hearts are, there is something much worse; and that is a false heart. He who carries a false heart, bears within himself a heavy burden, and spreads it over his shoulders. He is a worse enemy to himself. He betrays others, but betrays himself more deeply. He may injure another temporarily and slightly; he injures himself permanently and with all who know him.

But, after all, people are true or false not in fact, but in appearance. It is not so much the heart, but the tongue, that is the worst enemy to himself. He who is a worse enemy to himself, he who betrays others, but betrays himself more deeply. He may injure another temporarily and slightly; he injures himself permanently and with all who know him.

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Our Social Life.

Some people never make any acquaintances, but shut themselves up from their kind as does an oyster in his shell; while others, and by far the happier, are never at a loss for cheerful companionship. It is not hard to make acquaintances if we set about it in the right way; but it is useless to hang back and wait every door to be opened; we must push them ourselves. Said a lady to us the other day, "I never make acquaintances in traveling. I wish I could." Said another, "I got acquainted with everybody. I talk to the woman who sweeps the ferry boats, and to any decent person who happens to sit by me in the cars. I find everybody human, and I can learn something that I didn't know before from every new acquaintance, or communicate information that may be valuable to her." We are most of us too apt to stand on our dignity and wait for advances from others; to have a cautious disposition, and criticize where we should commend. The cultivation of a genial, charitable, and generous spirit will do us more good and will greatly benefit the community in which we live, and add constantly to the number of our friends.

It will be acknowledged even by those who practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of a man's life, like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debase it.

A perfectly natural man is generally perfectly honest one.

JOB PRINTING
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AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

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