MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

POETRY.

Devoted to the Interests of our Town and County

FIFTY CTS. EXTRA IF NOT IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 31.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1874.

OFFICE-West Side of Public Avenue. Business Cards.

BURNS & NICHOLS, be V. ARS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemical Dye (1.4s, raints, Olls, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Pancy r. cies, Patent Medicines, Perfumeryand Tolletar cies. Prescriptions carofully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. A. B. Bunss.

Sch. 21, 1872

E. P. HINES, M. D.

raduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbot 1803, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Phila delphia, 1874, has returned to Friendsvillee, whore he will attend to all calls in his profession as usual.— Residence in Jessie Holsoft's house. Office the sam as heretolore. Friendsville, Pa., April 29th., 1874.—6m.

EDGAR A. TURRELL.

Counsellon at Law,
No. 170 Broadway, New York City
Assumes Business, and con Attends to all kinds of Attorney Business, and concers causes in all the Courts of both the State and the

DR. B. W. SMITH. DENTIST. Rooms at his dwolling, next door north of D. Halsey's, on Old Foundry street, where he would happy to see all those in want of Dental Work. B feels confident that he can pie-see all, both in quality work and in price. Office hours from 9 a.m. to 4 r.m. Montrose, Feb. 11, 1874—15

VALLEY HOUSE. WALLET HOUSE.

WALLET HOUSE.

Dot. Is a large and commodious house, has undergone a torough repair. Newly furnished rooms and sleeping spartmost-splendid tables, and allthings comprising a liet class hotel.

HENRY ACKENT,
Sept. 10th, 1873.-1f.

Proprietor.

B. T. & E. H. CASE. HARNESS-MAKERS. Oak Harness, light and heavy at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Blan kets, Whips, and everything pertaining to the line cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done prompt ly and in good style. Wont.ore, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873,

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET. PHILLIP HAHN, Proprietor.

Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sarge, etc., of the bost quality, constantly on hand, a prices to suit Montrose, Pa,, Jan. 14, 1873.-1v

BILLINGS STROUD. itte AND LIFE INSUIANCE AGENT. At pusiness attended to prompily, on fair terms. Office drest door cast of the bank of Wm. It. Cooper & Cs. Pablic Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1805] 14, 17, 173.]

Billings STROOT,

CHARLEY MORRIS THE HAYTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by R. McKenwie & Co., where he is prepared to doublikings of work in his line, and as mixing switches, pulls, etc. All work done on abort patter and prices low. Please call and see me.

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

R. B. Little,
Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

ACTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their New Office, Opposite the Turbell House.

R. B. Lawreller.

DEALER in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, News 9 a pers, Pocket Cutlery, Sterenscopic Views, Yanker Notions, etc. Next door to the Foat Office, Montrose Pa. W. B. BEANS. Sept. 30, 1874. EXCHANGE HOTEL.

W. B. DEANS,

M. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public the having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, the new prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class 1512. Montrose, Aug. 28, 1873.

H. BURRITT. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New-Millord, i.a., Nov., 6, '72—tf.

DR. D. A. LATHROP, tisters Electro Ternmal Bates, a 12e Poot strut street. Call and consul in all Chron Diseases. Montrose. Jan. 17, '72. – no3----f.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
HYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services t
the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at in
residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village
Rept. 1st, 1969.—tf DR. S. W. DA FTON,

LEWIS KNOLL. SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he with befound ready to attend all who may want anything his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 13 1869.

CHARLES N. STODDARD ealerin Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Leather Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's St Work made to order, and repairing done heatly. Montrose Jan. 1 1870.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, PHYSICIAN & HURGEON, tenders his profession services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner cast of Sayre Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

SCOVILL & DEWITT. Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Offic No. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Bing hamton, N. Y.

June 18th, 1873.

WE. H. Scovitt.

Janes 18th, 1873.

AREL TURRELL.

LAW OFFICE. FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Pitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

A. O. WARREN, ATTORNE) A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemo on Claims attended to. Office fire door below Boyd's Store, Montrose Pa. [Au. 1, '6]

W. A. CROSSMON,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, is the Commissioner's Office.

Montrose, Sept. 1871.—tf. J. C. WHEATON.

CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR.
P. O. address, Franklin Forks,
Sunquehanna Co., Pa.

JOHN GROVES, PASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop ov Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate styl Initing done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH. CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS,—For of Main street, Montrose, Pa. laug. 1, 1809 M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONÊER, and Insurance Agret, ant 69tf Priendsville, Pa. D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of land of the Brick Block, Montrose .Ps. [au]

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, ATTORRETS AT LAW Office over the Rank, Mont. Pa Montrose, May 10, 1871.

AMI ELY. Jone 1, 1274.

FINE

JOB PRINTING

Executed

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

Try Us.

'How did you get there, Auntie?'

'But there are the same stairs in your

father's house for all his children, us for

you; and yet you say house top saints

helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere dat's blackin' of your boots, he's dehus-

ban' o' my hussum' and yet he's nothin

but only a poor, down cellar 'sciple, sittin

in de dark, and whinin' 'cause he am't np sta're! I say to him, says I, Brudder' —I's allus called him 'Brudder' since he was born into de kingdom—'why don't

you come into the light?"
'On,' says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy;
I doesn't deserve de light dat God has

'Sho ,' says I, 'when our massa don-

married de gov'hess, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was poor as an dufeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit, 'mong de po'k barrels

and de trash 'caus she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she

She took her place to de head o' de table, and war all the lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like

she was savin'. I's no more poor gov'ness

teachin' Col'n Mclvor's chil'n; but I,s

de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stans's for

de mother, of his chil'n,' as she had a right to say! And de Con'l loved her

all de more for her not bein' a fool and

'Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to

Brudder Adam! But so fur it haint fotched him up! De poor deluded cretur

thinks he's humble, when he's only low minded and growlin' like. It's unworthy

of a blood bought soul for to stick to de

cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the housetop,' said the young

"Mo' fools you den!' cried Sibyl. 'De

housetop is dere and de star'rs is dere.

and de grand, glorious Master is dere up bove all, callin' to you day and night 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down his shinin' ban' and offers for to

draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing. Is dat de way to treat him who has bought the light and life

for you? Oh, shame on you sonny, and

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?"

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid

very high up until de bridegroom come

and called for her! Den she said to me.

one dead-o'-night. "Oh, Sibby, says she—she held tight on my han'--'Oh, Sibby

your hands shines like silver, silver. Sit

by! says she, "Dear soul, says I, 'dis

'flected on to poor black Sibvl from the

cross; and dere is hears more of it to

shine on you and every other poor sinner

dat will come near enough to couch d

rays!' Oh,' says she, 'Sinby, when I heard

you shoutin Glory to God and thankin o

him on de house top, I thought it was all sa'sition and ignorance. But now, oh, Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your

arment, and wine de dust off your shoes

I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.

Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, mis-

'Yes de chief sinner,' said she with

'Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sin-

'Den she kotch sight o' de cross and

like an angel's, and she was a new misso

'In my han' no price I bring,

But she mought bave sung all de way

de parlor. Parlors is fine things but

'What's a chamber saint, auntie ?'-

Simply to de cross I cling.'

from dat yar hour till she went up. She

ners, and is able to carry out his plun,'

if you could o

groan.

Yes,' says she.

whole time is.'

saked the young man.

or ly go along o' me, and

man, thoughtfully.

settin' in de cellar, 'mong the po'k bar

made for de holy ones.'

A PRAYER AND AN ANSWER.

clouds down yer.'

BY ISABELLA PYRIO MAYO. Oh Lord, and what shall this one do? Our heart puts out its hope for him, That he may reap the fields we sow In the full day now dawning dim;

"And what is all of this to thee, Thine only is-to follow me. But, Lord of life, the way we know And oh, we found it rough and steep. Our tender love has tender fears, Pledge thou myself this child to keep.

Yet what is all of this to thee? Thine only is-to follow me. Oh, Life has oceans cold and dark And chasms dread whence souls may slip. Far, far away, past mortal care,

Thine only is-to follow me.' O Lord, O Lord, we plead the worse For fees are camping round about, And there's a flattering foe within, Who leagues him with the foe without.

"But what is all of this to thee?

Thine only is-to tollow mc.' Is there no answer from above? No pledge this child of ours to keep? Nothing to help him but our love,-Poor woman love that falls asleep ! Oh, then how greatly must we need, Or hapless is our child indeed!

We must not fret though he should tread With scorn the seeds that we have sown We must not fret though he should see Our dawn as midnight darken grown, To seek him if he goes astray!

The door at home must open stand To greet him when he comes again And smiling face and clasping hand Must bide the tale of patient pain, The feast must always ready wait, The son returning to the gate;

And came no answer to thy prayer? The still voice speaking from above, "To they who scretch the loving hand Are holding in the Hand of love, All in that answer, "Follow me."

NOT KNOWING.

BY MISS M. G. BRAINARD.

I know not what shall befall me. God hangs a mist o'er mg eyes, 'He makes new scenes to rise, And every joy he sends me, comes as A strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me. As I tread on another year, But the past is still in God's keeping, The future His mercy shall clear. And what looks dark in the distance, May brighten as I draw near-

For perhaps the dreaded future Is less bitter than I think, The Lord may sweeten the waters, Before I stoop to drink. As if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

It may be that He has waiting For the coming of my feet, Some gift of such rare blessedness Some joy so strangely sweet, That my lips shall only tremble

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know, It keeps me so still in these arms Which will not let me go. And husbes my soul to rest

In the bosom that loves me so ! Shall I go on not knowing ! I would not if I might, I would rather walk, in the dark with God. Than go alone in the light;

Than walk alone by sight. My heart shrinks back from trials. Which the future may disclose, Yet I never had a sorrow But what the dear Lord chose So I send the coming tears back,

With the whispered words, "He knows." STORY TELLER.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

'Yes, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'hand-ded, and no ways like poo white trash nor yet any of those onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his

"I'm truly glad to have all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treus ures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.
Sibyl put up her great hands, and

ber gay turben; and then, plunting them on her capracious hips, sie looked the beardless youth in the eyes and exclaimed beariness you in in the eyes and exchanged with a sarcastic smile, "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, souny, I was a spectable sort of a Christian afore your manny was born I reckon! But for these last twenty five years, I's done been a mighty powerful one-one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs-I is ne of the house top sair ts. sonny !"

'House top saints? what kind of saints re those?' asked the young Northener. Ha, ha, ha, laughed Sibyl; 'I thought

de cellar up; and now l's fairly on de 'em, and he smooves deir soft pillows and ruff—yes, on de very ridge pole; and dar sings 'em to sleep and to slumber, and I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it through the from dem—not for one while! De champled the time az weak az a kitten that haz already down never see. ber is a sort o' half way house made for just cum out ov a fit. rest and comfort, but some turns it into 'Row does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber

and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, 'What, never heard tell o' John Bunde builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em and put your feet on 'em and

'I thought you couldn't all be se ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat 'Well, you know dat he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll. 'Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mount 'em. If dey was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how and dat's what's de matter wid nears.

Christians in de wol'. Dey falls asleep in the country.

I have worked on a farm for my vittles

asked the young learner.
'I does honey. By de help of de Lord, and a contin'al watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my hee!,

rond a contin'al watch, I keep ac de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty gineral. Why, somet mes, when he raise ap and thrust his langs out, I has such force gan me to stomp on him dati I can hear his bones crack—mostly? I tell you honey, he don't like me, and he most gin me up for los'.

I the lost the lost the lost the lost the like a ghost, and if it don't scare you so much as it did once, and make you think you are going to die to morrow, it will the lost th

timev I gets up in the morain and I sees work enough for two women ahead of me Maybe my head done ache and my nerve is done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, come or go what likes Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, Sister Sibby'—Satin often has the impudence to call me sister—and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'party wasn't dead, you could live pile o' shirts to iron inside cookin' for Adan and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter. Dat's how he sails me when I'm wenk! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says in de words o' Scripture, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan! Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him, dat is my strength. And sometimes I whisks de shiets up and rolls 'em into a to wait, and sing a hime to cheer up my spirits, if I like. And den Satan drops List ill and slinks

"My Master bruise de sarpint's head, And bind him wid a chain; Come, Brudder, hololujah shout, Wid all your might and main! Hololujah!"

'Does Satan always assail you through our work?' asked the young stranger.
'No, bless you honey; sometimes he on all de down cellar and parlor and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most gineral. If I eat too heavy o' faeling between Parks and Anderson, or fat oacon and corn cake in time gone. I asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why dem is de ones dat gets bar'ly out o' de cellar failed.and I den was srch a fool I thought Here I wood ire is de ones dat gets bar'ly out o' de cellar failed and I den was such a fool I thought and goes straight way and forgets what my Christ had forget to be gracious to bimself, and confine himself strictly to the case. grow proud and dresses up fine, like de werl's folks, and dances, and sings world by trush o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our old incoming the case, and I there were a down boarts duty to be some the week a down boarts duty to be some the week as the weapons out o' the case.

The witness continued: 'Well. we sat down to the table. Anderson there, Parks in the clerk's table.' ly trush o' songs, and has only just he ion enough to make a show wid. Our old missur, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den ole King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptains. But, bless you de minute de parson or any other good minute de parson or any other good minute de parson or any other good deir way to glory, and swim into de shin. brudder or sister come along, how she deir way to glory, and swim into de shinin harbor through a sea o' honey. But his hand throwing his head a little for sonny, dere's crosses to bear, and I ain't ward and sideways. Having gone through did tune up her harp! She mighty lig-ions in de parlor, but she left her ligion mean enough to want my blessed Jesus his pantomine, he interrupted the witness to bur 'em all alone. It's my glory here by asking him : dat I can take hold o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid a loud o poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners. He's got The witner all her infirmities! But she didn't get on His hands and His heart to get up to glory. But, la! honey! how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner: for it's one o' my articould keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through the shinin' gate! your clothes and your face and cles o' faith never to keep him wrtin' be-yond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gies Satan fresh vantage over him. Come up to my pale. some day, and we'll have more talk about the way to glory.'-Mrs. J. . Chaplin, in Congregotionalist.

Josh Billings on "Dispepshy."

I have been a practicle dispeptik for 7 years and four months, and it would have been munny in my pocket, if I had een born without enny stummuck. I have prayed upward of one thousand times to be on the inside like an ostrich, or a traveling colporter.

I have seen traveling colporters who could not eat as much as a goose.

I have tried living on filtered water and going bure-facted for the dispershy and that didn't hit the spot.

I have soaked in water cure establish ments until I waz so limber that I Well, den.' says I, 'if you's a sinner 'nough, and Christ is Savior 'nough, what's to binder your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to him.'

on it and the pile seemed to grow bigger she forgot herself, and her face light up sat down discouraged, a squre victim to pitch

got ap expressly to kure the dispepshy three hands made the blind as clear as The hoss and fixings cost me \$490 in day to the Judge.

along, if she hadn't forgot the hoomil-ation o' cellar, and 'bused de privileges gold.

hose on the foot stool.

I rode the hose until I waz ov a jelly Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped and then sold him bridle and all for six- other day that his penknife (which by up de dark and de scare o' de cellar, and de ty-eight dollars, and got sued by the the bv, was a very neat one,) in one re-

Well, I mean dat I's been trough all wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan the water like a mill-race; and still had stories o' my Fathers houss on arth, from lisn't nowhar, now! But he is close by the dispepshy.

I hav laid down more than two thousa roostin' place! You know Brudder and times and rolled over once a minit all night long and got up in the morning like a corpse, and there didn't nothing seem to ail me enny where in particular.

I hav red whole libray on the stum-

muck and live, and when I got thru I knu a great deal less what was the matter ov me than when I began.

I have drank whiskee with roots in it enuff to carry off any bridge or saw mill

'And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?'— i bread until I wosez thin az the sermon and board, and dieted on fried pork and

ov a 7 days Baptise preacher.
I have done these things and 10 thousand other things just as ridikilus, and I

he most gin me up for los."

'Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the ures. Tell me plainly how you get the ures. Tell me plainly how you get the ures.

"Going it Blind."

A SKETCH OF LIFE ON THE PRONTIER JUDGE WHO HAS SOMETHING TO LEARN.

Judge Servis, the Associate Judge of Judge Servis, the Associate Judge of the First District Territorial Court of Montana, is justly celebrated for his legal learning, and is greatly beloved by his friends. He is stern, upright and honest. But with all his legal attainments he is not the greatest man at cards in the Ter mighty easy. But just you look at that ritory. It has been said that he did not pile o' shirts to iron inside cookin' for Adknow the Jack of Hearts from the Ace

whisks de shirts up and rolls em into a and battery. This did not end the affair bundle, and heave 'em back into the for at the next term of the court, at the clothes basket and says to 'em, You lay dar till to marrow, will you? I min't no slave to work, or to Satin, for I can 'tord sault and battery with intent to kill on sault and battery with intent to kill on the body of Andy Anderson.

The trial came on, and the only witness to the affrat was Bob Gibbons, who off, most gineral; and I goes 'bout my was the third in the game. Having been work a singin: and jury everything he knew about the affray. After clearing his throat he comaffray. After clearing his throat he com-meaced by stating that 'me and Parks and Anderson were over at Halbeck saloon, the second day after election, when Parks proposed that we have a game of poker. All agreed to it, and we went in the back room and sat down to the game; did not know that there was any hard

Here Bob was interrupted in the court

What is the reason Parks did not see The witness replied : 'I don't know.but e would not see him.'
'Proceed,' said the Judge.

Well, I saw him, and just at that min-Stop, sir,' said the Judge, throwing

numself into a hearing position. 'Did I inderstand you to say you went blind?' Yes, sir; I went blind, and Anderson-rent blind, and Parks would not see him but I saw Anderson, and he saw-'Witness,' exclaimed the Judge, striking

the bench with his clinched fist, 'do I hear right? Do you say you went blind and then you saw. Yes, sir,' replied the witness. 'I saw

Anderson, and Anderson saw, and just at Stop, sir, said the Judge. 'Mr. Clerk cussing their tobacco pipes, Martha Hil fine the witness \$50 for contempt of ton glided into the room and stood blush in the contempt of the chimnen when the court, and direct the Sheriff to take him to jail, and there to keep him until he

eceives further orders from the court .-Call up the next case, Mr. Clerk. Bob Gibbons was dumbfounded, and did not awake to the reality of his condition until the Shiriff laid his hands on him, when he exclaimed :

Good gracious, Mr. Judge, what have done, that I must go to jail? my Baldwin apparel. I. kontraked for eleven kords of hickory wood, kross grained, and phull ov wrinkles as an old

ws horn, and sawed away three months vehemence, and the members of the bar, who had been anticipating the fix that Bob would be eventually placed in, were ver day.

I finally gave away the saw and what convulsed with haughter which increased the rage of the Judge to the highest pitch. The prosecuting attorney endeavored to calighten the Judge, and eventuthe dispensity.

I bought a saddle horse the dispensity duced a pack of cards, and after dealing duced a pack of cards, and after dealing

The fine and imprisonment were re-He waz warrauted to pull harder than mitted, order was restored in court, an dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir a trip hammer, pull wasser on the bits, whole time i.r.'

stumble saf r down hill than enny other testimony.

A young lady remarked to a for the your way. Day's mighty scarce any what; boney traps o' de parler, and got through the Lor's got on 'em, at any rate, in this place and on this plantation! replied is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'And that is you?'

'And that is you?'

'Yes, county, dat is me.'

'Then tell me what you mean by being and thinks dey's come off conquerer salt as number one makes!

'Then tell me what you mean by being and can now see of conquerer salt as number one makes!

'Yes, so number one off conquerer one off conquerer one off conquerer one and in a cunning manner said, "Well, I he sat down to writing nonsense. don't know, unless it is because it's dull."

Indians charge nothing for shaving.

NUMBER 44.

MISCELLANEOUS READING. ONLY.

And this is the end of it all! it rounds the year's completeness : Only a walk to the stile through fields afo

with aweetness: Only the sunset-light, purple and red on the river : And a lingering low good-night, that

good-bye forever. So be it! and God be with you! It had been, perhaps, more kind

Had you sooner (pardon the word) been sure of knowing your mind. We can bear so much in youth a swift, sharp pain And the two-edged sword of truth cuts deep

but it leaves no stain ! I shall just go back to my work-to my little That never make any show. By time perhaps in my prayers,

I may think of you! For the rest, on this way we've trodden together. My foot shall fall as lightly as if my heart were

Patient when children cry, soft to lull them to

Hiding its secrets close, giad when another's Finds for itself a gem where hers found only

I shall think how I used to watch, so happy to see you pass

I could almost kiss the print of your foot of the dewy grass. I am not ashamed of my love! Yet I would not have yours now.

Though you laid it down at my feet. I could not stoop so low. ove is but half a love that contents itself Than love's atmost faith and truth and unwav-

ering tenderness. Only this walk to the stile: this parting word

That flows so quiet and cold, ebbing and flow ing forever. "Good-bye!" Let me wait to hear the last, last sound of his feet!

Ah me! but I think in this life of oars the bitter outweighs the sweet.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ROMANCE.

T. B. Aldrich, writing of the Stavers House, Portsmouth, N. H., says: On-of the romantic episodes of the place has been turned to very pretty account by Longfellow in the last series of The Tules of a Wayside Inn'-the marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth with Martha Hilton, a sort of second edition of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. Martha Hilton was a poor girl, whose bare feet and ankles and scant drapery, when she was a child, and even after she was in the bloom of her teens, used to scandal ize good Dame Stavers, the innkeeper's wife. Standing one afternoon in the door-way, Dame Stavers took occasion to remonstrate with the sleeked limbed and lightly draped Martha, who chanced t be passing the tavern, carrying a pail of water, in which, as the poet neatly says, the shifting sunbeam danced.' 'You Pat! Pat ? cried Mrs. Stavers, severely. Ion is the most ambitious structure in 'why do you go looking so? You should America. It is 108 feet higher than the be ashamed to be seen in the street.'— Washington Monument in Baltimore, 68 Never mind how I look, says Miss Mar-tha, with a merry laugh, letting shp a saucy brown shoulder out of her dress; I shall ride in my chariot yet, ma'am. I shall ride in my chariot yet, ma'am.
Fortunate prophesy! Martha went to live as a servant with Governor Went worth at his mansion at his Little Harmuch is that? About 4,000 tons, or a bor, looking out to sea. Soven years pass-

ed, and the thin slip of a girl, who promised to be no great, had flowered into the loveliest of women, with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a rose-a lady by instinct, one of nature's own ladies. The Governor, a lonely widower, and not too young, fell in love with his fair handmaid. Young, lell in love with his late handmaid.
Without stating his purpose to any one
Governor Wentworth invited a number of friends (among others he invited the dinner which was a very elaborate one, was at an end, and the guests were dis ing in front of the chimney place. She was exquisitely dressed, as you may con ceive, and wore her hair three stories high The guests stared at each other, and par ticularly at her, and wondered. The the Governor, rising from his seut,

Played slightly with his ruffles, then looke down

And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birth day, it shall likewise be
My wedding day, and you shall marry me?"

The Rector was dumbfounded, know ing the humble footing Martha had held in the house, and could think of nothing cleverer to say than 'To whom, your Ex-Cellency? 'To this lady,' replied the Governor, taking Martha Hilton by the hand. The Rev. Arthur Brown hesitated.

'As the Cheif Mugistrate of New Hamp.'

Parents who fail to provide their children hire I command you to marry me!" cried the firm old Governor. And so it was great mistake, but commit a sin of omisdone, and so the pretty kitchen maid be- sion. Look tidy in the morning, and afcame Lady Wentworth, and did ride in ter the dinner work is over, improve your her own chariot after all. She wasn't a toilet, woman if she didn't drive by Staver's Mai

He that will be secret, must be a dismbler in some degree; for men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an inditferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying the balance on

Rabelais had written some sensible pieces, which the world did not regard at all. "I will write something," says he, "that they shall take notice of." And so

Funeral parades are going out of fash-

Is Published Event Wednesday Morning.

Contains all the Localand General News, Poetry, Sto-

Advertising Bates:

One square. (% of an inch space.) & weeks, or less. \$1 1 month, \$1.55; 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. s line for first invertion, and 6 cts. a line the each subsequent uncertion—Marriages and deaths, free; obligaries, 10 cts. a line.

A HISTORY OF MOWING MA-CHINES.

The oldest moving machines, though very grude, were used by the Gauls. A cart, having blades arranged in front, was pushed torward into the grain by oxen hitched behind, and thus cut off the heads. A system of six rotating scythes was made by Joseph Boyce in 1799, and an attempt to use the same principle was made by Gompretz and Muson, in 1853. In 1811-1815, Smith, of Deans, once brought out a machine in which a short vertical revolving cylinder carried a knife on its lower end; but all these rotating machines have proved impracticable.—Robert Meares, in Frome, in Somersetshire, established, in 1800, the shear principle as the only practicable one.— Salmon, in Woburn, in 1807, built a ma-chine with a row of blades and fingers moving over them, and also applied the reel. The Scotch parson, Patrick Bell, of Torfarshine, in 1826, and William Manning, of Plainfield. N. Y., in 1832, were the founders of the present syle of ma-chines. Manning was the first to attach the draught at the side of the machine, all others previously having been pushed from behind. Obed Hussey, of Cincinnati, nttached the side-platform and slit finger.
McCormick, then of Rockbridge, Va.,
now of Chicago, in 1835 improved the
Manning and Hussey machine, and the
appearance of these at the London Exposition, in 1851, was the signal for their

Finds for itself a gem where hers found only sand.

Good-bye! The year has been bright! As oft as the blossoms come,

The peach with its waxen pink, the waving snow of the plum.

The peach with its waxen pink, the waving by Tull, consisting of a rotating cylinder with flails. Several others followed short-with flails. Several others followed short-with flails. iy, some like a flour mill, and in 1692, Willoughly, of Bedford, made one like that of Menzies, which Von Thark brought to Germany, and which served as a model for the Mecklenburg thresher. The machine of James Wardropp, of Ampthell, in Virginia, is on a similar principle, only the ocaters are sticks mixing up and down. Finally, in 1785, Andrew Meikle, of Tyningham, cast Lothian, laid the foundation of the present torm, by using a drum with four beaters parallel to its axis, that carried the grain between itself and a concave, furnished with similar rods. An American, named Moffitt, in 1854, substituted spikes for the rods, though Menzies' machine adheres to the old system.

CHEAP DISINFECTANTS

One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a water closet, will effectually destroy the foulest smells. On board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other places, there is, nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperar dissolved under the bed in any-thing that will hold water will render a hospital or any other place for the sick free from unpleasant smells. For butchers' stalls, fish markets, slaughter houses, sinks, and where there are unpleasant, putrid gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smell will pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse dies about the house and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will soon purify the atmosphere.

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

The dome of the capitol at Washingweight of about 70,000 full grown persons, or about equal to a thousand loaded coul cars, which, holding four tons each, would reach two miles and a half.

Directly over your head is a figure in oronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars, is 12,447 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter preses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, Rev. Arthur Brown) to dine with him at 66,000 pounds more. It would require, Little Harbor on his birthday. After the to crush the suporters of cur dome, a pressure of 557,270 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about \$1,000,000.— The new wings cost \$6,500,000. This architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the capitol and enlarging the park, which will cost about

PLAIN TALK TO GIRLS.

Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "furry" or a sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: a mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and with such appliances, not only make a

Make it a rule of your daily, life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico, but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self respect and satisfaction, that invaribly comes with being well dressed.

The law is really no stronger than the public sentiment that is behind it. Tho machinery is practically no more powerful than the steam in the boiler; and accordingly, what the temperance cause needs is not so much a new law as a new public sontiment.

To make others happy is a good way o promote your own happiness.