OFFICE-West Side of Public Avenue

# Business Cards.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

St. ARS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals Dyestads, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy, r. Cies, Patent Medicines, Perfumeryand Tollet Arcies, Patent Medicines, Perfumeryand Tollet Arcies, 19 Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick flock, Moutrose, Pa.

4, 3, 50 ans.

Anso Nichols. BURNS & NICHOLS,

E. P. HINES, H. D.

Graduate of the Oniversity of Michigan, Ann Arbor 1865, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Phils delphia, 1874, has returned to Prisostyllies, where he will attend to all calls in his profession as usual, Residence in Jesuis Hosford's bonne. Office the same riendsville, Pa., April 29th., 1874.—6m.

EDGAR A. TURRÉLL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 170 Broadway, New York City.

Astorney Business, and con-Attends to all kinds of Atterncy Business, and con-nects causes in all the Courts of both the State and the United States. Feb 11, 1874,-1y.

DR. N. W. SMITH. EXTER. Rooms at his dwelling, next door north of Dr. Halsey's, on Old Foundry street, where he would be happy to see all those in want of Dental Work. He feels confident that he can please all, both in quality of work and in price. Office hours from 9 A. m. to 4 F. m. dontroe. Feb. 11, 1574—If

VALLEY HOUSE. CALLEY HOUSE.

CHARAT BEND, PA. Situated near the Eric Railway Depot. Is a large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished rooms and sleeping apartments, splendid tables, and allthings comprising a first class hotel.

HENRY ACKERT, 8ppt. 10th, 1873.-41.

Proprietor.

B. T. & E. H. CASE. HARNESS-MAKERS. Oak Harnes, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Rreast Blankets, Whips, and everything pertaining to the line, cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done prompti in good style. ose, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET. PHILLIP HAHN, Proprietor.

Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Salge, etc., of the best quality, constantly on hand, s rices to suit. Montrose, Pa<sub>1</sub>, Jan. 14, 1873.-1y

BILLINGS STROUD. IRE AND LIFE INBURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door cast of the bank o' Wm. il. Cooper & Ce. Public Avenne, Montrose, Pa. II. Aug. 1, 1862, 1917, 1672.

CHARLEY MORRIS THE HAYTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by R. McKenzie & Co., where he is prepared to du sil kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, puls. etc. All work done on shor notice and primes low. Please call and see me.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their New Office, opposite the Tarbell House. e. R. B. Little, Geo. P. Little, E. L. Blakeslee

Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

W. B. DEANS. DEALER in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, News pers, Pocket Cutlery, Stereoscopic Views, Yanko Notions, etc. Next door to the Post Office, Montrose & B. Beans.

Pa. dept. 30, 1874. EXCHANGE HOTEL. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public the having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he now prepared to accommodate the traveling public first-class style.

ese, Aug. 23, 1873. H. BURRITT. braier in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Har-waie, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paiuts, Boot and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Purs, Buffalo Robes, Gri ceries, Provisions, &c.

and Shoes, mais and organic ceries, Provisions, &c. Now-Millord, 1 a., Nov, 6, '72—tf. DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Administers Electro Thermal Baths, a the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and coasul in all Chronic Diseases. Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.-no3-if. DR. S. W. DAYTON,

HYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village Sept. 1st, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KNOLL. ELWIS RNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
hop in the new Postoffice building, where he wi
be found ready to attend all who may want anythin
his line. Montrose Pa. Oct. 13 1659.

CHARLES N. STODDARD, ealer in Boots and Shoss, Hats and Caps, Leather an Pindings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store

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

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

orneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office
o. 49 Court Street, over City National Bank, Bing
amton, N. Y. Ww. H. SOWILL,
JEROME DEWITT. hamton, N. Y. June 18th, 1873. AREL TURRELL.

Dealer in Drugs Medicines, Chemicais, Paints, Ollo Dye-stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Pet rumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Establishe 1848. [Feb. 1, 1873. LAW OFFICE. FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old offic of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa. L. P. PITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

A. O. WARREN,

TTORNEY A. LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemp on Claims attended to. Office fraction below Boyd's Store, Montrose.Ps. [Au. 1, '6: W. A. CROSSMON.

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

Montrose, Sept. . 1871.—tf.

J. C. WHEATON, CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SUBVETOR, P. O. address, Franklin Forks, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

JOHN GROVES, PASHIONABLE TAIL OR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style lutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. HMITH.

JABINET AND CHAIR MANUPACTURERS,-Fo of Main street, Montrose, Pa. | lang. 1, 1869. M. C. SUTTON, AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT

D. W. SEARLE,

TTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Ps. [au] 6 J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

AMI ELY.

FINE

# JOB PRINTING

Executed

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

Try Da.

# MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Devoted to the Interests of our Town and County.

FIFTY CTS. EXTRA IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

#### MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1874.

NUMBER 47.

#### POETRY. GROWING UP.

Oh to keep them around us, baby darlings free and pure, Mothers smile their pleasures crowning, moth

ers kiss their sorrows' cure; Oh to keep the waxen touches, sunny and radiant eyes. ttering feet, and eager prattle-

lost Paradise! One bright head above the other, tiny hands that clung and clasped,

Little forms, that close enfolding all of best gifts were grasped; Sporting in the summer sunsh

round the winter hearth, Bidding all the bright world echo fearless, careless mirth. Oh to keep them; how they gladde

path from day to day, What gay dreams we fashioned of them, rosy sleep they lay; How each broken word was welcomed, ho

each struggling thought was hailed As each bark went floating seaward, love be decked, and fancy sailed! Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from

our clinging hold, Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burge the shy, sweet buds unfold ;

Fast to lip, and cheek, and tresses, steals maiden's bashful joy ; Fast the frank, bold man's assertion tones the accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in other shape than ours se young hands will seize the weapons:build

their castles, plant their flowers; Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear ever soon a closer love than ours in those wakening

So it is, and well it is so : fast the river the main, Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning

never glows again ; sure the links are rent :

#### bloom content.

Let us pluck our autumn roses,

ONLY A GLOVE. It is only a glove, Ted, a lady's glove :-It has lain in the desk where I found it For twenty long years, but the freshness of

And the glory of youth cling around it. Yes, there comes Ted, whenever I see that

glove,
A vision of music and dancing; And again, in my mind, the eyes of a dove Into mine are tenderly glancing.

And I clasp once again in this hand of mine That glove and the soft hand within it: And I feel in the waltz, through the glare and

the shine. That it throbs like a new caught linnet. I feel her ambrosial breath on my cheek, Like the scent of the linden blossom And I know that she loves (though she doe

not speak) By the rise and fall of her bossom Well, I went to the Indies in '60, Ted;

And-and-Tush! it's the brandy and wa Why, when I came back she was dead-she

was dead;
And —I married Robinson's daughter. Just hand me a light and a fresh cigar, It is toolish to keep such a token. When the girl who gave it is sleeping afar

STORY TELLER.

# CYRUS FORD'S TEMPTATION.

A THANKSGIVING STORY. BY S. ANNIE PROST.

'You'll be expecting company to-day, Simon Clayton looked over the top, of he newspaper he was reading, to see his house keeper waiting for an auswer.

'Why to-day?' he said, in a surly tone
as if annoyed at the interruption. 'Why

o-day more than any other day. Do l ver have company? 'But it is Thanksgiving day, sir, and nost folks have their kin around them or

perhaps you are going out amongst your wn relatives, sir? 'No, I have no kin! There is no rela tive of mine with whom I break bread

ither on this day or any other.' The newspaper came between the master of the house and the old housekeeper once more, but it could not quite shut from his ears the murmur of the good woman, as she left the room :-

'Dear dear! What a pity! And so rich So rich! He dropped the paper and looked into the heart of the glowing grate fire, thinking of the bank account, the railway stock, the rows of houses, the

railway stock. the rows of houses, the western lands, the mine shares, the various investments that made his great wealth increase year by year, scarcely lesseled by the happelor expense of his landsome boy.

Four years glided by uneventfully and in a certainty that his friend was better. Four years glided by uneventfully and happily. The stern old man seemed to so rich! So poor! Not one hand to grasp his lovingly. Not one voice to grasp his lovingly. Not one voice to welcome him to a family gathering. In oil youth, before he had filled his puree, and who kept himself singularly between the whit of the city's vices.

Four years glided by uneventfully and in a certainty that his friend was better. Surely this attention to business was a good symptom, and the fever was certainty the his refer was good symptom, and the fever was a good nurse, delicate instincts of Cyrus Fords character when this carried by many the state of the stately noise where the stately noise where the stately noise was reacted when this friend was better. Is used to the when the stately noise where the stately noise where the stately noise was reacted when the stately noise was reacted when the stately noise where the stately noise where the stately noise when the st handsome house.

So rich! So poor! Not one hand to grasp his lovingly. Not one voice to welcome him to a family gathering. In his youth, before he had filled his purse, a dark- eyed girl, Minuie Wayland, had loved him and had won his heart, but particularly and had won his heart, but particularly love that Simon Clayton had thought bursed in the graves of his house it Grannward anrang to previous control of the control of

denial, a close, misery counting of every sor of a fine horse. He was encouraged penagy, he had made the nucleous of for- to join a boat club, and Simon himself ac tune, and dollars rolled into his hands, companied him to such places of amuse-till he could laugh at the miserable sum ment as he desired to visit. Yet, sudden-

The state of the state of the state of

er's arms while the wife-looked with

he had won the girls heart with wellfeigned adoration, and the loving father who sought to shelter her from certain

misery was deserted. Then came the iron into Simon Clavton's heart, looking every k nd impulse, hardening every feature, she ng ou all charity all gentleness. He nad sent

of the great city of New Yo K. his Dreaming of it all over the fi.e. he was will. roused from his thought by a knock at the door, and is answer to his Comin," a lad entered carrying a letter. A tall, handsome boy of seventeen, with his rough clothes, yet, withat a had with large intelligent eyes, a broad, full brow, and a mouth of full resolution in its firm clasp and well cut outlines. The clasp and well cut outlines. clasp and well cut outlines. Dofling his cap, he presented his letter, and the heart of the old man throbbed with paintyl force as he gla seed at the signature. It was a brief lessee, scarcely more than a

note, reading :-DEAR SIMON :- I am dying, and I may call you so now. Will you give a helping hand to my son who will bring this to you after I have left this world, five children lay beside my husband in the churchyaid, but my youngest, Cyrus, my only one, sits beside me now while I write, We have scarcely enough of worldly wealth to save us from a pau-per's grave, and I send my son to you, and by our old love. Simon, I emplore you to help him to obtain honest employment. I have been a true wife and good mother, as far as I could, Simon, et on my deathbed I know that my on-y love was given to you when they part-

ed us, and will be yours if we meet in another world.

MINNIE. There was a deep silence in the room as Simon Clayton read the letter, and he was forced to wait many minutes before his voice would obey him to ask: 'Your

mother is dead?" 'She died in the summer, sir.' Why have you waited so long to come

to me ?' 'It took all we had to pay our debts and the funeral expenses, and I had to work to earn my traveling money to come from Illinois.

'You want employment now?' 'I shall be very grateful sir, if you will help me to find work.'
'To day is a holiday. You will be my guest for the present, and I will see what l can do for you.'

As Simon, Clayton spoke, he reached out his hand and touched a bell upon the table near him. His housekeeper answer ed the summons. 'You see I have company, Mrs. Grey,

he said, and the housekeeper wondered at the change in his face and voice, lacking all severity yet so sad. You will have a room made comfortable for Mr.

The woman courteseyed and was gone, His eyes were misty more than once over the straightforward story of privation heart to affection before the first hour of wrestled with the bitter temptation in the straightforward story of privation the boy told, his evident devotion to his mother, who had been widowed when he the affection never wavered, growing was a baby. It was not difficult to see that the boy, ground down by poverty, had yet a craving for education, and had profited by all his mother could teach nim, His very touch upon the books on the table, his eyes, when they rested on the well-filled book case, told the brain hunger better than spoken words. So before Mrs. Grey called them to dinner,

Simon Clayton was planning the lad's future as his adopted son, True Thanksgiving fare the kindhearted hous keeper had prepared for the unexpected guest, and Simon Clayton's heart was nearer thankful prayer than it had been for many long years, as he looked at the bright, grateful face opposite to h.m., and knew Minnie's child looked up

Before a week had passed the lad was entered as a student in one of the city colleges, living with his new friend.
'You had best call me Uncle Simon, the latter said to him, 'for your mother

was dearer than a sister to me, my boy, and if the people who hear you think you are my nephew, leave all explanation But the world troubled itself very little about Simon Clayton's new relative, some of the more kindly hearted hoping he would have comfort in the lad, others

loved him and had won his heart, but parents interfered, dismissed the penulless clerk, and Minnie married a reputed millionaire. Rumoreihad reached him of his rival's ruin, but nothing definite, though he knew the parents who had taken the true love from him rested an der the daiseys years ago.

The street had be refused his powerts. The street had him to seek only the associations of his lower to his fellow students, and the boy's own refined in the graves of nis. Then, stung by the refusal his poverty stincts led him to seek only the association of gentlemen. His love for animals gold. Through hard work, bitter selfthe Waylands had told him Minnie's hus bitter self-denial to an indulgence of band must secure.

He married then, and three bright every wish, from the necessity of bread every wish. eyed boys were born to him, and died.— winning, to the suply of luxuries, Cyrus Then a golden-haired girl lay in its moth- Ford was not spoiled.

With his heart full of gratitude, he cooked upon all his opportunities for improvement as preparation for making his brought an ashy paleness to her very lips. Laura," her father said. "He knowshow aw, and he studied with the thought "No, no! I have no money!"

Again the deather rallow cathered on "You will trust everything to Cyrus, you will be faithful to my child?"

Again the deather rallow cathered on "God deal with me as I am faithful to dying eyes into the stern face that had dying eyes into the stern face that had looked upon all his opportunities for imver been kind and loving for her, and provement as preparation for making his from husband and babe floated into the own way in the world. He was studying "I will call a cab." great hereafter. The babe became an idol, growing into a fair child, a tender woman, and when every loving thought of the father's heaft centered in her, she fled from him to wed poverty and degradation.

Had it been poverty alone, the memory of he cover would have stayed formers and he would have stayed formers and his most constant thought of the cover would have stayed formers and his most constant thought of the cover would have stayed formers and his most constant thought of the cover would have stayed formers and his most constant thought of the cover would have stayed formers and his most constant thought of the cover would have stayed formers.

> fatuerly love and kindness lavished on He had heard of Laura Clayton from one of those dear friends who try to poison all happiness by anticipations of mis-

ery.
'You had better keep on the side of charity all gentleness. He had sent back unopened every letter Lina wrote, and lived a hermit's hie in the very heart fond of his daughter, but he never forgave his daughter for marrying against his

> 'I thought his children were all dead. was the reply.
> 'Not at all. Mrs. Cameron lives in a little room in Pearl street, and runs

'In Pearl street!'
'Yes. She makes my shirts, so I keep her address. She is at No.—Pearl.'
The conversation left a deep impres sion upon Cyrus Ford. Once in the gen-erous impulse of youth, he had approached the subject with his adopted uncle, but he was so sternty silenced that he never dared speak the name of the disobedient

daughter. In October, when his twenty first birthday came, Simon Clayton led the young man one morning to his hbrary.
'Cyrus, you are a man to day, and you have a right to know what my inten-tions are regarding you. In the course of the next year you will be admitted to the bar, and I shall make you the agent of my property. Together we will go over all my investments, and you will be able to relieve me of some burden of care as well as to learn where your own property will one day lie. For to-day I make my will, and you will be my sole heir.— Not a word! Your mother gave you to me! Be my loving son, Cyrus, it is all I

ask of you.' Your daughter—' 'Not a word of her. She died to me

fourteen years ago.' The tone was so stern, Cyrus could only bow his head in silence, and register a vow in his heart that his life service should never waver toward his benefac-

It seems a sudden adoption when told in the limits of my story, but, in truth, t was no caprice that influenced Simon Clayton in his resolve. During four years of constant intercourse, he had studied Cyrus Ford with the close scrutiny of a stern nature, soured by many dissappointments, and keenly alive to every delect in human nature.

He found in his closet study of the

voung protege, so unexpectedly placed in his care, no deceit, no time serving, no servility. An honorable ambition, a respectful gratitude that was never fawning nor cringing, and upright integrity, and a close attention to his studies that and a close attention to his studies that were no child's task for country bred was the heir; and he was surely better brains, all awakened the respect of the old man. His love was more easily won. weak woman. Minnie's son, looked into his face Intercourse was over; and, once given, stronger with every day's intercourse, till eternity, so the silence suited him well.—
the gnawing pain for his own boys gone But when the very round of his breath-

Thanksgiving came again—the fourth since Cyrus Ford came to Clayton—and with it came a sorrow. For the first time in his life Simon Clayton felt the pressure of physical pain. He had been a model of manly strength during the entire sixty years of his life, but some unwonted exposure had brought on an attack of fever that, setting his fungs dee, in the strong frame, brought it very near the grave. Cyrus had been watching all night when Thanksgiving day dawned. clear and bright, though the first fall of snow lay on the streets. The invalid, turned restlessly on his pillow, spoke of some unfinished business his illness had delayed, and seemed to have his intellect clearer than they had been before during

his illness. 'I wish you would call upon Hoskins this morning, Cyrus, I want him to understand about the lease of those Grand

for me to leave you :

It was a relief to be out in the crisp, the latter, up Broadway. It was full of holiday seekers, many of the stores being closed, and the clerks and sale-swomen in their best attire going to family gatherings. Cyrus was thinking of the day four years are, when he came friendless and the clerks and sale-swomen in their best attire going to family gatherings. Cyrus was thinking of the day four years are, when he came friendless and tather, while he carried Dollie into the mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life.—But there are so many, so many more, who have to buckle on their armor, and spend their best heart's blood in the daiyears ago, when he came friendless and lonely to the great city, when, just before him, a girl hurrying past with a large bundle slipped upon the frozen pavement, and fell heavily to the ground. In a mo ment Cyrus was bending over her, help-

to secure the big bandle. "Lean on me," he said, taking the bun- Dollie was placed in an arm chair where couraged.

Again the deathly pallor gathered on heek and hips, till Cyrus lifted her gently into the cab that came at his call. "Where shall I take you?" he asked. "To No. -, Pearl street."

Directing the cabman, Cyrns got into ory of his own youth would have stayed Simon Clayton's refusal; but the lover who sought Laura Clayton's hand was ing his gratitude by repaying the money same his friend had mentioned as the adwho sought Laura Clayton's hand was ing ms gratitude of repaining the could dress of Simon Clayton's daughter, and mail Handsome courteons, well born, never by a lifetime of devotion return the looking attentively under the shabby bon net, Cyrus saw that the face, pale and thin, was yet that of a child of not more than thirteen summers. When the cab stopped before the tall, narrow tenement house, the young man lifted his charge in his strong arms, and, bidding her hold fast to the big bundle, carried her to the room to which she directed him.

It was a poor room, shabby to the ex-reme of shabbiness, with no romantic air of poverty, but the real grinding facts o extreme penury staring the beholder in the face. A woman, pale and emaciated was stiching upon a sewing machine, but came forward trembling when Cyrus en-

tered with the child. rd with the child. "Dont get frightened," he said, gently "it is only a socained ankle. I will send

you a doctor, if you will teil me for whom he is to inquire."
"Mrs. Cameron, "O Dollie, child are you much hurt?"
"My foot aches," the child said; "but the gentleman has been so kind! The work is here, mother."

hastily putting the child upon the bed he had better come at once." As he spoke, he slipped a note for fifty dollars in Dollie Camerons hand, and left the room before she could speak. It was too bitter. He could not realize it at once, but the cruel truth pressed harder as he neared home. This was the child and grandchild of Simon Clayton, starv-

"I will send a doctor," Cyrus said,

ing in an attic, while he commanded their rightful inheritance.

Mrs. Grey met him at the door with pale frightened face. There had been a sudden change for the worst since he left and Simon Clayton was sinking fast.— Hurrying to the room, Cyrus found the news only too true. Eagerly the dying man welcomed him. He had for gotten all business cares, but he craved the love of his adopted son.

"It is Thanksgiving Day, he said, when they had talked a little while, "the day for the forgiveness of injuries. Cyrus, l would I knew where Laura is to-day. have destroyed all letters from her. lost all clue to her. She may be poor, Cyrus. She may long for her father's forgiveness. My poor Laura! I had never cross d her lyrus, and she aid not think I would be unforgiving. I could die easier if I could tell her that I forgive her."

Cyrus did not speak. Literally he could not, All that those few gasping words implied pressed upon his brain with relentless clearness. Laura at home, Laura forgiven, meant the loss of all the fair inheritance now his own.
Do not judge him to harshly, that a fierce temptation cluched heart and brain There was no active crime to be commit-

his heart. He was very weak, and tim was short for prayer and preparation for was lost in the son sent to comfort his ing was andible in the stillness, he sighed as if from a breaking heart, "My poor

Like clouds dispersed by sunlight, the shadows of evil sped from Cyrus Ford's Laura to you, if you wish."

The dying man expressed no supprise

The end was too near for that. It seemed nothing strange to him that his strong lachrymose mourner. In such a case, a before you go, give me my desk, and send Mrs. Grey to me."

"Shall I open your desk?"

"Shall I open your desk?"

"Yes, I only want my will. She is my child, Uyrus," he said, pleadingly.

"And if this is destroyed she will have her rightful inheritance," said Cyrus.—
"Shail I lay it here on the live coals?"
"Yes, God will give me an hour or two

more of life. Burn it. Cyrus, and at to the easy carriage in waiting, and after a long drive the stately house was reached suffer that you might go free—ah! then

"I have lived here for four years. I ate ly life. my first meal here on Thanksgiving Day

'God deal with me as I am faithful to your trust.' was the solemn reply.

Before midnight, surrounded by those he leved. Simon Clayton died. Not un-

over, did Cyrus know that Mr. Pearson your health. had made a new will, while he was seeking Laura Cameron. By this will he became heir to half of Simon Olayton's had made a new will, while he was seeking Laura Cameron. By this will he be came heir to half of Simon Clayton's estate, the other half and all personal ery department of your business: "the property becoming Laura's.

My story may not end here. Five years later, on Thank giving day, there was a wedding in the house where Simon Clay.

To make g ton had spent so many lonely years, and the bridegroom was the rising lawyer, Cyrus Ford, who wedded the grandchild of his benefactor, sweet Dollie Cameron.

#### MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY LORD BULWER LYTTON. There is no death! The stars go down

To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore. There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the Summer showe. To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or minbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To teed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the yi. wless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away:
They only wait through wintry hours
The counting of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead." He leaves our heart all desolate, He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird like voice, with Joyous tones, Made glad with scenes of sin and strife, Sings now an everlasting song Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright, Or heart too pure for taint and vice, He bears it to that world of light, To dwell in Paradise. Born unto that uncying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear, immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe is life—there is no dead,

SHOWS OF GRIEF.

Not very many years ago it was con-sidered an essential part of the etiquette of fashionable funerals to appear to weep. Each mourner was expected to cary in the hand a white pocket handerchief, and to apply it to the eyes more or less fre-quently—the interval between the dabs being regulated by the degree of relation ship which had existed between the un consolable and the deceased. This bit of hypocrisy has happily been dispensed with, for some time past, by the mourn ing fashionists. It is no longer deemed indispensable to indicate to the wor'd that what Hamlet calls "the fruitful river of the eye" is in a state of freshet, by hoisting the white flag of affliction at a burial. This change is the fashion is judicious, for tears are not necessarily the sigh of sorrow. In fact, weeping regret is usually superficial; so that to counter-feit tears is simply to simulate sha low grief. Besides, there are hundreds of persons who, like Job Trotter in the 'Pickwick Papers." can "lay on the water" at will. Actors shed on the stage mechanically. Nothing can be more fallacious than the outward symbols of sor row. Neither inky suits, nor clouds of crape, nor an overflow of salt water, nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage, are to "Uncle Simon," he said, "I can bring be trusted as signs of inconsolability, especually if our departed brother or sister has been thoughtful enough to leave a handsome legacy to the sable-clad and

dying wish should be answered.

"You can find her! Bring her quickly, Cyrus, or you will be too late. But
ly, Cyrus, or you will be too late. But
ly, Cyrus, or you will be too late. But
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ly, Cyrus, or you will be too late. But
ly, Cyrus, or you equally common to suffer keenly without shedding tears. There are human crocodiles who could

pour forth eye-water enough to swim in, without experiencing a single pang. DISCOURAGED.

It is so easy to say "Never give up the stand about the lease of those Grand
Street stores, before the last of the month.
You have the papers ready?'
All ready, sir. But are you well enough for me to leave you?'

Street stores, before the last of the month.
You have the papers ready?'
All ready, sir. But are you well enough for me to leave you?'

It is so easy to say "Never give up the since for Mr. Pearson."
So, while the flames curled over the and step firmly, to laugh cheerily, and paper that would have made him master have a pleasant word for everybody, when of nearly a million dollars, Cyrus Ford Yes. I shall teel better when this is started to bring Laura Cameron to her ty by the love of friends and a bottom-father, and sent his lawyer to the dying less purse. When sickness passes by to man. But few words sufficed to explain knock at some other door when home is his creand. Dollie was carefully carried the one sweet, safe corner in all the

Oh! ye, whose paths are in the pleas-"Thanksgiving day! We meant to by heaven's seeming disregard of your make a little boliday, too; but I was not paid for the work I took home, and I lack of tender home love and protection, ment Cyrus was bending over her, helping her to rise; but her ancle was sprained, and she would have fallen again but for his arm.

"I am afraid you canoot walk," he said, kindly, noting with deep pity her thin garments, her pinched features, and the look of pain upon her face.

"I must try," she answered, stooping to secure the big bendie.

"I must try," she answered, stooping to secure the big bendie.

"I color home, and I hack of tender nome love and protection, can but my sour in a very thank. In the try ou, and your cup of life such honey sweet. "Your cup of life such honey sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily potions savor, so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, were summoned to the sick room. Here the reconciliation has been perfect, and the reconciliation has been perfect, and burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

### THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT

Contains all the Localand General News, Poetry. Ste-

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#### BUSINESS ADVICE.

Two of Rothschild's maxims were never to buy anything that was not in-trinsically worth the money paid for it, and to never have important transactions with an unlucky man.

til three days later, when the funeral was in your personal habits, and regardful of

naster's eyes are worth both his hands,"
In selecting employees be governed by

To make good bargains, you must be well posted in regard to the market value of the articles you wish to buy or sell and their qualities and condition

Pay your bills promptly and collect the bitis due you closely.

A oid going security and making

Don't neglect to insure your real and personal property.
In making an investment take care that your principal is perfectly secure.

Keep a sharp lookout for swindling de-

mail loans.

rices. Their name is legion. Never lend money to strangers. Beware of outside speculations. Your best chance of making money is always connected with the business you best understand. Never sign a paper until you have read

t and fally understand it Use your credit sparingly. It may serve a useful temporary purpose, but pay day is sure to come, and you should endeavor o be always prepared for it.

Always live within your income.

In selecting a business, be governed to some extent by your natural tastes and abilities; but do not neglect any opportunity that affords fair advantages, unless it makes requirements that are postively repulsive.
In seeking a situation, remember that

the right kind of men are always in demand, and that industry and capacity arely go empty nanded. Neither overrate nor underrate your capacity, but strive to estimate your powers t their just value.

Never fail to take a receipt for money paid, and keep copies of your letters. Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

Caution is the father of security.

He who pays beforehand is served be-No man can be successful who neglects his business. Do not waste time in useless regrets

over losses.

An mour of triumph comes at last to

#### If you post your servants upon your affairs, they will one day rend you.

those who wait and watch.

COMMON SENSE. It has been said in another form of expression that the slightest excess of expenses over income is poverty, and the slightest excess of income over expenses is wealth. The ab lity of practical farmers to master this great problem of life is not so much dependent upon what they know of their business as on their faculty to apply what they know. Success in ousiness is due to administration. Ca-pacity in administration is due to that faculty, power, or quality called common sense, which everybody speaks well of and nobody understands exactly fer its presence or its absence from the on a definition of the phrase we are using not so much for the purpose of anaking its meaning clear as for the greater purpose of giving it a loftier place in your thoughts. Common sense is a degree, a high degree—in fine, the lighest degree of human wisdom applied to practical things. It is not learning; it is not knowledge; it is rather the faculty of applying what we may know to what we do. Other things being equal, the practical farmer who knows the most will do the best; but other things not being equal, a man who excels in wisdom in administration may surpass a man of greater learning, or even greater knowledge of things, But do not allow this anggestion to lead you to place a low estimate upon learning, whether general or professional; culture of every sort gives us capacity to appreciate wisdom, and opportunity also for its exercise.

# KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.

You have trouble your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it as yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when the coals are scattered who can pick them up? Bury your sor-row. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut fin-ger is not benefited by pulling off the phaser, and exposing it under somebody's eyes; the it up and let it alone; it will get well of itself sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a sear; but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and, when a sorrow is healed and past, what a comtort it is to say, "No one ever knew it until it was all over."

Laws, like sausages, would fail to inspire respect if all people knew how they were made.

'Tis God-like magnanimity to keep,

then most provoked, our reason calm

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. So long as you are innocent fear nothng. No one can harm you.

Each word of kindness, come when it

may, is welcome to the pour. حاله المحجود الأخواج الاي

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