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E. B. HAWLEY & CO.,

PUBLISHERS OF

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT,

AND GENERAL JOB PRINTERS,

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.

OFFICE—West Side of Public Avenue.

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. Devoted to the Interests of our Town and County. FIFTY CTS. EXTRA IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 31. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1874. NUMBER 51.

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Contains all the Local and General News, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Miscellaneous Reading, Correspondence, and a reliable class of advertisements.

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BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals Dye-stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.

A. H. BURNS. AMOS NICHOLS.
Feb. 21, 1872

E. P. HINES, M. D.

Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1866, and also of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, 1874, has returned to Friendsville, where he will attend to all calls in his profession as usual.—Residence in Jessie Hosford's house. Office the same as heretofore.
Friendsville, Pa., April 29th., 1874.—6m.

EDGAR A. TURRELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 170 Broadway, New York City.
Attends to all kinds of Attorney Business, and conducts causes in all the Courts of both the State and the United States.
Feb 21, 1874—1y.

DR. D. W. SMITH,

DENTIST. 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 P. M.
Montrose, Feb. 11, 1874—tf

VALLEY HOUSE.

GREAT BEND, PA. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot. Is a large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. Newly furnished rooms and sleeping apartments, splendid tables, and all things comprising a first class hotel. HENRY ACKERT,
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B. T. & E. H. CASE,

HARNESS-MAKERS. Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Blankets, Whips and everything pertaining to the line, cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done promptly and in good style.
Montrose, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

PHILLIP HAHN, Proprietor.

Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sausage, etc., of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit
Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1873.—1y

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office, first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co's Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
July 17, 1872.] BILLINGS STROUD.

CHARLEY MORRIS

THE HAYTI BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by E. McKenzie & Co., where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making switches, puffs, etc. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their *New Office*, opposite the Tarbell House.
R. B. LITTLE,
GEO. P. LITTLE,
Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

W. B. DEANS.

DEALER in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Newspapers, Pocket Cutlery, Stereoscopic Views, Yankee Notions, etc. Next door to the Post Office, Montrose, Pa. W. B. DEANS.
Sept. 30, 1874.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

M. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style
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-Milford, Pa., Nov. 6, '72—tf.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Administers ELECTRO THERMAL BATHS, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases.
Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—1f.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & 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, 1869.—tf

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

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

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings. Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose Jan. 1 1870.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry [Aug. 1, 1869.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 49 Court street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y.
WM. H. SCOVILL,
June 18th, 1873. JEROME DEWITT.

ABEL TURRELL.

Dealer in Drugs Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Established 1849. [Feb. 1, 1873.

LAW OFFICE.

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. P. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.] W. W. WATSON.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Jan. 1, '69

W. A. CROSSMON,

Attorney at Law. Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office.
Montrose, Sept. 1871.—tf. W. A. CROSSMON.

J. C. WHEATON,

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

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FASHIONABLE TAILORS, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. [aug. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT,
[au 1 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [au 1 69

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa Montrose, May 10, 1871. tf

AMI ELY,

AUCTIONEER. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.
June 1, 1874.

FINE

JOB PRINTING

Executed

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

Try Us.

POETRY.

LOVE AND LABOR.

We die not all; for our deeds remain
To crown with honor, or mar with stain;
Through endless sequence of years to come
Our lives shall speak, when our lips are dumb.

What though we perish, unknown to fame,
Our tomb forgotten, and lost our name,
Since naught is wasted in heaven or earth,
And nothing dies to which God gives birth.

Though life be joyless, and death be cold,
And pleasures pall as the world grows old,
Yet God has granted our hearts relief,
For Love and Labor can conquer grief.

Love sheds a light on the gloomy way,
And Labor hurries the weary day;
Though death be fearful, and life be hard,
Yet Love and Labor shall win reward.

If Love can dry up a single tear,
If life-long Labor avail to clear
A single web from before the true,
Then Love and Labor have won their due.

What though we mourn, we can comfort pain;
What if we die, so the truth be plain;
A little spark from a high desire
Shall kindle others, and grow a fire.

We are not worthy to work the whole;
We have no strength which may have a soul;
Enough for us if our life begin
Successful struggle with grief and sin.

Labor is mortal, and fades away,
But Love shall triumph in perfect day;
Labor may wither beneath the sod,
But Love lives ever, for Love is God.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

Give me the gold that the war has cost
Before this peace-expanding day—
The wasted skill, the labor lost,
The mental treasure thrown away—
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land,
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many peopled cities stand.

I'll cloth each shivering wretch on earth
In needful, nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight,
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls academic, amply graced,
Where ignorance may soon be wise,
And coarseness learn both art and taste,
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few,
Filled with a truth-exploring throng
And teachers of the good and true.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, toleration, good will:
Music of bells on Sabbath days
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise,
And the great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

STORY TELLER.

MOST MYSTERIOUS.

While I was with Troy & Robinson, my first clerkship, by the way, I used to count a great deal on my vacation—it was four weeks in September—and lay a good many plans about spending it pleasantly. Of course an invitation to some nice place was acceptable, for a junior clerk's income is not often large; and this year, 18—, no matter for the figures, I was very much in hopes of two—one from my maternal grandmother in Virginia, another from my old friend Charlie Pell who had some months before promised to ask me to his mother's residence near Boston. Now my grandmother was a rich woman who had been a beauty, and was very much of the opinion that she would always remain one. She had plenty of company, and her house was very pleasant indeed, and I knew that Mrs. Pell, though an excellent woman, was very formal, and seldom opened the cold, best parlor, where the piano was kept in solitary confinement, except for a prayer meeting.

If my grandmother invited me, I should excuse myself to Charley and go to her, and flirt with the girls and play whist, and enjoy myself generally; but if she cheated me, as she sometimes did, why then I'd accept the Pells' invitation.—Charlie was a pleasant fellow, and I was a very little in love with his sister, who would surely be home from boarding school. These were my plans, but as time passed on and brought no letter from either of the parties whom I had supposed to be my expectant hosts, my spirits sank, and I looked forward drearily to the hottest room in a cheap country boarding-house, or the alternative of staying at home at Mrs. Ferguson's and hearing how all the absent boarders were enjoying themselves at the sea-side.

Just as I had quite begun to despair, however—indeed it was the twenty-eighth of July—the earliest post brought me two letters, one a pale blue envelope, on which I recognized my grandmother's fine running hand; the other a white, business-looking affair, bearing Charlie Pell's wild scrawl.

Two invitations at once. I chuckled with delight, and having hurried up to my own hall bedroom quite forgetful of my breakfast, I tore open the blue envelope, out of which tumbled something crisp and green, which, on examination, proved to be a banknote for one hundred dollars, and which astonished me very much, for my grandmother had never made me any presents of more value than a flat pincushion and a pen-wiper at Christmas time, and read these mysterious words:

"DEAR RICHMOND—I know you expect an invitation, and I meant to ask you, but circumstances have occured that prevent me from having the pleasure. I am more your friend than ever, but I fear I can never ask you to visit me again. If I do not, you must only loose my poor company, for I shall send you what you find enclosed every month, and will always be, Yours devotedly,
C. RICHMOND.

"P. S. I will explain in my next."

"Singular!" I said. And quite unable to suggest a reason for my grandmother's singular conduct, I pocketed the present and opened the other note. It was equally as mysterious:

"DEAR RICH.—You promised to come to me for the vacation, and you must, but not to my mother's house. I am at ——, at the hotel there, and have arranged matters so that we may have a guest Come at once. You will be very much surprised by something which I shall tell you when we meet.

Yours ever,
CHARLES PELL."

"No use trying to solve this problem either," I said to myself. "Well I'll go to Charlie. He seems to want me. The hotel will be jollier than the old homestead."

And then I went down stairs to breakfast, and ate cold hash and drank flat coffee without complaint. There were but three days more of it, and then came a month of lounging, smoking and enjoyment. At least I was young enough to hope so.

It was night when I left the train, and, portmanteau in hand, entered ——. Just at the depot stood a light carriage.

"Rich., old fellow," cried a voice, and I hurried forward to grasp Charlie Pell's hand.

'I'm so glad to see you,' said he, 'and I've so much to tell you—jump in. Let me take your traps. Now shake hands again and congratulate me—I'm married.'

'Married!' I almost shouted, 'Why, bless your heart, Charley, accept my very warmest congratulations! And how did it come about? And what does your mamma think about it, and—and—'

'My dear Rich.,' said Charlie, 'that's the unhappy part of the story; they are furious. They have said and done the most dreadful things. I think they wanted me to live and die an old bachelor; but at one-and-twenty, my dear fellow, a man must think of settling, you know, and it's absurd for them to be so implacable. And my lady is, perhaps, a year or two older than I am and very lively—a gay young widow, you know—and that they find fault with.'

'Don't bring her to my house,' says mamma—indeed she did; but you—you I know, have sympathy with me. You comprehend that I could not forget one I adored, because an old lady and a little girl told me to do so. You'll understand that no one in my place could, when you are introduced to Lottie. I met her while on a business trip for the house. I—but here we are. We sup in our own little parlor. Lottie has quite a fortune, you know, and lives in style at home. I shall manage the place for her hereafter. The waiter will show you to your own room, and to our parlor when you are ready for our society. Number twenty-four John.'

And away he flew, while I hastened to number twenty four, made a careful toilet, and hastened down stairs, conning a pretty speech which I intended to make to my friend's bride. When I knocked at the door I heard a suspicious flutter, and doubted not that some of the billing and cooing necessary to the situation was going on, but Charles opened the door for me, and I saw a lady in a lilace silk and plenty of lace sitting near the window. Being very near sighted I saw no more, except that she had a fan in her hand, and was trifling with it.

'Come in, Richmond,' said Charlie.—'My dear Lottie, this is my old friend, Richmond Walters—my wife Rich.'

I advanced. The lady arose. She was stout and blonde. I saw her face. She saw mine. For one moment we stood perfectly silent; then she put out her hand and I took it. Neither of us said a word, but if my face flushed as redly as her's did—and I think it did—it is no wonder that Charles Pell stared at us,

'What would she do?' I asked myself. 'Women are quicker than men.' She did nothing; she merely gave me an icy bow and turned away her head, and I, dropping her hand turned to the other window, while Charlie stood detween us looking suspiciously at me, and growing very pale.

'You have met Mrs. Pell before, perhaps?' he inquired at last, trying to speak very gayly.

'I—I—I—,' I stammered.

'Once a long while ago,' said Mrs. Pell. 'I don't think the gentleman remembers me.'

And then she fanned herself in silence.

It was very uncomfortable. I have always had a tell-tale face, and I could see that Charlie read a great deal in it. He knew that I knew his wife much better than her words admitted. In vain he strove to talk of different subjects, and to do the honors of the supper-table. It was a very dull evening, and I pleaded headache and retired early. Before I slept a waiter brought me a little note.—It ran thus:

"Keep the secret. Go away to-morrow. If you have the least love for me, go."

It was not signed, but I knew that Charlie Pell's wife had written it.

Go; of course I would go, and the sooner the better.

I slept little that night. At day break I arose, and scribbled a brief farewell to Charlie. A telegram from my employer, I stated, called me away. Best wishes, compliments to Mrs. Pell, etc. I had just addressed and sealed it when some one rapped furiously at my door, and opening it, I found Charlie, who strode in and locked it after him.

'We have been friends for many years, Richmond,' he began, 'and I have had great confidence in you. Perhaps you can restore it. Perhaps you can explain the meaning of your embarrassment at the sight of my wife.'

'I really—' I began.

'No prevarication, you know each other. She sent you a note last night. I demand a sight of it!'

'What does she say?' I asked.

'She has not been asked to say anything,' said Pell, "I leave her to her conscience. Let me see the note?'

'Really,' I began. 'I assure you.'

'You are acquainted with Mrs. Pell?' said Charlie.

'I have been. Yes.'

'It is nothing to her discredit,' said I. 'Believe me, you had better let the matter rest. A mere—a coincidence.'

'The note related to it?' said Pell, black in the face with rage.

'Well, in a measure.'

'Show it to me,' roared Charlie.

'I can't,' said I. 'Ask Mrs. Pell to explain. I must not show a lady's letter to any one.'

'Her husband demands it,' said Charlie.

'Charlie,' said I, 'what a fool you are! There!'

And I cast the little note his wife had written toward him.

He seized it, persued it eagerly, repeated the words:

'If you have the least love for me, *go*.'

And he instantly clutched me by the throat.

I went down he sat upon my chest and choked me.

I couldn't help it then. I had tried to keep Mrs. Pell's secret, but self-preservation is a law of nature. I wrenched my cravat from his hands, and grasped his wrists firmly.

'Let me speak,' I said.

'I give you a moment for confession.—Speak before you die,' he said.

'I know Mrs. Pell very well, better than I do you. We have been very fond of each other. She kissed me when we parted last, and called me her dear Rich—Stop a moment, let me confess all before you choke me. She's my grandmother. She was Mrs. Charlotte Richmond before you married her, wasn't she? I was named after her.'

Poor Charlie Pell stopped trying to choke me and got up at once.

'Your grandmother? why, she's only twenty-eight.'

'People become grandmothers very young sometimes. I do not know her age,' said I.

Then Charlie let me up, and went and sat with his face on his hands near the window before he left me.

An hour after I received another note from my grandmother.

'DEAR RICH.—Don't go unless you choose. I've explained matters to Mr. Pell. Yours, C. PELL.

I found out afterwards that my grandmother had told a dreadful fib about my being an adopted child; but it really did not matter what poor Charlie Pell thought about that, so I never contradicted the statement. And really now that golden hair-dye has come in, and she has been exquisitely done by Madame Blanc, the enameler, my grandmother has grown so juvenile in appearance that I think she begins to believe that she is not out of her 'teens herself.

THE MUTINEERS.

"Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitudes of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first look-outs of the morning. But the youngsters whose station was in the fore to'gallant cross-trees paused in the foretop, and threw a rapid glance round the horizon.

"Sail on the weather bow!" he reported "A boat with sail set, coming right at us."

The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the captain, but all the watch below up. The all important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of a whale-boat alone upon the ocean coming to board us in the morning, like the veritable barber—Neptune, of the equatorial notoriety.

The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had at least a full crew. We backed the maintopsail, and hove to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

"They've lowered for whales and got lost from their ship," suggested one.

"Likely enough," returned another.

"The captain makes out eight men in her," said a coxswain, coming from aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.

"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. Ship foundered or burnt at sea and some of her boats lost with her.

But we were not long kept in suspense for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvass could do it and leaped on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the bark Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before by mutineers. The second mate, named McGrgeor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned and carried into execution, while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the bark down among the Marshall Islands and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bent.

"I have steered west northwest, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due east from us."

"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first gray light of morning showed up the bark—recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel—running down across our course.

"Of course he wont pass near us if he can help it."

"No, I suppose he will avoid us; but I am going to signalize, at any rate. Haul the mainsail up," said Captain Bent, to the officer of the deck, "and set the ensign at the gaff."

The orders were obeyed; and much to our surprise, the mutineers altered their course a little, with the evident intent of speaking to us.

"What can it mean, that he is so ready to speak to a stranger?" was the question that passed from one to another of the group.

"Now I think of it," said the mate of the Newcastle, "I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms."

"You've hit it," returned the captain. "That must be McGregor's object. There isn't much tobacco on board and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

Their conference was short; but judging from the expression on their faces, when they came on deck and took the mates into their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The bark's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating.

"What bark is that?" asked Captain Bent, innocently, after he had given his own name.

"The Newcastle, of Sydney."

"Who commands her?"

"Watson," was the reply,

"One of our men had his leg broken yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I would like to get the service of your surgeon."

"Certainly. I'll come aboard, and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you to trade with you." And with a farewell wave of a trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under our lee, and then lowered his boat.

Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been sent adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would, of course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men, from her crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.

The boat was veered after by the warp, and the maintopsail filled on a wind, just as if we had made arrangements for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usage of whale-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.

McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the run for safe keeping After dark we hove to and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew; while a short distance astern followed another with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the bark, calling himself mate of her, was amused by the first comers with a story that his captain had made a bargin for a quantity of gunpowder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing he invited his visitors below, to drink and enjoy themselves awhile. Our men managed adroitly to engage the attention of those on deck, and the second boat was silently alongside in the darkness, before her approach had been observed by them.

The alarm was given by the cry "Boat ahoy!" but too late. As she touched the side, her crew sprang up to assist ours, forming a superior force, with all the advantage of surprise. McGregor's lieutenant was knocked down by our mate in the cabin; the few men who really had any heart in the mutiny were quickly disposed of; and in less that two minutes from the time the boat was hailed, the quarterdeck of the Newcastle was in possession of her former officers.

McGregor and the other principals in the revolt, still ironed, were carried to Sydney for trial. As our season was up, we kept company with Captain Watson, and made our port there, where we were liberally rewarded by the owners of the recaptured vessel for our share in the business.

A curious incident recently occurred on a Western train. As the cars were moving away from the Terre Haute depot, a pretty young woman came from the ladies' car, and rushing into the smoking car, frantically appealed to every body to stop the train. Catching sight of the conductor, she exclaimed, piteously, "Mr. Conductor, do please stop the train! I've left my baby!" The train was stopped, and baby recovered, amidst the hearty cheers of the people on the platform and the passengers; and while the young mother laughed and cried and hugged her little one, she tried to explain how the baby was such a new one that she hadn't got used to it yet.

"Felt slippers"—Those felt by children in their rude young days.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE SIGN OF DISTRESS.

'Twas a wild, dreary night, in cheerless December;
'Twas a night only lit by a meteor's gleam;
'Twas a night, of that night I distinctly remember,
That my soul journeyed forth on the wings of a dream;
That dream found me happy, by tried friends surrounded,
Enjoying with rapture the comforts of wealth;
My cup overflowing with blessings unbounded,
My heart fully charged from the fountains of health.

That dream left me wretched, by friendship forsaken,
Dejected, despairing, and wrapt in dismay;
By poverty, sickness, and ruin o'ertaken,
To every temptation and passion a prey;
Devoid of an end or an aim, I then wandered
O'er high way and by way, and lone wilderness
On the past and the present and future, I pondered,
But pride bade me tender no sign of distress.

In frenzy the wine cup I instantly quaffed at;
And habit and time made me quaff to excess;
But heated by wine, like a madman, I laughed at
The thought of e'er giving the sign of distress;
But wine sank me lower by lying pretences,
I tattered my raiment and furrowed my face,
It palsied my sinews and pilfered my senses,
And forced me to proffer a sign of distress.

I reeled to a chapel, where churchmen were kneeling.
And asking their Saviour poor sinners to bless?
My claim I presented—the door of that chapel
Was slammed in my face at the sign of distress.
Strolled to the priest, to the Servant of Heaven
And sued for relief with wild eagerness;
He prayed that my sins might at last be forgiven,
And thought he had answered my sign of distress.

Staggered at last to the home of my mother,
Believing my prayers there would meet with success,
But father and mother, and sister and brother
Disowned me, and taunted my sign of distress
Lay down to die, a stranger drew nigh me,
A spotless white lambskin adorning his dress;
My eyes caught the emblem, and ere he passed by me
I gave, as before, the sign of distress.

With godlike emotion that messenger hastens
To grasp me, and whisper, "My brother I bless
The hour of my life when I learned of the Masons
To give and to answer your sign of distres."
Let a sign of distress by a craftman be given,
And though priceless to me is eternity's bliss,
May my name never enter the records of Heaven
Should I fail to acknowledge that sign of distress.

DANGER OF MATERNAL DECEPTION.

Ever since Rebekah, the prime actor in maternal deception played off her successful plot upon her blind and aged husband, the patriarch Isaac, the world has not been destitute of mothers who intrigue with their sons against the husband and the father. Sometimes the plot is to secure a greater portion of the paternal estate for a favorite son, but more frequently in matters of smaller amounts. The son wants more money to spend than the father is willing to furnish, and the mother plots to obtain it. She may honestly think the father is too close fisted with the boy, and does not give him the amount which true parental regard would dictate; and so impelled by her maternal love, she seeks to make up the deficiency by some scheme, which will outwit the father, and get the money out of him by deception.

Such a course is detrimental in the greatest degree. It tends directly to injure the object of her maternal love by breaking down all nice distinctions of honor and of honesty. If a boy may deceive his father for selfish ends—that father whom he is bound to respect, love, reverence, and obey above all other men—and does this with the approbation and assistance of his own mother, how can that boy be expected to have any fine sense of honor and honesty toward other men? The inevitable result of all such practice of deception will be to destroy in the mind of that boy all high respect for the truth, and lead him to seek to obtain his ends by any means, however unjustifiable, which seem to promise success. And thus he grows up to manhood with a character noticeable for being tricky, dishonest, and dishonorable.

But it is not necessary to wait until he arrives at manhood to see the fruit. Having learned, by maternal assistance, to deceive his father, he contrives like plots against his mother. After a time she is greatly surprised at that same boy playing off the grossest deceptions upon herself. At first she is astonished above measure, and grieved beyond expression. She cannot conceive it possible that the son for whom she had done so much should turn against her with so much ingratitude.—She does not stop to think that he is only practicing on her the very lessons she has taught him; that she herself has been one of the chief means of destroying within him all nice sense of honor, and all true parental respect. And yet, such are the exact facts in the case, nor is it anything uncommon to hear boys justify the deceptions they practice upon their mother by saying, "Oh! pshaw! she cheats the old man, and I cheat her. It's all on the square."

Too great care cannot be observed in maintaining the strictest honor and honesty in all home transactions. Everything done and said should be the very soul of truth. More boys—and girls too—are morally ruined in their homes, and by home influence and example, than any where else, or in any other way. It is done by the false lessons there taught them; by the loose ideas there engendered in their minds; by the deceptions there practiced; and by the white lies there spoken and enacted. Under the influence of these they grow up with no high sense of honor, with no staunch adherence of integrity, with no firm principle sufficient to bind them to the right, and to barricade them against the assaults of temptation. And this must be the case, when home life is not the soul of honor in all its ways—the correct practice of truth and of integrity in all its acts.

If the father deals by trickery, and seeks gain by fraud, and wins by intrigue, how can the son reasonably be expected to do any better? If the mother deceives her neighbors; is glad, beyond expression, to see visitors, when speaking to their faces, but berates them scandalously as soon as they have departed from the doorstep, and thus practices the thousand and one enacted lies of social and domestic life, how can it be expected that her daughters will be guileless and truthful?

In view of these facts, we feel that it is of the greatest importance that mothers should be brought to consider the danger to their children, which grows out of those maternal deceptions which are too prevalent in many homes.

There is another point on which we should like to say a few words in warning and caution to mothers. It is to enjoin them to check any tendency which they may observe on the part of their children towards cruelty.

Children are not born with an instinct of cruelty. They are gentle as angels, and it is the fault of their parents if they become monsters when men. From sheer thoughtlessness, and before they begin to reflect, it is common for them to do many cruel things—to tear off the wings of insects, or to transfix them with a pin; when a little older, to kill small birds for pleasure, or to put small animals to grief. These short steps toward habit lead on to great strides. Nero had the mild and philosophic Seneca for the instructor of his intellect, but Agrippa for his mother. The records of our own times, from day to day, are stained with deeds of blood and violence equal, in enormity, to those which marked the worst periods of declining Rome. Heathenism, in its most gloomy phase, could exhibit instances of no more glaring depravity than those an account of which is to be found in every newspaper we take up. All will have their small beginnings; the child who tortures dumb things grows up to be a wife-beater and a ruffian.

WOMAN'S REPUTATION

We have all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of woman has been magnified by malicious tongues until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of women, we recommend a few hints as worthy of consideration.

Never use a lady's name in an improper time, nor, except with respect, in any company. Never make assertions about her that you do not know to be true, nor allusions that she herself would blush to hear.

When you meet men who do not scruple to use women's names in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the worst members of society men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

Many a good woman has had her character ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villian and repeated where it should not have been heard, even were if the truth, in the presence of those whose little judgement would not deter them from circulating the foul report.

Respect the name of woman for your mother's and sister's sakes, and as you would have their fair names untarnished and their lives unembittered by slander's serpent-tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mothers and sisters or the wives of some fellow-men.

BAD LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and actions. The latter is only the expression of the former, but they have power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the appearance of that one word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it or preventing bad thoughts bursting into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you are ashamed to speak in the presence of the refined female or the most religious man.

GIRLS.—Girls do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think, and were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost, in a generation, revolutionize society about them. Exert your power for good among young men who are privileged to enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and good woman—whose life is mighty as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive loveliness. Do not let it even seem that dress and frivolity constitute your only thoughts; but let the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side. Some of you are in intimate associations, which, under exchanged promises, look forward to a nearer and more enduring relation. In these hours do nothing to lower but everything to refine and ennoble each other's character.

One who merriteth esteem need never lack a friend.

A strong mind may be tempted, but will not yield.

We all have enemies, and all have need of friends.

A proud heart and lofty mountain are never fruitful.