

The Monroe Democrat.

HAWLEY & CRUSER, Editors and Proprietors. "Stand by the Right though the Heavens fall!" TERMS:—Two Dollars Per Year in Advance.

VOLUME 32. MONROE, SUSQUA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1875. NUMBER 3.

THE Monroe Democrat
Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays.
Office: No. 125 Broadway, New York City.
Subscription price, \$2.00 per year in advance.
Advertising rates: One square (10 lines) for one week, \$1.00; for two weeks, \$1.75; for one month, \$3.00; for three months, \$8.00; for six months, \$15.00; for one year, \$28.00. Single copies, 5 cents.
Business Cards: One square (10 lines) for one week, \$1.00; for two weeks, \$1.75; for one month, \$3.00; for three months, \$8.00; for six months, \$15.00; for one year, \$28.00. Single copies, 5 cents.
F. H. HINES, Jr., Editor.
H. W. SMITH, Proprietor.

County Business Directory.

MONROE
W. H. HUGHES, Sheriff, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of hardware, tinware, stoves, ranges, and all other household goods.
J. B. HARRIS, Dealer in Groceries, Provision, Flour, and all other household goods.
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Selected Poetry.

MY GRANDMOTHER.
The look, the light, the sparkling mien,
The glow, the bloom of sweet sixteen,
Radiant from every feature.
A living beauty in the face,
A more than painter's pictured grace—
What was the bonny creature?
"Deposit seventeen seventy-two,"
So runs the epigraph; but who
The artist; or his sitter,
Her name, her birth, how kind I well,
For she—my grandmother—
To fancy that I now behold
While gazing on those locks of gold,
Some bright immortal being,
Dowered with the gift of deathless youth,
That own the dull domestic truth,
And tell me—'tis—
An ever-life immortal being,
Of human substance, mortal birth,
In yonder picture's radiant form,
From yonder oaken wainscot work,
A woman, and of woman born—
And I—just her descendant,
Ah, grandma mine! when first did care
Wrinkle that smooth brow pictured there
When darkened first life's landscape fair?
For as I gaze, it rather
Seems right, methinks, that in our race
We each should change our lineal place,
And I, oh maid of sunny face,
Grizzled and gray, and void of grace—
And I be your grandchild!

Miscellaneous.

SCRANTON SAVINGS BANK,
120 Wyoming Avenue.
RECEIVES MONEY ON DEPOSIT FROM COMPANIES AND INDIVIDUALS, AND RETURNS THE SAME ON DEMAND WITHOUT PREVIOUS NOTICE, ALLOWING INTEREST AT SIX PER CENT PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF YEARLY, ON THE FIRST DAYS OF JANUARY AND JULY. A SAFE AND RELIABLE PLACE OF DEPOSIT FOR LABORERS, MEN, MINERS, MECHANICS, AND MERCHANTS, AND FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN AS WELL. MONEY DEPOSITED ON OR BEFORE THE TENTH WILL DRAW INTEREST FROM THE FIRST DAY OF THE MONTH. THIS IS IN ALL RESPECTS A HOME INSTITUTION, AND ONE WHICH IS NOW RECEIVING THE SAVED EARNINGS OF THOUSANDS UPON THE FIRST DAY OF THE MONTH. DIRECTORS: JAMES BLAIR, SANFORD GRANT, GEORGE FISHER, JAS. S. SLOCUM, J. H. SUTPHIN, C. P. MATTHEWS, DANIEL HOWELL, A. H. HUNT, T. C. HUNT, JAMES BLAIR, PRESIDENT; O. C. MOORE, CASHIER.
OPEN DAILY FROM NINE A. M. UNTIL FOUR P. M., AND ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK.
FEB. 12, 1874.

Home Reading.

MY HOME.
No stately dome,
But a lowly home,
A little nest in a sunny nook;
Where the birds and bees,
In the grand old trees,
Their music join to a laughing brook.
No pictures rare,
No marble fair,
In my home gleams stately and fair;
But always near,
Is the fact most dear,
The loving heart, that will ne'er grow cold.
No servants are there,
To give us money for our care;
And disturb my spirit's calm rest:
For my simple life,
For my fingers feet,
This service of love fill the best.
No sweet melody,
Has the charm for me,
Like the murmuring tones of a lullaby:
Such music makes my mine,
I can never repine,
But in my dear home, I will live and die.

Selected Story.

THE GHOST OF HERON LAKE.
Under the young shade of the old trees before the Heron Lake House, Hugh Cheviot tied his horse, and took off his straw hat to feel the balmy wind.
"A fine weather," placing two chairs in proximity to the piazza.
"It seems to me the most beautiful Spring for years," was the response, as Cheviot sat down, the sunset light strikes full on his face—the face of a warrior, scarred and marked with life, but noble as steel.
"The house is not full, I think, you said?"
"It will be quiet here?"
"Quite enough," responded Peter Stewart, shrugging his shoulders.
"Are your guests?" asked Cheviot, pulling at his brown beard.
"Lambert cannot be a fashionable locality," with a half-appealing look toward glittering carriage-load of ladies rolling along the tree-hung road.
"No, no. These are from the village, six miles away. It's Mr. St. Lambert's team. Nice horses? See the furthest bay. There's a gift for you."
"Yes, yes. Then they are not coming here?"
"Well, Mr. St. Lambert's here—some-thing here? And who else?"
"A family named Stamford, another named Rochester, and a few invalids." Cheviot appeared satisfied. The supper bell.
After supper, seized by the enticing charm of the steel-blue water glistening among the trees, he started suddenly to visit it.
His host called after him: "It's half a mile away," but he still kept on.
The ladies were seated and sweet-Tbirds twittered sleepily on the branches of blossomed boughs, or eyed him with bright, hidden eyes from their nests. He found a tinkling little brook leading down to the lake, and followed it.
It widened gradually into the sheet of pale blue water. Bankful among the darkening green, Heron Lake gazed the forest like a pearl.
"Why did they call this lovely spot an 'agony lake'?" murmured Cheviot, seating himself upon a fallen tree.

Metaphor and Justice.

It detest that have a justice who, while there is such justice in his decision, has a passion of giving them. Here is an instance:
"Somehow or other, soda water isn't what it used to be," sighed his honor, as he leaned back behind the pile of warrants and brushed the enervated shanks off his feet.
"And the world itself seems a dreary waste to me," replied Bigham, a sad look coming to his eyes. "Sometimes don't you ever long for a glass of beer?"
"Well, I don't," replied the prisoner in a mournful tone.
"But it isn't just the man I'm talking about," remarked the prisoner, "it's the world. Which is the President?"
"The gentleman in dark clothes carrying the umbrella," replied Sam.
"Hullo!" cried Dillon to the stranger, "come here, I want to see you."
"The gentleman with the umbrella approached smilingly and shook Dillon by the hand, supposing that he was some acquaintance of other times."
"What do you think of my team?" said Dillon.
"They do very well," said the man in dark clothes.
"Jump in and let me show you their pace," bringing four friends along, shouted Dillon, heartily.
"You must excuse me. I don't want to be conspicuous," said the stranger.
"Oh! let me give you a ride behind these horses."
"No—no," cried he of the umbrella; "I must be going."
"Why don't you get in? I won't let you," said the horse fancier.
"I'll be hanged if I did," Dillon said, "I was sure was present of this fair," "Oh, this is too much!" cried Sam.

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THE CURSE OF DRINK.
The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more wretched men than any other vice. It has ruined the body, and has made the mind a blank. It has driven the man to the verge of insanity, and has made the world a hell. It has made the man a slave to his passions, and has made the world a prison. It has made the man a monster, and has made the world a curse. It has made the man a slave to his passions, and has made the world a prison. It has made the man a monster, and has made the world a curse.