The Montrose Democrat.

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

VOLUME 32. MONTROSE, SUSQ'A COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1875. NUMBER 5.

THE

Montrose Democrat

Is PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

At Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.

OFFICE—West Side of Public Avenue.

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

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Friendsville, Jan. 13, 1875.—3m

BURNS & NICHOLS,

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

E. P. HINES, M. D.,

Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1862, 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 11, 1874 -1y.

DR. B. 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

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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,
Sept 10th, 1873 -tf. Proprietor.

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.

PHILIP 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

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ally 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.
B. B. LITTLE.
GEO. P. LITTLE.
Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

W. B. DEANS.

DEALER in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, News papers, 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. BARRINGTON 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, '73—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—tf.

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.

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L. F. FITCH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office west of the Court House.
Montrose, January 27, 1875.-4y1

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exempt. on 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. W. A. CROSSMON.
Montrose, Sept. 1, 1871.—tf.

J. C. WHEATON,

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

W. W. SMITH,

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

M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT,
aug 6915 Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

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

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

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

AMI ELY,

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

County Business Directory.

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WM HAUGHWOUT, Slater, Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of slate roofing, slate paint, etc. Roofs repaired with slate paint to order. Also, slate paint for sale by the gallon or barrel. Montrose, Pa.

BILLINGS STROUD, Genera Fire and Life Insurance Agents; also, sell Railroad and Accident Tickets to New York and Philadelphia. Office one door east of the Bank.

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BOYD & CORWIN, Dealers in Stoves, Hardware and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheetiron ware, corner of Main and Turnpike street.

A. N. BULLARD, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Books, Stationery and Yankee Notions, at head of Public Avenue.

WM. H. COOPER & CO., Bankers, sell Foreign Passage Tickets and Drafts on England, Ireland and Scotland.

WM. L. COX, Harness maker and dealer in all articles usually kept by the trade, opposite the Bank.

JAMES B. CARMALT, Attorney at Law. Office one door below Tarbell House, Public Avenue.

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L. L. LEROY, Dealer in all kinds of farming implements, mowing machines, well curbs, dog powers, etc., etc., Main St., opposite Savings Bank. [6m

SAVINGS BANK, NEW MILFORD.—Six per cent. interest on all Deposits. Does a general Banking Business. n11-tf S. B. CHASE & CO.

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S. F. KIMBER, Carriage Maker and Undertaker Main Street, two doors below Hawley's Store.

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J. DICKERMAN, Jr., Dealer in general merchandise and Clothing, Brick Store, on Main Street.

GIBSON.

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Feb. 12. 1874.

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Taylor's Cough Syrup or Expectorant, for all Throat and Lung diseases. *Is very pleasant to the taste and contains nothing injurious.* Try it, and stop that cough and take the soreness from your Throat and Lungs. Ask your Merchant for a free vial. No Cure—No Pay.

Taylors Condition Powders for all kinds of stock and poultry. Warranted the best renovator of the system of run down or diseased stock, that has ever been discovered. Try them for all diseases incident to the brute creation. Directions for use around each package. No Cure—No Pay.

All the above medicines for sale by Abel Turrell and Burns & Nichols, of Montrose, and all Druggists and Dealers throughout the country.

H. BROWNING TAYLOR.
October 21, '74.—1y 1m—ai—1m.

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A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emmissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the Green Book, &c.

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Montrose, December 3, 1874.-tf

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Select Poetry.

MA PAUVRE PETITE.

The lamps glow within, the storm raves without,
I sit at mine ease in the softened light,
And think of Ginerva; she seemed so devout,
I wonder if ever the shade of a doubt,
Crossed the mind of her lord ere that night.

I look at the bubbles that dance and swim
On the amber wine, like an elfin band,
And I dream of the past, while my eyes grow dim,
As I carelessly kiss with my lips the rim
Of the antique glass in my hand.

A rustle of garments, a step in the hall,
And my princess comes in her queenly grace,
The grim Rembrandt smiles in his frame on the wall,
When those fairy feet on the carpet fall,
As she takes by my side her place.

I am dreaming perchance, yet I know she is there,
On my forehead I feel for a moment her kiss,
A subtle something is in the air,
An olive face with its dark brown hair—
But 'tis folly to speak of all this.

She chats in her charming womanly way,
And I listen, or seem to listen, the while;
Somehow vaguely at length I hear her say,
"A bit of romance or the plot of a play,
If only one blithe bonny bird to beguile."

A story you ask for; well, so let it be;
Let me think—twenty years have gone by to a day,
How swiftly the summers have flown since we,
Two lads, in that quaint old town by the sea,
Idled and trifled the summer away.

We were scarcely nineteen—how the holidays flew,
Two naval cadets—off duty, on shore;
We did, I suppose, just as most middies do,
Squandered our pay in a mad lark or two,
Then starved to make up the score.

Tom was my hero, I thought him divine—
He's an admiral now—won his stars at Mobile—
The veriest old sea-dog, they say, in the line,
Washes his face every morning in brine,
And swears that he'll have on his coffin a keel.

We lodged in an attic just off from the park—
In a mocking mood we called it a den—
If I rightly remember, the square in St. Mark;
Houses on either side dingy and dark,
We would smile at it now—it suited us then.

For a neighbor we had—it is strange, I declare,
I can see him now in his singular guise—
A French *emigre*, with his silver hair,
And his broken speech, and *port militaire*,
And his wan little girl with her hungry eyes.

Once or twice only we met on the street,
All further advances seemed somehow in vain,
But morning and night we heard him repeat,
"*Ma pauvre petite, ma pauvre petite.*"
Till our hearts caught up the refrain.

Said Tom, in his old impetuous way,
"Let's give them a sail in the yacht, my boy,
For the wind is a trifle fresh to-day,
And who knows, poor things, but a taste of salt spray
Might change all their sorrows to joy."

In less than an hour, with eight or ten more,
We had them on board of our staunch little craft,
The sails were all set, we standing off shore,
While the spray from the white caps was flying before,
And the wind followed hard abaft.

Just how it all happened, we never could tell
The child leaned on the rail by her grandpapa's side,
Our weather-bow must have been caught by the swell,
For there came a lurch and a cry, and she fell—
And something white floated off on the tide.

Tom had the helm, in an instant he swung
And brought her to in the eye of the gale,
Two men were over, one old and one young,
But young arms are lusty, not likely to fail,
And how does my blithe bonny bird like the tale?

What?—you wish to hear more of the old *ensigne?*
Not satisfied yet?—it seems incomplete?
Well, look in my eyes, don't you see, *chere amie*,
I—I was the lad who leaped into the sea,
And you—you were *ma pauvre petite.*

Selected Story.

"LITTLE JOE."

Tom Wise, a great big, handsome fellow, with a heart of the same order, was standing at the corner talking to a friend. He held a cigar to his mouth with his left hand, and with his right, had just struck a match against the lamp-post, when at—or rather under—his elbow a voice exclaimed cheerily, "Busted again, Mas' Tom!"

Tom threw a glance over his shoulder, and there stood "Little Joe," a small misshaped negro, about fifteen years old, with crutches under his arms, and feet twisted all out of shape, his toes barely touching the ground as he hobbled along. He had on an old straw hat with only a hint of brim. There must be some law of cohesive attraction between straw and wood, for little Joe's cranium was large, while the hat was small and set back nearer the nap of his neck than the crown of his head, yet held its place like a natural excrescence or a horrible bore. Joe had met with very few people mean enough to laugh at him, for, though he possessed all the brightness and cheerfulness and pluck of deformed people generally, there was a wistful look about his eyes which his want of height and his position on crutches intensified (indeed created) by keeping them upturned while talking with any one taller than himself, and this is generally the case, for there were no grown people so small as little Joe.—His shirt was torn and his pantaloons ragged, but to gild these faded colors he wore a swallowtailed coat with brass buttons, which some one had given him, whether from a sense of humor or a sentiment of charity, let the gods decide.

"Busted again, Mas' Tom!"

"What 'busted' you this time, Joe?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Lumber, Mas' Tom, I was in de lumber bizniss las' week, buyin ole shingles an' sellin' 'em for kindlin' but my partner he maked a run an de bank—leas' ways on my breeches pocket—an' den runped away hisself. Ain't you gwine to set me up agin, Mas' Tom?"

"What business are you going into this week?"

"Feckshunnery," replied Joe, taking the quarter Mr. Wise handed him. "Dis'll do to buy the goods, but 'twont rent de sto', Mas' Tom."

"What store?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Dat big sto' Hunt an' Munson is jes' moved outin. Mr. Munson say I may hab it for sebben hundred dollars if you go my skoorty."

Tom laughed: "Well, Joe, I was thinking I wouldn't go security for anybody this week. Don't you think you can do business on a smaller scale?"

Joe's countenance fell, and he suffered visibly, but a cheering thought presently struck him, and he exclaimed disdainfully:

"Anyhow, I ain't a-keeping 'bout Hunt an' Munson's old sto'—der ole sebben hundred dollar sto'! I can git a goods box and turn it upside down, an' stan' it up by de cap'tol groun's, an' more folks'll pass 'long an' buy goobers den would come in dat old sto' all the year. Dey ain't spitin' me."

As Joe limped off to invest his money, his poor little legs swinging and his swallow tails flapping, Tom's friend asked who he was.

"Belonged to us befors the war," said Tom. "Poor little devil! the good Lord and the birds of the air seem to take care of him. I set him up in business with twenty-five cents every week, and looked after him a little in other ways. Sometimes he buys matches and newspapers, and sells them again; sometimes he buys ginger cakes and eats them all; but he is invariably 'busted,' as he calls it, by Saturday night—Joe! o-oh, Joe!"

Joe looked back and with perfect indifference to the fact that he was detaining Mr. Wise, answered that he would "be dar teractly," continuing his negotiations for an empty goods box lying at the door of a neighboring dry goods store. "What you want, Mas' Tom?" he asked on his return. "Miss Mollie is going to be married week after next, Joe, and you may come up to the house if you like.—I was afraid I might forget it."

"Whoop yo, sir! Thanky, Mas' Tom. I boun' to see Miss Mollie step off de carpit. But, Lord a mussy! dem new niggers you all got ain't gwine to lemme in."

"Come to the front door and ask for me. Cut out now, and don't get busted this week, because I shall need all my money to buy a breastpin to wait on my sister in. Come, John, let's register."

Joe's glance followed Mr. Wise and his friend till they were out of sight; then he turned and paused no more till he reached an out-of-the way grocery store, in the window of which were displayed samples of fish and soap and calico and kerosene lamps and dreadful brass jewelry among which was a frightful breastpin in the shape of a cresent set with red and green glass, and further ornamented by a chain of the most atrocious description conceivable. Before this thing of beauty, which to him had been a joy for weeks, Joe paused and lingered, and smote his little breast and shighed of poverty. Then he went in. "What mout be de price o' dat gent's pin in de corner ob der winder?" he inquired.

"I don't see any gent in the corner of the window," said the proprietor of the store.

Joe took the mild pleasantry, and inquiring "what mout be de price o' dat pin?" was told that it might be anything—from nothing up—but it could go for seventy five cents.

He stood again outside of the window looking sadly and reflectively at the attractive bijou, then seated himself on the curbstone, his crutches resting in the gutter, and thougtfully smoothed between his finger and thumb the twenty-five cent note Mr. Wise had given him.—"Ef I takes dis, and de one Mas' Tom gwine to gimme nex' week, dat'll be fifty cents, but it won't be seventy-five, so I got to make a quarter on de two. Ef Mis Mollie knowed, I 'spec, she would wait anoder week to git married, and den I wouldn't run no risk o' dese; but I ain't gwine to tell her, cos I now she couldn't help tellin' Mas' Tom, an' I want to s'prise him. Mas' Tom is made me feel good wunst. He don't nuvver came dis way an' ain't seed dat pin, or he would ha' had it 'fore now."

Then little Joe bestirred himself, and obtaining the assistance of a friend, took his dry good box up to capitol square.—There he turned it upside down, spread a newspaper over the top, and proceeded to dis display his wares.

A pyramid of apples stood in one corner; a small stock of pepermint candy was its *vis a-vis;* a tiny glass of peanuts graced the third, and was confronted by a lemon that had seen life, and was more sere than yellow. But the crowning glory was the centre-piece—an unhappy-looking pie of visage pale and thin physique, yet how beautiful to Joe! He stepped back on his crutches, turning his head from side to side as he surveyed the effect, took up a locust branch he had brought with him to brush away the flies, and, leaning against the iron railing, with calm dignity awaited coming events.

His glance fell on the figure of a negro boy, who gazed with longing eyes upon the delicacies of his table, and it was with a strange feeling of kinship that little Joe continued to regard the new comer for he too had been branded by misfortune. He appeared about Joe's age, and would be taller but that his legs had been amputated nearly up to the knee, and as he stood on the pitiful stumps, supported by a short cane in one hand, his head was hardly as high as the iron railing. He had none of Joe's brightness, but looked ragged and dirty and hungry, and evidently had no Mass' Tom to help the good Lord and the birds of the air to take care of him. His skin was of a dull ashen hue, and the short wool which hung close to his scalp was sunburnt till it was red and crisp, and formed a curious contrast to his black face. One arm was bare, only the ragged remains of a sleeve hanging over the shoulder, and it seemed no great misfortune that his legs had been shortened, for he had hardly pantaloons enough to cover what he had left.

He looked at the pie, and Joe looked at him. Presently the latter enquired seriously. "Whar yo' legs?"

"Cut off," was the answer.

"How come y cut; off?"

"Feet was frost bit; like to kill me."

"What yo' name?" asked Joe.

"Kiah."

"What were yo' ole mas' name?"

"Didn't have no ole mas'."

"Was you a natchul free nigger?"

"Dunno what you mean," said Kiah.

"Fore we was all sot free," explained Little Joe, "Was you born a ole mas' an a ole mis' or was you born free?—jes' natchully free."

"Erwe," said Kiah, thus placing himself, as every southerner knows, under the ban of Joe's contempt. "Umph, my Lor' dat pie sholy do smell good!"

"You look hungry," said Joe gravely.

"I is," said Kiah, "hungry as a dog!"

Joe stepped to the table, took up a rusty old pocket knife, and cutting out a piece of the pie handed it to Kiah. Kiah bit off a point of a triangle, with his eyes fixed on Joe as if in doubt whether he would be allowed to proceed, but finding that his liberty was not resented, eagerly devoured the remainder, drew his coat sleeve across his mouth, and said "Thanky." And thus their friendship commenced.

It was very touching and beautiful, this attachment which was formed between these two unfortunate creatures.—Neither could perform the labor or join in the sports incident to his age, and they seemed drawn together by the attraction of a common misery. Every day some little service, pitiful in its insignificance except to themselves, some little humble office from one to the other, some little act of self-denial—perhaps the saving of a few cold potatoes that had been given to Kiah or the sacrifice of a buttered roll that Joe had got at Mr. Wise's, every day some little thing served to cement this friendship which gave to each a companion who did not mortify him; and they became inseperareable, Joe taking Kiah to the little shed where he spent his nights, and making him an equal partner in business during the day.

The next time Joe came to be set up he gave Mr. Wise a knowing wink and said mysteriously; "Don't you go buyin' no bres'pin to w'ar to de weddin,' Mas' Tom.'

'Why not. Joe?'

"Cos ain't no use in two bres,pins, an' dar ain't no tellin' what mout happen 'fore dat weddin, come off.'

Mr. Wise laughed, but he had no premonition that Joe had entered into a successful negotiation for the grocer's execrable crescent and the shock was therefore unbroken when on the evening of the marriage Joe entered his dressing room and presented it to him with an air of pride so pitiful that it would have made a woman cry.

Tom was fully as much surprised as Joe had anticipated, and effected to be as greatly delighted; and when he had completed his toilet of faultlessly quiet tone he pinned the horrible thing in his shirt bosom and thanked Little Joe for the gift with all the gracious courtesy of his fine nature.

Mr. Wise was to "stand" with a friend of his sister's who was a guest in the house, and, as they fancied themselves very much in love with each other they had agreed to meet in the parlor an hour before that appointed for the ceremony, that they might enjoy a quiet tete a-tete before the assembling of the guests Having finished his toilet he accordingly went down and was soon joined by the lady.

They promenaded up and down the parlors, and again and again her eyes rested curiously on the pin, but she made no allusion to it till her feelings had become entirely irrepressible, when she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence to enquire what on earth it was, and where he got it, and why he wore it.

Then he sat down by her side, with lace curtains shimmering in the twilight and mirrros reflecting alabaster vases and oil paintings, and the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, and told her about Little Joe—of his shapeless feet and forlorn life, his empty pocket and grateful heart. And she agreed that it must be dreadful to be so poor and deformed, and all that, and of course he ought to be grateful, but really she thought Mr. Wise rather morbid in his philanthropy when he could wear that brass moon before five hundred people only to please a deformed negro.

'Perhaps you do not understand,' said Tom, gently, 'that I have given Joe permission to witness the ceremony (I believe I told you that he was the personal property of my mother, and a favorite with her,) and he will certainly know whether I wear this pin that he worked for, and gone in debt for, and probably starved himself for. Will there be any one here—save yourself—whose laugh I dread enough to induce me to mortify and disappoint him?'

"It will make us ridiculous," said she, haughtily.

Tom quietly unfastened the pin and placed it in his vest pocket, and with it disappeared Miss Anna's prospect of becoming Mrs. Wise, enviable as she deemed the position.

"I have no right to include you in my sacrifice, if sacrifice there be,' said he, with grave courtesy, and referred no more to the matter; but as soon as he could, he sought his sister and requested that the honor of standing with Miss Anna might be conferred upon Mr. Marshall and that he himself be allowed to take Mr. Mashall's partner, she being a lift girl on whose pluck and good nature he could alike rely. His sister had no time to enter into particulars, but made the desired change, and Mr. Wise said to Miss Emily, "I could not sacrifice Joe, Miss Emily, nor sacrifice you, so I have sacrificed myself, and am a volunteer in the noble army of martyrs."

When, however, as the bridal cortege passed through the hall, he saw Joe nudge a fellow servant with his elbow and point out the pin, he felt repaid, though Miss Anna was holding her head very high indeed.

The next morning Joe came by the office, "What did do folks say 'bout 'yo bres' pin, Mas' Tom?"

"Say? Why they did not know what to say, Joe. They could not take their eyes off me. That pin knocked the black out of everything there. The bridegroom couldn't hold a candle to me," said Mr. Wise; and Joe laughed loud with delight.

"Did they give you any supper?"

"Did dat, Mas' Tom; and I tuk home a snow-ball an' a orange to Kiah."

Late on the evening of the same day Mr. Wise was about leaving his office when he heard little Joe's crutches in the doorway and little Joe himself appeared, sobbing bitterly, tears streaming down his face: "Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom! oh Lordy!"

"What is the matter, Joe?"

"Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom! Kiah's done gone!"

"Kiah! is it possible! What was the matter?" asked Tom.

"Oh, Lordy, oh, Lordy!" sobbed little Joe. "Me an' him went down to de creek an' was playin' baptizin', an' I'd done baptized Kiah, an—oh, Lordy!—an' Kiah was jes gwine to baptize me, an' he stepped out too fur, an' his legs was so short he lost his holt on me, an' drowned; an' I couldn't ketch him cos I couldn't stan' without nothin' to hold on to. Oh, Lordy! I wish I nevvur had a' heard o' baptizen'! I couldn't git him out, an' I jes' kep' on a holerin', but nobody didn't come till Kiah was done drowned."

'I am sorry for you; I wish I had been there. But, as far as Kiah is concerned, he is better off than he was before,' said Tom.

'No, he ain't, Mas' Tom, leas' ways Kiah don't think so hisself cos ef he had a wanted to die he could have done it long and merry ago. I don't believe in no such fool talk as dead folks bein' better off dan they was befo'?'

Tom was silent, and Joe went on with renewed tears. I come up to ax you to gimme a c'lean shirt an' a par ob wraw's to put on Kiah. You needn't gimme no socks, cos he ain't got no feet. Oh, Lordy, oh, Lordy!' sobbed Joe, 'es me an' Kiah had jes had feet like some folks, Kiah wouldn't have been drowned.'

'Take this up to the house,' said Tom handing him a note, 'and Miss Molly will give you whatever you want.'

'Thanky, sir, I know you han't got no goffin handy, but you can gimme de money an' I can git one. I don't reckon it will take much, cos Kiah wan't big.'

Then Tom wrote a note for the undertaker, and directed Joe what to do with it.

The next day was cold, dark, and rainy, and the paupers' hearse that conveyed Kiah to the graveyard was driven so fast that poor little Joe, the only mourner, could hardly keep up as he hopped along on his crutches.

The blast grew keener and the mist heavier, and before Kiah was buried out of sight the rain was falling in torrents that drenched the poor little cripple sobbing beside the grave, and the driver of the hearse, a good hearted Irishman, said to him: 'In wid ye, or get up here by me, an' ye're mind to. I'll take ye back.'

But Joe shook his head, and prepared to hop back as he had hopped out. 'Thankee, sir, but I had rather walk. I feels like I would be gittin' a ride out of Kiah's funeral.'

The wind blew open his buttonless shirt, and the rain beat heavily on his loyal breast, but he struggled against the storm, and paused only once on his way home. That was beside the goods box that he and Kiah had for a stall.—Now it was drenched with rain and the sides bespattered with mud, and the newspaper that had served for a cloth had blown over one corner and was soaked and torn, but clung to its old companion, though the wind tried to tear it away and the rain to beat it down. Little Joe stood beside it a minute and cried harder than ever.

For several days Joe drooped and shivered and refused to eat, and at length sent for Tom, but he was out of town, and did not return for a week; and the first thing he did was to visit little Joe, he came too late, for Joe would never rise again from the straw pallet on which he lay, nor use the crutches that now stood idle in the corner.

His eyes opened and he smiled faintly as Tom entered, like a breath of fresh air—so strong and fresh and vigorous that it made one feel better only to be near him.

The little cripple paused to gather up his strength; then he said: 'Busted agin, Mas' Tom, and you can't nuvver sot me up no mo.'

'Oh, stuff! Dr. North can, if I can't. Why didn't you send for him when you found I was away?'

'I dunno, sir; I nuvver thought bout' it.'

Turning to the woman with whom Joe lived, "And why the d——l didn't you do it?' said Tom angrily.

'I did't know Joe was so sick,' said she.

'I don't reckon de Lord is mad wid me Nancy. What is I done to him? I didn't use to cuss, an' I didn't play marbles on Sunday, cos I couldn't play 'em no time like de boys dat had feet.'

'Ef you don't take keer, you'll be too late, like Kiah, I ain't a-sayin' where Kiah is now—taint for me to judge, 'said Nancy, 'but you better be a tryin' to open de gate ob Paradise.'

Piping the words out slowly and painfully, little Joe replied, 'I don't b'leev I keer 'bout goin 'less Kiah can git in too; but I 'spec' he's dar, cos I don't see what de good Lord could hab had agin him.—He oughten't to thought hard ob nothin' Kiah done, coz he warn't nuvver nothin' but a free nigger, and didn't hab no ole Mas' to patern by. Maybe he'll let us bofe in. I know Kiah's waitin' for me somewhar, but I dunno what to say to him. You ax him, Mas' Tom.'

He spoke more feebly and his eyes were getting dull, but the old instinct of servitude remained, and he added: 'Ain't you got nothin' to spread on the flo', Nancy, so Mas' Tom won't git his knees dirty?'

Immediately and reverently Tom knelt on the clay floor, and, as nearly as he remembered he repeated the Lord's prayer.

'Thankee, Mas' Tom, said little Joe feebly. 'What was dat-ole mis' used to sing? 'Oh Lam' 'o'—God—I come—I—' The words ceased and the eyes remained half closed, the pupils fixed.

Little Joe was dead.

"Do not sing that song again," is the sarcastib title of a new song.

Home Reading.

THE LAST GLASS.

BY WM. COLLINS.

"No, thank you, not any to-night, boys, for me,
I have drank my last glass, I have had my last spree;
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if you will,
But I've taken the pledge and I'll keep it until
I am laid in the church-yard and sleep 'neath the grass.
And your sneers cannot move me—I've drank my last glass.

"Just look at my face, I am thirty to-day,
It is wrinkled and hollow, my hair has turned gray,
And the light of my eye that once brilliantly shone,
And the bloom of my cheek, both are vanished and gone;
I am young, but the furrows of sorrow and care
Are stamped on a brow once with innocence fair.

"Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had set,
(And I think of the past with undying regret)
I was honored and loved by the good and the true,
Nor sorrow nor shame, nor dishonor I knew,
But the tempter approached me—I yielded and fell,
And drank of the dark, damning poison of hell.

"Since then I have trod in the pathway of sin;
And bartered my soul to the demon of gin,
Have squandered my manhood in riotous glee,
While my parents, heart-broken, abandoned by me,
Have gone, gone down to the grave, filled with sorrow and shame,
With a sigh for the wretch that dishonored their name.

"God's curse on the glass? never more shall my lip
Of the fatal and soul burning beverage sip;
Too long has the fiend in my bosom held sway;
Henceforth and forever I spurn him away;
And never again shall the death dealing draught
By me, from this hour, with God's blessing, be quaffed.

"So good night