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MONTROSE, PA.
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE.

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BOUGHT AND SOLD.

CHECKS AND CITY AND COUNTY BANK CHECKS CASHED AS USUAL.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON SPECIAL TIME DEPOSITS.

AN AGREEMENT WHEN THE DEPOSIT IS MADE.

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County Directory

Two lines in this Directory, one year, \$1.50; each additional line, 50 cents.

MONTROSE

WM. H. COOPER & CO., Bankers, 100, Susquehanna County, Pa.

BILLINGS STROUD, Stationer, 100, Susquehanna County, Pa.

BOYD & CORWIN, Dealers in Stoves, Hardware, and Manufactory of Tin and Sheetiron ware, corner of Main and Third streets.

A. N. HULLARD, Dealer in Groceries, Provision, Stationery, and Yankee Notions, at head of Public Square.

WM. H. COOPER & CO., Bankers, 100, Susquehanna County, Pa.

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

JAMES E. CARMALT, Attorney at Law, Office on door below Public House, Public Square.

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SAVINGS BANK, NEW MILFORD—Five per cent, interest on all deposits.

H. GARDNER, SON, Dealer in Groceries, Provision, Stationery, and Yankee Notions, at head of Public Square.

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

GREAT BEND

H. P. DORAN, Merchant Tailor and dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries, and Provision, Main Street.

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Select Poetry.

THE ORATOR.

Men held their breath as the quick words

Stem eyes grew tearful, cold hearts grew hot.

Though the hours sped by they heeded them not.

And they swore not their fault if they lived

To the tyrant dead and their country free.

The Orator ceased—the curtain fell.

The echoes died through the countless walls.

They fought in vain, for the orator's word

Staid not the sweep of the tyrant's sword.

And the riveted chain clank'd on as before.

And the orator's words are remembered no more.

Seated his grandson, scanty his fame.

He lives in story, only a name.

The Poet sang, and the earth grew still.

And he moulded men's hearts at his own

sweet will.

And they said his name that it might be

With the names of earth's greatest in letters

of gold—

And his pale cheek flush'd and his heart beat

high.

And he said—"Nor my name nor my song

shall die.

He pass'd, and earth's voices, silent so long,

Grew second loud, and drew'd his life's song

As the tide of time thro' the centuries roll'd.

The rustle in turn thro' the letters of gold.

And new songs seem'd sweeter to men,

And the Poet's songs are not heard again.

Save by a few, with little heart than head.

Who by his thought in a tongue that

is dead.

Seated his grandson, scanty his fame.

He lives in story, scanty a name.

The Thinker sat pale in his lonely cell,

And mused on the thought he had shap'd so

well.

And his keen eye look'd through the coming

years.

And he saw thro' the haze of his happy tears

His shapely thought thro' the world expand.

Till its impulse was stamp'd on the sea

and the land.

And he thought to himself, said his vision

of fame—

"Surely the world will remember my name."

And the Thinker died, and his thought went

forth.

To the east and the west, to the south and

the north.

But talent such changes on genius run.

That the world forgets from whose brain it

sprung.

And men deem'd that the fruit of the thought

of the sage

Was the slow growth produce of many an

hour.

Seated his grandson, scanty his fame.

He lives in story, scanty a name.

THE ORATOR.

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Stem eyes grew tearful, cold hearts grew hot.

Though the hours sped by they heeded them not.

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To the tyrant dead and their country free.

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A JUDGMENT.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

Perhaps the most cruel thing that can be

done on earth is to destroy a woman's

reputation. It is bad enough if she is

guilty; but if she is innocent, how much

more terrible.

Poor Agnes! she knew what trouble it

was to be so beautiful, but she was

factitious—one of those glowing crea-

tures which the world draws to itself.

Her smile was sunshine, her voice

was a bird's voice, her every motion was

grace. Coquette she was not; yet there

was, perhaps a score of men who thought

or hoped, that she was in love with them.

I think Albert Vassar loved her from

the first that there was no charm for him

yet he loved about her, put on his arms

and tried to keep others away, and

watched her with jealous eyes.

Agnes started, was annoyed, but pitied

him, and hardly knew how to get rid of

him. She was too good natured to show

him the door, to tell him to go, but

fancied she could mortify him with smiles.

Of course, it was one of the worst mis-

takes she could make.

Albert Vassar was handsome, but had

a snaky beauty, small, slight, shining in

his black hair and eyes, shining with a

marble whiteness even in his regular lit-

tle, his dress was always immaculate; and

his eyes were always innocently and

well read, he managed to keep up with

the questions of the day, and have a

sharp word to say about everything.

"What do you let him come here for?"

"I asked her one evening, when the

creature had been rendering himself more

than usually odious.

"Oh, he doesn't mean to be disagree-

able, I don't like to be hard on him. Be-

sides, how can I tell him to stay away?"

she said.

"You can say to him plainly, when he

snaps out any of his impudence, that

you cannot allow your friends to be insulted,

or yourself to be made uncomfortable."

"I will try," she said.

The girl's sweet face wore a troubled

look.

"What can I do?" she asked. "It is

hard to be harsh to one who likes me."

"Besides, I know that he is irritable and

unpopular, and since others will have no

patience with him, that seems the very

reason why I should. I try to soothe and

coax him; and, sometimes, you're no idea

how pleasant he is."

"You mean to marry him?" I said.

"Yes, I do," she exclaimed, blushing

crimson. "He never says anything

of the kind. And if he had such a

thought, the very friendliness and pa-

ience which I treat him would show

him how vain it is."

"Oh, John, you careless man!"

Opinions differ.

"Opinions differ," I remarked, leaving

my place at her side.

There was quite a little company of us

Agnes lived in a house where there were

three or four pretty girls, and where the

people liked gaiety; and every evening

that they did not go out the parlor was

full.

Frank Jameson and Albert Vassar,

both on the watch, started at the same

moment I left my seat, to take possession

of the room. Agnes saw them, and with an

expression of unconscious grief, and

walked in the direction of Frank.

"I was coming for you to play chess,"

she said, eagerly.

She smiled and nodded, and the two

went toward the corner where the chess-

table stood. I glanced at Vassar. He

was looking like a thunder-bolt, making