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, MAY 19, 1785. NUMBER 20.

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, Miscellaneous Reading, Correspondence, and a reliable class of advertisements.

Advertising Rates:

One square (10 lines of an inch space,) 3 weeks, or less $1 ... months, $2.50; 6 months, $4.50; 1 year, $6. A liberal discount on advertisements of a ... Business Locals, 10 cts. a line for first insertion, and 5 cts a line each subsequent insertion.—Marriages and deaths, free; obituaries, 10 cts. a line.

FINE JOB PRINTING

A SPECIALTY!

Neat, Quick Work. — Try Us.

HAWLEY. — WM. C. CRUSER.

Business Cards.

GREEN & MACKEY.

N. Green and N. C. Mackey, have this day entered into a Medical co-Partnership, for the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and are prepared to attend promptly to all calls in the line of their profession at any time of the day and night.

Montrose, Pa. April 14, 1875.—a-21.

H. D. BALDWIN, M. D.,

A HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has located himself at Montrose, where he will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care. ☞ Office formerly occupied by Dr. Child, building, second floor, front. Boards at the Exchange.

Montrose, Pa., March 10, 1875.

FILE AND COLLECTION OFFICE.

W. A. WATSON, Attorney-at-Law, Montrose, Penn'a. Collections Promptly Attended to. Special attention given to Orphans' Court Practice. Office in Hon. W. J. Turrell, on Public Avenue, opposite the Tarbell House. 1575.

DR. W. W. SMITH,

OFFERS Rooms at his dwelling, next door north of Dr. Hakes', on Old Foundry street, where he would be pleased to wait on those in want of Dental Work. He feels confident that he can please all, both in quality of work and price. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, Pa., 11.1-74—tf

VALLEY HOUSE.

GREAT BEND, PA. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot, 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, Proprietor.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

PHILIP HAHN, Proprietor.

Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sausages, of the best quality, constantly on hand, at the lowest cash price.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1873.—1y

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Also business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office in the front part of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co, Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.

BILLINGS STROUD.

CHARLEY MORRIS

THE HAPPY BARBER, has moved his shop to the room lately 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.

EDGAR A. TURRELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

No. 170 Broadway, New York City.

Ref. to Hon. J. G. Blaine.—(Feb 11, 1874.—1y)

LITTLE & BLAKESLEE

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their New Office, opposite the Tarbell House.

B. B. LITTLE, GEO. P. LITTLE, E. L. BLAKESLEE.

Montrose, Oct. 15, 1872.

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. 20, 1871.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

E. T. BARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that he has 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.

F. D. LAMB, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON tenders his professional services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at the Post Office, Great Bend Village.

Great Bend, Pa., June 24, 1873.—tf

D. A. LATHROP,

PROPRIETOR OF THERMAL BATHS, at the Foot of Spring street. Visits and consult in all Chronic diseases.

Montrose, Feb. 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, Gt Bend village.

Aug. 18, 1869—tf

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

Over the new Postoffice building, where he will always be 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 and Residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Chase's Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 19 Court Street, over City National Bank, Binghamton, N. Y.

WM. H. SCOVILL, JEROME DEWITT.

Nov 14th, 1872

M. A. LYON,

Successor to Abel Turrell, dealer in Drugs Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Teas, Spices, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.

Montrose May 19, 1875.

L. F. FITCH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office west of the Court House.

Montrose, January 27, 1875.—y31

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and 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. G. WHEATON,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR,

P. O. address, Franklin Forks, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

W. W. SMITH,

BEDSTEAD AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Jang. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT,

Address

Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Macauley, in the Brick Block, Montrose Pa. [aul 6, 69

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

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

AMI ELY,

AUCTIONEER,

Jan 1, 1871. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

County Business Directory.

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

MONTROSE

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.

BOYD & CORWIN, Dealers in Stoves, Hardware and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron 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 E. CARMALT, Attorney at Law. Office one door below Tarbell House, Public Avenue.*

NEW MILFORD.

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

B. GARRET & SON, Dealers in Flour, Feed, Meal, Salt, Lime, Cement, Groceries and Provisions, Main Street, opposite the Depot.

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 Provisions Main Street.*

Banking, &c.

BANKING HOUSE

OF

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,

MONTROSE, PA.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS AND PROMPTLY ACCOUNTED FOR AS HERETOFORE.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE FOR SALE.

UNITED STATES & OTHER BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

COUPONS AND CITY AND COUNTY BANK CHECKS CASHED AS USUAL.

OCEAN STEAMER PASSAGE TICKETS TO AND FROM EUROPE.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON SPECIAL TIME DEPOSITS, AS PER AGREEMENT WHEN THE DEPOSIT IS MADE.

In the future, as in the past, we shall endeavor to transact all money business to the satisfaction of our patrons and correspondents.

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,

Montrose, March 10, '75.–tf. Bankers.

Authorized Capital, - $500,000 00.

Present Capital, - - 100,000 00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

MONTROSE, PA.

WILLIAM J. TURRELL, President.
D. D. SEARLE, Vice President.
N. L. LENHEIM, - - Cashier.

Directors.

WM. J. TURRELL, D. D. SEARLE, A. J. GERRITSON, M. S. DESSAUER, ABEL TURRELL, G. V. BENTLEY, G. B. ELDRED, Montrose, Pa.
E. A. CLARK, Binghamton, N. Y.
E. A. PRATT, New Milford, Pa.
M. B. WRIGHT, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.
L. S. LENHEIM, Great Bend, Pa.

DRAFTS SOLD ON EUROPE.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS.

SPECIAL DEPOSITS SOLICITED.

Montrose, March 3, 1875.–tf

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 LABORING MEN, MINERS, MECHANICS, AND MACHINISTS, 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 THOUSANDS OF SCRANTON MINERS AND MECHANICS.

DIRECTORS; JAMES BLAIR, SANFORD GRANT, GEORGE FISHER, JAS. S. SLOCUM, J. H. SUTPHIN, C. P. MATTHEWS, DANIEL HOWELL, A. E. HUNT, T. F. 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.

The Newest Sensation!

GROVES & YOUNGS'

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

MONTROSE, PA.

A RUSH OF CUSTOMERS. All Work WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION IN EVERY RESPECT. Examine our prices and give us a trial.

JOHN GROVES, HENRY YOUNG.

Montrose, February 3, 1875.–tf

Binghamton Marble Works!

All kinds of Monuments, Headstones, and Marble Mantles, made to order. Also, Scotch Granites on hand. J. PICKERING & CO.,

J. PICKERING, C. W. MERRIFIELD, H. F. BROWN. 129 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Oct. 28, 1874.

Select Poetry.

LOVE BEFORE WEALTH.

BY UNCLE JOHN, NO. 4.

Beneath an oak tree, old and shady,
Upon the sod that 'neath it grew,
There, waiting, sat a lovely lady,
As sweet as e'er was Byron's Haidie.
Her face half hidden from the view,
By clust'ring curls, that seemed to woo
Her fair cheek's red and rosy hue.

'Twas thus she sat at ease reclining,
Beneath that oak tree's cooling shade,
And, as the last red rays were shining,
There came a youth, as if undesigning,
To meet this young angelic maid;
His face some anxious cares betrayed,
Now hope—then doubt—now bold—afraid.

Down by her side he soon was sitting
And fondly gazing in her eyes—
Eyes so sparkling, flashing, flitting
All th' varied looks of love befitting—
The gaze of which could speak replies
To him whom she did idolize—
Whose soul with hers did sympathize.

On many a twilight summer's even'
Had they beneath that oak tree met.
Here, many a pledge of love was given
And witnessed by the stars of heaven;
'Twas here they vowed they'd ne'er forget,
Not 'till yon polar star should set,
Here parted with such sweet regret.

Thus spoke the youth, half choked with sighing
"To-morrow, love, I must depart,
To change this fate 'twere vain in trying,
But, still, I vow with love undying
To ever cherish near my heart
Thy love, so free from guile and art—
Nature's perfect counterpart."

"If fate commands thee thus to leave me,
Must thou with its demands comply?
Fate may command thee to deceive me—
Would'st thou obey and thus bereave me?
O! what a thought—I'd rather die
In love while young than live to sigh
An age beneath a starless sky!"

"Thy words do rend my soul with sorrow,
My eyes with tears do overflow,
But I must part with thee to-morrow
And the ocean's broad waves furrow,
To California I must go,
Here, labor gathers wealth too slow,
As all my efforts clearly show.

"When I return from California,
Enriched with pounds of gathered gold,
Then, with wealth will I adorn thee,
And place thee high 'bove those that scorn thee,
Because we're poor the world is cold,
But all the joys it does withhold
With wealth can soon be bought and sold."

"Oh! hast thou vowed that thou could'st never
Love aught on earth as dear as me;
Yet, wealth alone can make thee sever
The ties that might endure forever.
O! I would rather cling to thee,
Through humble walks of poverty,
Than with wealth [illegible]

"I feel that all thy fancied scheming,
Is woe to me and death to thee,
O! bid adieu to idle dreaming;
Think not that wealth is all redeeming;
It is as changing as the sea,
Thy love is richer far to me,
Than mines of gold can ever be.

"If then thou dost disdain my offer,
All hopes of wealth we must forego,
Let gold enrich some miser's coffer,
I've nothing now but love to proffer;—
And I accept—for well I know
That sweetest pleasures ever grow,
The richest where love's streamlets flow."

Selected Story.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Some few evenings ago the rector of a little seaside parish sat conning his books in the quiet of his own study.

It was a wild October evening, the wind twirling up the short drive that lay between the front door of the house and the gate in the shrubbery which divided the grounds from the highway.

Mr. Ferguson was puzzled over his work, bothered, in fact; finally he sought assistance of the interior order of creation, to wit: his wife, who sat opposite to him, busily knitting children's socks.

"Kate!" he ejaculated in an injured tone.

"Well John?"

"These accounts are a frightful nuisance. I wish I had never undertaken such a piece of business; it's no end of work for me, and not half a dozen of the people will thank me for it after all."

Mr. Ferguson perfectly revelled in all sorts of parish work; but he was a man who delighted in a good, hearty grumbling now and then, and his wife, understanding his moods well, always found it an excellent plan to treat him homœpathically. "Suppose you shut that book up, John, and let us chat for an hour.—The people won't be coming up for their money before Thursday or Friday, and this is only Monday."

"The people will be coming up for their money, you most procrastinating woman," answered the husband, "Suppose you were to help me now instead of going on with that eternal knitting; we might manage this between us, and have the gossip you are longing for afterwards. Now, then, who is Simon Green—the one on the common? And did he have money out in April to buy a pig? Now we shall get on, perhaps."

The knitting vanished, and the pair were soon immersed in club accounts, Mrs. Ferguson's capital memory supplementing the rector's rather carelessly kept accounts admirably. An hour's work brought them to the end of their labors; and Mrs. Ferguson, on going to a large, old-fashioned desk and drawing therefrom three canvas bags full of gold and silver, had the satisfaction of finding the sum they contained tallied exactly with what was required to pay all the depositors in the club their proper amounts.

"I shall be glad when we get rid of it," she said as she replaced the bags. "I am so unused to having such a sum of money as £70 in the house that I don't feel quite safe with it. It's to be hoped we shal never be rich, Kate. I've been accustomed to having £200 a year so long now, that I should feel out of my element with a large income."

"By the by, was Sarah to come home to-night?" asked the husband.

"Not till to-morrow. She wanted one more day to see a sailor that was coming home. I think, if you don't mind, John, I shall not keep Sarah longer than Christmas. I don't like some of her ways."

"Then, my dear, it's your duty to try and improve them. You took the girl out of charity; don't give her up in a hurry."

"I am not in a hurry, indeed. It is quite two months since I found her reading a letter of mine, which I left open on the table; and that is not a pleasant habit for a servant girl to have, is it? I talked to her kindly, but I believe she does the same sort of thing still, when she has the chance."

"Then, don't give her a chance, Kate, You never see me leaving my letters about [Oh, John!] or if I do they are such as are not of the least consequence."

"I did not know so well when I engaged Sarah what a bad character her family bore; one brother has been in prison twice."

"All the more reason for keeping her safe from evil influence. You shouldn't be too hasty, Kate; you are a dear little soul, but like all women, you judge too impulsively, and—Who's that, I wonder?"

A heavy step passed the window, followed by a ring at the hall bell. Mrs. Ferguson opened the study door as Jane, their steady, elder servant, passed down stairs, candle in hand.

"I wonder if that's Sarah come home to-night instead of to-morrow?" said her mistress.

"Lawd, no, ma'am, not likely," answered Jane, "but we'll soon see who it is," and pulling away the chain from the door, she opened it, disclosing a man's figure without. He was dripping wet, and had to hold his hat on with one hand, or the wind would have carried it far away; in the other hand he extended a large, damp, yellow envelope therein.—"A telegraft!" cried Jane, taking the message from him and passing it on to her mistress, who in her turn carried it to her husband, and watched his face anxiously as he opened and read it. A grave, perplexed look came over his features as he handed it back.

The message was from his brother at Fordham, a place forty miles distant, and ran thus:

"Come immediately—another fit—my father anxiously expects you."

"No help for it, Kate," said Mr. Ferguson, answering his wife's appealing look. "So much depends on my seeing him once more that I dare not choose but to go. How am I to get to the station, in time for the ten o'clock mail, I wonder? It's nearly nine now, and five miles on such a night as this would take me more than an hour to walk!"

"Walk you cannot, John," answered his wife. "I know," she added quickly—"the man who brought the message must go back past Mr. Holland's; I will write a note asking him to send his dog-cart up after you. Anything is better than walking; I know he will do it for you."

Mr Ferguson wrote her note hurridly, while her husband spoke to the telegraph official, who promised to go to Mr. Holland's at once.

When he had gone Jane stood looking blankly from master to mistress, and then said, dolefully, "And please, sir, what's to become of us?"

"Become of you? Why, you will stay and take care of the house, to be sure," said her master, rather shortly, Then, closing the study door upon himself and wife, he said, "But I don't half like the leaving you at such a time, and with only one servant, too, and all that money in the house. How awkwardly things happen sometimes."

He was so heartily concerned, so evidently uneasy, that, as a matter of course his wife cheered him up by assuming a bright courage that she was far from feeling. She lighted a candle and held out her hand. He understood the gesture.

"God bless them!" he said, and followed her up-stairs to where the children slept to give their little sleeping faces a farewell kiss.

As he stood by their beds he heard the horses coming up to the door—the half hour had passed too quickly; but another thought struck him at the last moment.

"Don't leave the money down stairs all night, Kate; put it in my dressing room, or stay, put it in yonder," and he pointed to a door partly covered with a curtain, "that's the safest room in the house. Good-by, my darling; I will telegraph then in the morning in time for the postman to bring the message. If I am not back to-morrow get Allen and his wife to stay in the house. God bless you; good by."

Another moment and he was gone, and Jane and her mistress looked like two very lonely and deserted females indeed, as they stood peering out into the darkness, listening to the wheels.

"Come, Jane, this will never do," said her mistress at last, wiping some rain drops and drops of another nature from her face. "Let us see that all the doors and windows are fast. Get your supper and tell me when you are ready for bed."

Then she re-entered the study and sat down to collect her thoughts somewhat after the hurry and turmoil of the last half hour.

The illness of her father-in-law: would he relent at the last and let her husband share his property with his other children? Differences arising out of John Ferguson's marriage with a dowerless woman, fomented by petty family jealousies, strengthened by the independent attitude the young man had assumed—such differences had been, after all, the heaviest grief of Mrs. Ferguson's married life. And now she pondered on them, till the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour of ten, and startled her out of her meditations.

"This is the night," she thought, "for winding the time-piece up," and she sought among the ornaments for the key. In her search she found something she had not expected—this letter, not in an envelope, slipped behind the time-piece most likely, as soon as read:

"DEAR SIR—The sum you name in your letter of the 6th, that is, £70, will be remitted to you in the form you request on Monday, the 10th inst. The receipt of Mr. Holland will be quite sufficient. We beg to remain yours obediently, WM. & FRED'K MATHERS, Managers Fordham Savings Bank."

"Oh, John, you careless man!" murmured his wife; and you say you never leave anything about! This is the 10th, so that has been lying there days. I suppose. I am very glad Sarah has been out most of the time."

"If you please, I'm going up stairs now, as soon as I've cleared these things away," said Jane, entering with a respectfully aggrieved air, "and glad I shall be to get to bed; for what with the night being so rough, and master his goin' off so suddint, I feel all queer like, and as if I had the cold shivers runnin' down the spine of my back."

When the servant left the room, Mrs. Ferguson, remembering her husband's injunction, took the bags of money from the desk, and carried them into the room he had desired, there locking them securely in a small closet or safe.

This done, she went and stole her younger born, Ruth, from her little cot, and carried her off to her own bed. A lingering good night over her darling Rosie, her six-year old daughter, whose sweet, tender young face looked wonderfully like her mother's, and soon Kate Ferguson was sleeping by her child, with her husband's likeness under her pillow, and a prayer for his quick return filling even her sleeping thoughts.

II.

It seemed to the mistress of the house that she had slept so long that morning must be near, when she awoke with an inexplacable feeling of fright, a feeling of something or some one near her.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up in the bed, and instinctively catching the sleeping child in her arms. No answer.

Only a distinct sound of breathing, and then a movement like a hand feeling along the wall towards her.

She began to tremble violently; nothing but the presence of the child on her panting bosom saved her from fainting.

"Who is it?" she cried, her voice so shaking and hollow that it awakened Ruth, who clung to her sleepy and scared.

This time she had an answer.

"We will do you no harm," a voice spoke out of the darkness, "if you give up that money you've got;" and then before Mrs. Ferguson could muster courage and breath to speak, another voice, out of the room apparently added in a rough under tone, "And tell her to look sharp about it, too."

"Two of them! O, God, help me!" she whispered to herself, and Ruth began to break into screams and sobs.

"Keep that brat quiet!" angrily muttered the voice on the landing, "and don't keep us here all night."

Now, surely, if ever a woman was in a miserable plight, Mrs. Ferguson was that woman. Not a house nearer than the Holland's, a full quarter of a mile off; no soul near to help her, for Jane, who worked hard all day, slept hard by night, and was [illegible] in a queer little room at the very top of the house; all alone—worse than alone, utterly helpless, and a woman who confessed to the usual share of feminine cowardice.

Still, she drew her breath, and there flashed from her heart a cry for help, and then for a few brief moments, she thought—thought with all her mind and soul! Was there any way for her out of this?

And her reason told her there was none.

"Come," said the voice in her own room, "I am a good-tempered chap enough but my mate's in a hurry;—don't provoke him. Look alive and tell us where to find the swag—money."

She groaned and shook, and all her limbs turned cold, as the voice drew nearer and nearer; and at the last words a heavy hand was laid upon the bed. Then further to torment her, came the thought that, once this money were gone, there would be none to meet the people with—the people who had saved it week by week, day by day, all the past year. Heavy drops ran down her shaking form; her hands turned numb and lips clammy and cold, while the beating of her heart was like the quick tolling of a bell—louder, louder—till it deafened her.

"I'll find a way to make her speak," said the second voice; "yere's another kid in this room." Then in an instant a thin streak of light shot across the landing and the next—

"Mother, mother, mother!" shrieked Rosie; and at that sound Ruth redoubled her cries, and the unhappy mother sprang up, clasping one child, mad to save the other.

"Silence, you fool," said the man beside her, speaking harshly for the first time.—"You'll drive that fellow to do the child mischief, if you don't do as I tell you.—Keep down, won't you?" For she was struggling to pass, to get across the room to Rosie—Rosie whose cries were sounding strangely stifled,—"Look here, if you don't give up this game, by the Lord, I'll knock you on the head if he don't." And clasping one wrist like a vice, the man held her fast, while with the other hand he turned on the light from a small lantern slung at his side. She lifted her eyes slowly, as fearing whom she might see; but there was little enough visible of the burglar's face—a wide hat, a thick, reddish beard, and loose, rough gray coat, were all she saw.

"Hush! hush!" she murmured to Ruth. "Mother will send them away; don't look at him," and she turned the baby's face towards herself; then raising her trembling voice, "Rosie, my darling, your mother is coming." But Rosie did not answer her. "Oh, my God!" she panted and looked up wildly.

"Mate," said the captor, loud enough for the other man to hear, "take your hand off that child's mouth if you aren't in a hurry to be strung up." The strange muffled sounds upon this broke out again into a wild cry, "Oh! mother, mother!"

"Now," said the man, "one good turn deserves another. You're plucky enough for a woman, but I can't waste all the night talking to you;" and then he gave her a look that made her shiver from head to foot anew. "Bundle those two brats of your's into one bed, and come and get us what we want.

She seemed powerless now, and her very soul fainted within her as she crept after the tall dark figure over the landing into Rosie's room.

"Oh, my child!" cried the poor woman, and essayed to run to the little bed where lay the small figure pinioned down by the heavy grasp of a taller, darker man than her own captor.

"Hands off, now! Just put that other one in here along of this one, and I'll take and turn the key on 'em both, while you take us yonder to what we're looking after.

No choice but to obey; no passionate kisses and a low "God keep you;" and between the two men she was marched from the room, followed by the children's pitiful cries, their wild, frightful sobs.

She led them down the first short flight of stairs to which, as we have already said, was partly overhung with a curtain. This door opened into a room which had been used by Mr. Ferguson's predecessor as an oratory. The rectory had been built in the time of the late rector, and consequently very much to suit his taste and fancies.

One more peculiarity of the room to note; the doors—for there were two—fastened with a spring on being pushed to, and could only be reopened by a hand accustomed to the task, and they also were furnished with heavy bolts on the outside; one door opened on the landing, the other, a smaller one, in one side of the recess at the further end, led into a bed room which had been Mr. Ferguson's predecessor's, and whence he could go in and out of his favorite oratory at any hour of the day or night, as it pleased him.

Here, as the kitchen clock below struck the hour of three, stood the strange trio—the muffled, disguised men, the trembling, white-faced woman.

But one of them carried a light; the other had left his lantern outside.

"Now," said the darker of the men, "here's the room, you say; we can finish this business pretty quick."

The small safe, let into the wall, was directly before them; below it four drawers reached down to the floor; in the lowest of these at the back of it Mrs. Ferguson had laid the key.

She pointed silently to the drawer, which they at once dragged out, with too much strength for they jerked it quite out on the floor. One of them suddenly turned, particularly about making a noise, and bade their unwilling helper "shut the door." As she felt the spring catch securely beneath hand there suddenly flashed upon her a thought—a hope—a way of saving that fatal money.

From the look the men had cast around the room, Mrs. Ferguson was sure that they know nothing of their whereabouts.

"Shut the door," the man had said, and never so much as cast a look towards where was the other door, completely concealed in the shadow of the recess.

Every pulse beating wildly, she glanced furtively across the room—through the tall, narrow, church-like window yonder she could see a faint thread of light on one side which told her that the further door stood unlatched.

"Oh heaven help me, and give me time," she prayed; but her hand shook so that it could scarcely obey her quick thought. Another moment, and she took her exact position; the men stooped over the keys, the lamp on the floor, and she had flung her shawl over the lamp, darted across the room, out into the room beyond, and flung to the door with force.

Yet more to be done, She drew the the bolts with frenzied speed, above, below—that way was safe; then with the passionate strength of the moment, she sped through the room, out on the landing to the curtained door, and made that fast from without, while the furious captives beat at it from within; ah, then, her fortitude forsook her, and a thousand fears she had not counted on most cruelly beset her. She slid down a few stairs, clinging to the rail; then loosing her hold, fell heavily on the stone floor of the hall below.

III.

Mr. Ferguson had reached his nearest station in safety, and sent back the wraps his careful wife had guarded him with, and started by the ten o'clock train for Fordham.

The rain beat on the windows as the train flew along in the darkness, and presently a prolonged whistle told him that they were approaching a certain junction where he would have to wait some ten minutes or so.

Two or three lamps on the platform by which they drew up, showed some few passengers and a couple of sleepy porters. Another train had just come in from the opposite direction from Fordham, now only fifteen miles distant; and some of its passengers had alighted and were making their way past the line of carriages.

Looking out upon his fellow travelers without much curiosity or interest, Mr. Ferguson caught eight of a face he little expected to see. Shouting to a porter to open the door of his compartment, he sprang out and grasped the arm of a man very much like himself—in fact, his own elder brother.

"George," he exclaimed, "were you going for me? Is father worse?"

"What on earth do you mean, and where did you spring from?" was his answer.

"Oh, George, did you not telegraph to me this evening that father had just had another fit?"

"Most certainly I did not!"

"Oh, my wife, my wife!" said the clergyman; and then he staggered to a heap of luggage and sat down and hid his face in his hands. His brother saw the matter was serious; so he let his own train pass on without resuming his journey, and was soon in possessession of all the explanation John Ferguson could give.

"Porter," he asked, "what time does the night train go through to Wheelborough?"

"At 1:25, sir," answered the man, "reaches Wheelborough at 3:15."

The distance was five and twenty miles; the present time a quarter, or, by the time the explanation was ended, half-past eleven.

"No help for it, John; we couldn't pick up a horse, nor yet a pair, that would be ready to start this time of night and get us to Wheelborough before a quarter past two. Come, old fellow, cheer up; it's no use taking for granted everything you dread!"

But George Ferguson thought in his own mind that matters looked black enough to justify any amount of fears, and had hard work to find hopeful talk for the next two hours. He tried family matters—anything to pass away the time in vain; his brother's mind was filled with overwhelming anxiety, his eyes peered up the line to catch the first glimpse of the approaching train.

At last the shrill whistle, the glaring lights creeping nearer and nearer, the minute's stoppage, and then off again homewards—and he began to dread the moment he longed for.

At Wheelborough the two brothers struck at once from the station on their five mile walk; and as they left the further outskirts of the town, the church clock chimed half-past two o'clock.

George Ferguson could barely keep up with his brother's rapid stride, and thought him half crazy with excitement when he saw him lightly leap a ditch, and start running across a broken piece of ground.

"George," cried the rector, pointing to his own house, not a stone's throw distant, "look at that light!" And through the long narrow window of the oratory a light shone plainly.

"Good God, if we are too late!"

The brothers scarcely knew how they covered the remaining distance. A blow at the hall window and their force at the shutters within, and they made good their entrance to see—Kate Ferguson lying senseless on the floor; to hear the wailing and crying of the children overhead; and a strange sound of low voices whispering and hands cutting away at woodwork.

Late, indeed, they were, but not too late. An out door bell, set clanging, soon called ready help from the village, while Jane already roused by the sounds, but too frightened to venture from her room alone, busied herself over her unconscious mistress.

The captives in the oratory fought like cats, and one of them gave George Ferguson a bite in the arm, the mark of which he will carry as long as he lives—that was Rough Dick. Gentleman Jim turned sullen, and submitted to the force of numbers at last with better grace.

When on their trial, two months later, Gentleman Jim paid Mrs. Ferguson several compliments, and assured the judge before whom they were tried that he esteemed it no disgrace to have been trapped by such a brick of a woman.

The gang to which the two thieves belonged had received all their information from Sarah's brother, who was a sort of hanger on to their brotherhood, and to whom had been intrusted the sending of the lying telegram which had so comfortably disposed of the matter.

Home Reading.

A CLOSE, HARD MAN.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved;
He pinched and shaved;
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollars he toiled to gain
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray.
The years went by, and his hair grew gray,
His checks grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting, and man but dust,
The heirs were gay
That laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarreled now, who had little cared
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared.
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave.
All their gold some day
Will melt away
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

BALLOONS.

The ascent of an intrepid aeronaut, taking it altogether, affords one of the finest proofs of the art and courage of man. The great Roman lyrist (Horace) justly observed that it was a singular act of daring on the part of the first man who, in a frail and feeble bark, exposed himself to the violence of the watery element, but, had he lived in our days, he would, most probably, have granted the wreath to the aeronaut. Man, from the earliest times, must have been more or less acquainted with the sea; he saw other terrestrial animals swim; he soon learned that simple and useful art, for purposes of exercise and recreation. The knowledge of that art alone must have removed half the terrors attendant on his first essay to guide his bark or canoe up and down familiar rivers.—Having once attained that object, he enlarged the sphere of his action; he went on by slow degrees advancing and improving, until at length he spreads his sails on the bosom of the ocean, took leave of his native shore, and made the work of his hands a link that connects the most distant climes of the world. The attempt of the aeronaut, less useful and less splendid in its results, requires more real daring, and more constancy of mind. The aerial vessel is of the most delicate and fragile construction; its course is so rapid that in less than the twinkling of an eye the adventurer is placed in a state of dangerous elevation; he does not, like the mariner, approach the point of apparent insecurity by slow and cautious degrees; his is a sudden and mighty flight—he soars toward heaven, majestic and rapid, and beautiful in his course. The beauty of his vessel, the rapidity of his motion, the association of attendant dangers, all give to this spectacle the features of the sublime.

A desire to fly has prevailed in all ages, and most children have a wish to imitate the birds. Roger Bacon, born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, was the first that is known to have conceived the idea of rising in the air, supported by exhausted balls of thin copper. He was ignorant of the existence of light air, endowed with as great an elastic force as common air, and, therefore, though his example of light balls was the same as that on which balloons are now Made, it was impracticable. Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, is the first person who is known to have suggested the possibility of enclosing inflammable air so as to render it capable of raising a vessel in the atmosphere, which is stated in his lectures in 1767-8; and M. Cavallo, in 1772, first made experiments on the subject, but he was unable to retain the air in any material light enough for the purpose, except a thick solution of soap, which the practice of children had shown would ascend even with respired air rarified by heat. In the same year, Stephen and John Montgolfier, paper manufacturers, of Annonay, about ten leagues from Lyons, filled a silken bag rarified by burning paper, which rose, first in a room, and afterward to the height of seventy feet in the open air. Several repetitions of the experiment were made in the ensuing year, and finally dry straw and chopped wool were consumed instead of paper.—One of their balloons, about thirteen feet in diameter, rose to the height of 3,000 feet in two minutes. At length, on the 15th of October 1783, M. Pilatre de Roziere rose from the Faubourg St. Honore, in Paris, in a wicker "gallery" about three feet broad, attached to an oval balloon of 74 feet by 48 feet, which had been made by Montgolfier, and which also carried up a brazier or grate for the purpose of continuing at pleasure the inflation of the balloon by a fire of straw and wool. The weight of this machine was 1,000 pounds. On that day it was permitted to rise no higher than 84 feet, but on the 19th, M. Giraud de Villette ascended with him; they rose to the height of 532 feet, being prevented from further ascent only by ropes. In November of the same year, M. P. de Roziere and the Marquis d' Arlanzas first