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MONTROSE, SUSQ'A COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1875.

NUMBER 23.

Miscellaneous.

THE

Bemocrat tlontrose

www. Susquehanna County, Pa. ornig West Side of Public Avenue

se the Localand General News, Poetry, Sto of the Missellaneous Reading Correspond a retable class of advertisements. Idvertising Rates:

of an inch space, 18 weeks, or less mouths, \$2.50; 6 months, \$4.50; d. bern discount on advertisements of Easters Locals, 10 cts, a line for fit a time caches between the continuents, a line caches to the caches between the caches between the caches between the caches between the caches to be caches the caches between the caches the caches

FINE JOB PRINTING A SPECIALTY !

Quick Work. - Try Us. B. HAWLEY, - WM. C. CRUSER.

Business Cards.

GREEN & MACKEY. Green and N. C. Mackey, have this day en-ya Magnal to Partnership, for the practic reaches Eurgery, and are prepared to atten than calls in helling of their profession s cay and night. Apr., 14, 1875,-a-21.

H. D. BALDWIN, M. D.,

LIB AND COLLECTION OFFICE. ATSON Attorney at Law, Montrose, Penn'a, tolerations Premptly Attended to, we managewel to Orphans' Court Practice, who may a tolerate on Public Avenue, opposite the Tarbelt House, 1855.

Dir W. SMITH. thes (welling, next door north of Dr Foundry street, where he would be these in want of Dental Work. He at he can please all, both in quality of Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 P. m. 1551-16

ALLEY HOUSE. Stuated near the Eric Railway De commodious house, has undergon Newly furnished rooms and sleep add lables, and allthings compris

INT PROPLE'S MARKET. Paulife Hans, Proprietor.
Salved Meals, Hans, Pork, Bologna Sathe best quality, constantly on hand, a i Jan. 14, 1878.-1v

BILLINGS STROUD. In the ISSURANCE AGENT. Ale attended to promptly, on fair terms. Offic.

**sstel the bank of Win, ii. Cooper & Counte. Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.]

BILLINGS STROUD.

CHARLEY MORRIS IBALBER, has moved his shop to the cupied by E. McKebzie & Co., where he i EDGAR A. TURRELL,

LAT LAW. No. To (Feb. 11, 1874,-1v) LITTLES & BLAKESLEE

otitos, Oct. 15, 1872.

W. B. DEANS,
D. Seeket (utlery, Stereoscopic Views, Yankee Co. Seeket (utlery, Stereoscopic Views, Yankee Co. Seeket (utlery, Stereoscopic Views, Yankee Co. Seeket (utlery, Stereoscopic Views, Montrose, W. B. BEANS,

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

RillNoTON wishes to inform the public that the field the Exchange liotel in Montroee, he propared to accommodate the traveling public

H BURRITT. a; ic and Fancy Drr Goods, Crockery, Hard-Stoves, Drugs, Olle, and Paints, Boots Hats and Caps, Fure, Buffalo Robes, Grorechions, &c. forti, la., Nov. 6, '72-tl.

Ang 28, 1973.

F D LANK N D

DR D. A LATHROP, Street, Call and consul in all Chron

Jan. 17, '72.- no3-if. DR S W DAYTON

IN & SURGEON, tenders his services to your of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his composite Barnum House, G't Bend village LEWIS KNOLL, SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

AVING AND BAIR DIBBOOKS.

Avinew Postoffice bindling, where he will ready to attend all who may want anything Montrose Pa. Oct. 18 1869. CHARLES N. STODDARD. Boo'r and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and gr. Math Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store under and repairing done neatly, use Jan. 1 1870.

DR W. L. RICHARDSON, Is IAN & ACROBON, tenders his professional revious editizens of Montrose and vicinity, atta seasiderse, on the corner castof Sayre & Foundry [Aug. 4. 1869.

SCOVILL & DEWITT.

at Law and Solicitors in Bankrupky. Office out, Street over City National Bank, Blug-Y WH. H. SCOVILLE. HE. H. SCOVILIA

URNS the place to get Drugs and Medcines
Fobacco, Pipes, Pocket Books, Speciales
ex Noncons, &c. Brick Block
et. Pa., May Sth., 1875. H. A. LYON,

EAGLE DRUG STORE.

or to Anel Turrell, denier in Drugs Medicine mate. Faints, Cibs, Dye-stuffs, Tens, Spice Goods, Jewelry, Periumery, &c. 1993, 1875.

L. F. FIXCH, ORNET AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Mon The Office west of the Court House. Patrose, January 27, 1875. 291

A. O. WARREN, AL . LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension on Claims attended to. Office firstion boyd's Store, Montrese, Pa. [Au. 1, 6] W. A. CROSSMON,

Tory at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Manistoner's Office. W. A. CROSENON. J. C. WHEATON, .

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

6. W. SMITH. NEALT AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Por Vanaticet, Montrose, Pa. lacg. 1, 1869. M. C. SUTTON. COTTONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT,

retunt Priendsville, Pa. D. W. SEARLE, AFTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of R. Jenager, in the Brick Block, Montrose Pa. 18016 J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM, Montrose, May 10, 1871.

AMI ELY,

120 Court Street, G. W. MERETRAV, Address, Brooklyn, Pa. H. P. BROWN. Oct. 23, 1874.

County Business Directory

(wo lines in this Directory, one year, \$1.50; each ad ditional line, 50 cents. MONTROSE

WM. HAUGHWOUT, Sitter, Wholesale and Retaidealer in all kinds of state rooting, state paint, etc. Roofs repaired with state paint to order. Also, state paint for sale by the gallon or barrel. Montrose, Pa. RILLINGS STROUD, Genera Fire and Life (near ance Agents; also, sell Railroso and AccidentTicket to New York and Philadelphia. Office of acdooreast of the Bank. of the Bank,
BOYD & CORWIN, Bealers in Stoves, Hardware
and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheetiron ware, corner
of Main and Termpikestreet.

A. N. BULLAKD, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions,
Books, Statione and Yankee Notions, at head of
Public Avenue. WM. H. COOPER & CO., Bankers, sell Foreign Pas-eage Tickets and Drafts on England, Ireland and Scot-land.

W.M. L. COX, Harness maker and dealer in all article usually kept by the trade, opposite the flank. AMES E. CARMALT, Attorney at Law. Office one door below Tarbell House, Public Avenue. NEW MILFORD.

SAVINGS BANK, NEW MILFORD, -Fix per cent. I
terest on all Deposits. Does a general Banking Bu
ness. -ull-tf S. B. CHASE & CO. ness. 411-41
S. B. CHASE & CO.
R. GARRET & SON. Dealers in Flour, Feed. Me.
Salt, Lime, Cement, Groceries and Provisions:
Main Street, opposite the Depot.

Main Street, opposite the Deput.
F. KIMBER, Carriage Maker and Undertaker
Main Street, two doors below Hawley's Store. GREAT BEND. I. P. DORAN, Merchant Tailor and dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions Main Street.*

Banking, &c.

BANKING HOUSE

MONTROSE, PA.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE. COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS AND PROMPTLY ACCOUNTED FOR AS HERETOFORE.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE FOR SALE.

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OUPONS AND CITY AND COUNTY BANK CHECKS CASHED AS USUAL. CEAN STEAMER PASSAGE TICK-

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

ETS TO AND FROM EUROPE.

In the future, as in the past, we shall endeavr to transact all money business to the satisaction of our patrons and correspondents WM. H. СООРЕК & CO.,

Iontrose, March 10, '75.-tf. Bankers.

Authorized Capital, - \$500,000 00. Present Capital, 100,000 00.

MONTROSE, PA.

WILLIAM J. TURRELL, President. 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, Susquehauna 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

120 Wyoming Avenue,

RECEIVES MONEY ON DEPOSIT FROM COMPANIES AND INDIVID-UALS, AND RETURNS THE SAME ON DEMAND WITHOUT PREVI-OUS NOTICE, ALLOWING INTER-EST AT SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF YEARLY, ON THE FIRST DAYS OF JANO ARY AND JULY. A SAFE AND RE-LIABLE PLACE OF DEPOSIT FOR LABORING MEN, MINERS, ME-CHANICS, 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 IN-STITUTION, AND ONE WHICH IS NOW RECEIVING THE SAVED EARNINGS OF THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF SCRANTON MIN-ERS AND MECHANICS.

DIRECTORS; JAMES BLAIR, SANFORD GRANT, GEORGE FISH-ER, JAS. S. SLOCUM, J. H. SUTPHIN, C. P. MATTHEWS, DANIEL HOW ELL, 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 WED. NESDAY AND SATURDAY EVE. NINGS UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK.

The Newest Sensation! JOHN GROVES'

TAILORING ESTABLISHMEN MONTROSE, PA.

RUSH OF CUSTOMERS. All Work WARRANT-ED TO GIVE SATISFACTION IN EYERY RES-CCT. Examine our prices and give us a trial. JOHN GROVES,

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., PICKERING, 120 Court Street,

Select Loctry.

FADING.

The Past is fading, tading, Never to come again ; The cypress tree is shading Half of the sunny plain : nchanged, I wot, is each well-known scene,

just so the lark from the meadow surung. When life and I alike were young; Just so the primrose peep'd to light, When I and April hail'd the sight,

Yet, Nature's self, pervading, Is the sense of something gone The Past is fading, fading, And the wheel of time rolls on The Past is fading, fading, And gather'd in its hold.

Its mighty pinions lading, Is much we prized of old : The grass grows rank over many a grave Of the young and toyous and gay and brave : Many a well-loved voice is hush'd, Many a golden hope is crushed lany a happy dream is over.

The Past is fading, fading, The blood runs cold and slow : Harsh wisdom is degrading The creeds of long ago. The Past is fading, fading,

We cling and pray in vain Where the cypress tree is shading The tombs of all the slain. Slain by the years and put aside, The darlings of love, the idols of pride One by one the frail links part, Hand drops from hand, and heart from heart One by one the sweet things given To brighten Earth go back to Heaven

Till love and life, pervading, Sigh the sense of something gone, And the Past is fading, fading, And the wheel of Time rolls on.

Sclected Story.

FAITH MURRAY'S VOW.

BY WM. O. STODDARD

Not an ungenerous girl was Faith Murray by any means, and her honest blue eyes were very pleasant and kindly to look into. A part, nevertheless, of Faith's otheritance from her high headed Scotch ancestry, had been a somewhat hasty and jealous disposition, and a good ly share of their own unyielding obstinay. As her mother was apt to remark at

dark eyed was Curt, and his white teeth

or temale. LL. President.

Came so utterly to grief in his "manage—could imagine of Curt Howland's oroouting at home over his defeat.

The quilting was thronged with young the defeat. D. D. SEARLE, Vice President. ment" of Faith Murray. He was as true N. L. LENHEIM, Cashier. as steel, and she knew it; but his universal popularity had shaped itself, strange ly enough, into one of her pet grievances, and this she had nursed into such strength that its evil energy burst forth, at last just at the wrong time and place.

Openly, angrily, and in the hearing of others even, had Faith told Curt, on their return from the fast pic-nic and boating party of the season, that she "would nev er put her foot into a boat of his again. ourt would have replied with a laugh : "Then I'll always have to borrow one

for you of somebody else." rom that time forth, the source nosed but light built and almost handsome skiff, which had carried so merry a party to the pic-nic, had never, since that day, been loosed from its chain at the head of the little cove where the Howland farm

came down to the river. When the winter approached, the boa had been taken out, of course, and carefully carried to its customary shed near the great barns, but Faith felt very sure had been permitted to step within it. As week had followed week, and month broad and merry tace had seemed to grow

a trifle grave and thoughtful; but his thoughts, however serious they may have been, had taught him little additional been, had taught him little additional wisdom. If they had, he would have known bette: than to say what he did to Faith when he made his first out-and-out effort at reconciliation.

growing 102 near place, 101 g ping piace, at first, until she recalled now bluff and steep the banks were on either side of the river for miles below the account of the shows below the constant of the control of the first out. known bette: than to say what he did to Faith when he made his first out-andout effort at reconciliation.

He had refused all along to be on any

had treated his boat. She had fairly warmed towards him, one day, when she learned of his borrowing a skiff to go duck-hunting, and yet she had muttered:

It was a clear, beautiful night, just the thing for irons to anap under such circumstances, and, if Faith was dismayed the caves of the house. The tinkle of deal more inclined to a hearty thanks.

It was a clear, beautiful night, just the thing for irons to anap under such circumstances, and, if Faith was dismayed for a moment. Curt Howard felt a good deal more inclined to a hearty thanks. "He said he would borrow a boat to the falling drops, however, with now and giving.

take me out in, but I'll teach him a les-

And yet, even when he went after her he blundered, just like himself, from the breakfast?

"Hooks as if he was going to carry all the girls in the neighborhood," and her blue eyes had darkened, and her fair checks had flushed with fresh vexation.

She was, every bit, ready to take fire, therefore, a few minutes later when her checks, and the fair therefore, a few minutes later when her checks, and the fair to give it.

There must be time enough for that, yet, ing at her heart as she listened, but she ing at her heart as she listened, b

oo open hearted admirer, asked : "You'll step into my sleigh, won't you, Faith, even though you won't put your

foot into my boat ¿"
And she answered, sharply; "No, indeed, sir, I don't care to ride in an omnibus. You will doubtless have plenty of company without me." If Curt had seemed to make light of the rebuff at the summer pic-nic, it was very different now, and there was some-

ness of the fact-and the only person

ie, but turned steadily and indignantly toward the door, and in another minute, I'm afraid.' the quick, sharp, jingle of bells told Then they won' Faith that his sleigh was, like his boat, doomed to go empty of lady passengers 'Hark!' again crie intil her own feet came back to it. Up to that moment Curt's mind had been occupied only with joyous anticipations of reconciliation with Faith, and of down the river on a run! the fun he would have on the sleigh ride, going and coming, as well as at the quilt-Now, however as his fleet team drew him swiftly alor g the river, predis-

It is very strange how differently the orld will look to a man in one frame of mind and another. That morning the oun had been cheery, the sleighing had been extraordinarily good, and Curt's merry eyes had discovered no flaws in the prospects, but now, as if his wits were snapped by Faith Murray's rough reply, ne began to discern that the snow was remarkably soft and soggy; that although the first freeze of the winter had been a hard one, and the ice had tormed thick and strong, there had now, for several days past, there had been altogether too much sunshine; and there was no such thing as telling what the effect might

crossing and recrossing, and the former

Neither to the right hand or to the left did he turn, however, and, by the time Faith Murray and her friends were on their way to the quilting, Curt Howlard's All this Curt Howland did not know,

ing to its unocupied space.
As for Faith herself, she had hardly heavy moustache, in a smile that betoken-ed good will to every soul he met, male Herring assumed for himself a species of personal triumph, as he compared his own position and occupation with what he could imagine of Curt Howland's brood-

people and old, from far and near, but Don't be scared. Faith, I won't leave good old-fashioned hours were kept, nevyon! ertheless, and all the more so, probably, because of the anticipated pleasure of the deigh ride afterwards.

If Faith Murray had any remorseful promptings concerning her conduct, she certainly gave no external token thereof,

Perhaps a keen observer, like her own himsy. mother, if only that good old lady neither thought or cared what might be the source of her high spirits. When at last the quilting bee broke up, those but little sorry for that, to tell the truth whose homeward way did not permit or even that she held the reins in her them to drive in the direction of the riv- own hand, for she knew how to manage er, were half disposed to envy those whose them far better than the panic stricken better fortune was to lead them across its youth who had deserted her, while the broad, smooth surface. They little dream colts themselves were getting the first The Detroit Judge meets a Tarter.

them ever among rugged hills and heav-As week had followed week, and month
after month went by, Curt Howland's ily drifted valley.

Some how or other, instead of going to the water's edge, not a great way further lingered and lounged in front of his the river. She thought it a strange stop-placed his hand upon his heart, "gaze on glowing log-heap five-place, long a ter ping place, at first, until she recalled how me and be happy." hed at his usual hour, Curt Howland had down stream, but in the very middle of

And yet, even when he went after her blundered, just like himself, from the course I can, promptly replied of the big sleigh.

Of course I can, promptly replied of the big sleigh.

Curt. and you've done a right good thing.

The river is rising. There is a great good coming down! exclaimed Curt.—

'In half an hour the island will be under years old, were playing on the ice when years old, were playing on the ice

bed, so long as there's any body likely to river again, and every-where the signs of be in danger. Drag out your sleigh—is the approaching 'break-up' were growing that it? Well, there's room for more more and more fearful and threatenthan two, there is.'

Cart Howland's movements were always more rapid and decisive than they seemed, and it was marvelous how quickly he and Jake were whirling down toward the customary crossing.

In one thing Curt had been woefully shallower up here, and the horses will mistaken, and that was in the probable find their footing sooner after we break thing in the pained, hurt, disappointed hour for the quilting to break up. Even un. expression of his manly and really hand-

"rise" were beginning to show themselves in the ominous grouning of the ice as the And now the booming, moaning sound

We shall hardly have time to get across, 'Then they won't need no warnin','

hoarsely, this time, and with something and pile. It's breaking now! See it!like pain in the intensity of his utterance see the great cakes go over and over!
'f did hear it! There's a team coming 'But Curt,' responded the almost shiv-'I did hear it! There's a team coming Jake Robinson himself heard it now

and exclaimed:
'It does sound mighty like a runaway, I declare. Just hark at them bells!

The horses of the sleighing party had recognized the signs of approaching danger much more promptly than had their masters, nor had it been at all difficult, in most cases, for their skillful drivers to tha! there it comes! Down in the bothead the frightened but willing brutes tom of the boat Faith, I must use my

understand the situation at first, and had lasted to the notes went into the water, the crackunderstand the situation at first, and had had had only so the flood; and then instead of bling refusal to go forward. Even when he consented to wheel them, he had not ed herself, she was conscious of an easy,

both him and the horses.

In a moment more the fright of the now and then putting in an extra spurt latter was a 'wild runaway,' right down of speed over the smooth and glaring the river, and certainly had one good result from her hiding place, but the color surface. ult, for it bore the sleigh and its occupants came fast into her cheeks again as she swiftly away from what was fast becom- did so.

racing speed, behind a light sleigh, in and boat at the same time did you, Faith? were perpetually gleaming through his ever seemed in such exuberant spirits as heavy moustache, in a smile that betoken she displayed that evening, and Mr. Silas which he know a limit to the shortly arose a female form, which he knew only too well, while a sawer that came just then, and Faith clear, firm voice exclaimed:

[dear, firm voice exclaimed : felt specially relieved at the remark which is the same just then and faith clear, firm voice exclaimed : felt specially relieved at the remark which is the same just then are the same just the "O Curt, the ice is breaking! Drive instantly followed,

ashore right away !'

dropped them and jumped out upon the ant. happy almost cooling tones of a deep, It was a rash and foolish thing to do,

That's it, Jake i guron muer the run-Jake obeyed heroically, and he found

rce.
Faith was alone in her sleigh now, and that no other female foot since her own had been permitted to step within it. meant by the island; a low lying bit of ness, and as she got around in front of duck marsh and drift wood hardly above the desk, she squealed: meant by the island; a low lying bit of ping place, at first, until she recalled how bluff and steep the banks were on either

out effort at reconciliation.

He had refused all along to be on any other than "speaking terms," and had left Faith to do her own quarreling in a volume dropped to the noor. Then, to have the hour speaking terms," and had left Faith to do her own quarreling in a left Faith to do he way that was exceedingly impolite and exasperating.

She had fairly longed to see him show some signs of temper or sentiment, and she had derived no small degree of satisfaction from the manner in which she had treated his boat. She had fairly warmed towards him, one day, when she sort for a sleigh ride and not so cold but

sou yet."

Perhaps Curt thought he had learned all the lesson that was necessary, but, at all depends one fine December 18. The state of could be made of the possible that such a man had nerves? But no swiftly down the passenger?

he drove was biggest of all the half dozen or so that were hitched in front of Squire or so that were hitched in front or so that were hitched in fro

re, but I don't go into no ition, for Curt was driving flercely up the

ng. 'Why don't you drive down?' she ask-

expression of his manly and really handsome face that would have carried the day some face that would have carried the day in his favor under any other circumstances.

Every girl in the room was on his side in a moment—but Faith's rosy cheeks burned only the hotter for her conscious
burned only the fact—and the only person of the control of the contr

present who first any satisfaction, was Silas Herring, the village lawyer, who was now sure of his good fortune to offosty fetters. Beyond a doubt they ficiate as Faith Murray's escort to and from the quilting.

As for Curt himself, not a word said.

As for Curt himself, not a word said.

Every minute seemed an hour, but now, at last, Curt exclaimed: "Hurrah, Faith! We are beyond the deep channel, I think. Back there the 'Hark !' again cried Curt Howland, but current is swift, and the ice will break

ering beauty, don't you see that the ice is parting from the shore ahead of us, just because it piles up out yonder? I can tell by the moon-light on the water. O Curt, dear, it is dreadful to be drowned appear to suggest an interference with the contemplated merry-making.

Curt's breath would have come even but it's even worse to think that I've brought you out here, too. Can't you more flercely, if he had known the whole

bad to von !"

toward safety and the shore.

The single exception had been in the young and stylish, but ill-broken span over which Sile Herring held the reins; for the gay young lawyer was not only not a skillful driver, but he had failed to the horses went into the water, the crack-ing, of ice, mingled with the rought. Up and down the white expanse he gazed, here and there he saw light cutters and even heavy-ladened wood-sleighs term and the heavy-ladened wood-sleighs both him and the horses. Then, at last, her astonishment got the

"Faith is a dear girl, but she needs management, and it isn't everybody that knows how."

Not "everybody," indeed; and assurdly not such a bluff, frank, straight-forward, up-and-down fellow as Curtis Howland.

Tall, broad-shouldered, curly-headed, dark argurages of Curt ward.

Tall, broad-shouldered, curly-headed, dark argurages of Curly broads and assurd the house with all his buffalo-robes, blankets, clumsiness and disgrace still clings for its uncoupied space.

Netther to the right dand or to the girl chand of the fight to a small plant measuring only a few inches. Its leaf is large and peculiar from being covered it all over with plant measuring only a few inches. Its leaf is large and peculiar from being covered with a short, silvery halr, and covered it all over with robust all over with ro 'Oh, Curt forgive me!' was all the

> 'There are the horses-safe on their And he shouted in r-ply.
>
> And he shouted in r-ply.
>
> Head 'em for the island, Sile—you can draw them in there. I'll follow right on.
>
> Head 'em for the island, Sile—you can look at the lanterns along the shore, there Down went Faith Murray's head am-And then another form had risen in the sleigh, and Faith Murary herself caught the falling reins as Sile Herring locks, she could plainly hear the exultmusical voice, that repeated her name

over and over, with other words that and led the fun as though she had never heard of such a person as Curtis Howland.

It was a rash and noting to utility to had come to naught, and what a man among them was Curt Howland! here mare that sile Herring did indeed require that Sile Herring did indeed require but Silas Herring was not a keen observer, and the rest of the merry company wild spring and thump upon the hard wild spring and thump upon the hard some distance as a curiosity, wondering the margin and the strong arms once more walle what caused the pain and numbress in caught her up and bore her onward, his arm. Horses I have seen die in agony from Faith Murray's blushing face was ready to nestle close to Curt's shoulder, and she ed; but, strange to say, it does not seem to in the sting, the wounded parts becoming paralyz-

'No other boat but yours, if you'll forgive me-no, not so long as I live.'

Mrs. Dane bustled out, 'full of busi-"I demand to see the court" "Madam," replied his bonor, as he

me and be happy."
"What's the charge?" she inquired in shrill voice, as she turned to him. "Disturbing the peace, by fighting with your neighbors.' "Never did it-no, sir; all a lie. I demand my liberty!" she squealed, dan-ced up and down until her bonnet-strings

waved in the air like kite tails on a tele graph pole.

"Slowly and gently, madam, and don't keep such a high key," said his honor.

"Guess I'll talk as I want to; never was 'bused in my life-reg'lar 'spiracy to crush a decent woman!' she shricked

"Madam will you lower your voice?"
"No, I won't." "Will you shut up ?" = . . "

"No; I demand my liberty this very

"Will you allow me to get in a word or

Home Bending.

THE INFIDEL AND HIS DAUGHTER. [Suggested by reading a newspaper para raph describing the scene between the brave old Ethan Allen and his daughter, on the eve

of her death.] "The damps of death are coming fast, My father, o'er my brow; The past, with all its scenes, have fled And I must turn me now To that dim future, which in vain My eyes seek to dezery, Tell me, my inther, in this hour,

In whose belief to die.

"In thine? I've watched the scornful smi And heard thy withering tone, Whene'er the Christian's humble hope Was placed upon thine own : I've heard thee speak of coming death Without a shade of gloom.

And laugh at all the childish fears

"Or is it in my mother's faith? Now fondly do I trace Through many weary years long past That calm and saintly face; How often do I call to mind, (Now she's beneath the sod.) The place, the hour, in which she drew

That cluster 'round the tomb.

'Twas then she took this sacred Book And from its burning page, Read how its truths support the soul In youth and falling age; And bade me in its precepts live. And by its precepts die, That I might share a home of love

My eager thoughts to God.

In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,

Amid the gathering gloom, To Him whose promises of love Extend beyond the tomb? Or curse the Being who bath blessed This checkered heart of mine? Must I embrace my mother's faith, Or die, my sire, by thine?' The frown upon that warrier brow Passed like a cloud away.

'Not in mine," with choking voice, The skeptic made reply-But in thy mother's holy faith My daughter, may'st thou die."

That flowed not till that day.

And tears coursed down the rugged check,

THE STINGING TREE. One of the torments to which the traveler is subjected in the North Australian shrubs is a numbers. All of these, of every age and sex stinging tree (artica gigns,) which is very abun-could dance. Sometimes they carried on a dant, and ranges in size from a large shrub of thirty feet in height to a small plant measuring in the shoulder and under the arm, where small lumps often arise. Even when the sting has quite died away, the unwary bushman is forcibly reminded of his indiscretion each time that the affected part is brought into contact with water. The fruit is of a pink, fleshy color, hanging in clusters, and so inviting that a berry like berries are harmless in themselves. some contact with the leaves is almost upavoid able. The blacks are said to eat the fruit, but for this I cannot wouch, though I have tasted one or two at odd times, and found them very pleasant. The worst of this nettle is the tenlency it exhibits to shoot up wherever a clear ing has been effected. In passing Ale on was necessary to avoid the young plants that cropped up even in a few weeks. I have never known a case of its being fatal to human beings, but I have seen people subjected by it to great suffering, notably a scientific gentle-

ous anomaly is well known to all bushman. Cassell's Illustrated Travels, ---

jure cattle, who dash through the shrubs full of

without receiving any damage. This curi-

THE TRUE LADY. A lady correspondent writes very sensibly about the duty of a woman to be a lady, when she says: "Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape it bloom. Familiarity without love, t confidence, without regard, is destrue tive of all that makes woman exalting and en

"The world is wide, these things are small, They may be nothing, but they're all."

nobling--

Nothing! It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in women is immorality. Awkwardess may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But self-possession.unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor, may be reckoned as a penal offence, and certainly merits the mild form of restraint called impris onment for life. It is a shame for women to be Pegasus. ectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpire of songs of this simple and untutored people, and society. It is they to whom all mooted points the half not be told. should be referred. To be a lady is more than all the lesson that was necessary, but, at all events, one fine December day, he decided to call for Faith Murray and ask her to go with him on the grand sleigh was haulted for a moning party to the quilting bee, across the river. There would be such a magnificent drive on the ice, and such a splendid dappertunity to make up, and Curt had had had the matter very close to his heart and hopes.

And nerves? But no swiftly down the gasenger?

Even in that moment of awful peril, how will you ever get wision of a sleigh was haulted for a monit that moment of awful peril, how will you ever get wision of a sleigh was haulted for a monit that moment of awful peril, how will you ever get wision of a sleigh was haulted for a monit that moment of awful peril, how you get right out of here?

Howland!" shouted a deep, hoarse tively:

But no swiftly down the road came the sound of bells, and with however, Faith's obstinacy yielded slowly, and she was replying, half arguments tively:

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But no nerves? But no swiftly down the sound of bells, and with however, Faith's obstinacy yielded slowly, and she was replying, half arguments tively:

But Curt, how will you ever get wishore? Don't you see that the ice is going to sit here and be squalled at by an old woman like you, no matter it they down manulation of a sleigh was haulted for a monit that moment of awful peril, how vision of a sleigh was haulted for a monit time. "Well, now you get right out of here?"

But Curt, how will you ev that you confer honor. Carry yourself so lofty heart as she did with her body. A poor old that men will look up to you for reward, not at man was coming up the walk with a loaded towards woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman falls in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward burt. Our brains are seventy year clocks. The an-

gel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands breast. of the angel of resurrection,-Holmes.

It is better to need relief than to want tho the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

DIXIE MELODIES.

OLD TIME SONGS OF THE ROUSTABOUTS AND DECK HANDS.

No one who has ever heard the wild yet melodious songs of a negro steamboat crew, away down on the Mississippi River, while "wooding up," can forget it. The boat has landed at som quiet, uninhabitable looking sort of a place, and lays lazily alongside the full banks, while the overhanging cypress, with its long and graceful festoons of moss touch the hurricane deck.— The passengers are out on the shore-side guards watching the men file in with their monstrous loads of cord wood, and out again, empty-handed, singing their pecutiar songs all the time. The forest is lit up with the flaming torches, and the quaint refrain of the dusky minstrels as they move in the uncertain light make up a welrd scene. In these songs, as in overything else human, there is a leader. He gives out anything that occurs to him, in a sort of strange solo, and the others come in on the

chorus. The favorite sort of a song is in words something like this: The Natchez is a bully boat, Hi-oh-oh. She walks high on de water, The captain he's a cleyer man,

And de mate is here from Georgia, Hi-oh-oh. These dixle songs all partake of the characer of the work that the singers are engaged at. sometimes, in the old days, an army of hundreds of negroes could have been seen on a coton plantation hosing in a row across a young field of the kingly plant, and then the leaders sung of their neighbors, embalming their rirtues and commenting on their vices, or

telling the legends of their home. For in-Old marster's makin' money now.

Old marster's makin' money now,
Jang gam a lang go hay.
We does it wid de hoe and plow,
Jang gam a lang go hay.
Dars old Bell, he's gone to hell,
Jang gam a lang go hay.
De nigga he's sold nobody can tell,
Jang gam a lang go hay.
Little piece of leg and a little piece of fat,
Jang gam a lang go hay.
And the white folks grumble if you eat
much of dat,
Jang gam a lang go hay.
Wid all dis trouble we all like ham,
Jang gam a lang go hay.

Jang gam a lang go hay. An' ruddah be a nigga dan a poo' white man, Jang gam a lang go hay. At the quarters, after work was over, all the negroes would gather in some favorite spot, and with tbanjo, bones, triangle, flddle and tambou rine, they would make delicious music, while those possessed of none of the accomplishments of instrumentation would dance to the merry species of song called "talking jawbone." In this two of the most learned would be pitted against each other singing alternately a stanza, and the one that could hold out in rhymes the

longest was the victor. All those present would gather around the musical gladiators, and one vould start in : Ebo, Edmun, Simon, Jo, Ding dat nigga what stole my oh, And Taggy stole my turkey cock, Old jawbone do go home.

Dar's old marster promised me When he died he'd sot me free, Now old marster's dead and gone, Here's dis darkey still hillin' up corn, Old jawbone do go home. And thus they would go on, for hours at a

Then the other would take up the time and

ime, until finally one or the other had to succumb for the lack of more stuff to sing about It has been a matter of wonder that this pecular style of song has never been taken up and presented by the traveling negro minstrel troupes of the day.

The Clarky work; in the needs at work; at the corn husking; in their forms of wor-

ship; in joy and in sorrow, everywhere they sang. Who has not seen an aged aunty sitting on the sunshiny side of her cabin, on a sunny Sunday afternoon, with her head resting on her hands, and her elbows on her knees, rock-

Sing, little children, sing, Mighty long time gwine to the crossroads. What made you come so slow? Hope to get dur in de due time, Hope to get us. Before dem gates is closed,
Glory hally lu. In the log church the leader in the field was

the leader in the meetin', and his song was

metimes in this shape:

ing back and forth, crooning something like

Why can't you do like Peter did,
A walkin' on de sea,
He clapped his hands to his dyin' Lord,
Oh, good Lord, remember me.
'Member the rich and 'member de poor,
'Member de bond and de free;
And when you are done a 'memberin'
'round.
Dear good Lord companhan Dear, good Lord, remember me. Their religious songs were all very devout and evinced a perfect faith in the teachings of

the Bible, the great truths of which they had gathered by scraps from the familiar associations of some of the house servants with white persons who could read, and by them carried in a sort of legendary way to the field hands.-Besides, they had a kind of religion graven on the tablets of their hearts, nearly like those on the tablets of stone. In the same manner their songs sometimes derived amusing touches of the classic-as, for instance, in one ballad where they sang of a horse whose foot struck a rock. and fresh water came to the famished, which is doubtless akin to the old mythological story of

A huge book could be written about the

A TRUE LADY.

I was once, said a minister, walking a short listance behind a very handsomely dressed girl and as I looked at her beautiful clothes, wondered if she took half as much pains with her wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go late the yard of a house but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in.

"Wait," said the young girl, burrying for-

ward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile, and she passed on. She deserves to have beautiful clothes, I thought, for a beautiful spirit dwells within her

The seeds of love can never grow but under