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, JULY 21, 1875. NUMBER 29.

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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One square, (½ of an inch space,) 3 weeks, or less $1; 1 month, $1 25; 3 months, $2.50; 6 months, $4.50; 1 year, $6.50. A liberal discount on advertisements of a greater length. 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!

Low Prices. - Quick Work. - Try Us.

E. B. HAWLEY, - WM. C. CRUSER.

Business Cards.

GREEN & MACKEY.

Drs. W. 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 all hours of the day and night.
Hopbottom, Pa., April 14, 1875.—a-21.

H. D. BALDWIN, M. D.,

HOMŒPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has located himself at Montrose, where he will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to his care. Office in Carmalt's building, second floor, front. Boards at Mr. E. Baldwin's.
Montrose, Pa., March 10, 1875.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE.

W. W. WATSON, Attorney-at-Law, Montrose, Penn'a Collections Promptly Attended to.
Special Attention given to Orphans' Court Practice. Office with Hon. W. J. Turrell, on Public Avenue, opposite the Tarbell House.
Mar. 31, 1875.

DR. W. 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

VALLEY HOUSE.

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. 9th, 1873.-tf. Proprietor.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

PHILLIP 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

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door east of the bank of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
July 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.

EDGAR A. TURRELL,

COUNSELLOR AT-LAW,
No. 170 Broadway, New York City.
May 12, '75.—(Feb. 11, 1874.-1y)

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their New office opposite the Tarbell House.
R. B. LITTLE,
GEO. P. LITTLE,
Montrose, Oct. 15, 1872. E. L. BLAKESLEE.

W. B. DEANS.

DEALER in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Newspapers, 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. HARRINGTON 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, '72—tf.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-class style. Cutting done to order on short notice, and warranted to fit. June 30, '75.

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.

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.

EAGLE DRUG STORE.

A. B. BURNS, the place to get Drugs and Medicines, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Pocket-Books, Spectacles, Yankee Notions, &c. Brick Block
Montrose, Pa., May 5th, 1875.— '18

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.

DR. C. N. VANNESS,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, has located at Auburn Centre, Susquehanna Co. Pa.
June 28th. 1875.—tf

L. F. FITCH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Montrose Pa. Office west of the Court House.
Montrose, January 27, 1875.-1yl

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose. Pa. [Au. 1, '69

W. A. CROSSMON,

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMON.
Montrose, Sept. 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,
Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose Pa. [au1 69

E. O'NEILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over J. R. DeWitt's Montrose, Pa. [June 9, '75.—tf]

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

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

AMI ELY,

AUCTIONEER Address, Brooklyn, Pa.
June 14, 1874.

County Business Direcotry.

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, General 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 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 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.

H. GARRET & SON Dealers in Flour, Feed, Meal, Salt, Lime, Cement, Groceries and Provisions, on 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,
G. B. ELDRED, M. S. DESSAUER,
ABEL TURRELL, G. V. BENTLEY,
A. J. GERRITSON, 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.

Binghamton Marble Works!

All kinds of Monuments, Headstones, and Marble Mantles, made to order. Also, Scotch Granite on hand. J. PICKERING & CO.,
J. PICKERING, 126 Court Street,
G. W. MERSEREAU, Binghamton, NY.
H. P. BROWN.
Oct. 28. 1874.

V. RECKHOW & BROTHER,

General Undertakers

AND

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COFFINS, CASKETS, ETC.,

GREAT BEND.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

April 23,1875—tf V. RECKHOW & BRO.

Select Poetry.

DREAMINGS.

I pause upon the lakelet's rim—
The waves, unfurling, upward creep
In murmurs soft as thy sweet voice.
Whose music lulls my woes to sleep.

I watch the trembling moonbeams move,
And shimmer on the rippled sheet;
And in the sparkling mirror find
Thine image pictured at my feet.

I see the ling'ring dewdrops cling
Unto the waving lily's crest,
And watch the trembling beauties shook
In fragments from their peaceful nest.

I fear, lest hopes that cling to us
Like these may vanish into spray,
Before the many joys that sweep
The sweetest joys of life away.

And then a jealous lover's dread—
In fancy's fabrics of the mind—
Makes me clasp thee to my breast,
And flee—to leave the world behind.

To unknown naiad kingdoms flee,
Where years as softly drift as hours;
And e'en the breezes are too kind
To rock the dewdrops from the flowers.

I crown thee with a rosy wreath
That steals the blushes of thy face,
And start—alas! delusive dream!
Ere I can feel thy fond embrace.

Ah! truly this is more than love,
I give to thee my pearless queen!
It is the echo of my heart
Of what my soul's desire has been.

THE WEEDS OF THE HEART.

The weeds of the heart how they flourish and thrive
In the beautiful summer of life;
How they spread their green banners to catch the bright showers,
And hide from the sunlight the sweet springing flowers,
Till the air with their poison is rife.

Oh, gather them early, dear children, I pray.
The buds and the blossoms of sin;
Don't think it sufficient to pluck up the shoots,
But deeper and deeper dig hard at the roots
That are fastened so firmly within.

The weeds of the heart may look stately and fair,
And glow in their emerald sheen,
But you'll never mistake them for plants that are rare
If you weed youth's fair garden with patience and care,
And keep all its winding paths clean.

Dig hard and uproot every vestige of pride,
Or sin, in no matter what guise;
But while you are earnestly pulling up weeds,
Take care that you scatter abroad no vile seeds
Again in your garden to rise.

When the weeds of the heart are uprooted and gone,
Plant the beautiful roses of love.
Let the ivy of trust and the lillies of truth,
Climb about on the walls of thy stalwart youth,
Till they reach Heaven's garden above.

Selected Story.

MY NIECE NINA.

Nina! Such an absurd fantastic name to give a child! But, then, Adeline was full of fantastic notions. I suppose there never was two sisters more unlike than she and I. As long ago as I can remember, I think I possessed what might be termed correct views of life. I believe I can, without any semblance of beautifullness, lay claims to a fair share of common sense and sound judgment. Whatever duty lay before me I did without demurring. I was no dreamer, never locked myself up in my chamber to woo the muse and spend hours—days—that had better have been devoted to more practical employment, torturing incomprehensible sentences into rhyme and measure.

But Adeline, oh! I used to get *so* out of patience with. She imagined she had a talent for writing (that is, I suppose she did; she never said anything of the kind. Adeline was no talker,) and it was the ruin of her. I used to do and say all I could to cure her of the notion, but my efforts were of no avail. What an amount of time she contrived to waste with her scribblings—verses or whatever senseless thing, I thought; but there was some who did not agree with me—Nivison, for instance. (How angry I got with him one day during a discussion we were having as to the merits of one of her new poems.

I foresaw just how it would turn out when these two were married. I knew it would be a struggle for existence, for the fellow wasn't worth a cent, and was a parson in the bargain. I did all I could to prevent it, I know that. But father always would let her have her own way.—So married they were, and off they went. Well, I expect she saw some pretty hard times out there in Wisconsin, so far from the parental pocket-book—which I used to suspect, even at that distance, was occasionally drawn upon.

I never could comprehend why father should think so much more of Adeline than of me. To be sure, she was always coaxing and palavering about him, like the great baby she was, calling him pet names, embroidering slippers and dressing-gowns, concocting dainty dishes for him and all that. I had no time for such folderol, with the housekeeping on my hands and the necessity devolving on me, the elder of his two motherless daughters to represent the family in society. That after my long and faithful discharge of duty he should, in his will, divide his property equally between us seemed to me an act of inexcusable favoritism.

After father's death no correspondence passed between Adeline and myself, and, indeed, we never met again. Of course, then, after years of seperation and estrangement, it was a matter of no little surprise to my husband and myself all at once to find ourselves appointed guardian of her child. Not regularly appointed guardians, it is true; for, both parents having been suddenly and within a few days of each other carried off by a contageous fever, no arrangement having been made concerning her. At least so we were informed by an acquaintance of theirs, who wrote to us, the nearest relatives, inquiring what should be done in the case.

My husband went on directly, disposed of *their effects (the proceeds he afterwards* invested in railroad stock; a very profitable one, too, it has proved, compensating us in a measure for our care and trouble.) On his return he brought Nina with him. Could I have anticipated all I should doubtless have prevented this. But the child was only ten at the time—that was eight years ago—and so exceedingly shy and quiet I could not possibly foresee the trouble I was bringing upon myself. Nevertheless, I must admit that I had an uncomfortable presentiment when, at first sight, I noticed her close likeness to her mother, and, later, when I found the resemblance consisted not in look alone.—She was Adeline's counterpart in manner temperament—everything.

I have heard some say they thought Nina pretty. I never could see it. She was too pale by half, and her eyes—well, I never could bear to have her look at me. In fact, I will confess it here, I never liked the girl. However, I have tried to do my duty by her. If she had any other kith or kin to go to I should have hesitated about taking her in. But she hadn't, and there was no alternative.

I resolved on the start she should be of some use to me, and that I would have no fine lady airs. And I *must* say she has been serviceable in caring for the children. (I have been able to dispense with a housemaid since her coming—at least one item off our bill of expenditure—and in these days it does require so much money to live and keep up any kind of style.)

Of course I could not allow her the same educational advantages of my own children. How much she has contrived to pick up I cannot say. She inherited her mother's taste for reading, and, no doubt, for scribbling too. But I was determined not to have a repetition of that folly. I would have no more bookwomen about me; and as often as I caught her, duster in hand and sweeping-cap on head, idling over Shakespeare or Milton, or dear knows what not, I have taken the book away and bidden her attend to her work. I fear however, delinquincies of this sort are not the only ones of which she has been guilty. One day, I remember I had been out shopping, and, on returning, found her singing one of Estelle's songs, accompanying herself on the piano. Of course, I couldn't have that. It does injure a piano so to be drummed upon.

How indignant Estelle was when I told her about it. The dear child! I only wish she might have been spared the many annoyances she has endured from having that girl in the house. I know very well what a trial it has been to her to have Nina always wearing about the dresses she had outgrown; but that was an economical way which could not well be avoided, and I have been careful to keep her out of sight as much as possible whenever my daughters' acquaintances were with us.

If I had only managed a little more adroitly when Walter Ransom was here last winter. If I could have foreseen what has transpired I should certainly have got her out of the way for the time being. I might have sent her off to Cousin Jemima's; or, perhaps, I should not have invited him to remain. A young man who could behave with such shocking rudeness little deserved even that forever. But business which would detain him several days brought him to our city. He happened to call upon my son Fred, with whom he had been intimate at college, and so it was very natural that I should ask him to be our guest during his stay. A young man of property, talent, and prepossessing appearance, it occured to me it might be a pleasant arrangement to bring him and Estelle together in this friendly fashion. So I prevailed on him to remain with us.—(How often since have I deplored my cordiality upon this occasion.)

Of course we did everything in our power to make the visit agreeable. He and Estelle rode, saug, played billiard, attended the opera—in short, was almost constantly in each other's society, and matters seemed to be prospering finely, when what should I discover one morning on entering the library but Walter and Nina sitting side by side on the sofa. She had been sweeping, I suppose, and he had come in and found her there. I did not think it possible she would venture to address or engage in conversation with a guest in the house like that. I never allowed her to sit at the table or meet socially with our visitors, all of whom, doubtless, had the impression she was one of the domestics.

I think I stared at her a full moment in mute amazement. She quailed visibly under my gaze. "Nina, you may go up stairs and look after the children," I said, sternly.

She left the room without a word. I wished afterwards I had concealed my vexation, at least before Ransom; for immediately after breakfast (he had been unusually silent during the meal) he announced his intention to depart on the next train, nothing could dissuade him from his purpose.

I thought it extremely impolite in him to leave so unceremoniously, considering all the trouble we had taken to entertain him, his attentions to Estelle, and knowing as he did, that we had sent our invitations to a dance for that very evening—an entertainment got up especially on his account.

Estelle, poor child, was almost inconsolable, and as for myself I could only give vent to my feelings by taking Nina to task. I reprimanded her sharply.—What was my surprise when at last she remarked:

"Why, Aunt Charlotte, I didn't think there could be any harm in speaking to him. We used to be neighbors at Havreville. His father's house was next to ours. We used to play together. We went to the same school.

I couldn't find a word to say. How should I know that he had ever lived in Havreville?

Well, in a few days there come a letter addressed in a masculine hand to Nina. I thought it best to examine its contents before delivering it to her. I thought best to find out for myself what sort of person might be writing to Miss Nina.

It was from Ransom! It began with "Dearest Nina!" alluded to her unhappy situation, and the trials she was obliged to undergo, (the ungrateful girl! what falsehoods she must have told him!) and ended by asking her if she had any objections to corresponding.

Correspond, indeed! and with Nina—a girl so vastly his interior in every respect. How defying, to be sure.

Nina never enjoyed a perusal of that interesting letter. I threw it into the fire. I considered I was doing a favor in preventing a promising young man from wasting his sympathy and ink in that foolish fashion. And besides I still hoped that if the case were handled carefully I *might yet bring about a more satisfactory* understanding between him and dear Estelle.

As for Nina, I was out of patience with her I should certainly, then and there, have bidden her take her departure—seek her own livelihood in some way or other (she might teach, perhaps, in a primary school, I thought; might do anything, I didn't care what, if only she got herself out of the way,) but the young children were just then coming down with the measles, and I could not well dispense with her services.

Some weeks later, the little ones having entirely recovered, "now," said I to myself, "it is time to speak." I was revolving the matter in my mind one afternoon as I took a short cut through the park on my way home from a call I had been making. I caught sight of Nina through the shrubbery as I passed along. She had the baby out in his carriage for an airing. A man was walking beside her. I approached. "This girl must be watched as long as she remains with me," I thought.

This man was Ransom! He saluted me in the most courteous manner possible. "Nina, I think the little darling has been out long enough. Hadn't you better be going home?" speaking in the mildest tones I could command.

Ransom hastened to relieve her of her charge, turning the carriage toward the park entrance and pushing it himself.—No sooner had we reached the house door than, pausing, he took Nina's hand in his. It was right there on the street, in broad daylight. I could but wonder at his audacity. Well, I don't recall his exact words. I know he made a very smooth little speech, the substance of which was, he wanted my consent to their marriage.

Marriage! For two minutes—longer, perhaps—I was unable to utter a syllable, so great was my astonishment. At last I managed to say:

"Mr. Ransom it is a matter of perfect indifference to me in what manner this young woman may choose to dispose of herself. I only know that I close my doors to her—*now and forever*.

And with that I lifted baby from his carriage and passed in.

I suppose they went straightway to a clergyman, for their marriage notice appeared in the next morning's paper.

And that is the last I have heard or care to hear of either of them. A precious pair, indeed!

HOW HE LOST HER.

I knew Margaret was engaged, but I told her that I loved her.

"I don't know what you mean, sir!" she exclaimed, with an expressive lift of the jetty eyebrows; but the liquid orbs beneath avoided mine, and that encouraged me to be saucy in turn.

"It is of no consequence that you should, of course; but you don't imagine that you were going to flirt all summer with a fellow of my staminy, and get off unsinged yourself."

"Why not? You don't seem seriously damaged," she laughed.

"But I am. My heart is shrivelled crisp as a waifer."

"Really? I don't know what can be done about it."

"I am going to show you." And so on for half an hour. We spoke jestingly, both of us, but the laugh with each other covered deeper feelings.

She was beautiful, my Margaret; fond of homage—as what woman is not? and accustomed to receiving it. It was not her fault, after all, that I loved her, but her glory, as an honest man's love is always a true woman's glory; and Margaret was a true woman though I had called her a flirt.

She was promised in marriage to Ross Bentley before she ever saw me; long enough. He had stopped a horse which had been running away with her, and so saved her life. When he asked her to give him what he had saved, what woman with gratitude and a whole heart would not have said "yes," as she did? Besides she loved him for aught I knew. I had seen him, and he was a handsome enough man to win a woman's love, if beauty would do it.

A handsome couple, but somehow, seeing the two together they did not seem to think much of each other; and so I took courage. Certainly. Margeret never looked at Ross when I was by, as she had looked at me many a time that summer, as we two pleasantly strolled along the beach.

Ross Bentley once stayed a week, and went back to town. He was a man of business, keenly devoted to money making; fonder of that, I fancied, than of the beautiful woman he had won, and upon that imagining I hung another hope. Margeret was an heiress. If Margaret was dowerless, I fancy that Mr. Bentley would never have woed her. But how to prove it.

Margaret and I did not relapse into the old fashion of strolling about the beach by moonlight after Ross Bentley had come and gone, and we stopped looking and talking nonsense, watching each other furtively. I felt confident that Margaret was wondering if I had anything to do with those moods of pensiveness which had come upon my dark eyed queen of late.

"One day I found her upon the balcony with an open letter in her hand.

"I am a very fortunate girl," she said, glancing at the letter. "Did you know that Clark Vernon & Co., the bankers in New York, had failed last week?

I heard of it.

"The bulk of my fortune was in their hands at one time. I did not know but it was still. My guardian writes me, however, that he removed it months ago."

I came forth eagerly at that, extending my hand.

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Stone."

Margaret laughed rather confusedly as she put her little hand in mine. I saw that she was surprised at my unusual eagerness.

"Miss Stone, did you believe me when I said that I loved you, somewhere about a month ago?"

Margaret colored vividly, as she gave me a doubting look.

"Yes. What of it? Do you want to take it back now?"

"Not I. But in consideration of my great affection for you, I want you to do a favor for me."

"Name it." she said looking much puzzled.

"I am going up to New York to-morrow. Will you humor me by premitting me to be the bearer of a letter from yourself to Mr. Bentley?"

"This is an odd request."

"I am aware of it. Will you write to Mr. Bentley a letter, asking him to enquire into this matter of the bank failure and let you know how serious a matter it really is?"

"But I don't care about knowing."

"I do."

"Why not inquire for yourself?"

"He has so much better facilities for investigation. The truth is, Miss Stone, I am very much interested in this failure, and Mr. Bentley can find out all about it for me. But I don't like to ask him to do so much for a comparitive stranger.

Margaret looked doubtful still, but she wrote the letter, and I took it to the city the next day.

Ross Bentley grew slightly pale as he read.

"I suppose you know that the bulk of Miss Stone's fortune was in the hands of Clark Vernon & Co." I carelessly observed.

"I was not aware of it." Bentley said, losing another shade of color.

"Oh, well, it was. Can anything be saved out of the crash, Mr. Bentley do you suppose?"

"Not anything, I am very sure," he stammered. And thinking he might like to meditate upon the aspect of affairs, I took my departure, saying that I would call before I went away again to take any message he might like to trust to me.

When I called the next day he gave me a letter for Margaret, but he looked anywhere but at me as I took it.

I caught a glimpse at Margaret's blue dress on the piazza as we drove up to the hotel; and without waiting to go to my room first, I hastened to her, and gave her the letter.

Then, much as I would like to have stayed until she had read it, I had no excuse for doing so, and therefore left her. I waited with something more than curiosity for her appearance at dinner time, but she did not come at all. I ate nothing myself, and spent the evening pacing the piazza with my cigar, and watching her window. But not so much as a shadow of what I watched for crossed my vision.

Remembering Bentley's face as he gave me the letter, I could imagine that he had written something unpleasant; but even I was not prepared for the contents of the missive Margaret placed in my hands the following morning, coming suddenly upon me where I lounged on the shore.

"I suppose that is what you went to town for," she said, with an angry scorn, under which I quailed, for I felt guilty; and as I read I winced again.

The scoundrel! A more disgraceful epistle I never perused. If Margaret had ever loved him ever so dearly, this would have certainly ended it. He dissolved the engagment without so much as saying "by your leave." He did indeed, say something about hastening to speak while there was yet an uncertainty as to how seriously the failure had involved other people. But that was the mer*est gloss, and only gave Margaret clue to* the selfish reasons for this extraordinary conduct.

I folded the letter and gave it back without a remark.

"Well, really you have nothing to say?" she asked.

"Shall I challenge him to mortal combat with horsewhips?"

Tears of anger sparkled in Margarets beautiful eyes.

"How could you humiliate me so?"

"I? Miss Stone."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gourney," she said haughtily.

"And I beg yours, Miss Stone, for medling. I suspected Mr. Bentley, but not of anything quite so cold blooded. Shall you break your heart about such a foolish fellow?"

"Indeed, not! but I am very angry."

"At whom, him or me?"

"At both of you."

I suppose I must have looked terribly abashed and confounded—I tried to, for she put a little hand on my arm, and then would have swiftly withdrawn it, but I captured the frail thing and held it.

"I suppose I ought to be very thankful to you," she said, struggling a little, and blushing in the most lovely manner.

"If you will permit me, I will punish him for you," I said gravely.

She looked up inquiringly.

"By marrying you."

"Oh?

"Don't you think it would?" I said.

"Perhaps."

We were quite sure of it the first time we chanced to meet Bentley after our marriage. His face was as good as a picture.

Rowing Against the Tide.

About thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone and Grey, on the banks of North East river. They came down to Wilmington in a small row boat, and made it fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would be dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whiskey, and after dark, of a black night, too, they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy they had.

"Well, Barham, we have got to your place at last,."

"If this is my house," said Barham, somebody has been putting up a lot of out-houses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to."

Barham disembarks, takes observation, and soon comes tumbling along back, and says:

"Well, I'll be whipped if we ain't at Wilmington yet; and what's more, the boat has been hitched to the wharf all night."

Home Reading.

ALL THE WORLD.

All the world is full of babies,
Sobbing, sighing everywhere;
Looking out with eyes of terror,
Beating at the empty air.
Do they see the strife before them,
That they sob and tremble so?
Oh, the helpless, frightened babies—
Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of children,
Laughing over little joys,
Sighing over little troubles,
Fingers bruised, and broken toys;
Wishing to be older, larger,
Weeping at some fancied woe,
Oh, the happy, hapless children,
Still they come and still they go.

All the world is full of lovers,
Walking slowly, whispering sweet;
Dreaming dreams, and building castles
That must crumble at their feet;
Breaking vows and burning letters,
Smiling, lest the world shall know,
Oh, the foolish trusting lovers—
Still they come and still they go.

All the world is full of people,
Hurrying, rushing, pushing by,
Bearing burdens, carrying crosses,
Passing onward with a sigh;
Some there are with smiling faces,
But with heavy hearts below,
Oh, the sad-eyed burdened people,
How they come and how they go.

All the world is full of corpses,
Dust and bones laid there to rest;
This the end that babes and children,
Lovers, people find at best.
All their fears and all their crosses,
All their sorrows wearing so,
Oh, the silent, happy corpses,
Sleeping soundly, lying low.

ERIN.

BY DAVID G. ADEE.

I stood beside Killarney's lakes,
When autumn tints were in the sky,
And emerald sward with shamrock-flakes
Charmed gratefully the eye.

I thought of Erin's glories past,
Her flag that waved beside my own.
When southern shot fell thick and fast,
Where brother's blood was sown.

I thought of Emmet, brave and young,
Who died to hallow Erin's name;
I thought of all her bards who flung
Abroad in song her fame;

Of Moore and his warm patriot strain,
"The Harp that thro' Tara's Halls,"
The Minstrel boy, who e'er again
For his dear country falls.

I thought of Curran's classic word,
That braved a furious, frowning court,
Of tones that all the nation heard,
With faith and freedom fraught.

I thought of many a merry day,
Of laugh and jest and humorous wit,
Of Irish jigs and piper's play,
With dew to moisten it.

Of jaunting-car, and kirtle red,
Of sparkling eyes for mischief made;
Of Boyne, where Celtic blood was shed
In spots that never fade.

And as I gazed on Erin green
The waters of the lake were stirred,
And sunset shed a dazzling sheen
As sang the vesper bird.

Farewell sweet land, to sorrow born,
And soul felt tear is freely thine;
Thy sons my country's crest have worn;
Our friendly harps entwine!

ADVERTISING RUSES.

INGENIOUS DEVICES TO INTRODUCE NOVELTIES AND PATENT WARES.

Besides queer and curious advertisements, of which a number of examples were given in the *World*, the ruses which advertisers now and then resort to, are worth recording and form an interesting study.

One daring genius, for instance, not long ago called on a large advertising concern in this city and proposed to post the advertisement of a patent plaster for the chest on the tomb stones in Greenwood Cemetery. Of course a howl of indignation would have been raised from Maine to Texas, and the plaster would thereby have received an advertisement that hundred's of thousands of dollars could not have purchased. The agent, however, declined the tempting offer, much to the youth's astonishment, who dreamt that he had made the happy discovery which was to float him on the full tide to fortune.

ANDERSON'S CHEWING TOBACCO.

The first successful experiment in the way of *outre* advertising was made about fifteen years ago by Anderson, the tobacconist, who adopted the following method:

Desiring to have his goods introduced extensively among the retail dealers, he employed a number of men to "work," as the politicians say, the various wards of the city. One of these canvassers would enter a cigar store and ask the proprietor for a paper of "Anderson's fine-cut." The tobacconist, in all probability, had never heard of the article, but recommended some other maker's, which the canvasser contemptuously declined. In about an hour another customer would come in and make a similar demand, and before the week was over the proprietor would find so many inquiries for this special brand that he was compelled to make a purchase, and as the article was only sold in large packages, it became necessary for him, in order to effect a sale, to recommend it to his customers, and so the article became quite popular.

The canvassers were oftentimes compelled to buy, but as the goods were returned to the manufacturer and resold, very little was lost on the transaction. Ten men, therefore, at a salary of $8 a week, for those were the days of low wages, could in three months have induced every cigar store proprietor to make a purchase, and thus at an expense of hardly $1,000, the goods were effectually introduced to the trade.

THE PRIZE-PACKAGE.

This idea, though very old, was successfully tried by the Lorillards about four or five years ago, and emulated, as some wag remarked, by the parsimonious farmers in the Dutch districts of Pennsylvania, who put pennies in bundles of straw to encourage purchasers.

The Lorillards advertised extensively in the newspapers that bills from $100 to $1 denomination were placed in their papers of prize tobacco, also orders for meerschaum pipes, etc.—The cupidity of the chewing public was aroused, and every man who found a bill—for the precaution was taken to keep one-half of it at the office—or an order, was obliged to register his name and residence, which were in due time published in the papers.

The Lorillards also placarded the advertisement extensively over the city and throughout the country, until the article became a household word. Owing to the principle perhaps that habit is second nature, the man who purchased this brand for the sake of a probable prize became accustomed to ask for it, and the sales got to be quite extensive.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

About six years ago a well-dressed person called upon the proprietors of one of the large sewing-machine manufacturers, and for a very moderate consideration offered to bring before the notice of a large number of residents the qualities and superior advantages of their make The offer was accepted, and the enterprising projector hired a number of boys and attired them in a plain uniform somewhat resembling that now worn by the conductors on railroad lines.

These youths had books similar to those used by telegraph messengers, and their duty was to deliver at various residences what purported to be telegraphic dispatches. On the receipt of these ominous looking missives of course there was a great commotion in the house. The boy who seemed to have been born in a hurry, and had not reached a point of leisure, would insist on having his book immediately signed. The anxious recipient, after opening the formidable-looking envelope, would discover only a circular about sewing-machines, and in the first outbreak of indignation at being badly sold would crush it up and throw it aside; but after a little calm consideration generally picked it up to show it to her husband and have a laugh over the shrewd *ruse* played upon her.

The circular was read and re-read, and when the time came to buy a machine the names of the makers seemed like those of old friends.

One of the most original plans of effecting a large sale of a novel was practiced by an Ann street firm a year or two ago. They employed a number of penmen to write and address copies of something like the following letter to over twenty thousand people throughout the Union:

No. — ANN STREET, NEW YORK, ——
Moses Green, Esq.

SIR: I regret to learn that you have seen fit to make objectionable comparisons between me and the hero of that popular novel by the eminent author, Romeo Grub, esq., entitled "The Bounding Bummer of the Big Gulch," and I feel constrained to call upon you for an explanation of your unpardonable conduct.

Yours, &c., SAMUEL SHARP.

The recipient of this startling letter, not having read the popular work, would experience some curiosity to know what the hero was like and seeking the first book store make a purchase.

DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING.

It is related that Day & Martin, of London, caused their wares to be extensively introduced by having an elegant equipage, with footmen, &c., drive up to a store with great clatter and cracking of whips. One of the footmen would descend, and in a loud voice ask for a pot of "Day & Martin's patent blacking." The storekeeper, unaccustomed to have such an aristocratic class of customers, approaches respectfully and is very sorry that he has not those particular manufacturers' wares on hand, but can recommend something equally good. "No, no," cries the footman in decided tones, "master is very particular and insists in using that polish; but as I'm here now, I don't mind waiting if you'll send out and get a pot." The shopkeeper fancying that by a little courtesy he may secure the custom of John Thomas' master, is only too delighted, and resolves to have a stock of Day & Martin's on hand against similar contingencies.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY SWINDLE.

One of the most successfully planned advertising swindles which has yet been practised is that of the "Business Directory." The reputed proprietor of this invaluable advertising medium is a gentleman of good address, and his plan is to take on a tour three or four inexperienced youths full of enthusiasm. He pays them $3 a day and 10 per cent. on the amount of advertisements brought in. Instructions are given to take anything in the shape of money.—The "Directory" is never published, but the game has been kept up for the past five years, and the projectors during that time have lived in clover, escaping detection.

The immemorial Paris widow, however, capped the climax when she placed on the tomb of her dear departed that "the business was still carried on by his disconsolate widow at the old number."

THE INTERIOR OF THE OCEAN.

The popular ideas with regard to the sinking of bodies in the sea have usually been quite unscientific. Some have theorized to the effect that, in cases of ships which founder at sea, they sink to a certain depth and then float about until broken to pieces, or thrown upon some bank beneath the sea—indeed, a book was some time ago published sustaining this idea.—Others, again, argue that the buoyant force of the water at great depths is enormous, and due to the whole pressure of the water above, and that all bodies which are lighter than water at the surface will, if sunk to the bottom and detached from the sinker, shoot upward with great velocity, or, in other words, that the density of water increases directly with the depth.

Now, it is proved by the most reliable investigations that, though the pressure increases with the depth—even to the amount of fifteen pounds upon every square inch for every thirty-four feet in depth—the density is not thereby increased sensibly, owing to the incompressibility of the water; so that, in reality, neither the buoyant force, nor the resistance to the motion of any body, is sensibly augmented from the surface to the bottom.

At the depth of 3,000 fathoms, for instance, the pressure upon a square inch is nearly 8,000 pounds, but the column of 18,000 feet of water is only shortened about 60 feet.

The density is thus but slightly increased, but the effect of such enormous pressure upon compressible bodies, as air, wood, etc., is to condense them into a smaller bulk, by which they may be rendered heavier than water, and will sink of their own weight. A piece of wood cannot float to the bottom of the ocean, but a very slight extraneous force will bring it to the surface.

Think before you speak what you shall speak why you should speak, to whom he shall speak, about whom you are to speak, what will come from what you may speak, what may be the benefit from what you may speak, and lastly who may be listening to what you may speak. Turn your speech seven ways, and there will never come any harm from what you have spoken.