

The Montrose Democrat.

HAWLEY & CRUSER, Editors and Proprietors.

"Stand by the Right though the Heavens fall"

TERMS:—Two Dollars Per Year in Advance.

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Montrose Democrat

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FINE JOB PRINTING. A SPECIALTY! Quick Work. Try Us. E. B. HAWLEY, W. M. CRUSER.

Business Cards. GREEN & MACKAY. Dr. W. N. Green and N. C. Mackay, have this day entered into a partnership for the practice of medicine and surgery in Montrose, Pa. Office in the building formerly occupied by Dr. W. N. Green, on the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa., April 14, 1875.

H. D. BAZZIN, M. D. POLYGRAPHIC PRINTING. Has located himself at Montrose, Pa., and is prepared to do all kinds of printing, including book binding, and is prepared to do all kinds of printing, including book binding, and is prepared to do all kinds of printing, including book binding.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE. W. W. WATSON, Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Special Attention Given to the Collection of Claims and the Preparation of Wills. Office with W. M. Cruser, Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa., April 14, 1875.

DR. D. W. SMITH. Dentist. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

TALLEY BROS. Dealers in Groceries and Provisions. Have moved their office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET. Fresh and Salted Meats, Ham, Pork, Bologna Sausage, etc., of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1875.

BILLINGS STRONG. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

CHARLEY MORRIS. THE HAYTI BARRIST. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

EDGAR A. TURRELL. Attorney at Law. Office with W. M. Cruser, Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

LITTLE & BARKER. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Have moved their office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

W. B. DEANS. DEALER IN Groceries and Provisions. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

EXCHANGE HOTEL. Has moved its location to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, No. 1.

DR. D. A. LATHROP. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

LEWIS & HAY. Has moved its location to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, No. 1.

CHARLES N. STODDARD. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

D. W. RICHARDSON. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

SCOVILL & DEWITT. Has moved its location to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, No. 1.

FAIRBANKS STORE. Has moved its location to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Telephone, No. 1.

M. A. LYON. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

D. C. VANNESS. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

L. F. FITCH. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

A. O. WALKER. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

W. A. CROSBY. Has moved his office to the corner of Public Avenue and Main Street, Montrose, Pa. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Telephone, No. 1.

County Business Directory.

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Select Poetry.

HOW TO WOO AND WIN.

Would you play the many lover? List, my lad, while I discover How a maiden should be won.

Who her not with beautiful phrases, Lest you teach her lip to sneer; Still a suitor's warmest phrases In his conduct should appear.

Who her not with successful sighing— Menus with a laughing eye; If her not that you are dying— Laughing, laughing, bid you die.

Who her not with weakly whining— O'er your poverty of pelf; Lest an answer by declining— Both your sorrow and yourself.

Who her with a manly wooing— Giving hostages to Fate; All the heart's devotions showing— By its strength to work and wait.

Who her not with little prattle, Whom you fail would make your wife; But with proofs that in life's battle You are equal to the strife.

Like the knight whose simple suing— Won the lady (she says the tale); When, despite their worldly wooing, All the rest were doomed to fail.

Lady, morn the bold knight-errant— Bred the story shall I tell; Will you wed thee; here's the warrant— I shall love and serve thee well.

And, behold, his dexter fingers— Cross a horse-shoe like a ring; And within her lap three fingers— All the gold the trawin can bring.

Beautiful fates are those that wear— Rapiers light like dark or fair— Whole-souled honesty pruned there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show— Like crystal panes where hearts first glow; Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words— Like music to the heart like songs of birds; Yet whose utterance prudence guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do— Work that is earnest and brave and true; Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go— On lightly ministries to and fro; Down the path, where God will it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear— Caskets brims of homey care; With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless— Whose hidden fountains but few may guess; Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set sun— Beautiful glow, with race well done; Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful grass, where grasses creep— Where white leaves fall, where drifts lie deep; Over worn out hand— O, beautiful sleep!

Selected Story.

JUDITH.

What a beautiful woman she was— Splendid, tall and graceful! What a grand, proud spirit she had! What a lovely forehead! The very realization of a woman's dream.

Her eyes were like stars, and her mouth was like a flower. She was a woman of a woman's dream.

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with a savage growl, or laugh and left her.

The next day she was gone, to visit a friend in New York, she wrote, and that she would be back soon.

Will go hold of the letter and use it for a foot ball, making sport of his egoism, and he would not be so much as that.

Rutherford left the place not twenty-four hours after Judith, calling before he went to acknowledge the 'squire's hospitality and the amability and his charming family in the most extravagant terms possible.

Will smiled sarcastically when the news reached him, and bent on making assurance doubly sure, on convicting Judith of treachery, and falsehood, and on winning her back.

Mrs. Gaunt showered invitations on Judith, and she was accordingly and looked for the first time at Will Graham, a tall, long-limbed, slender, and well-proportioned man.

"Why didn't you go on and finish the affair here?" he asked, repeatedly, and his wife had her chance for a feminine retort.

But a letter came to the 'squire that put a new aspect on the whole affair—a letter written by his own lawyer, and perhaps the most important of the kind.

Will Graham got up and went to the house where Judith was visiting. She was sitting at the table, and he went to her.

He was anxiously jealous for a while, but all went well, seemingly for the stranger's eyes fell and rested on Elsie.

Rutherford came and went, and the mother and son, the daughter and her lover, the 'squire, who had been so long in the house, and the stranger with cordial greetings.

"Squire Graham's son was there, too, toying with the idle chimes on their cheeked field and looking foolishly happy—a little lean and awkward also, no doubt, but not bad looking tallow even at that callow age.

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Home Reading.

ALL THE WORLD.

All the world is full of babes, Solacing slighting every where; Looking out with eyes of terror; Beating at the empty air, Do they see the straggling form, That they sob and tremble so?

All the world is full of children, Laughing over little toys, Fighting over little troubles; Fingers bruised and broken toys; Wishing to be larger, older, Weeping at some faded woe, Oh, the happy, helpless 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; Smiling at the world's wrongs, Oh, 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 earth is full of hopes; Dust and bones laid there to rest; This is the end of things and children; Lovers, people find in every age; All their fears and all their crosses; All their sorrows wearing so; Oh, the silent, happy couples, Sleeping soundly, lying low.

THE HUMORS OF WEDDINGS.

There are but few things in this world, that have a humorous phase, and a time to laugh is fixed as surely as a time to weep.

Weddings, among all nations, have been so long a source of merriment, and yet, the humor of the happy pair is correctly and surely cast, I fear in many instances, the saddest of death scenes would fill many a budding heart.

"Do you wish for a fly in it?" he inquired in a whisper. "A fly?" gasped she. "No!" she replied, a look of disgust on her face.

"Just as you say, madam," he went on as he drew some lemon syrup. "People are so different in tastes, you know. Some object to flies and some don't. I'll mix some lemon syrup with this lemon, and now you have a great deal of water and little water, or a great deal of water and little sugar."

"Well, then you want more water than sugar, and that you won't be so much danger of an explosion."

"Explosion?" she queried. "That was the word, madam. We have had but few such accidents here this summer, and I truly hope that we may have no more."

"That depends on the state of the weather. Some people could stand here and drink all day, while others might get the glass tipped up this way, and then boom—explosion!"

"You see I saw a human being explode, didn't you?"

"Mercy, no!"

"They may be laughing or talking, and all at once the store is filled with their monogram garters, bustles, corsets, feet, teeth, and rolled plate jewelry. It makes a great merriment here, and if we hadn't three of the smartest negroes in town to pick up and sweep out, we'd have to shut up the store for a whole afternoon after an explosion."

He stood with the glass in his hand, agitating the syrup and waiting, and she asked:

"Didn't suppose it was dangerous stuff?"

"Well, as I told you, it depends on the state of the system. If your liver is torpid and your digestion impaired, one glass of soda water would blow you higher than a Gulliver's kite, and the corseting you are likely to hold in respect to your system is all right, you might drink a hundred glasses and feel no disastrous effects. Now, then, you'll have a good deal of water and but little gas."

She made a deprecatory motion and asked:

"How's the stuff made?"

"Well, I can't go on and explain all the process. There's marble dust, acid, gas, sugar-coated pills, grain powder, cologne water and kerosene all mixed together and then distilled liquid is placed in a retort, where a chemical action separates it, and the gas forces it up in separate pipes."

"Kerosene and pills?" she gasped. "That's what I said, madam. You look innocent and honest, and I hope you won't say anything about it. I find this fountain in order to support a widowed mother and seven fatherless children. If you should say anything I'd be discharged and if I were discharged I should commit suicide. You'll have plenty of water, and I won't."

"Not in their crude state, madam, but this process—"

"I don't care for the process!" she snapped. "I won't touch the stuff!"

He came out with the whole story, inch by inch, as she exacted it.

"I meant to go the whole length and bring him to justice," Judith said, with two big pearls of tears rolling from her eyes, "but I could not do it. I am only human, after all—only a woman."

Instead of that, she had forced him to write and sign a confession, giving him her word of honor that he should have a chance to escape scot-free, and that the paper should never be used against him unless he was discovered in some new error.

The whole thing was very like a woman's work, after all.

"But, at least, I have saved my little Elsie from a terrible fate," said Judith. "I saved her for a very bright and happy life, I hope and trust," she added, after a pause, and then she took her Elsie in her arms and kissed her tenderly, crossed the room with one grand sweep, stopped a moment as she pressed her lips to Mrs. Gaunt's forehead, and again as she bent low over the dear old 'squire's hands.

"Elsie! she was good and looked for the first time at Will Graham, a tall, long-limbed, slender, and well-proportioned man.

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