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, SEPTEMBER 8, 1875. NUMBER 36.

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.

Advertising Rates:

One square, (¼ 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.—n 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. A. Purrell, on Public Avenue, opposite the Tarbell House. 1875.

DR. W. W. SMITH,

DENTIST, Rooms at his dwelling, next door north of Dr. Hakley'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 comprise a first class hotel. HENRY ACKERT, Proprietor.

Sept. 16th, 1873.—tf.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

PHILIP 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.—tf

BILLINGS STROUD.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Also 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.

ly 17, 1873.] 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.—y)

LITTLE & BLAKESLEE

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

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

Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

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.

Sept. 30, 1874. W. B. DEANS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

E. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the travelling 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 Church 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, JEROME DEWITT.

Jan. 18th, 1875.

EAGLE DRUG STORE.

L. 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 30th, 1875.—tf

L. F. FITCH,

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

Montrose, January 27, 1875.—y1

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,

[aug 6, '7 Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Desmond, in the Brick Block, Montrose Pa. [aug 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 W. H. Cooper & Co's Bank, Montrose Pa. [May 19, 1871.—tf

AMI ELY,

PIONEER Address Brooklyn, Pa.

June 14, 1874.

County Business Directory.

Twelve 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 Agent; also, sell Steam and Accident Tickets to New York and Philadelphia. Office one door east of the Bank.

BOYD & CORWIN, Dealers in Stoves, Hardware and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron ware, corner of Main and Turnpike street.

A. N. BULLARD, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Books, Stationery, and Yankee Notions, at head of Public Avenue.*

WM. H. COOPER & CO., Bankers, sell Foreign Passage Tickets and Drafts on England, Ireland and Scotland.*

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

JAMES S. 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.

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

N. P. 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.

V. ECKROW & BROTHER,

General Undertakers

AND

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

GREAT BEND.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

April 22, 1875.—tf V. ECKROW & BRO.

Binghamton Marble Works

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

J. PICKERING, G. W. MESSERSEAU, H. F. BROWN. 120 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y

Oct. 29, 1874.

Select Poetry.

DISENCHANTMENT.

I thought the fair Amanda Brown
The rose of womanly completeness,
The sweetest girl in all the town,
She dressed with such exquisite neatness,
Her hair of auburn, eyes of blue
From which the softest pleading gushes,
Her cheeks were of the lily's hue,
Which mirrored back the rose's blushes.

When first she flashed across my way,
I never saw a vision sweeter,
Her step seemed melody astray
Attuned to some divinest meter.
And when amid a festive throng
She moved, all levity and laughter,
One-half the men would gaze and long,
The other half would follow after.

She danced on, most divinely well,
I was her partner in the dances,
The music emptied all its spell,
Enraptured by her melting glances.
How she could be so near a Queen
Without a crown was past divining,
But then, I own, I had not seen
The realistic girl when dining.

I saw her at her splendid home,
I sat beside her at the table,
The happy fate which came to me
I feared was found too late a fable
But then, alas, I found the sprite
While making wild attempts to win her,
But an incarnate appetite
Whose chief concern was for her dinner.

Roast beef, roast mutton, fricassee—
My faith at this was vastly shaken—
But love spread both its wings to flee
While she was gorging greens and bacon;
Roast pig and turkey, codfish ball,
Cold entres—very hot with spices,
With greed for grace she gobbled all
While hankering for the cake and ices.

I strove to talk of many things—
Of books I had of late been reading—
But language drooped on languid wings
And faltered while the nymph was feeding
I spoke of art—I chanced to know
Some pictures she'd been overlooking,
She said she liked Professor Blot,
Who wrote about the Art of Cooking.

"Ye Gods," thought I, "and can a girl
Care less for Milton than for mutton!
Love, ye began a giddy whirl
With but a spider's web to strut on.
I'll woo no girl—your trick is spoiled—
No matter how your arts environ,"
Who values more a pig's foot broiled
Than the melodious feet of Byron."

I've not a Midas-touch which turns
Into pure gold all baser metals:
I know that life has real concerns
Folded within its showy petals;
I know that some mysterious ills
Are brought about by its abuses;
I'm sure I could not pay the bills
For such assaults on gastric juices.

All romance vanished like a mist,
Or dewdrops when a rose is shaken,
Her lips seemed fashioned to be kissed—
In them too I had been mistaken!
Her lips—alas, that wand of fate's,
Who tempts it at the ending races it—
Were but a pair of rosy gates
To hold a cutlet while she chews it.

Though love began so fine a way
And wove his flowery bands between us,
I felt his influence melt away
Before a gormandizing Venus.
I could not woo—my passion there
In one grand burst went helter-skelter—
A girl, though so supremely fair—
With but an appetite to melt her.

Selected Story.

THE PRIZE.

BY MRS. L. A. BEERMAN.

"Oh, how I wish I was in the country!" said Bessie Lee to her school-mates Carrie and Louise Bently, with whom she had been spending a few weeks on a visit; "it is enough to suffocate people here, and I would willingly renounce the city forever. Oh, how I long for the pure air, green fields, and rocks and hills, and the murmuring rills!"

"Why, Bessie you are getting quite romantic, as well as poetical. If our Cousin Isaac could hear you he would propose immediately, for he is captivated already."

"Hush, Carrie, he is coming," said her sister.

At that moment a large, red-headed, freckled faced young man entered the apartment and threw himself upon the sofa, exclaiming:

"I wouldn't live here if I could own half of the city. I have been sauntering around promiscuously and it is the hottest place I ever got into."

"Bessie had just been complaining of life in the city," observed Carrie.

"Then you don't like it do you Bessie?" said Isaac.

"I think I should greatly prefer the country."

"We are just of a mind exactly," said he, springing up and taking a seat quite near.

The young girls exchanged a glance and Carrie broke forth in a long merry laugh and left the room, and was soon followed by her sister.

"Glad them girls has gone, for I want to talk with you, and Carrie is always laughing; she thinks I am a funny chap I suppose. But I like Carrie the best of the two. Louise is so still and stiddy.

"This is your first visit to the city, I suppose, Mr. Bently?"

"Yes, marm; and I shouldn't come right in haying time, but Uncle Isaac (you see I was named after him) wrote and wrote for me, and so I thought I'd come down and see them. And between you and me, I'm looking me up a wife. I am old enough to marry, and am going to; and now, Bessie, I never see the girl I liked as well as you, and if you will have me I'll take you right up in the country. We have got a nice farm, well watered and fenced, everything nice I can tell you."

At this startling disclosure Bessie laughed loudly, whilst she heard merry sounds proceeding from the opposite room, where she well knew her companions were attentive listeners.

"Oh, I am in earnest, Bessie—you needn't laugh. I and the old folks are all there is, and I get lonesome although it is a beautiful place—cool and shady; we have got sweet briars and honeysuckles set out, and when they are in bloom they scent the air for all around; it is just hell as it does here."

"I should hope not," said Bessie, as Isaac flourished his silk pocket handkerchief, highly perfumed.

"This is scented with night blooming serious. I think it is the best perfumery there is. I'll get you a bottle of it, Bessie."

"Thank you, I do not care for perfumery."

"Well, I'll get you anything you want, Bessie, if you will have me."

"You was speaking of your place, and have not informed me what kind of a domicil you have erected on that beautiful spot."

Domicil! what is that? Oh! I know now, you won't find one of them in the country, the city is the place for theatres and such.

"Oh, yes, but what kind of a house have you got? Is it brick, stone, or is it wood?"

"It is wood, and a pretty good one, but we should want it enlarged. We should put on a condition, on the back part and have a piano run clear around, and paint it over; it is a kind of faded yellow. What color would you like best?"

"Oh, yellow is splendid," said Bessie, [illegible] as golden you will be." "Now sir," said Bessie, "will you have me?" "Yes, the word."

"Yes," said a voice, but it was not Bessie; but Isaac was too earnest to stop to know the difference.

"I knew you would say yes, for you are a prize worth a fortune to any man, I know you couldn't say no."

"I have not said anything yet," replied Bessie.

"Now don't take it back. You mean it, I know you did, but like a girl you always contrary, and like to keep a fellow in suspense; but just set the day and we will have the knot tied."

"Mr. Bently, your proposal has been so sudden and unexpected that I must have time to consider before giving an answer to a question of such great importance. But judging from your language and appearance you are a gentleman of good education.

"Tip-top! I always been to school."

"Did you ever attend a spelling school, Mr. Bently?"

"No; not of the kind that do knocking out spell, but I have read on them."

"There is to be one, this evening, and as we are going to attend, I should be pleased to have you accompany us."

"I'll do it," said Isaac, and I can spell down anything or anybody you have got herd."

"Then the prize will be yours," said Bessie.

"You can't back out; now you mean just what you say, do you? You've stick to it—it's a bargain?"

"Certainly; the prize will be yours, you are the fortunate speller."

"I know just what I am going to do. I am going in to win. I wonder if the girls have got a spelling book."

"I will see," said she, and away she ran and joined her companions, who laughed heartily as she appeared.

"What a fool," whispered Carrie.

"He is rather verdant, and we shall have fun at the spelling school," said Bessie.

"It is ridiculous to have him go; everyone will know who he is," said Louise

It's just right, I told papa when he invited him I would have him exhibited, and I intend to," said Carrie.

"Oh, we must find a spelling book, I almost forgot it," said Bessie.

"I have one, I will get it in a minute," said Carrie.

The girls returned to the parlor, bringing with them a dissinated volume, which was eagerly siezed by Isaac, and he persued it with great interest.

"You have just an hour before it will be time to go," said Carrie.

"Time enough for me. I can go thro' this in half an hour, I only want to view it over to refresh my memory."

At the expiration of the time the girls came to inform him that they were ready. They found him intently pursuing his study.

"I am prepared now," said Isaac throwing down the book.

"You had better take it with you," said Carrie.

"I'll do it; they ain't going to cheat me in spelling, to-night.

A short walk brought them to the appointed place, where Isaac was presented to quite a number of friends, and attracted the attention of all.

"I hope you will enjoy yourself this evening, Mr. Bently," said a gentleman interviewing him, "and the way to do that is to join in the spell."

"Sartin. I come for that," Isaac answered.

"Happy to hear it. Perhaps you are a candidate for the prize. If so I have no doubt but you will be successful."

"I haun't either," said Isaac.

The spelling soon commenced in good earnest. Isaac was much amused and laughed heartily to see one after another go down, but now came the first word for him, it was "polyanthus." Silence reigned profound. Every eye was upon him, and every ear listened attentively to catch every sound as Isaac commenced in a loud deliberate tone—"Po-li-an-thus, what is the rest of her name?" asked Isaac.

The word was again pronounced, amidst the laughter, and cries of "Go on, Isaac, go on!" and Isaac made another attempt to spell more rapidly than before.

"Pol-ly-ann-thus,—"

"Wrong!"

"Right," said Isaac.

"Of course he spelled it right," said one in a whisper just loud enough for Isaac to hear.

"Go on with the spelling! Give that fellow a fair chance!" He is right! Go on!" cried several voices. "There is only one against him, and he will go down on the next!"

The next word vanished his antagonist, and Isaac stood alone, smiling and triumphant amidst the cheering of the company. Word after word had been given, but none was so difficult but what he could manage by the "champion speller." It was unanimously conceded that Mr. Bently had won the victory, to the satisfaction and great amusement of the company, and it was therefore cheerfully agreed that he should be rewarded by receiving the prize, and was immediately presented with a large bound volume.

Isaac looked at it in profound amazement, then throwing the book upon the table, indignantly exclaiming:

"I hain't spelled all them hard words for a book I can tell you. I know what I am about! You can't cheat me! I know and *she knows* what the bargain was," said Isaac, pointing to Bessie, whose blushing face was seen but a moment, for the next she had suddenly and silently disappeared.

"Where is she—where is she?" cried Isaac, as he saw his dearly won prize had vanished, and breaking away from the merry crowd which surrounded him he started in pursuit.

Late at night found Mr. Bently at his uncle's house ringing for admission. Disappointed, and disconsolate, weary of watching and waiting, for one that never came, he passed several days, then discouraged and disheartened he suddenly left for his home in the country, denouncing in a very peculiar and emphatic language, all spelling schools and city girls.

A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.

"A NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING FOR A COOK AND SECOND GIRL.

He thought a cook for a big boarding house in the street in a full city, both of which shall be nameless. On this he advertised for a cook. Twenty five young women and two old ones answered the advertisement. All of them had references in their pocket, as per requirement. Among the twenty five young women was a slim creature in the shabbiest shawl and bonnet which, with exactly enough flesh on her bones to hold them together, but a lady every inch at her.

"References," he said to her, as she sat before him.

She took off her mended glove and showed him a forefinger rough as a nutmeg, with much sewing.

"That's the only proof I have that I've been trying to make an honest living," she said.

"An odd reference for a cook," said he.

"That's for character, said she. "I'll show you how I can cook—I'll give practical proof on that head."

"You are not a servant," said he.

"Not yet, I mean to be. I've been sewing for a living, and I am sick of it," said she.

He looked at her from top to toe.

"Family?"

"Myself, full," said he.

She nodded.

"Dinner at six."

She nodded again.

"Soup every day."

She nodded once more.

"For the rest, variety."

"All right," said she.

He named the wages, and took her down to the kitchen, where the young person who was general assistant received her with a bewildered stare.

After that he did not see her for four weeks, but his meals were delicious. At the end of that time he went down stairs to pay her wages. It was late in the evening. A plump lady, with pink cheeks, sat before the fire stoning raisins. He did not know her at first, but as the knowledge dawned on him he realized how nearly she had been to starvation on the day when he hired her. All he said was:

"I'd like my steak broiled less."

After that he saw her once in four weeks regularly. She never said anything to him, but "Thankye, sir." He always found some fault with something, his eyes fixed on vacancy the while. He was a trim and big bachelor of forty, with handsome black side whiskers. She was forty, and a warm tinted blonde—not a haired, though the kitchen girl thought so. Her hair was Titian's pet color. Inwardly she called her master "a bear." Secretly she thought him a handsome bear.

One day the dinner came down untouched.

"What fault has he found with it now?" she asked.

"None," said the girl. "He's sick."

Breakfast no one came to the table. The the cook ascended the stairs, and finding a pair of boots outside one door, knocked at it.

"Go in," said a faint voice.

She went in, and the result of her investigations was a telegram to the doctor. Her sister, who had always been proud of not being vaccinated, had caught the smallpox.

"You had better go. You'll catch it," said to her.

"I not afraid, said she. "Somebody must say, you know."

She stayed. As he got better he regarded her—as convalescent men always do nurses—with increasing favor, scolding her and fling fault with everything. She had fed the doctor to save his life, and had do all that mortal could do, but he shied and snarled at her.

Only, however, he being well, though still in quarantine, had some vile concoction light lunch for his dinner.

"What this?" he asked.

"The best I could do," said Bridget, who, ring been a victim to the disorder in childhood, had no fear of it.—"Cook's gone off."

"Where has she gone?" asked the master.

"Into hospital, said Bridget. "She did, getting the smallpox and she went."

"It isn't for one just out of a sick bed to use language the master did after that," Bidget said in relating the incident.

But was yet an invalid, and he did not ky his cook's name.

She never told it to him. He tried in vain to discover her whereabouts, but Bridget showed some sagacity. The wages weowing, and the trunk was in the bed-room. Cook would come back.

So master waited; a month passed; another week; then another; then one evening one rang the bell.

"Cook's back and wants to see you," said Bret.

The master went into the parlor. There sat the long absent woman. Her hair had been cut short and curled up about her temples, but her complexion was not spoiled, though she was thin and worn again.

"I've come to see whether you want me to cook for you again," she said.

"No," answered

"Very well," she said.

"You had no business to go off that way," said he.

"Who'd have taken care of me?" she asked.

"It was my duty to see to that, after all you'd done for me," said he.

"Not at all," said she. "And about the wages? I don't want to hurry you, but I need the money."

"Oh, you do?" said he.

Then he sat down near her.

"What a bear I was to you," said he.

"Yes, indeed," said she.

"Fretted and found fault with you."

"So unreasonable, too," said she.

"And yet you'd cook for me again?" said he.

"If I suit you," said she.

"You do," said he.

"You might have said so before," said she.

"Not as a cook," said he.

"Oh?" said she.

"The kitchen is no place for you," said he.

"It's better than sewing," said she.

"But if I make you another offer," he said, will you marry me?" I like you better than any other woman I ever saw.

"But it's a matter of mutual liking, not of yours alone," she said.

"Answer my question," he said.

"It is too unexpected."

"Don't believe it," he said. "Yes or no, be quick."

"Well no," she said.

"Now you are angry," he said.

"You are in temper, said she; "not my self."

"I'll ask you a second time," said, he "will you have me?"

"Second thoughts are best," said she.—"Yes."

And they were married; and as they were never divorced, it is proper to presume that they were happy.

THAT HIRED GIRL.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book peddlers, hat rack men, picture sellers, ash-barrels, rag men and all that class of people must be met at the door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse 'em if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bristled right up at 'em, and when she got through talking to them the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that agents marked that house, and the door bell never rang except for company.

The other day as the lady of the house was enjoying a nap and Sarah was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes fell on a slim man wearing black clothes and a white necktie. He was the new minister, and he was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"An—um—is Mrs.—ah——!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I'd like to see—see——"

"Meander!" she shouted looking around for a weapon, "we don't want any flour sifters here!"

"You are mistaken," he said, smiling blandly. "I called to——"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in, he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes the lady's in, and I am in, and you are out," she snapped, "and now I won't stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come lift your boots!" she said.

"I am not an agent," he said, trying to smile, "I am the new——"

"Yes I know you—you are the new man with a patent flat iron, but we don't want any and you'd better go before I call the dog."

"Will you give the lady my card and say that I called?"

"No, I won't. We're bored to death with cards, handbills, and circulars.—Come I can't stand here all day!"

"Didn't you know that I am a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"Na, no! I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings!"

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you. If you leave that gate open I'll heave a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It not afraid, said she. "Somebody mistay, you know."

She stayed. As he got better he regarded her—as convalescent men always do nurses—with increasing favor, scolding her and fling fault with everything. She had fed the doctor to save his life, and had do all that mortal could do, but he shied and snarled at her.

Only, however, he being well, though still in quarantine, had some vile concoction light lunch for his dinner.

"What this?" he asked.

"The best I could do," said Bridget, who, ring been a victim to the disorder in childhood, had no fear of it.—"Cook's gone off."

"Where has she gone?" asked the master.

"Into hospital, said Bridget. "She did, getting the smallpox and she went."

"It isn't for one just out of a sick bed to use language the master did after that," Bidget said in relating the incident.

But was yet an invalid, and he did not ky his cook's name.

She never told it to him. He tried in vain to discover her whereabouts, but Bridget showed some sagacity. The wages weowing, and the trunk was in the bed-room. Cook would come back.

So master waited; a month passed; another week; then another; then one evening one rang the bell.

"Cook's back and wants to see you," said Bret.

The master went into the parlor. There sat the long absent woman. Her hair had been cut short and curled up about her temples, but her complexion was not spoiled, though she was thin and worn again.

"I've come to see whether you want me to cook for you again," she said.

"No," answered

Home Reading.

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood-water
To take me out with tide.

I see the harbor bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, wife;
Wee Jack is beneath the wave,
And blue-eyed Freddie sleeps, wife,
In yonder yew-bowered grave,
Where the early daises cluster
Around his baby-bed
And the thrush sits chanting softer
In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,
When the harbor-bar doth moan;
But a darker grief will be yours, wife,
When you're left in the cot alone;
But a few more flows of the sea, wife,
And a few more ebbs of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side.

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it to me in days of your;
We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far off shore!

AT PARTING.

Farewell—shall it be farewell?
Farewell, said lightly with the careless part;
Farewell, said coldly by the estranged in heart,
And serving but to tell
The empty dearth of cold convention's shell,
Nay! not farewell,

Good-by—shall it be good-by?
Good-by, low whispered amid blinding tears;
Good-by, presaging sad, long parted years,
Telling, with sob and a sigh,
Of change, or thwarted plan, or broken tie,
Nay! not good-by,

Good night—shall it be good night?
Good night, which means to-morrow we may meet,
Good night! I fain my foolish heart must cheat
Though morning's golden light
Shone on a lone ship leagues beyond thy sight,
Yet still, good night.

Thou hast beloved, good night,
Good night, best night, with all thy fairest dreams,
Good night, best night, with all thy starriest beams,
Watch by her pillow white,
And tell her all my love, thou gentlest night!
Good night, good night.

READING IN SCHOOLS.

We sometimes wish it were possible for the statisticians who compile our census reports to go a little deeper and tabulate the intelligence of the country as indicated by some more suggestive signs than are vouchsafed to us. Thus, after having given the exact number of those who can read and write in any community, it would help us if they would proceed to tell us what is read and how many can read aloud a piece of good English literature.

We suppose we must rest content with the reports of public library officials, and with such observation, scanty or extensive, as we may be able to give to the matter.

But the fact remains, and will hardly be questioned, that in our public schools the main object, so far as reading is concerned, is to supply the scholar with the power to read print at sight, to pronounce accurately the several words that meet his eye, and to know the time value of the several marks of punctuation. All this has little or nothing to do with teaching a child what to read, or educating the power given him to discriminate between what is worth reading and what is worthless.

We believe that higher views of education are beginning to prevail, and that the wisdom which calls emphatically for living teachers calls also for the use in education of the living waters of literature.

Let any one examine the reading books which constitute the whole body of literature upon which children in our public schools are fed, and ask if this feast of scraps is really the best we can offer for their intellectual and spiritual nourishment. Here and there one finds a fine short poem or prose selection from a master, which has a quickening power, but the great mass is drawn from writers who are entitled to all proper respect, but are not the nearest to the fountain of pure literature.—Moreover, the very fragmentary character of the reading books is prejudicial to a free and full development of a child's capacity for appreciating good literature. Even to an old reader an anthology offers but a meagre feast; and a good deal of the pleasure drawn from it is in the association of the fragments with their writer, and with other parts of the same work.

The difficulty with the reading which we set before children in our public schools is that it leads to nothing. It is little in itself, and it contains no inspiration for something beyond. It partakes of much of the character of the books provided for children's entertainment, which seem eternally to suggest that the readers are barred out from any common field or playground with their elders. It is a literature which stunts growth. It is given to children with minds open to receive lasting impressions, and tells them to be satisfied with petty and ignoble things.

This reading is so much exercise; by an instinctive fitness the selections are sometimes called exercises; they are nothing but swinging dumb-bells and pulling weights when the child ought to be in the free air of the higher literature, breathing it and learning to loathe the mephitic vapor of the swamps of literature.

This distinction between books for children and books for their elders, so purely a creation of the last hundred years, ought to be abolished in our schools, and the better lesson taught of the common inheritance held by children with their parents in the great literature of the nation and parent country. If it be objected that this is impossible, that children cann ot understand classic English literature, we reply, try them and see.

The power which has made certain works classic is the power of genius within them, which is independent of commentators and archæological lumber. Where could one find the girl or boy in our schools whose blood would not be quickened by the "Hunting of the Chevoit," and a dozen other of the great ballads? The possession of these ballads, learned by heart, would in itself be a liberal education.

The snatches of Marmion which school-boys declaim point out the power which the whole poem would have on their imagination. Whatever there is in the whole range of English and American literature which lives by virtue of its common acceptance may safely be made a part of the school curriculum. We have no fault to find with the arithmetics which engage the young student in the fascinating occupation of disposing on his slate of a great variety of merchandise, but the arithmetic is not the cornerstone of human freedom and obedience.

The higher demands of the human soul should be answered in our schools as well, and we advise pure literature as a direct and effective agent.

POST-MORTEM VENERATION.

One of the idiosyncrasies of our common nature is that we seem to have more consideration for a man after he is dead than while he is alive. Very often we neglect and disparage him in the flesh, and esteem and eulogize him in the grave.

Examination has more power than great deeds to make heroes, for the shadow of the tomb is a glamour to the living. Perfect appreciation belongs to obituaries. The earliest murmur of fame is frequently the echo of the first earth thrown on the coffin lid.

This disposition to delay honor and withhold affection for the advent of the undertaker, this propensity to retain chaplets for the sake of employing them as immortelles, is witnessed in mortuary celebration. We must compound with our conscience for our disregard of the living by our attention to the dead.

By some irrational casuistry we must conclude that we make amends to kind hearts we have rejected by piling marble mockeries above their silent pulses. Only by such assumption can we explain the solicitude and veneration that have been shown in all ages for the lifeless body.

Race crime or creed has made little difference in what might be called the universal corporeal superstition. However hostile, unjust, or cruel human nature may be to one of its coheirs, its tendency is to the benignant, even to the sentimental, when good offices have been made superfluous by a funeral.

Respect may be slender or null for the breathing, thinking, sensitive, sympathetic form, but