like this in her short life?

full of turkeys."

she said, gently.

say something, but stopped. "Well, what is it?" he said, laughing.

"I do like you," she answered, earnest-

y; "but the poor people -I have known

They rode on for a while in silence.-

blue little hands had stopped shaking,

"Now you are a little more comfort-

able, let us hear where you are going, and

"My name is only Mary, and I am go-

"Nonsense! Of course you have got a

"They call me Mary Kent, but I hate

t, and I won't have, it," she cried, passion-

ately. "Why did they call you that?" he

"Cause ather ran away and left me

in Granny Cole's house, when I was lit-

that said on it : 'Left to pay the rent.'

Granny Cole was good to her.

couldn't find Granny."

hand on his sleeve.

he could leave her.

how bright they are !" -

me, I haven't anybody I know."

"Why, then, did you come to the city?"

alone! There are the market-men-see

in the city as well as in the country; the

markets shone as they always do the

evening before the great feast. Never

were garlands more green, never apples

"The turkey man drove up and stop-

"Here is as far as I can go, little one,"

She was a pretty child, but pale now.

"L'oor little thing!" he muttered; "I

They rubbed their hands as customer

more red, or gobblers more plump.

with olue lips and chaking hands.

ed; all but its feet, in brown paper.

less child lett alone outside the market.

It is his little fellow traveler

A heavy hand was laid on his arm .-

"That's a sharp youngster!" half

laughed the policeman, under his breath.

"This sort of thing is going on here all

the time. Nothing is safe for a moment."

apple. It faltered a moment, then grusp-

furkey-man stepped up to her and touch-

ed her shoulder gently. She had not

seen him; but, without looking up, the

child knew who it was it was the only

"I couldn't do it ! Oh. I couldn't !" she

sobbed. "But I'm so hungry !" and she

The stars were shining cold and clear. The turkey mun's wife was looking out,

and wishing the thermometer could go

up, without the price of turkeys going down. "It is so cold riding from the

opened the door, hoping to hear the wag-

fell against the barrel.

The little blue hand was already on an

She hid her face in her hands. The

he entered the market.

red apples.

consin`:

The turkey-man whistled, and asked if

Anyway, she didn't 'spise me like Saliv

'She is Granny Cole's daughter,"

and the child smiled as she saw the city

this Jay."

them always."

lights in the distance.

what your other name is."

ing to find my cousin."

name.'

asked, gently.

"Stand by the Right though the Heavens fall!"

TERMS:-Two Dollars Per Year in Advance.

VOLUME 32.

MONTROSE, SUSQ'A COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24. 1875.

NUMBER 47.

THE

Montrose

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING It Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.

OFFICE-West Side of Public Avenue.

Advertising Rates: Onesquare, (% of an inch space,)3 weeks, or less, month, \$1.25; 3 months, \$2.50; 6 months, \$4.50; car. \$6.50. Aliberal discount on advertisements of a reater length. Business Locals, 10 cts, a line for first section, and 6 cts, a line each enbequent inscriton.— Luriages and deaths, irea; objuntics, 10 cts, a line,

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Montrose, Pa., March 10, 1875.

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

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Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1873.—Iv

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County Business Directory.

Select Boetry.

A DEED AND A WORD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way

A passing stranger scooped a well,

Where weary men might turn ;

He walled it in, and hung with care

He thought not of the deed he did,

He passed again, and lo! the well,

But judged that toil might drink.

By summer never dried, Has cooled ten thousand parched tongue

Amid the grass and fern ;

A ladie at the brink;

And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd

That thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love,

Unstudied, from the heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown,

It raised a brother from the dust,

O germ! O fount! O word of love!

DIVORCE.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

And men have hearkened its stern decree

Two streams have flowed to the suilen sea.

The hores that were born with the birth of

The future is laden with curses and tears.

To breathe in a world without fragrance

O'er dreams that lie buried in anguish and

Where life was as sweet as the glance of a

The beauty, the hope, and the faith unde-

Poured gladness in bosoms of bridegroom

Each tear that seemed sweeter than hono

They turn from the path that is fairest t

The visions that were will come never

Thy world is hereafter a woe and a shame;

'Twill mock thee with throbbings thou

Selected Story.

It saved a soul from death.

O thought at random cast !

Ye were but little at the first,

But mighty at the last !

The law has spoken.

The law is broken,

The great world wondered ;

Two lives are sundered.

The past is in askes.

And memory dashes

the years :

Life's dream is relinquished,

Love's lamp is extinguished,

Death's parting-to sever

or bloom?

Death's parting-to

Alone, and to ponder

What demon has entered

Where angels have centered,

What flame has o'erpowered

Ah! bright was the summer.

Ab 1-pure was each meeting,

Each smile and each greeting,

The love so embowered

When ev'ry new comer

and bride.

or pride.

Their lips unrepenting.

Their eyes unrelenting, .

Hone weary and sighing,

O Heart ! once for aken,

Once withered and shaken,

Cold pride may sustain thee,

Twill bruise thee and chain the.

canst not reclaim.

Love bitterly dying,

again.

Forever, torever,

A transitory breath ;

I woliner in this Directory, one year, \$1.50; each additional line, 50 cents.

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INTEREST ALLOWED ON SPECIAL AS PER AGREEMENT WHEN THE

In the future, as in the past, we shall endeav-or to transact all money business to the satis-Montrose, March 10 '75.-tf. Bankers.

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L. S. LENHEIM, Great Bend, Pa DRAFTS SOLD ON EUROPE. COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS

A THANKSGIVING STORY. It was the evening before Thanksgiv

The sun had gone down behind the hills of Greenville leaving them cold and bare against the dall sky. The equirrels were safe and warm in their own little houses, cracking nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner.

The trees waved their tall, bare branch es in the bitter cold, but they knew that their roots were sheltered by the kind earth. The cold winter shouted a merry "good-evening" to everything, as he rushed over the frozen ground.

He raced over the bare hills; the squirrels drew closer together, and exulted over their crowded storehouses; the trees bowed a stately good-night, as he whisked away; but he calmed down as he met a little figure on the frozen road, and LIABLE PLACE OF DEPOSIT FOR gave her time to draw her faded cloak tighter over her blue hands, before he rushed on again. A wagon was beard. "Rattle, rattle" even the wagon is cold, the child thought,

as she heard the loose spokes rattle in the She stepped aside for the wagon to pass, the driver, a pleasant-looking man, stop- ed it tightly, then dropped it. ped his horses, and asked her whether she was going.

"To the city," she answered. "To the city?" cried the man. "Why, ou will never get there, unless you are olown there, or I take you." "Will you take me?" she asked, not

eagerly, but like one accustomed to re-His answer was to reach down his hand to help her up. "Now, what's your name?" said he

he put her under the heavy buffalo robe "Mary only Mary she answered has-"Mary," said the man, softly, more to himself than to the child, "I wish it city alone!" she said to herself. She

hadn't been that." child. trouble."

trouble, Granny says," said the child heard the rattling wheels; John must, again left alone to my own pleasant respiling.

"Ought to have trouble, hey!" said the holding the lamp high above her head.

Night came, and so did a lot of young

man, stopping his horse, and drawing The turkey man came in, with some fellows with their girls, to set up with from under the buffalo robe a can of hot thing wrapped in the buffalo robe; he me and they had a jolly time of it, alcoffee. That hase't been off the stove laid it on the big dining table. "Don't though it was against my principles to more than five minutes," he said as he say no l let us do something for Mary's enjoy it on so solemn an occasion filled a little tin cup and handed it to her. sake, this Thanksgiving!"

"Take that and drink to your Granny!"

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed, as he came at last, and they went away. I heard them say that I was to the company that I was to th had drank it all. She did not say, she wait till I tell you all," said the tur- jed that day at 3 o'clock, and I was be had tasted nothing to-day. Why should key-man.

she? when there had been so many days When he had, told his story, he said Jerusha and her mother came into the The man replaced the can, pulled the

horses to "get up" and "go along" then had left the child alone in the city?"

he whistled awhile; then he said: "It "You did right. John, you always d is mighty cold. I hope it will keep so!" said his wife. "Oh, don't !" exclaimed the child With these words, the woman-good, "Cos it makes turkeys cost so much, practical soul |-- hastened to wash the little girl's face and hands. Then she Don't you care anything for me?" he warmed and comforted her, while the

horse. "I didn't know you were a turkey-man" "I remember this house," said the child as she looked out of a large blanket be- They kept on talking as they swept, fore the fire. "I saw it one day with dusted and cleaned the room. "Yes, I am a turkey-man, and I think even poor people can afford to buy a tur- Granny Cole; I stopped and looked over key once a year, if they are high. The the tence, and threw stones at the turturkey-men have been waiting a year for keys. I didn't know he was a kind man then. Granny hates rich men-I won-There was a twinkle in his eye she did | der where Granny is-I'm sorry I threw not see; he looked down into the little the stones but they wasn't big." The pale face. "I am afraid you don't care little head fell lower and lower; the pale for the turkey-men!" he said, soberly lids closed; the little hands grew quiet; for the turkey-men !" he said, soberly lids closed; the little hands grew quie She hung down her head, started to but the little voice repeated in sleep:

didn't know he was a kind man." THE SNUFF-COLORED SUIT.

I scarcely knew how it happened, but a timber must have fell and struck me on The hot coffee had worked wonders; the the head-The first thing that I realized after it,

pertectly conscious, I could do nothing inwardly boiling with wrath. my face, and a voice which I recognized

"He hasn't changed much." "Better looking dead than alive," said tle. He pinned a paper on my dress,

wife that was to be, said:

"Pretty kind," said the child, wearily. excepting the money part. Though I the room. "Who may Sally be?" asked the turkey-"Did Granny Cole send you alone to when he opened it at dinner." the city ?" said he, watching her suspic-"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hop-"She told me the other day if I ever she sent me off with Sally, and when I same to the greedy packet of the undercome back Sally ran away from me, and I taker. I had heard of undertakers who always whistle joyfully when they got a "Are you quite sure you can find your measure, but I never believed it before .-But that man actually whistled a subdu-She looked np in his face, and laid her

"I never saw my cousin," she said. wore rolled down my back to the time of calmly. If Granny has run away from his whistle. His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my own reflections, said the turkey-man, wondering where which were not particularly comforting, although I had often heard it remarked stamps, and you had better marry him, "I know the city best, Granny used to that meditation was good for the soul, live there, till a week ago. It is so dark and this was the best chance I ever had in the country, when you have to stay of trying it.

An hour must have passed when the

so mortal homely alive, he must be fright- on my old clothes. rapture, or pretended to, over my noble dead, Benny dear. My heart seemed all he said, as he lifted her out and stood brow and expressive mouth; and how withered and broken to see you lying all her safely on her feet in the bright light she had often declared that if I were ta- cold and white. I wept bitterly over your ken away from her she would surely pine pale face, my beloved."

Oue of them raised the cloth, and I taking on terribly. It was a lucky die knew they were looking at me. Bob was for me." wish they hadn't named her Mary," and her second cousin, and I knew that he was that 'other fellow' whom her father The market-men beamed on everybody, had mentioned. Seems to me you don't feel very bad after customer vanished with the cold about his dying. Rusha, remarked Bob,

away and die.

form of some kind of fowl neatly cover- meditatively Well, to tell the truth, said my dear It was growing late; the turkey-man betrothed, I don't care very much about had sold out; he waited only to get a it. If he had lived I should have marto make up with me again; so she is hot supper before starting for home. He ried him because he was rich, and father to make up with me again, so she is had been thinking entirely of dollars and wanted me to; but I was getting about cents; but as he walked out of the mar- sick of my barguin, for I knew I should ket the thought of his home, his wife always be ashamed of him, he looked so up my souff-colored clothes to make a waiting alone for him in the great white much like a baboon. house, and his little Mary safe in God's "But didn't you love him? remarked

home above-he had forgotten the home Bob. "No. I didn't; my affections were wast. ed long ago upon one who never return-"Stand back a moment!" whispered a ed my love," and my fast faiting angel voice. He looked up, and saw a large policeman watching a child at a barrel of sighed heavily. They had covered my face by this time

and were standing a few steps from where "A vear or such a matter, with another deep sigh, which ended in a fit of sneez-

About the time I went away? interrogated the cautious Bob, coughing a "Well, yes, some'res near, assented my dear uffianced. "Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to in-

sinuate I-"I don't mean to insinuate anything Bob Smith, and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened. "Now, see here, Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee high to a gopher but I thought when you came home you was sweet on that other chap; but I believe you liked me all the time ! "Oh, Bob! said my was-to-be, in

"My own, Jurusha ! Then I heard a subdued rush, accom- the light atmosphere the first night. "Why, there's lots of Marys," said the on put the cold wind drove her back to panied by violent lip explosion. I tried Then he looked up towards the ceiling hild.

"Yes I know it?" he said. "I had a ago, when she did not sit waiting alone, thing to relieve my outraged feelings and we went out and sat down on the little Mary last Thanksgiving. I—I don't She imagined she heard the little voice; but not a kick nor a grate could I raise, wood pile and wondered why somebody attiring appeal to the ladies present; who were like to see any one named Mary in though it had been hushed nearly a year. It was an awful fire to be in, but I had to was always outstripping us in the race of not interested in the work, inviting all to work. -how pleasantly she saw the sweet face stand it, or rather lay it, so I laid still life.
"I ain't crying because I'm in trouble, though it had been covered so long!— and let them alone until they got tired of but cause I'm so cold. I ought to have She wiped the tears from her eyes as she it; and then they went out, and I was

gushing sort of way.

It seemed an age until morning, but it I heard them say that I was to be bur-

ginning to feel decidedly shaky when

earnestly: "How could I go to church room and began arranging for the func-to-morrow and thank God for His care ral. pobe up even with her chin, and told the of us, if I, with no little one to care for, "Jerusha, said her mother, "here is the

snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's, of course "You did right, John, you always do," he will never have no more use for clothes, so just put them away among your carpet rage; they will make a nice stripe. . Now that particular suit of clothes was just the neatest one I ever owned; armholes, collars, wristbands, buttons, all cried, pathetically; "here's my wagon kind turkey man went to take care of his just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly of using them

for stripes in a rag carpet. "Bob savs he will take the Martin farm to work this year, said Jerusha, cheerfully; "and as soon as we are married

we shall go to housekeeping in the little cottage close to the road. "Now I must get my curpet done just as soon as possible, for I want it in that little front room. These duds of Ben's will make out enough rags, I guess. His folks live so far away they will never in-quire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it, we could ask old

she's sure to be here to-day. I was getting very mad now, indeed.-I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they did was that I was straight and still on some. not let my souff colored suit alone, Jething hard, and when I tried to move rusha picked them up-I knew it, for I myself and speak, I found it impossible heard the buckles and buttons jingleto do so. I concluded that I must be in said made for the door. I tried to slinke some very tight, dark place, for I could my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. not see, in fact, I soon learned that, tho' laid there, outwardly as quiet as a lamb, but hear. A door opened and footsteps It was too much; the deepest trance approached, and I felt a cloth taken from could not have held out against the

Mother Smith about coloring yellow

loss of that suit. With a powerful effort us that of Mr. Jones, the father of my I sprang up and screamed. Jerushs dropped my clothes and her mother the duter, and both fled from the room and the house, never stopping until they reach. his companion, whose voice I knew to be ed Dr. Brown's across the street. With the village undertaker, Hopkins. "How difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I does Jerush feel about it? Take on very had just got them fairly on, when Mrs Jones and her daughter, followed by a "Oh, no; she had her eve on another numerous company of men, women and fellow anyhow, and a better match, too, children, came peering cautiously into

know much, and was about the homeli- Such a scared-looking crowd was enough est man I ever knew. Such a month !- to amuse an owl, so I laughed; I knew Why it really seemed as though he was it was unbecoming, but I couldn't have going to swallow knife, plate and all, helped it if they had chucked me into my coffin-which the undertaker was just carrying past the window-and buried kins, "he'll never open his mouth again;" me the next minute. I laughed until I and then he proceeded to measure me for jarred the chair out from under one end come home and found her gone, to go to a coffin, for it seemed that I was dead, or of the board, and down I went with a the city and find my cousin. Yesterday they thought I was, which was all the crash. Then the doctor ventured into the room, saying rather dubiously: "So you are not dead yet, Ben?" "Well, no, not exactly," I replied, "sor

I gur on me ho

ry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however," "Yes," he said, rather absently, "bad. ed dancing tune while he measured me, rather—thatus—ahem !" and it seemed that three or four icicles "Fooled out of that snuff-colored stripe!" I thought as I looked at Jerusha. "Go and speak with him." said father in a stage whisper. "He's got the

alter all." They began to gather around me and congratula e me on my escape. I noticed Friend Walker, made twenty-five years ago, that they cried a great deal more now door opened again, and two persons came than when I was dead. Jerusha came It was the night before Thanksgiving whispering along to where I lay, and the and hung around my neck; saiveling desvoice of my poomised wife fell upon my perately. I gave a not over gentle push, and told her to wait next time until I I dread to look at nim, Bob; he was was safely buried before she set her heart

"O, I am so glad!" she said sweetly I ground my teeth in imagination es I: without appearing to notice what I said remembered how often she had gone into about the clothes "that you are not "Yes," I replied, "I heard you and Bob

> "Could you hear ?" she gasped. She looked toward the door, but it was crowded full, so she made a dive for the open window, and went through it like a deer. She shut herself up in the smokehouse, and would not come out until I had left the house.

> living a life of single blessedness. While I am writing my wife is cutting stripe in a new carpet for our front

A Disgusted Editor.

He was a sad-eyed, meek-faced man, and we supposed he merely wanted to give us a new item; but when he commenced telling us about building a barh on his ranch 190x280 feet, seven stories high, and ornamented with bay windows, we thought it was time to check him, and so we commenced:

"Well, we admit that is a pretty-large parn for this country, but back in the states our father built a barn 325x500 feet nine stories high, and furnished with steam elevators; the-"Back in the states, interrupted our

"Why, that wasn't much of a barn for he states. I remember, now, that when was quite young my father built a chicken coop 550x832 feet. I don't recoffect how many stories high, but I know that there was a cupola on it for the About how high was that cupola? we

asked.
I don't remember the exact heigh now, mister, was the reply, but I know i was so high that the fourteenth upper tier of roosters died from the effects of

a monument and a song for one voice? political institutions. ne's so high, the other's solo.

When a man marries a poetess, does b

take her for better de verse? Can a lover be called a suitor when he dosen't suit her?

The original greenbacks frogs.

Home Bending.

THE TRANSIENT GUEST. AN APOLOGUE.

Once to a peasant's cottage came

A beauteous maid, whose shining frame And joyous features, angel bright, Seemed to the peasant's dazzled sight Some being of celestial birth, Come down to bless the sons of earth, Illumined by her presence there, All things around grow bright and fair Nay, to the man's enchanted view His very but a palace grew ; And he-as in a royal hali-Moved like a monarch, lord of all! On some mysterious errand bent, The wondrous being came and went As led by duty or caprice; Soon as she entered all was peace; Her presence there, however brief, Was sure to banish care and grief; Whene'er she came, by day or night, The peasant's soul was all delight; Whene'er she went, alas ! the room Was but a hovel filled with gloom,

"O bide with me, thou beauteous maid!" (Thus, on his knees the peasant prayed,) "When thou art here the moments pass Full joyfully; but when, alas! Thou goest, all my care and pain Return to vex my soul again !" "It may not be;" the maid replied, "That I with thee should long abide; They need my presence otherwhere A while to banish grief and care ; With mortals transient is my stay; I come and smile and pass away ; They bid me stay, but all in vain, With mortals I may not remain !" "And who art thou?" the peasant cried,

"And where, O where dost thou abide? Tell me, that I may follow thee, Where'er thy residence may be i" "My name," she said, "is HAPPINESS!" "I visit Earth, sometimes, to bless The hearts of men; lest grief and care Should, haply, drive them to despair : But still, though I do earth resort. My visits there are few and short, That they, who fain would know me well, So live that they at last may come And find me in my Heavenly Home!"

TEMPERANCE MEETING. The public meeting of the W. C. T. U. of Montrose was held in the Baptist church on Friday evening, November 12th. Mrs. Rev. A. L. Post, the President of the Union, after the opening exercises, gave an interesting report of the State Convention held at Williamsport on the 19th and 20th of October. Mrs. Weston, of Brooklyn, give some exceedingly interesting and appropriate readings, which were listened to by a very large and highly appreciative audience. Mrs. Weeks, of Montrose, read a very thrilling account from a recent number of the New York Observer, of the resignation of a clergyman who had fallen a victim to the habit of intemperance, asking the prayers of all present for him and his family, that he might be deliviplay. Her entire devotion to the active infant ered from the terrible bondage which had de- and total indifference to observation proclaimstroyed his character and usefulness. She also | ed her its mother. She tickled the baby under

"that an open hand was a sure protection against temptation." Mrs. E. A. B. Mitchell recited an original poem which we subjoin: THE INEBRIATE'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL. Oh, men of God, look down, Down from your cloudless hight, To the depths of our despair, The darkness of our night ! Have ye no ray of hope to throw Into this black abyss of woe?

Our fetters round we drew: While desdened powers, and weakened will Keep fast the chains that bind us stil. Oh, ye untrammeled ones, We sigh your peace to share ! Ah. little do we wis What galling chains we wear, But feel, as bound with us to-day,

'Twas not in willful scorn

Twas but unconsciously

Of all that's good and true,

And for your weaker brothers pray! We fain would speak to God, But lip and heart are vile : We dread to meet His frown, Yet languish for His smile. Do fervent prayers of righteous men Avail with Him? Plead for us, then Oh, tell to him our need.

Our utter poverty;

Say all we prized is lost, Manhood, and purity,-The bliss of love, the sweets of home, Aye, e'en the hope of life to come ! Though proudly we have turned From pity and from blame, Hiding our misery, Our self-reproach and shame.

Insatiate appetite, Like some mad beast of prey, Drinks at our very hearts, Draining our life away. Is there no power relief can give? Such victims must we longer live? A serpent's fang bath pierced,

Our pride ne'er soothed our secret paug,

Or hushed the voice that inly rang.

The burning poison flow.-A Healer? Lift Him to our gaze, The Cross, the Christ before us raise ! "Look unto me," He said ? Said it for such as we? There lift the Saviour up. We long his face to see ! Oh, that some kindly aid He'd give,

Oh, that He'd bid the dying live !

With pain ye can not know;

We feel through every vein

Montrose, Noy. 12, 1875. in some way, in advancement of the interests French think, may have been the involuntary of a cause so closely identified with the happi- caus, of their defeat at Waterloo. Pierre What is the difference between the top ness of all classes, and the prosperity of our Cocka, a naturalized Belgian, was arrested by

Miss E. C. Blackman read the new license made to serve as guide during the terrible days law, and showed by some clearly defined expo- of June 15 and 10, 1815. Pierre died at Nositions of it that the law itself is cognizant of gent at the age of 74. The papers say that he its own inherent evil; and consequent want of never forgo t the horse's tail, and dreamt nightrespectability. Me reenery in its origin and ly of the pis tols that were held over him while character, it betrays its weakness in defrauding in that uncom furtable position. licensed dealers in liquors of the right to pros-ecute their business on the days when their profits would be largest. It defrauds vo-cannot afford to k eep on the safe side by being licensed dealers in liquors of the right to prosters of the right to vote upon a question which mean.

more nearly concerns the people than any other. It attempts to regulate what never should be regulated. But the main point of Miss B's. remarks was to call attention to those provisions of the law which, if persistently enforced would in a large measure curtail the sale of liquor. She insisted that the genuine seed of Temperance reform is yet to be sown—that this reform would begin when our State and National revenues are purified from the dross which s derived from the manufacture and importa-

tion of liquor for its use as a beverage. Miss Carrie Foster recited an effective poem. "I have drank my last "glass," in a style highly creditable. Mrs. Benjamin told a thrilling story of crime committed under the influence of liquor. Rev. J. G. Miller, in some pertinent remarks, endorsed the sentiment of the meeting. Mr. Seldon Foster made an important suggestion. Mr. Wm. L. Cox gave encouraging words of progress in the Temperance work in Montrose. A vote of thanks was given to Mrs. E. A. Weston for her gratuitous services. and also to the choir for their fine music, which closed by singing "Hold the Fort." Rev. W. C. Tilden offered earnest prayer for the Temperance workers, and for the clergyman and family for whom prayers had been requested

Benediction by Rev. J. E. Chesshire. (Original.) THE LOWER DRAWER.

WAIF. I never like to be about when my wife views the contents of the Lower Drawer. We have something put away there which s very dear to both of us, and although I have never seen them since they were laid aside, yet

remember every article. There are two worn shoes-very small-yet had planned great journeys for those tlny feet—a number of dainty dresses—a little hood and so many more things, all packed away with my wife's tears in the Lower Drawer. There is something gone from out our home which can never return to us. There is a childish voice hushed which I long to hear. I want some one to tesse me for my knife. I want a little elbow?to lean upon my knee, a child's dear eyes to look up lovingly in mine from underneath a thatch of golden hair. If to-day I could mend a broken cart, or to

s kite to reach the sky, I should be blissfully A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day.-We are so dull, so thankless and too slow to catch the sunshine till it passes by. And now to me it seems surpassing strange, that I did

not more often and tenderly kiss the little child that brought us only good. To-night, as I sit down to rest, I miss, from my tired knee, the little elbow, from off my breast, the restless, curling head, and from my own the dimpled hands have slipped and never again will nestle in my palm. You cannot blame us for our heartache when we view the contents of the Lower Drawer, now that the

white lect into their grave have tripped.

A BABY AT THE THEATER She brought the darling with her to see the referred to the workers of the past in Montrose the chin till it crowed again. She seized its "of blessed memory," giving a suggestion from foot and shook it till the infantsuffocated itself with delight. This had a bad effect, for when buby recovered its wind it yelled with fright. Then, such a kissing and dandling. It was tossed, and playfully shaken, and grinned at, and chirruped to, until it began another starming laugh. An artificial rose in the maternal bonnet caught the infantile eye, and the delighted mamma suffered her offspring to bob weak-

ly up and down on its limber legs, and jabber

earnestly at the floral ornament. People in the vicinity grew nervous. Such a lively intant was sure to make things disagreeable before the evening was over. Several young men got up and changed their seats to the other side of the theater. Gentlemen contracted their brows, and unmarried ladice assumed fixed smiles of unnatural sweetness as they cast their fine eyes toward the playful inin ut and its proud and happy mother, fancying that they thus advertised the well of maternal love which isy latent in their virgin bosoms.— The lights were turned up and bulged out the infant's e es with surprise. One feeble little hand, with all the tiny togers working, was stretched con vulsively toward the glittering gas jets on the other side of auditorium. The orchestra began with a crash. The baby tell upon its back in the maternal lap, and set up a shrick so loud that the old German doing a littie solo on the cornet between crashes had his sound quite drowned. It was noticed that when it came the bass-drum man's turn to chime in he did so with a thundering vigor that would have covered the screeches of a foundling pospital. Baby got used to it, and when the curtain ran up sat in a state of stupefaction, staring at the actors.

An amiable old gentleman in eye-glasses and-

white vest, sitting immediately in front of baby, wentied of the play, and in the most grandfatherly manner possible turned, and poking a fat forefinger into the infant's ribs jocosely clicked his tongue. The consequence of this advance was that, just as a young gentleman on the stage, who was on his knees before a young lady with averted head, remarked in an impassioned manner, "And, Edith darling, should heaven bless our union and give us-" baby gave a howl of supernatural loudness .-The confused and modified old gentleman blew his nose with prodigious vigor and looked straight before him with a very red face. The young gentleman on the stage was startled out of his speech, and the young lady, overcome with emotion, stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth. Every man in the house scowled at the mother, who seemed more calmly detighted with her darling than ever, and made loving faces at it for full five minutes. She was really and truly unconscious that she and her pet annoyed any one, and throughout the whole evening smiled serenely and looked upon the infant's screams and kicks as marks of a preegeity which must excite the admiration of the public, who, no doubt, were delighted with the

The death is reported of a man who the the arany of Blucher, tied to a horse's tail, and