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 DECEMBER 8. 1875. NUMBER 49.

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

Low Prices. — Quick Work. — Try Us.

E. B. HAWLEY, — WM. C. CRUSER.

Business Cards.

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, Pa. 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. 10th, 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.-1v

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, News papers, 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

L. F. FITCH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office as heretofore, below and west of the Court House.
Montrose, January 27, 1875.—1y.

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.

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.

WILSON J. TURREL,
SURVEYOR. Having had 20 years experience in the business, will continue to attend to all calls in my profession. Montrose, Pa. [Sept. 15, '75—1y*]

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,
aul 69tf **Friendsville, Pa.**

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose Pa. [aul 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 10, 1871.—tf

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

County Business Directory.

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.—6 per cent. interest on all Deposits. Does a general Banking Business. -nll-tf S. B. CHASE & CO.

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

N. 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.

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.

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. HAMERSHEAU,
E. P. BROWN,
Oct. 25, 1874.
136 Court Street,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Select Poetry.

CRICKET-CRIES.

If the Autumn winds are all
In a tender sort of swoon,
You can hear the cricket call,
Any Autumn afternoon;
And should you heed him, soon.
You will hear, it may befall,
Dreamy language wing its way
Through his low and dreamy lay;

"By the mist empurpled skies,
By the red leaves lying sear,
I know that Summer dies
In the lands that held her dear.
And with his sparkling spear,
With his icy-brilliant eyes,
Snow-bearded Winter speeds
On his whitest of white steeds!

"Oh, the days will shortly be
When here I must not sleep,
But in some black chink and wee
Of some old fireside creep—
To sleep, and wake, and sleep,
By the great log's yellow glee,
And slowly find, no doubt,
All the family-secrets out.

"From the hearth-fire's viewless flail
I can see the spark-chaff fly,
Ere that ashy film and pale
Furs the embers by-and-by,
How much better taste have I
Than my relative, the Snail,
Toasting here, as fate appoints,
My extravagant hip-joints!

"Hear the clock's quick tick, above
Even the bitter north-wind's roar;
Hear old grandma, like a dove,
Coo her surreptitious snore;
Hear the lovers laugh—and more,
See the lovers making love!
And hear the purr of that
Tawny Sybarite, our cat!

"How I hearken, while I bask
To the hum the kettle makes!
In his dull prosaic task
How much merriment he takes!
Ah, for me that kettle makes
All the nightingale I ask,
Except it be, mayhap,
The pine log's bubbling sap!

"Why does Mary grow so pink
It she has not had a kiss?
It is fine, you lovers think,
To be making love like this,
Yet a pleasant blaze, I wis,
And a cozy little chink,
Bring quite as much content
To the cricket temperment!

"While the golden rods, in seas,
Plume the lanes and dales with gold,
While a glory smites the trees,
And the sumach leaves burn bold,
In my longing heart I hold
These, and pictures like to these,
Waiting days more bleak and drear,
That my fireside voice can cheer!

"Oh, for winds of solemn tune,
Oh, for chilly lighted skies!
Since she cannot die too soon,
Oh, too slow the Summer dies!"
Now in just this dreamy wise,
On an Autumn afternoon,
If your faith be good and strong,
You can hear the cricket's song.

Selected Story.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH'S BOARDER.

Mrs. Butterworth's boarder had drawn her best rocking chair out upon the front porch and was now sitting with his slippered feet upon the railing, smoking his meerchaum, as coolly as though it were December instead of July.

Mr. Dessaint—as Mrs Butterworth had confided to her next door neighbor, the second day after his arrival, was the "queerest man you ever did see." He was a big, ruddy, blonde young fellow, with a face that would have been rather boyish, but for the manly chestnut beard. He had written that he was a crusty bachelor of twenty-five, and wanted a good place to kill the summer in. He certainly looked cool enough in his white duck suit and panama hat, as he sat there puffing contentedly at his pipe and watching Kitty Butterworth, as she walked up the path, swinging her hat a little nervously by the strings as she came along.

"Miss Butterworth," he said, letting his eyelids droop drowsily, and lazily regarding her through a clowd of freshly emmitted smoke, "you look warm."

"And why should I not, pray? I've been walking. You look cool enough though."

Without regarding this remark, which was delivered in rather a spiteful tone, Mr. Dessaint feebly motioned the smoke aside with his white hand, and laughingly said: "Miss Butterworth what do you suppose I was thinking of just now?"

"The person in whom you are most interested, I suppose."

"And whom do you suppose that one is?"

"Yourself."

"No; yourself."

"Indeed!" elevating her eyelids provokingly.

"Yes—or rather of your name. Miss Butterworth candidly, now, don't you think yours is a very—well, a very homely sort of a name?"

Kitty fired up at once. "It may be a homely name, but we are homely people. But it has been good enough for my fathers before me, and I guess it is good enough for me."

"Well, but no offense, you know—don't you think you had better change it?"

"No, sir, not for any other that I ever heard of," and Miss Kitty bounded up stairs in a state of highly wronged indignation.

"What right had he to talk to me like that?" said she to herself. "Change my name, indeed! I wonder what he meant. One thing I know. If I was thinking of so doing I should look for some less disagreeable person than Mr. Louis Dessaint."

When she came down stairs, half an hour afterwards, looking fresh and smiling, in her white dress, she had forgotten all about the above conversation.—Mr. Dessaint was still on the porch, and Kitty came out with her sewing and sat down on the settee near him. They often sat thus in the summer afternoons, and to tell the truth almost always enjoyed talking to Mr. Dessaint, for no man could be more aggreeable and entertaining when he chose. But to-day some strange perversity seemed to have seized him. He sat idly regarding her for some time, while neither spoke. Finally he got up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, carefully refilled and relighted it, and then came and stood by her, looking down curiously at her or her work, she could not tell which.

"Miss Kitty," he began in the same bantering tone, "excuse me for not saying Miss Butterworth. You know I dislike the name exceedingly—Miss Kitty, I have a very peculiar request to make.—Will you grant it?"

"Not before I know what it is, most assuredly."

"But I am going to tell you what it is."

"Very well," and she kept on with her needle work indifferently.

"I want you to marry me."

So abruptly, so unexpectedly was this very original proposal made, that the meaning of the words was not at once apparent.

Kitty looked up enquiringly at the face which was looking down at her—a face kindly in its expression in spite of the cynical moustache, which gave the mouth an ill deserved appearance of insincerity. Then, as she began to comprehend the full force of the words, the blood came rushing to her face. Poor Kitty! She little knew the man who stood so coolly nonchalent beside her.—She did not perceive the wistful, earnest light that showed deep down in his deep blue eyes, and she thought he was quizzing her. Slowly she gathered her work together, rose to her fullest height, and stood for a moment, her black eyes flashing back their indignation into his.—Then she angrily brushed aside the tears that would come in spite of her, and turned away, "grand as Boadicea, and twice as beautiful."

She never stopped till she reached her room, where she flung herself, sobbing, on the bed, and reproached herself bitterly for actually admiring this great, handsome conceited fellow, whose greatest delight seemed to consist in tormenting and mortifying her. Perhaps it would have consoled her not a little, could she have heard Louis Dessaint scolding himself for his folly after she had gone.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "why must I always go about a thing in this sort of way? When I am most in earnest, I invariably seem most trifling. No wonder she was vexed. Nobody would have suspected I really ment to pop the question. She didn't say no, anyway.—Perhaps I shall be more explicit next time. I'll try again this evening."

But Miss Kitty did not come down stairs again that night; and the next day, and the next, she kept herself so busy, and kept herself frigid when he approached her, that our hero found it impossible to explain himself. At length one evening he came down suddenly and found her alone on the porch. She would have ran past him into the house, but his burly form filled the doorway.

"Just one moment Miss Butterworth—it is a homely name, hang me if it isn't—I want to beg your pardon for my rudeness the other day."

In spite of his resolution, here he was speaking in the same provoking strain as before.

She bowed coldly and said: "It's of no consequence. Pray don't humble yourself to apologize. If you will allow me to pass, I think I will go in."

"But you will let me tell you first what I tried to make you understand before. Upon my honor, Miss Butterworth, I meant just what I said. I want you to marry me." And he made an unsuccessful attempt to take her hand.

"You are very kind, sir," she said in as freezing a manner as a poor girl nearly melted to tears well could, "but you must excuse me. I feel obliged to deny your request." And she hurried by him.

He stood a moment really grieved and very much puzzled to know how he could come to an understanding with her.—Then as she vanished up the stairs, he could not for the life of him avoid calling after her:

"Excuse me for not taking such an answer. You are under age, and I shall take the liberty of asking your father."

Miss Kitty was already so far away that it is a chance if she heard the closing portion of his remarks; but as fate would have it, Farmer Butterworth did. He happened to enter the gate just at that time; and Dessaint turning was much chagrinned to find him thus within hearing. However, the young man's habitual independence did not desert him and with characteristic decision, he determined to make the best of the situation. He came to the point at once.

"Mr. Butterworth—by the way dont you think your family name is a trifle awkward?—I want your consent to marry your daughter."

"Wall," slowly answered the farmer, "I don't know jes' what to say. What does she think about it?"

"I haven't asked her yet—that is—well. I think if I had your permission I could bring her around."

"Well, I'll tell ye just how it is, Mr. Dessaint," said the farmer after some thought, "even if she were willin', I don't know's I should be. I don't mind telling you that I'm in a mighty tight fix, jes' now. Old Sol. Wilson, down at Tidemill, has bought up the mortgage on this place, and I've jes' got word, that he intends to foreclose it at once. 'Twas due long ago. He knows I can't pay the half of it, that's why he bought it. He's allus had a grudge gin me ever since I cut him out with Nancy. I don't keer so much for myself, but my wife and poor little Kitty—it'll go hard with them—" and the farmer fairly broke down and sobbed as he thought of his wife and child turned away from the old homestead. Louis was affected, but it was not his way to show it. At length he said:

"Why not let me take care of Kitty for you?"

"Well, Mister Dessaint," the farmer answered, brushing the tears from his eyes, and looking the young man straight in the face, "to tell the truth, you ain't jes' the man to trust a girl with. I like you fust rate, and I suppose you are a fine gentleman enough, but your hands don't look to me as if they could work much for a woman. You don't seem to have any business; and fine clothes and kid gloves won't support a family."

Louis Dessaint sat for a long time in silence smoking his pipe. It shamed him more than he cared to own, that a keen, just man like this could speak to him in such a way, and he could find no word for himself.

He had never told his host that he was wealthy, and it really pained him now to think that he, a young, strong, and, as he believed, a man not without talent, should appear to this honest farmer so poor a dawdler that he dared not trust his daughter to him.

Must he then say to the father, "I am rich," in order to win the daughter?—His pride revolted at the idea, and the subject was dropped for the time.

Long after the farmer went in the young man sat in no satisfactory reflection upon the worthlessness of his past life. There, alone with himself and the night, he resolved to no longer waste his time and talent in idly playing, but would rouse himself to action, and show the woman he loved and the man who had so kindly reproved him, that he was not the useless thing he seemed. Meanwhile, he was rich, and the farmer must not be driven from his home.

How could he pay the debt without betraying the fact of his wealth? Sleep came upon his weary brain while the question was yet unanswered. But the morrow took it into its own hands.

The next night, just after tea, the farmer his wife and daughter sat together on the porch. Dessaint had been with them a few moments, but the sadness which they vainly strove to banish from their faces made him somehow feel that there was a circle of which he formed no part at such a time and from which he ought to withdraw.

So he had betaken himself to his room just overhead, and was sitting at the window, playing softly on his flute. While thus engaged he saw a small, unprepossessing-looking man drive up to the gate, and after securing his horse, walked quickly into the yard. Presently loud tones below caused him to cease playing, and then the angry words of the stranger caught his ear.

"Well, well, John Butterworth, every dog must have his day. You had yours twenty years ago when you brought Nancy Colegate home to your father's house; and now I'll have mine when I drive her out. She might have had me and been a rich woman to-day; but she chose you, and now she may lie in the bed she has made."

Then Louis heard the manly but discouraged reply of the farmer, and then the spirited tones of his wife as she said: "Yes, Solomon Wilson, I have made my choice, and be sure I had rather take my John to-day without a cent, than you with all your thousands."

"Very well. Saturday morning at ten o'clock I'll have the Sheriff on this porch to sell the farm to the highest bidder.—And I shall be the purchaser. Nancy Butterworth, I shall be the purchaser—and that very week you and your good-for-nothing husband and that nuzzy who can do nothing but embroider and piany playing—you'll all go packed off to the poor house—"

But the "said mortgage" was just here interrupted in his eloquence by a very large sized apparation which appeared suddenly before him.

A quick step on the stairs and Louis Dessaint had passed the family group and stood with rage before the startled visitor. "Another word, sir," he gasped, "and I shall forget you are an old man and I a young one—you contemptible old scoundrel, do you think that because you hold a mortgage on this place that you can come here and abuse an honest man in this way? My name is Dessaint. You've had dealings with my father, and you know that I can do as I say. Bring your mortgage here to-morrow and it shall be paid. Not a word, sir," he went on shouting, as the old man opened his lips to reply, and the white hand that Mr. Butterworth had ridiculed, unable to restrain itself, seized Mr. Wilson by the ear and led him writhing and snarling to the gate.

The man drove off shaking his fist at them in a threatening manner; and Louis, usually so calm, came back looking so fierce and red, that they all laughed in spite of themselves.

"Mr. Butterworth," he said, "you must let me take up the mortgoge. I have more pocket money than I know what to do with, and, besides, I consider it a first class investment, you can pay me when you get ready."

We pass over the scene which followed—the many protestations of the sturdy farmer, and his final yielding and warm expressions of gratitude. An hour later as Louis found himself alone with Kitty Butterworth, in spite of his previous rejection by both father and daughter, he ventured to renew his suit.

"Kitty," he softly whispered, as he bent over her, "Don't you think you might be induced to reconsider that resolution? As true as I stand here, I love you better than any one on earth."

There was no answer, only the little hand struggled slightly to free itself, and even softly returned his warm pressure.

"And you will marry me?" he murmured.

"I grant your request,"—and somehow her head, of its own accord, found its way to his shoulder, and his arm stole around her waist.

"And now, Kitty," said he, after a long hour of the most sentimental nonsense you ever heard of, "on your honor, ain't you glad you are going to get rid of the name—of Butterworth?"

And then he smothered her soft affirmation with a kiss.

THE FULL-BLOWN TRAMP.

Tramps of nearly every description pass through New York in their peregrinations. A representaive of this large and increasing body accosted a lady yesterday in that State about 8 a. m. She paused in her task of sweeping the front steps to answer in the affirmative his request.

"Madam. I am very hungry and would like some breakfast."

"Well, come in, I've cleared away the breakfast; but I'll see what I can get for you."

He entered, seated himself at the table and looked about with an expectant air. She remarked as she placed some substantial food before him:

"I haven't got any tea, I let the fire go out, not expecting; but we will see whether my neighbor has hot water, so as you can have some."

"Madam, I drink coffee, ask your neighbor for some coffee, not tea, 'tain't any use giving me breakfast without coffee—and I generally take cream; but I can get along with milk if you haven't got cream; but I'd much rather have the cream."

The tramp made these observations as though he was boss of the house, and in such a matter-of-fact way, that the party addressed, felt sorry when the neighbor informed her that no coffee was handy, but some tea could be had.

He received the news with a look of trouble depicted on his countenance glared at the tea before him and began a desultory course of conversation in which he bore the chief burden.

"I allers got disappointed up here, if it ain't coffee without cream it's something else. This is my second visit to Cahoos, Coos, Cahoes, or what d'you call it—and I don't think I'll strike it again. Last winter I wuz tuk in by the poor-master."

"Well, did you get a substantial meal there?"

"Well, I can't say about its being substantial. All I know about it is that I got coffee without milk and bread without butter, and I staid there two meals and a night and wasn't asked if I'd have cake or pie.

'Twas that way all over. You oughter see what the poor masters at Saugerties give us. He is a woman and she is allowed so much a meal and lives in a brown stone front, with a garden all around it. And we allers go right into the house and sit down to the table like first-class boarders, and she dishes out to us the luxuries and substantials, too.—'Tain't coffee without the fixings in Saugerties, but milk, sugar, butter pie and everything a man wants to sit down to. 'Taint every town knows how to use folks as Saugerties do. If things keep on gettin' worse, it'll be hard for us to live as we'd like ter."

First she was thrown into a bewildered state by the assurance of the tramp; this was succeeded by amusement, then astonishment which was rapidly developing into indignation, when he leaned back in his chair and requested her to bring pickles.

"Madam, I see you ain't put any pickles out. I allers like pickles 'specially at breakfast, as they are a good appetite sharpener."

She could not stand it longer, and seizing a poker brandished it over his head, and cried:

"You ungrateful brute, clear out; go and work for your living, it will sharpen your appetite. If ever you come around here again, I'll send for the police."

He rose up and fixing a reproachful glance at her, said:

"Madame, you are a very onappreciative individual; did I go and get mad because you had no coffee and cream? but when I ax for pickles you bile over, and threaten to call the police. Oh, woman, how onreasonable! Man was made to mourn! I wish you a good day and better manners by the time I call again. I would like to thank you for my breakfast, but I conscientiously can't; for a breakfast is not a breakfast without coffee and cream; without coffee and cream 'tain't no use to me!" and he backed out the door with his eyes on the justly angry woman, and soon disappeared, as he resumed his spunging tour.

"Well, I never," she ejaculated, as she dropped into a chair apparently overcome by this exhibition of independence, conceit and arrogance.

I Guess I'm the Man.

The praiseworthy frankness and entire absence of self-pride that characterizes the honest old farmer, of Maine, is illustrated by another honest farmer of the same State, who desiring to purchase a yoke of oxen, and being informed that a certain wealthy farmer in Cumberland county had superior cattle for sale, went down thither to purchase. Meeting a man driving an ox team he inquired:

"Can you inform me where Mr. West lives?"

"There are a number of Wests living around here. Which one do you wish to find?" returned the stranger, who was a stout-built, blue eyed man, habituated in home-spun, but bearing in general appearance unmistakable tokens of ease and comfort, so far as finances were concerned.

"I don't know what his Christain name is," pursued our friend; but he is the owner of some very fine oxen."

"Well," responded the stranger," they all own pretty fair oxen."

"But the one I wish to find has oxen for sale."

"As for that, sir, I guess they'd any of 'em sell if they could get their price."

"But," exclaimed the Oxford county man "the Mr. West I wish to find is quite wealthy."

"Yes? Well, I reckon there hain't any of them very bad off," replied the other, with a nod.

"My Mr. West," continued our friend hesitating, "has been represented to me as a very close fisted man, and not scrupuously honest in all his transactions."

With a curious twinkle of the eye, and gentle pat on the paunch of his near ox, he said:

"To tell the truth, sir, I guess they are a close-fisted set all around, and I never heard that honesty run in the family,—isn't there something else?"

"Yes," replied the searcher for oxen, desperately, "they say he has been caught in the act of robbing his own brother's chicken roost."

The stranger bowed and smiled.

"I guess I'm the man. Come with me, and I'll show you as fine a stock of cattle as you can find in the state, and, if you know what oxen are, there is no danger of being cheated."

Brownlow, says Ames, of Mississippi, knows about as little of the temper and wants of his constituents as a mule does about mathematics." Hard on the mule.

A "Down East" Yankee has recently invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powdered snuff. The animal jerks his head off at the third sneeze.

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady if he would not venture on an orange, "Madam," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I might tumble off."

An Easton man advertises for "a boy to open oyters with a reference."

Home Reading.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And around the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sports are stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one place there
You loved when all was young.

GENTLE WORDS.

As echoes from the mountain side
Return to us again,
So gentle words of other days
Come like a soft refrain.
Amid the hopeless gloom around,
They touch the drooping heart;
We smile through tears, and fondly hope
The joy will ne'er depart.

Amid the chidings of the world—
Its cold and cheerless toil;
Amid its wrecks and ruins wild,
And all its fierce turmoil,
We hear—and stronger, brighter grow
As time's blithe footstep trips—
Some gentle word, that long ago
Fell from a mother's lips.

And all the world grows light at once,
Around the way we plod—
While from the softened heart flows forth
Impulsive pleas to God,
The warm affections that were chilled
And torpid in the breast
Leap forth to meet a new born life,
And in its smiles be blest.

Ah, much of life that pines away
For sunshine never found,
Might still be made to live again,
By some sweet echo's sound.
And now where broken reeds lie dank,
And fens spread out in gloom,
The drooping flowers, mid sunny days,
Might spring to life and bloom.

Where thorns are hedging all around,
And tangled ways arise,
A shining path is hewn through
With smiles and tender eyes,
A fond caress from gentle hands
Dispels the stinging stroke;
The oriole's song is sweeter far
Than gloomy raven's croak.

Then ye who chide and seek to sow
The seeds of better life,
Look well upon the fields around,
Sterile with blasting strife,
Drop here and there but golden grain,
Nor fear the rav'ning birds;
For ripening fields of purest joy
Will spring from gentle words.

"HE LEFT A LARGE PROPERTY."

This is the closing sentence of a recent obituary, and it suggests some reflections.

What a pity he was obliged to leave it! He had taken great delight in accumulating it—As he added field to field, and farm to farm, he had looked with pride upon his extended domain, conscious that he was the largest land holder in his district. His cattle, if not wandering upon a thousand hills, ranged over more than that number of acres of rich pasturage.—Stocks, notes, bonds, mortgages crowded his safe. And it was all the fruit of his own industry, energy and good judgment. The rust of usury and the canker of extortion had not scarred any of his gold. It was well and fairly earned, and he loved it all the more because it was so. It grieved him to leave this large property to depart from the world as poor as he came into it, and to enter the other world utterly destitute of the wealth he so much loved in this. But he had to leave it, every farthing of it.

He might have taken it with him. Rather let me say, he might have sent it forward in advance of him. As the capitalist who contemplates removing to a foreign country, converts his property into drafts, and remits from time to time to the land of his future residence, he might have made remittances to that undiscovered country, so that on his arrival there he would find abundant treasures laid up in heaven for him. Every pound which he had given (consecrating it with true prayer) to assist in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the ends of the world; every contribution in aid of the many Christian enterprises for the glory of God and the good of man; every cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of a disciple; every tear of pious sympathy for the suffering; every gift of kindly charity to the needy, would have added to the store of his "durable riches." He might have been rich toward God, and a joint heir of Jesus Christ, in an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. If it was sad for him to leave that large property, how much sadder that he sent *none of it before him.*

It is much more pleasant to go to, than to leave, a large property. The man who, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, closes his eye upon this life, goes to take possession of a large property. He owned not a foot of land on earth, but for him "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green." His food here was coarse, perhaps scanty; but there he will eat freely from the tree of life, which yields twelve manner of fruits.

His garments here were plain and poor; but there he shall be clothed in white robes, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. He associated here with those who are despised and rejected of men; but there his companions will be an innumerable company of angels and the general assembly and church of the first-born. Who would not rather go to a large property than to leave it?—*Southern Cross.*

The man who will stab at another's reputation, by insinuation and innendo, is far worse than a thief. Property may be replaced; but character once lost, is all but irredeemable, and, as a great writer has said, "a single word sometimes is enough to ruin a man."

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As "to the pure all things are pure," even so to the impure all things are impure.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it to-day.

SHORT-LIVED MONARCHS.

If the English suppose that longevity inheres in the descendants of George III., says the Watchman & Reporter, they are not so well acquainted with the history of their rulers as they might be. That monarch was the father of fifteen children—of whom Prince Alfred died in his second year, and Prince Octavius in his fifth year. The Princess Amelia died just after she had completed her twenty-seventh year. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, and the father of Queen Victoria, died at the opening of his fifty-third year. Prince Frederick, Duke of York, died in his sixty-fourth year, and George IV., the oldest son and successor of George III., died some weeks before the completion of his sixty-eighth year. Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, died just after the completion of his seventieth year, and Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, in his seventy-seventh year. The longest lived of all George III's sons was, we think, Prince Earnest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, who died in 1851 in his eighty-first year. Three of George III's children died young, and only three or four reached to old age.

In England no man is held to be old who has not completed his seventieth year. The celebrated Princess Charlotte, oldest grandchild of George III., died at the close of her twenty-second year. At one time it seemed as if the line of George III, were about to become extinct, since so few of his sons and daughters had children.

We should think the Prince of Wales' life would be considered a bad one to place in a lease, for it is a remarkable fact that only four of the English Princes of Wales ever reached the age of sixty years. Two of these exceptions were the Princes who afterwards became Edward III. and George IV., neither of whom lived to be sixty-eight, Edward III. dying in his sixty-fifth year. The others were George II. and George III. Of almost a score of Princes of Wales, who had lived at various periods of the last six centuries, a dozen or so were the most unfortunate of mortals, some of them being murdered, either before they could reign or after having ascended the throne.—Others died young of natural deaths. Yet others died at middle life, without having reigned, though the title is borne only by heirs apparent. Take it altogether, it is the most unlucky title that belongs to history.

George III. lived to be an old man, dying in his eighty-second year, whence the belief that his descendants must be long-lived. One of the shortest lived of kings has had some very aged descendants. Louis XIII., of France, died in his forty-second year, yet of his descendants were Louis XIV., who died at seventy-seven; Louis XVIII., who died at sixty-nine; Charles X., who died in his eightieth year; Charles III., of the Spains, who died at seventy-three; Ferdinand I., of the two Sicilies, who died at seventy-four; and Louis Philippe, King of the French, who died at seventy-seven. All these were reigning monarchs, and two of them had about the longest reigns known to history, namely, Louis XIV., and Ferdinand I.; and he had other descendants who lived to great ages. It is impossible to infer anything from the ages of parents. George III., for example, who lived till his eighty-second year was well advanced, was the son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died at forty-four; and his mother died in her sixty-third year.

IS THERE LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS?

PROFESSOR PROCTOR'S SUNDAY LECTURE.

The subject of Professor Proctor's lecture in Boston was the probability of the existence of life in other worlds than ours. Modern science he said, does not object, as many suppose, to the idea of a scheme in the universe, but to the theory that that scheme is one that men can understand. Fortunately, if a choice lay between two interpretations of observed facts, and the one seemed to accord well, the other ill, with conceptions entertained respecting the ways of God, the former was accepted unhesitatingly, even though the balance of evidence might be in favor of the latter. Thus in astronomy it was assumed that the celestial bodies had been all created either to support life as the sun does, or to subserve the wants of living creatures as the moon does, or like our own earth, to be actually the abode of living creatures. He said that in studying the heavens we have to face a seeming mystery of nature, namely, the apparent wastefulness of the plan of creation. In illustration of this he said:

"All the planets together receive less than 230 millionth part of the heat and light which the sun is constantly emiting. In each second he emits as much heat as would result from the burning of 11,600 millions of millions of tons of coal, and of all this amazing amount of energy but one part in 230 millions falls on the members of the sun's planetary family. What is true of the sun is doubtless true of his fellow suns, the stars. All the thousands of stars we see, all the millions revealed by the telescope, and the millions of times as many which no telescope yet made by man can reveal, are suns similarly pouring heat and light into space, and similarly wasting, according to our conceptions, the energy which they possess.—The energy wasted seems, in fact, nearly the whole of the inconceivable amount expended. But it is not necessary to leave the study of our earth to find evidences of seeming waste. How many seeds are scattered over the face of the earth to no visible purpose, for each one that grows to perfection! How many creatures are brought to life that perish before they reach maturity! This is true of man as of other races. True of individual men, it is true of nations, of races. Looking back at the past history of our earth, we find even more abundant evidence of seeming waste, until we reach a time when the whole mass of the earth appears as a mere waste. For millions of years, the whole terrestrial globe was the scene of processes of tremenduous activity, yet utterly unfit to be the abode of life. So, also, if we look forward. In a period incomparably exceeding in duration the life period of her history, she will circle around the central sun, bearing only the records and memories of former life, but to our conceptions a useless, desert scene. But if we could see the whole plan instead of the minutest portion; if we could scan the whole space instead of the merest corner; if all time were before us, instead of space, we might indeed pronounce judgment. But knowing as we do how little we really can perceive, with any clearness, we may admit the truth of all that science teaches, believing still that the scheme of nature appears imperfect only because it is seen but in part."

Poor Richard says, "I never knew an oft-removed tree, nor yet an oft-removed family that throve so well as those that settled be."