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 15, 1875. NUMBER 50

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, (¾ of an inch in space,) 3 weeks, or less, $1 1 month, $1.25; 3 months, $2.50; 6 months, $4.50; 1 year, $6.00. A liberal discount for 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.

HAWLEY, — WM. C. CRUSER.

Business Cards.

H. D. BALDWIN, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC 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. L. 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. 1875.

DR. D. 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.—1y

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.
July 17, 1874.] BILLINGS STROUD.

CHARLEY MORRIS

THE HAPPY 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,
E. L. BLAKESLEE.
Montrose, Oct. 15, 1872.

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.

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, 1872.

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 an 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.
W. H. SCOVILL,
June 16th, 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 6th, 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 A. 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, '70.—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 Maintreet, Montrose, Pa. Jang. 1, 1869.

M. C. SUTTON,

AUCTIONEER, and INSURANCE AGENT,
an19'61. Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of Messrs. Lent, in the Brick Block, Montrose Pa. Jan 1 69

E. O'NEILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over J. B. 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.

Twolines 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 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 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 E. CARMALT, Attorney at Law. Office one door below Tarbell House, Public Aven

NEW MILFORD.

SAVINGS BANK, NEW MILFORD.—6 per cent. interest on all Deposits. Does a general Banking Business. S. B. CHASE & CO. n11-tf

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

N. R. 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. ECKHOW & BROTHER,

General Undertakers
AND
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COFFINS, CASKETS, ETC.,
GREAT BEND.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

April 23, 1873 tf V. ECKHOW & 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, 120 Court Street,
G. W. MERSEREAU,
H. F. BROWN.
Oct. 28, 1874. Binghamton, N. Y

Select Poetry.

ALLAN PERCY.

CAROLINE NORTON

It was a beauteous lady richly dressed;
Around her neck are chains of jewels rare;
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there,
In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the green wood tree;
Is the dull heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,
The place where an earl's son should cradled be?

Lullaby!

Though a proud earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss the green bough upward to the sky;
Well knows that earl how long my spirit pined,
I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free;
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My child were cradled 'neath the green-wood tree

Lullaby!

Slumber thou still my innocent—mine own,
While I call back the dreams of other days,
In the deep forest I feel less alone,
Than when those palace splendors mock my gaze.
Fear not! my arm shall bear thee safely back;
I need no squire, nor page with bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wild-wood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.

Lullaby!

Here I can sit and while the fresh winds blow,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving my cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;
I can make visions of a different home,
Such as we hoped in other days might be;
There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps come—
There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee!

Lullaby!

Than art mine own—I'll bear thee where I list,
Far from the dull, proud tower, and donjon keep;
From my long hair the pearl chains I'll untwist;
And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep,
Thy glittering broidered robe, my precious one,
Changed for a simpler covering shall be;
And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.

Lullaby!

Selected Story.

SOMETIME.

BY FAZLE WOOD.

"Will you promise, Madge?"

"I may sometime," and Madge Thorne laughing her silvery, joyous laugh, as she struggled to free her hands from George Seymour's clasp.

The slanting beams of the November sun stole through the kitchen window and fell upon a fair young girl, pretty, gay, and thoughtless; upon a strong man, with a grave, earnest face; a face, not handsome, if measured by the strict rule of beauty. Yet nobody thought of calling George Seymour bad looking His eyes were clear hazle, his complexion indicated perfect health, the width of his shoulders was in fine proportion to five feet eleven of manhood and better still, the heart that beat within his manly bosom, was as warm and true as could be found in the length and breadth of this great land.

Why such a man, at five-and-twenty, wished to entrust his life's happiness to a chit of a girl, scarcely seventeen, who didn't know her mind more than five minutes at a time, will forever remain among the puzzles.

"It is as I thought, Madge; you do not care for me, if you did, you would promise to be my wife," and the grave expression deepened on George Seymour's face.

"Good gracious, George, what are you talking about? I won't marry for years yet."

"Then you won't promise?"

"No—oh, I don't know! I may sometime."

"Madge, do you ever think of how often you say that word, sometime? Will that sometime ever come?"

"Why, of course, it will come, sometime," and unthinking Madge laughed again.

He let go her hands now, and turned away with a troubled look. But the smile on her face grew brighter. How she delighted to torment him! Not so very long ago and she thought she loved George Seymour, but another came between them and that other was on George Seymour's lips now.

"I suppose Guy Beauchamp will be here to-morrow?"

"I suppose so," and Madge looked out of the window.

"Good-bye, Madge, I may not be able to get over to-morrow," and George Seymour left the farm-house.

"If he doesn't come to-morrow it will be the first Thanksgiving, ever since I can remember, that he has stayed away," thought Madge, as she watched George Seymour down the path.

Next day a number of guests sat down to partake of Father Thorne's Thanksgiving dinner.

Pretty Madge Thorne looked her prettiest. The world never looked so bright to this careless, lighthearted girl, as it did to-day. And why not? Madge looked at the world through the romantic spectacles that cover the eyes of seventeen. It was so nice to have so many lovers.

George Seymour came, and was sitting directly opposite her at the table.—His face was grave as usual, but she knew that he was madly jealous of Guy Beauchamp, who sat beside her.

Brilliant, dangerous Guy Beauchamp.

No wonder silly seventeen couldn't discern the manly virtues of George Seymour, when this gay young collegian, with his Spanish eyes and Grecian profile, stood in the light.

But shortly this young man must leave New Haven for his home in the South, and this was George Seymour's only hope.

Did Madge love him, or was she only infatuated, like all the rest of her sex that were thrown in the society of this handsome youth?

Could George Seymour have witnessed the scene that transpired at the gate that night, when Guy Beauchamp was taking leave, those questions would have been set at rest forever.

Madge stood in the moonlight, a scarf thrown over her head and shoulders, her flushed, excited face very close to Guy Beauchamp's.

His arm was around her waist, and in a low impassioned voice, he was saying:

"When I once go away, Madge, you will never see me again unless you do as I say."

"Oh, Guy, I am afraid!"

"Afraid of what, you little simpleton? I would not ask you, only I know when I go George Seymour will rob me of you."

"You don't like George, that is why you think so;" and Madge looked grieved.

"I hate him!" came from between Guy's set teeth. "He loves you; if you love him——"

"Oh, Guy," and the china-blue eyes looked up reproachfully.

"Then Madge, my darling, you must do as I say. You will be ready to-morrow night at eight o'clock;" and pressing her to his bosom, he imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips.

"Say you will Madge."

"I will," answered Madge in a tremble of delight, as she nestled her head on his bosom.

Madge returned to the house like one in a dream. What had she promised this never-to-be-forgotten Thanksgiving night?"

Next evening at eight o'clock she left her father's house, never again to return Madge Thorne.

Time passed swiftly by. Commencement day came and was over; and George Seymour's heart leaped with joy when Guy Beauchamp departed for his Southern home.

How narrowly he watched Madge through the long, bright summer days that followed. Surely she cared nothing for Guy Beauchamp, for in all God's world there could not be found a brighter, happier, more thoughtless creature than she.

Yes, Madge was happy, as her girlish fancy all day long painted bright pictures and built airy castles of the near future.

"Won't all the girls around be jealous when Guy comes back to take me to my beautiful home in the South? And won't George Seymour be dying of a broken heart?" Madge would sometimes think.

Thus the summer passed away. Autumn came, and Madge began to look out for somebody.

Two weeks in November passed, and Madge had not received a letter for a month.

"He wants to surprise me," said Madge to George Seymour, who had returned from town with no letter. "He will get here for Thanksgiving."

"Madge, I don't believe he will; and if you knew Guy Beauchamp as well as I do, you would have no faith in his promise."

"You dear, innocent fellow!" and Madge laughed gaily. "I am as positive that Guy will be here as that you are standing before me."

Thanksgiving came, but it did not bring Guy Beauchamp, and Madge eagerly tore open the letter that came in his stead.

She was standing at the window in her own little room. She read and reread the letter, folded it, and slipped it into her pocket. The color was fast fading from her face, and the joyous light from her eye.

"I will come sometime," she murmured, as with clasped hands she stood gazing out on the leaden sky, on the dripping, leafless trees.

The sound of merry making from the guests below, which came rain or shine, to take Thanksgiving with the Thornes, came up where she stood, but she noticed it not.

"I will come sometime," she repeated again. "Ah, Heaven! how often I have said sometime, and meant nothing by it."

"Madge! Madge!" called her mother, and she went below to sit a death's-head at the feast.

Thanksgiving was over at last, and Madge thanked Heaven for it. It was the first day of misery she had known during the eighteen years of her young life.

"Madge, I know the cause of your sorrow. I read all about him this morning in a Boston paper. Why will you grieve after one so worthless?"

Madge was sitting with her hands tightly clasped; her despairing blue eyes were fixed on the blazing hickory, and her pale lips murmured, "Sometime."

Her father and mother had gone to meeting, and Madge thought she was entirely alone in the room, lighted only by logs in the fire place, until George Seymour's voice fell on her ear.

"You read all about him," said Madge not in the least startled, and without changing her position. "Then you can tell me what he has done."

"Why, don't you know Madge? Then what ails you since you received that letter?"

"He simply said in that letter that his father would not do anything for him, and that he was about to do something desperate. That perhaps he would come to me sometime, and if he did not, he hoped I would forgive him! How often I have said that word to you George, and meant nothing by it. Now Guy says he will come sometime. Oh, George! If you knew how I am punished!"

"The scoundrel!" came from between George's white teeth. "Madge, I am no longer jealous of that villain. I talk to you as I would to an only sister. You ought to kneel down and thank God that Guy Beauchamp is nothing to you."

Madge held up her hands as if to interrupt him, but George continued:

"He has robbed his father of several thousand dollars, and forged his cousin's name to as much more, but worse still—but Madge, you love this man; I will tell you no more."

"No, no; go on. I have deceived everybody that loved me, and my punishment cannot be too heavy. Surely he cannot have done anything worse than you have already told."

"Yes, Madge, he has done something worse than forging his cousin's name.—He has induced that cousin's wife to leave her home and fly with him."

Madge uttered neither moan or cry.—George Seymour, strong man that he was, shrank back in dismay.

"Madge," he said, going over and shaking her gently, "Madge, for Heaven's sake don't look like that. What will your mother say if she comes in?"

The last question roused her. She staggered from the chair, and the face that she turned to George he never forgot to his dying day.

"I have deceived you, George, but pity me—forgive me—for I am the most miserable wretch on the face of this whole earth."

"Forgive you!" and with a joyful countenance, he stretched forth his arms, but she shrank away from his touch, and in a broken voice, she cried:

"May God grant me a short life. I am Guy Beauchamp's wife!" and fell fainting to the floor.

Who can describe the anguish of George's faithful heart in the days that followed? Days when Madge lay between life and death, wholly unconscious of all around her.

But Madge was well now, and George was going away, perhaps never to return.

"And you will never tell the secret of your life, Madge?"

"Never. This life won't last long, and when I go down to my grave, Madge Thorne will be written on my tombstone."

"You are young Madge—only nineteen." George was holding the wasted hands in his. "You have a long life before you—a happy, useful life, if you will it so."

A wan smile passed over her face, and the expression of the china blue eyes George never forgot.

"Ah! I feel so much older than that," she answered. "It seems an age since my happy girlhood. If I were only a man, I could go out in the world and forget the past; but what can a woman do—only sit down and nurse the gnawing pain?"

"Ah, Madge, there is a field always open to the willing worker. Have you forgotten the words of Paul? 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stead fast immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.' Good-bye, Madge, and may God help and bless you," and bending low he pressed his lips to her hand, and the next moment was gone.

With him went the last ray of sunshine out of the young life. Madge knew now that she had taken the dross and left the pure gold.

Thanksgiving, bright, clear and cold, that day of days in the old Connecticut farmhouse, was at hand once more.

Madge Thorne, her face beaming with smiles, her blue eyes shining with perfect peace, stood watching the bevy of bright faces, happy children, who had just left with their bundles and well-filled baskets.

The poor scholars they were called in town; but the poor scholars were the means of bringing peace and joy to the heart of Madge.

Madge turned from the door and went into the old fashioned dining-room to see that everything was in perfect order.

Madge stood with her hands on the back of one of the chairs that were arranged around the table. It was the one chair too many, his chair, and Madge wondered if George Seymour, wherever he was, gave her a thought this bright Thanksgiving Day.

It was four years since he had eaten a Thanksgiving dinner with them; but his chair was always placed in his same old place where he always sat; but he came not, and Madge was thinking now if he would ever fill it again.

It was three years since he had sent her the paper from New York, containing an account of Guy Beauchamp's death. Since then Madge had been steadfast, improving, always abounding in the work of the Lord," and peace had come to her.

Oh, how much she had to be thankful for on this blessed Thanksgiving Day! "Why did ye seek after new things?" and Madge bowed her head in humble acknowledgment of His goodness.

"Madge!"

Madge looked up, George Seymour stood before her.

"I thought you would come sometime," she said, extending both her hands and the light of other days shone in her blue eyes.

"Sometime, Madge?" said George, smiling, and taking both her hands in his, as if he had parted from her but an hour ago, he added:

"And you remember what you said you would promise me sometime?"

The color that was a stranger to her cheeks, was there now, and Madge answered:

"Yes."

George Seymour held her close to his heart, and in all Thanksgiving New England there were no two beings more happy than they.

"We know the public are down on us," remarked the old milkman, as he dipped out the desired quart from one of his big cans, "but the public is mistaken.—In the first place we put in a leetle water—only a bit to make up for shrinkage.—It goes to the big dealers, and they ain't a bit keerful when they gits to pouring in water. They sells it to the grocers, and they put in chalk with one hand and water with the other, and they are thinking of politics and get in too much. The servant girl goes after milk for the family, drinks a third of it, and she puts in water to make up the measure; and, you see, when the family get it the taste ain't there, the look ain't there, and they goes for is poor old men who hasn't a dishonest hair in our heads. That's the way, mister—gee up, there, Pete!"

In Virginia, Mr. Allen Hannah has married Miss Hannah Allen, and now Miss Hannah Allen is Mrs. Hannah Hannah, and is, perhaps, the only woman in the world whose whole name can be spelled backward the same as forward.—That's what's the matter with Hannah.

PLAYING DRUMMER.

The stagnation of trade has been severely felt by all business men, and even that enterprising class of fellow creatures known as 'drummers,' or traveling salesmen, despite their almost inexhaustible inventions and resources, have been obliged occasionally to yield to the pressure of the times.

One of these gentlemen, who has recently returned from a trip for Thistle Bros. & Co., Boston, did not show a very large exhibition of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm; and Mr. Thistle, after looking over his returns, said:

"Mr. Rataplan, I am afraid you do not approach the dealer in the right way. I used to be very successful in this line. Now, just suppose me to be Mr. Bigler, of Sellout, Ill., and show me the way you introduce the house."

Accordingly Rataplan stepped out of the counting room, and returned hat in hand, inquiring:

"Is Mr. Bigler in?"

"That's my name," said Mr. Thistle urbanely.

"My name is Rataplan, sir; I represent the firm of Thistle Bros & Co., of Boston. (Thistle in his character as a western merchant here arose and offered the salesman a chair, and expressed a pleasure at seeing him.) I am stopping with Overcharge at the Sticken House, and have a fine unspoken lot of samples, which I should like to show you; I think I can offer you some special advantages, etc."

And Mr. Rataplan delivered himself of a neat speech in professional style.

"Very well, very well, I don't see but that you understand the way of getting customers."

"Excuse me, Mr. Thistle, I am afraid you don't understand the style of the Western merchant just now. Suppose you change places with me and repeat this rehearsal?"

"Certainly," said Thistle, and picking up his hat stepped out. Returning he found Rataplan tipped back, hat cocked fiercely over his right eye, his heels planted on Thistles polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth.

Thistle looked a little staggered, but nevertheless commenced:

"Is Mr. Bigler in."

"Yes he is," responded Rataplan, blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistles eyes. Who in h—— are you?"

"I represent the firm of Thistle Bros. & Co.," said the astonished employer, coughing out about a quart of smoke from his throat.

"The d—— you do? Are you one of that concern?"

"No, sir; I am not," replied Mr. Thistle.

"Well, it's very lucky you are not, for I've had two drummers to one customer in my store the last two months, and if I could get hold of one of the blasted fools that sent 'em out at this time, I'm darned if I wouldn't boot him clean out of the town of Sellout."

"That'll do, Mr. Rataplan. I have no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade is a little dull."

Hard on Editors.

Soon after Chief Justice Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio, he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being orthodox, the Governor composed his proclamation almost entirely of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognize them, and admire the fitness of the words as well as his taste in their selection. The proclamation meeting the eye of a Democratic editor, he pounced at once upon it, and declared that he had read it before—couldn't exactly say where—but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end. That would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the Republican editor came out valiantly in defense of the Governor, pronounced the charge libelous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had appeared in print before.

A Tenth Warder rather under the influence of liquor, says the *Detroit Free Press*, approached an acquaintance the other day and remarked: "See here, Bill, they say you called me a sheep thief."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, you've got to apologize, or I'll kick you!"

"I'll be happy to apologize. I called you a sheep thief—but I mispoke myself—I meant to say that you had been in jail for stealing a horse!"

"That's manly," said the Tenth Warder. "Let's take a drink. I knew you didn't think I'd pick up anything smaller'n a horse."

A little boy wanted to borrow his aunt's dog for a moment, and asked her to let him have a piece of string, so he could lead him.

"What are you going to do with him?" said the good lady.

The boy hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"Well, you see, a boy round the corner bet me his dog was a larger dog than yours."

"Well" said the aunt, "suppose it turns out that his dog is the larger one?"

"Then, said the nephew, "you'll have to lose your dog."

"Will you help me out of this mud hole?" asked one traveler, whose team was stuck in the mud, of another who was passing. "No, I can't stop," said the other. "I would take it as a great favor," said the one in trouble. "What are you loaded with?" asked the traveler. "Drugs and medicines," he replied. "I guess I will try to help you out, then, as I am loaded with tombstones." They were constant companions afterward.

Enter unprofitable customer:

"I say, do you ever give away papers to induce people to read them?"

Editor:

"Not any, my friend. Do you go to the baker and ask him to give you a loaf of bread to induce you to eat?"

Exit astonished biped, searching for a bee in his ear.

Youre Reading.

"SOME TIME."

"Some time," we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the far hill of paradise;

Some day, some time, a sweet new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.
The faces kept in memory.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands,
Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some time, some time, but ah! not yet.
Still we shall wait and not forget.

That "some time" all these things shall be
And rest be given to you and me.

So let us wait, though years move slow,
That glad "some time" will come we know.

A PARTING.

"Good-by, then!" And he turned away,
No other word between them spoken;
You hardly could have guessed that day
How close a bond was broken.

The faint, slight tremor of the hand,
That clasped her own in that brief parting,
Only her heart could understand,
Who saw the tear drops starting—

Who felt a certain surge of doubt,
Come rushing back unbidden o'er her,
As with the words her life without
His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard
A calm, cool man, a gracious woman;
A quiet, brief farewell, unstirred
By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a solemn die was cast,
She knew that two paths now must sever;
That one familiar step had passed
Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant
A trivial parting, lightly spoken;
She read the bluer mute intent,
She knew—a heart was broken!

WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The usual practice in choosing Christmas gifts is to start out with a full purse or money and come home with it empty, having scoured a dozen shops, and print and curio shops meantime, to find enough pretty things to go round. The gift sent to one friend might have been offered with equal propriety to a hundred others. Now, everybody (worth remembering at all on Christmas day) has a fancy, or whim or association, which, at trifle will recall and gratify. Now that we have so little money, let us set our brains to work to remember these whims or hobbies, and to find the suggestive trifles, and, our word for it, we will startle our friends with a more real pleasure than if we had sent them the costliest pronouncing gift.

There must be a nice discrimination, too, in asserting these trifles. There are certain folks whom we know to be sorely in need of articles for the wardrobe, and to whom we must therefore give utterly useless follies, because they know that we know it; and there are other and better folks, in like condition, who will receive a collar or pair of gloves with as hearty and sincere feeling as though the offering were a strain of Christmas music. There is one cousin whose gift must smell of the shops and the dollars paid for it, and another who, if we send her our worn copy of George Herbert, or the little broken vase which has stood for years on the study table, would receive them both with wet eyes, and find them fragrant with old memories.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

An old man of much experience says:

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in an insane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at.

I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen a man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family when the husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who despised the counsels of the wise and advice of the good, and his career end in poverty and wretchedness.

WHITEWASH FOR KITCHEN WALLS.

The first consideration in a cooking-room is cleanliness. Tried by this test, papered walls are an abomination in such a place. You cannot darken this room through part of the day in summer, as you do others, and, consequently fly specks will be numerous. These walls absorb the kitchen odors and steam, and the smoke rests lovingly upon them. If creeping things get into a house, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the paper on the walls.

Hard-finished walls are really more cleanly, for they can be washed; but unless the finishing is better done than in the kitchens we have seen, they soon look dirty, and this is the next worst thing to being so; for such finishing soon becomes discolored and "splotchy."—There is nothing that will compare with the old fashioned whitewash, pure and simple.—The color wash may give the walls a prettier tint, but it must be put on by a practical hand, whereas whitewash can be applied by any one, whenever a dirty spot makes its appearance.—It is true that unpracticed hands do not apply the brush as evenly as could be wished, but a few streaks more or less don't matter, when we can all see that the streaks are white and clean.

When Vassar College was built and filled at once by about four hundred inhabitants, none of whom could find one closet in the whole immense building, Matthew Vassar was astounded at being told that the girls wanted closets.—"Why," said he, "they can have two nails in the wall, one for their school dress and one for their best dress, and what do they want more?" But in spite of the unreasonableness of the demand, the closets had to be built after all.

Men speak to each other by words, animals by signs.

Virtue has many preachers, but few martyrs.

ERRORS ABOUT APOPLEXY.

In conversing with persons about Vice President Wilson's death and its cause, I have noticed that few have a right conception of the symptoms of apoplexy. The conditions constituting an attack are the rupture of a cerebral blood vessel and consequent hemorrhage or extravasation of blood into the brain. The effect of an extravasation of blood into the brain substance is the same as compression by a depressed portion of the skull, because the brain is enclosed in a hard, unyielding, bony case.—Under these circumstances the pressure caused by the extravasated blood interrupts the circulation in the substance of the brain, and the apoplectic phenomena, such as stupor, insensibility, etc., are in fact due to a deficiency of a proper supply of blood to the nervous mass.—The mechanism is practically the same when apoplexy depends on sudden and intense congestion, or the plugging of a cerebral artery by a blood clot.

The symptoms of the disease and immediate cause of death are, therefore, due to a lack of a proper supply of blood to the brain, and not as is generally supposed, to an accumulation or rush of blood to the head. It may appear paradoxical that a superfluous quantity of blood within the cranium should destroy life by depriving the mass of brain of a sufficient supply of arterial blood, yet the fact is sufficiently clear.

The rupture of the cerebral blood vessels is due to the weakness of its coat, which is the result of general debility or previous ill health. In the great majority of cases there are no premonitory symptoms. The attack may be preceded, in certain instances, by a sense of weight or fullness, vertigo, flushing of the face, etc., but these symptoms are never of sufficient significance to warrant the prediction of an attack.

Statistics show that of 63 cases analyzed with reference to premonitory symptoms by Rocheaux, they were present in only nine, less than 15 per cent. of the whole number. The liability to an attack increases progressively from the age of 20 years upward, occurring most frequently after 60 years of age, which is due to the increased weakness of the coats of the blood vessels in old age, and hence their liability to rupture.

It is generally supposed that an attack is usually preceded by strong mental excitement or violent physical exertion. This does not seem to be the case. Although attacks sometimes follow severe muscular exercise or mental excitement, in the large proportion of cases the affection is not induced by any obvious exciting cause. Gendrin analyzed 176 cases, and found that 97 (over 55 per cent) occurred during sleep, and a large share of the others when the patients were comparatively quiet. Another popular error is the supposition that a certain class of persons who have short necks, florid faces, with what is known as a full habit, with considerable embonpoint, are peculiarly liable to a so-called apoplectic constitution.

Recent researches and analyses of large numbers of cases have developed the facts that no reliance is to be placed on these or any other