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 22. 1875. NUMBER 51.

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 space,) 3 weeks, or less, $1; 1 month, $1.25; 3 months, $2.50; 6 months, $4.50; 1 year, $6.50. A liberal discount on advertisements of a greater length. Business Locals, 10 cts. a line for first insertion, and 5 cts. a line each subsequent insertion.—Marriages and deaths, free; obituaries, 10 cts. a line.

FINE JOB PRINTING

A SPECIALTY!

Low Prices. — Quick Work. — Try Us.

E. B. HAWLEY, — WM. C. CRUSER.

Business Cards.

DR. ELLEN E. MITCHELL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, graduate of the Woman's Medical College of the N. Y. Infirmary, then resident physician for a year in the Woman's Hospital in N. Y.; after four years' practice in Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, has located in Montrose. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office at the foot of Main Street, in the old David Post homestead.
Montrose, Dec. 15, 1875.—3m*n50

H. D. BALDWIN, M. D.,

HOMŒPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has located himself in 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. 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 prices. 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, Proprietor.
Sept. 10th, 1873.—tf.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

PHILIP HAHN, Proprietor.
Fresh and Salted Meats, Hams, Pork, Bologna Sausage, etc., of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit.
Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1873.—1y

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. 21, 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, 1873.

W. B. DEANS,

DEALER in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Newspapers, Pocket Cutlery, Stereoscopic Views, Yankee Notions, etc. Next door to the Post Office, Montrose, Pa. 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. 40 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. 6, 1871.—tf.

WILSON J. TURREL,

SURVEYOR. Having had 20 years experience in the business, will continue to attend to his calls in his 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,
au1 69tf Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office over the Store of M. S. Dessauer, in the Brick Block, Montrose Pa. [au1 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. -n11-tf S. B. CHASE & CO.

H. GARRET & SON. Dealers in Flour, Feed, Meal, Salt, Lime, Cement, Groceries and Provisions, on 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.

Who is the poor man's friend—Cheap John.

V. ECKHOW & 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, 136 Court Street,
G. W. ..., Binghamton, N. Y.
H. P. BROWN,
Oct. 25, 1874.

Select Poetry.

AFTER THE REFUSAL.

You think I am cruel! Indeed, sir,
 Then of naught can you fairly complain;
You may thank your good luck that you're
 freed, sir,
 From a creature that loves to give pain.

Men call us unkind and capricious
 When our choosing is cautious and slow;
And now you would brand me as vicious
 Because I have firmly said "No."

You babble of rivals and treason;
 And clearly you can't understand
That a woman may act for a reason
 Which is honest and not underhand.

You say that my form is "seraphic,"
 That my eyes are "cerulean blue;"
If they are—and your language is graphic—
 If they are, they are too good for you!

I care not for "exquisite tresses,"
 But with them I would rather not part
To a lover who plainly possesses
 Neither youth, nor reason, nor heart!

No, sir! You may buy with your acres
 Young Folly or Prudence grown old;
But I've long since apprised all match makers
 That "this lot is not to be sold."

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old time household store.

A little family gathered round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soul;
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

Selected Story.

BIBBS—A LOVE STORY.

There was no doubt about it; John Weare was perfectly wretched that night. He had quarreled with Jennie Bell and he wasn't going to make it up. The fact was, she gave herself too many airs and he didn't mean to stand it any longer.—He didn't care if she was pretty; that was no reason why she should let half a dozen fellows at a time hang about the shop or stroll in one at a time and, leaning on their elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter—cadets and officers, too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own idle amusement and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to the ball that was coming off next month. To be sure he was only a common cavalry soldier; but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character and a good trade at his back, and, moreover, his father had died not long since and there was the cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she'd only be sensible.

Jennie acted as shop woman for her sister, Mrs. Evans. A very poor little shop it was, very small and badly stocked, for Mrs. Evans had only managed to get a few pounds' worth of things with what had been subscribed for her in the garrison after the fever had carried off her husband. The speculation answered pretty well at first, for many of the officers' wives knowing what an industrious woman Mrs. Evans was, made a point to buy their tapes and cottons and sticks of sealing wax of her.

Then Jennie's pretty face was seen behind the counter, and the shop was filled from morning to night with officers and frisky young cadets, and the original customers took flight—though Mrs. Evans did not know it, for she, believing the business was safe in the keeping of Jennie, worked hard at the dress-making (she had three children to support, and the shop alone would not do it).

The officers were not profitable customers, for they only went to flirt with Jennie under the excuse of buying a penny paper or perhaps asking for a time table. Jennie made the most trim and pretty and obliging of shop-women, and the place itself was always a pattern of neatness; but the officers' wives did not care to go and buy their thread where they were evidently interrupting a flirtation.

And so the business continued to fall off, and Mrs. Evans began to get quite unhappy about it. Jennie—pretty, pretty, kind-hearted, thoughtless Jennie—had no idea that she had anything to do with it, or she would have sent every one of her admirers off at a pace that would have astonished them. She had been only too delighted, after her brother-in-law died, to come from Davenshire and live with her sister at Woolwich—not only because she was very fond of her sister, but also because she had wished many times to see John Weare again.—She had made his acquaintance when her brother and he—for they had been in the same regiment—were stationed at Plymouth and she had paid them a flying visit with her father. John had told her that he was tired of the service and wanted to settle down, and she inwardly thought that he could do no better than to ask her to settle with him. He had been very attentive when she came to Woolwich and gradually established himself on the footing of a lover until he found the shop always filled with the officers and cadets. At first he was shy of appearing before his superiors; then he got jealous and at last angry, for he felt and knew that they meant her no good, and, besides it was doing real injury to the business of the shop. At last he spoke his mind and told the coquettish Jennie what he thought, and was snubbed for his pains.

"If you think I don't know how to take care of myself, Mr. Weare, you are much mistaken, and I don't want any one to tell me what's right or wrong. I know for myself."

"Well, Miss Jennie, I didn't mean to give offence. I only told you what I thought."

"Then you might have kept your thoughts to yourself," she said, with a little toss of her pretty head; "unless they had been nice ones," she added. He heard the aside and picked up his courage.

"It's awful hard, too, when one who cares for you really can't get near you," he pleaded.

Just then Jennie caught sight of Captain McGee, a tall and handsome man with long whiskers and a red nose, coming in the direction of the shop with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. She heard John Weare's last words, but she was secretly of the opinion that "he ought to have come up to the scratch before," as she thought a little jealousy might do him good.

"Oh, here comes Captain McGee," she said in a delighted tone.

"Well, he's just the biggest black-leg in the service, Jennie, and if you will take my advice you will send him off sharp."

"I believe you are jealous, Mr. Weare, and telling stories about the captain; he is always very polite to me," and she smoothed her hair and arranged the trifles on the counter.

"Oh, he's polite enough, no doubt."

"And he's bringing me some flowers."

"Now look here, Jennie, are you going to take them?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she laughed. Of course she knew he wouldn't go.

"Jennie, he'll be in directly, and I shall be off, but you must choose between him and me. If you are going to keep on talking to him I shall never come into this place again; so which one is it to be?"

"The captain."

"But I am not joking. I'll never see you again."

"No more am I joking; so, good-bye."

"Good-bye"—and he went.

II.

He kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jennie wanted him she might send for him or get her sister to ask him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to wax low.

"If she cared for me she'd have got in my way somehow before this—trust a woman," he thought.

The idea of not being cared for was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly by the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jennie. He walked on in a brown study, then crossed over and went deliberately by the shop, with only one eye, however, turned in its direction.—But not a sign of Jennie. He went back to the barracks in a dejected frame of mind.

"It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and there's the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service and a good trade at my back. It's too bad—all alone of that Captain McGee, too. And the fruit in the garden (of the cottage) all ripe and no one to pick it."

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

"Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare," she said; but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was miserable.

"She didn't care a rush for me," he thought, and marched all over the town, and nearly to Greenwich and back, in his excitement.

The next day was a lucky one for John. He came across Bibbs. Bibbs was Mrs. Evans' eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

"Bibbs," said John, "come and have some fruit," and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage and stuffed him with gooseberries till he couldn't move, and with black currants till his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside and stood him on the table, and sat down before him.

"How old are you, Bibbs?"

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question.

"Five and a half. Is that your sword up there?"

"Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibbs?"

Now he knew Jennie had given them to him, but he so wanted to hear her name.

"Auntie. She's going away soon," he added. "Let me look at your sword, now?"

"Where's she going to?" he asked in consternation.

"Devonshire. Let me try on your sword?"

"Why is she going?" he asked with a sick feeling at his heart.

"She's ill, I think; and she's always crying now. One day she was crying over her silver thing you gave her, and kissed it like anything."

The "silver thing" was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charlton Fair last October and timidly requested her to accept.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back all over the place, and entreated him to have more black currants in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

"Aunt Jennie's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night," he said.

So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she! John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white woolly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed.

"Crying over her silver thing!" said John Weare. "I'll go and hang about the Eltham road till I see her and beg her pardon."

And he went and Jennie met him, and pouted, and declared she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared that he had been a heartless brute; and then Jennie contradicted him and said it was all her fault and told him how Mrs. Dunlap, the Colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her, in the kindest possible manner, that she was spoiling her sister's business for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare kept away because of Jennie's flirting propensities, which filled up the shop with idle officers, who were always in the way; and how she had been so ashamed and wretched, and so cut up at the desertion of John Weare, that she had determined to go back to Devonshire."

"But you won't now?" he said, as they leaned over the stile leading to the Eltham fields. "You'll get ready at once, and we'll be married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoilt?"

It took a long time to talk her into it (about three quarters of an hour,) but then she was very happy at heart, and chattered like a young magpie, and told John how she had snubbed Captain McGee and had thrown all his flowers out of the window.

"And it really was all through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Why, but for him I might never have seen you again?"

"Perhaps not."

"I'll give Bibbs a regular hug when I get home," she thought. And she did; and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking-horse which he delights in to this day.

MY LITTLE STRATAGEM.

Jessie Hale was the prettiest, merriest, and most provoking daughter of Eve that ever existed—at least I thought so—though perhaps I was not an impartial judge. I must confess I was deeply in love—and in fact, I don't believe I could not remember the time when I was not in love with her. I first ventured to ask her company for church, when after four years' absence, I returned to my native town and set up as a surgeon. Oakdale was a healthy place, or else the good people felt a little afraid to trust their lives in the hands of such a young scapegrace as they had known me to be, for some how my horse and gig found more enjoyment in carrying Jessie to ride than any other profitable business; yet of all tantalizing little wretches that ever fascinated a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he was in the body or out of it—she was the worst.

And there was I—Willard Tremaine—standing six feet two in my stockings, led about by that little elf, coming and going at every beck and call, as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, for after playing "yours devotedly" for about six months I was no nearer her than at first. Open hearted and candid she was on every subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone wall. "All is fair in love or war," or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strategy on my wilful little lady love.

One fine morning as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, and I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle, her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an awful rate—of course the jagged bits of iron I had cautiously inserted beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently from the saddle; of course I caught her before she touched the ground. No sooner was she in safety when, with a deep groan, I staggered back against the fence, my right arm hanging helplessly by my side. It took nicely for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"Oh, Will," said she piteously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; what will you do? Poor Will! Poor Will!"

How like a vallain I felt at sight of her distress; but I was not going to give up then; so I answered faintly, "it is nothing dear Jessie; I would suffer a thousand times more to feel that I had saved your life."

"But oh, I'm so sorry! What can be done for you?" she said in touching accents.

"Only tell me that you love me Jessie, darling, it will soothe the pain more than anything else in the world." And then, like the great simpleton that I was, I put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake until she sprang suddenly away.

"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do just as well Dr. Tremaine?" she asked archly.

"There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury is internal I should think."

Wouldn't I have sold myself for a six pence? But there was no help for it, so I had to own the trick, and went home wishing I had broken my arm or my neck I didn't care much which. After that, for a while, I was rather shy of the love subject, for I didn't fancy hearing of my last attempt, but one morning, however, I went over the way, resolved that the matter should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing and humming some merry tune to herself as I entered. She was looking prettier than ever; and I found it hard work to begin.

At last I broke in upon some of her careless nonsense with:

"Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? I believe you do."

Here I was again making a simpleton of myself.

"Oh! you know then do you?" said she coolly, with a twinkle in her eye.—"Then of course there is no need of telling you."

"No, I did not mean it, Jessie. But do you love me? Will you answer me, yes or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered demurely.

"Oh, Jessie Hale?" I exclaimed impatiently, "you will drive me crazy."

"A terrible misfortune, surely," tho said with a laugh, throwing down her work and stepping through a low window upon the lawn. "Now, Mr. Will, I will tell you what I will do if you will promise never to plague me again about this."

"I will promise anything if you will give me an honest answer," I said eagerly.

"Well then, if you catch me before I reach the elm tree, I will give you a candid answer."

I thumped my head against the window sash, and away I went, racing over the green sward with ten times more eagerness than I ever desplayed in cathching in my boyhood's days. I caught her before she was half way to the old elm.

"Now for the answer," I said eagerly.

"Oh! but can't you wait until I get my breath?" drawing it in quick, spasmodic jerks. "Let me see; what was it I promised to tell you?"

"Whether you love me or not, you provoking little wretch," said I fairly out of patience.

Now, look here, Mr. Will; if you don't leave off calling me names, I won't tell you at all. I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did, and don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me I can't speak at all for it will take some time to think over the subjects of love to see if you are among them. Let me see"—beginning to count her fingers—"There is Old Chole that's one; the Prince—though he hurt your arm you know—is two; and old Brindle is three; and Watch is four; and let's see—yes there is Mr. Willard Tremaine is five."

I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer, and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit from it, it was certainly far more dignified. I had taken my hat and was out of the gate before Jessie reached the house.

I went home in no enviable state of mind, and sitting down in my arm chair, began to think and plan how I could outwit this provoking little elf. Have her I would: but how? That was the question.

"A letter for you," called out my boy at the door.

I took the letter and tore it open. It was from an uncle of mine—a surgeon in a flourishing city—making me a very advantageous offer if I would come and take his place. This was just the situation I had been wanting for years, and I hailed it with delight now.

"But Jessie," I thought—"could I leave her?"

A moment's reflection showed me it was just what was needed, for if she really cared for me my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make arrangements, and before night they were all completed and the next morning I started for the station calling at Mr. Hale's on my way, to bid Jessie good-bye. I could see the little witch did not believe one word of the story I told her.

"I hope, Mr. Will, you won't break your arm on the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said with a queer smile, as I concluded.

"And you not be there to help me," I retorted. "But seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest now. It is probable that I shall not see you again for years, for if I like the place I shall remain there altogether."

She still believed it some trick, for her eyes said too plainly, "You can't cheat me again." And she said good-bye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk feeling just as Adam must have felt when he left Paradise, except that he took his Eve with him and I left mine b-hind.

I was well pleased with the place and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposals. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakdale. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning. In three days I followed the letter, determined that if I did not succeed this time to give her up forever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just at twilight, of a pleasant September day, when I reached Oakdale.

Direct to Hale's I took my way; saying to myself as I went, "now or never!" I entered the dim parlor unannounced.—By the dim light I saw Jessie sitting on the sofa, her head resting on the soft pillow.

She was alone and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me. That augured well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and had raised the bowed head.

"Oh I am so glad to see you, Wil! They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been so lonely too, Jessie, darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you.—Will you go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low but I knew it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week?" I was determined to make sure work now.

There was some hesitation, a few objections raised, but finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise when my errand was made known and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father, concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

Not so however. In a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all England; and what is better still I think so now, even though she did say ten minutes after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, after all, Will."

And she never has to this day.

A young lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays, was asked if she would roast beef, when she replied: "No I thank you; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglution consistent with dietetic integrity!" The young lady was never asked if she would have anything ever again.

Every third man in St. Louis is named Jones, Brown, Johnson or Smith, while the balance answer to the name of "hello, there!"

"You look as fine as a hired girl," is now the greatest compliment that can be paid a young lady in the rural districts.

John C. Calhoun has been arrested in Memphis for wearing somebody else's trousers.

Home Reading.

(For the MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.)

THE MOTHER'S WELCOME.

To Her First-born.

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

Oh, spotless white soul from the Infinite
 breast,
Here close in thy mother's arms tenderly
 rest!
I waited thy coming with hopes fond, and
 fears,
And welcome thee now with my glad, joyous tears!

To which of the sainted I've loved upon
 earth
Was't given my darling, to watch o'er thy
 birth?
And who were thy escorts this bright, happy
 day
To bring thy pure soul to be linked with its
 clay?

I feel their fond presence, they lean o'er my
 bed,
And over my heart a sweet influence shed—
Ah, never before unto me hath been given
Such deep love for God and such nearness to
 Heaven!

My baby's wee fingers have brought down
 the key
To closed, inner gates of the City to me,
Thus, with the first hour of thy life, little
 one,
Thy beautiful mission of love hath begun.

Thy first breath awakened in such parent's
 heart
Warm praise to the Father whose lent joy
 thou art—
His blessing we ask for our own little girl,
Till back on His bosom He sets the bright
 pearl!

Montrose, Dec. 10, 1875.

(Original.)

"LAND AHEAD!"

BY M. H. FRANCE.

In 1492, three small ships sailed out upon a pathless ocean; and when Christopher Columbus promised a premium to him who first saw land, the disaffected crew became more hopeful, and the Western Eldorado's fabled wealth was in anticipation almost their own.

Time hastened on, soon the frantic cry rang out "Land ahead!"—wild enthusiasm ruled each heart, and all honors were conferred upon him, who had conceived the gigantic project of crossing a trackless sea, in search of an unknown world.

Columbus with a numerous retinue, landed upon the stranger shore, drew his sword and took possession in the name of his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella.

"Land ahead!" has been the expectant cry for centuries; and as the Science of Agriculture became better understood and more remunerative to the operator, so much more has the farmer hastened to win the rich spoils of the "plough, spade and hoe," as fast as dollars flowed in the coffer, so fast they flowed forth again to purchase more land. Really it has become nearly a monomania in the agricultural ranks to see how many acres one man can own and pay the taxes, rather than test how few he can own and secure the greatest amount of happiness and prosperity. Columbus, for near one-half of a century, considered Europe too straitened in acres for him; and never gave o'er until he spanned an unexplored ocean by enterprise, and opened the Golden Gate of Agriculture upon the American Continent.

The eastern portion was soon drafted into the farming interests; but as emigration continued and acres became limited, and the soil was so rocky and poor, that it was said the Yankees had to grind the noses of their sheep to sharp points, to enable them to feed between the rocks; then "Westward, empire took her way."

The fertile resources of Pennsylvania and Ohio were conjectured, "Land ahead!", echoed back o'er the rock-bound fields of the Eastern States; and a tidal wave of weary, disheartened farmers rushed westward along the valley of the Mohawk.

The little ones were sewed in the ends of a bed-tick, to protect them from inclement weather, and the bed-tick was swung over the back of a horse, while the wife and babe rode the second horse, and husband and cow trudged behind as a rear guard.

Pennsylvania and Ohio, however, became too limited for the floods of emmigration; hence within the past forty years, the vast resources of prararie land have been enlisted in the warfare of labor or death; and "Land ahead" now rings from Maine to the Rocky Mountain's peaks, and Pacific's coast reiterates the call of teeming millions, surging on in quest of land and home.

With all the restless, rushing search, which has characterized the hosts of emmigration westward, for the last one-half of a century; the masses have secured but a little of the rich fruition due their earnest toil and gigantic efforts.

Those who anticipated an Eldorado of hidden treasures, have seldom reached higher than a farm with a mortgage, as remunerations for lives of incessant labor and untold privations

In a little more than a decade of years, there has been added to the farmer's hitherto onerous burdens, railroad and other monopolies, agents or middlemen, increased taxation and unremunerative prices for produce; until many, yea thousands have fell beneath the lash of disappointed hopes and deathly poverty to rise no more.

Let no speculator write their epitaphs!

"Land ahead," however, looms up with its sunshine and hopeful prospects before the unremunerated and lovely plebian now; and if he *wills*, the farmer need no longer be a tool of ridicule and speculation.

The Grange movement inaugurated in 1867, by a few philanthropic and intelligent individuals at Washington, offers a vast field of co-operative wealth and a grand fortress for self-defence, in which agriculturists, true to themselves and their God, may aspire to the highest standard of excellence and nobility in the land.

Hitherto farmers have been too isolated, too much for themselves and by themselves, to be anything more than nominal owners of a quarter section or so, with no redress from corrupt legislation, railroad and other monopolies and heavy taxation.

They have figured chiefly in social and practical economy as willing targets for every sharp shooting speculator, and if they will stand and deliver their cash or credit as long as they have any, they are fine fellows.

But when the money till is empty and the farm knocked off to the highest bidder at the auction block, what will those oily tongued and hand shaking agents, with their silken coated horses and shining carriages care for you or I, oh, Patron?

Henceforth, we trust that farmers will manufacture a new formula, where they will rank as equals with all companies in shrewdness, business tact and educational abilities, will claim the world as their field for labor, and all nationalities as their conquests.

"Land ahead" lies in its dormant wildness all through this vast American agricultural territory to be reclaimed and drafted into service, and by the munificent hand of cultivation to "bud and blossom as the rose."

A short tour through any of our thoroughfares discloses acres of tillable land, overgrown by briars, burdocks and boneset. A yearling goat would starve in a ten acre lot of such garbage, and the only plausible reason for fencing such fields is the honest Irelanders, who said, "Faith, we are fencing these acres to keep the poor craythers from starving in them."

"Plough deep and find the gold, my boys,
Plough deep and find the gold,"

was the last will of a farmer upon his death-bed.

His sons supposing that he had buried his money, ploughed deeply and well in search of the hidden treasure, and by the rich harvests rewarding their arduous labors, they realized the concealed wisdom of their father's last bequest.

Uncultured lands cry out for cultivation everywhere, look ye farmers and speed to the rescue.

Another field, Brother and Sister Patrons, await the skillful hands of the Husbandmen, and who is better fitted for the world wide occupation than those who come closer to God in their daily avocations than all others.

Thousands of farmers, their wives and children throughout our land are nominally "Hewers of wood and drawers of water," but few can read and less can write.

In Missouri the law has recently been passed that after 1876 no man can vote who cannot read and write.

I trust that some law will be passed and enforced in this State also. What a vast falling off there would be in our voting population, who never know how to vote, until they ask some one.

And when the Sisters receive the right of suffrage and representation in the political arena; an educated mind will be as needful to them as to the opposite sex, and is now.

It is painful to see so many unable to enter into the beautiful sentiments embodied within our Ritual and journals of the age, because of their ignorance of the first principles of correct reading.

"Land ahead" then for every Grange to participate in, to induce the farming community to come within our fold where they may imbibe lessons of mind culture with those of conviviality.

There is a gigantic area to compass in making the Grange such a school as is needed, and every member should co-operate in the mighty revolution so opportunely commenced against weakness and ignorance.

Each should rival the other in disseminating valuable newspapers and magazines among their neighbors, and by precept and example have the world some better for our living in it.

The finances should be economically garnered and invested in a choice library, where all may come and quaff rich draughts from the Pierian spring of knowledge and learn the glowing language and noble thoughts of ancient and modern sages and philosophers.

Blended with other accomplishments so necessary to the success of an enterprise, the musical talent should be nurtured and cultivated for social enjoyment and mutual benefit.

Farmers are the creators of the germs of all business, the commencement of all capital, but when they look forth and behold the vast territory of mind and matter to be cultivated and remodeled to the true standard of perfection, they exclaim, "Who shall be sufficient for these things?"

"Land ahead!" Ah, the silver chord will be loosened, the golden bowl will be broken at the fountain; dust shall return to dust as it was; the bright Everlastings of brotherhood shall be broken upon the enclosing casket, the spirit shall return unto God who gave it, ere all these spacious fields opened up for human seal shall be traversed and subjected; but though we are called away and our plough shall rest in its unfinished furrow, yet let us fall with our face to the foe for this great work will go on.

Toiling millions shall be redeemed from the servitude of unrequited toil, and with minds and bodies enfranchised from the galling chains of oppression and ignorance; men and women a universal brotherhood will yet rise up and with FAITH in God, nurturing HOPE, dispensing CHARITY and faithful in FIDELITY will pronounce the Grange—blessed.

Auburn Grange, No. 101.

IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER.

Again and again was that yearning cry repeated—

The vessel rocked, and the water chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily comfort his eyes looked far away and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry—

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading.

He bent over the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had so willfully left.

"O! that's the reason" he cried, in anguish; "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—O! so good a mother; she bore everything from her wild boy and once she said: 'My son when you come to die you will remember this. O! if I could only see my mother!'"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother that loved them.

Boys, be good and kind to your mother.

Like most garments, like most carpets, every thing has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it round you find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it round you find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

A readiness to take offense is the sign of a narrow mind or a bad temper.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.