

The Montrose Democrat.

HAWLEY & CRUSER, Editors and Proprietors.

"Stand by the Right though the Heavens fall"

TERMS:—Two Dollars Per Year in Advance.

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FINE JOB PRINTING

A SPECIALTY!—Quick Work.—Try Us. B. HAWLEY & WM. C. CRUSER.

Business Cards.

CORBETT'S HOTEL. This Hotel is situated on the River Road, and is the best place to stop in Montrose. It has 12 rooms, and is well furnished. The food is good, and the service is excellent. The hotel is managed by J. W. Corbett.

DR. ELLEN E. MITCHELL, PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Mitchell is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She has been practicing medicine for several years, and has a large number of patients. She is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

H. D. BALDWIN, J. D. HOMER.

H. D. Baldwin is a physician and surgeon, and J. D. Homer is a dentist. They are located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

DR. W. W. SMITH, DENTIST.

Dr. Smith is a dentist and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

VALLEY HOUSE, GREAT BEND.

The Valley House is a large and comfortable hotel, and is located in Great Bend. It has 12 rooms, and is well furnished. The food is good, and the service is excellent.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET, PHILADELPHIA.

The People's Market is a large and well-stocked market, and is located in Philadelphia. It has a large number of stalls, and is a good place to buy fresh produce.

BILLINGS, STROUD, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Billings, Stroud, Fire and Life Insurance is a company that provides fire and life insurance. It is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

EDGAR A. TURRELL.

Edgar A. Turrell is a lawyer and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

LITTLE AND BLAKESLEE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Little and Blakeslee are attorneys at law and are located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

W. B. DEANS, DEALER IN BOOKS.

W. B. Deans is a dealer in books and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, M. J. HARRIS.

The Exchange Hotel is a large and comfortable hotel, and is located in Montrose. It has 12 rooms, and is well furnished. The food is good, and the service is excellent.

H. BURRITT, DEALER IN STATIONERY.

H. Burritt is a dealer in stationery and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

JOHN GROVES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

John Groves is a fashionable tailor and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

DR. D. A. LATHROP, ADMINISTRATION.

Dr. Lathrop is a physician and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

LEWIS KNOLL, SHAVING AND HAIR CUTTING.

Lewis Knoll is a barber and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

CHARLES N. STODDARD, DEALER IN BOOKS.

Charles N. Stoddard is a dealer in books and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Richardson is a physician and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

SCOVILL AND DEWITT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Scovill and Dewitt are attorneys at law and are located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

EAGLE DRUG STORE, IS THE PLACE TO GET DRUGS.

The Eagle Drug Store is a large and well-stocked drug store, and is located in Montrose. It has a large number of stalls, and is a good place to buy drugs.

F. FITCH, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

F. Fitch is an attorney at law and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

M. A. LYON, SUCCESSOR TO SCOVILL AND DEWITT.

M. A. Lyon is the successor to Scovill and Dewitt and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

A. O. WARREN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

A. O. Warren is an attorney at law and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

W. M. A. CROSSMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

W. M. A. Crossman is an attorney at law and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

WILSON J. TURRELL, SURVEYOR.

Wilson J. Turrell is a surveyor and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

J. C. WHEATON, CIVIL ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR.

J. C. Wheaton is a civil engineer and land surveyor and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

W. W. SMITH, CABINET AND MANUFACTURER.

W. W. Smith is a cabinet and manufacturer and is located at the corner of Main and Second streets.

County Business Directory.

Twelve lines in this directory one year, \$1.00; each additional line, 50 cents.

MONTROSE

WM. HAUGHWORTH, Stationer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Stationery, Printing, and Bookbinding. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

BILLINGS, STROUD, Fire and Life Insurance. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

BOYD & CORWIN, Dealers in Stoves, Hardware, and Manufactures of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

A. N. MILLER, Dealer in Groceries, Provision, Canned Goods, and Family Groceries. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

WM. H. COOPER & CO., Bankers, Sell Foreign Exchange, and Deal in all kinds of Banking Business. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

WM. L. COX, Harness Maker and Dealer. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

JAMES E. CARROLL, Attorney at Law. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

NEW MILLS, Flour, Feed, and Coal. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

R. G. BERRY, Dealer in Groceries, Provision, and Family Groceries. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

H. P. DORAN, Merchant Tailor and Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing. Office—Main Street, Montrose, Pa.

GREAT BEND.

H. P. DORAN, Merchant Tailor and Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing. Office—Main Street, Great Bend, Pa.

Banking, &c.

BANKING HOUSE

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., Bankers. Montrose, March 10, 1875.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, MONTROSE, PA.

Authorized Capital, \$500,000.00. Present Capital, 100,000.00.

WILLIAM J. TURRELL, President.

W. B. DEANS, Vice President.

N. L. LENHIM, Cashier.

Directors: WM. J. TURELL, D. D. SEARLE, G. B. ELDREDGE, M. S. DESSAULTER, ABEL TURRELL, G. V. BENTLEY, A. J. GERRITSON, MONTROSE, PA.

E. A. CLARK, Binghamton, N. Y.

M. W. WRIGHT, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.

L. S. LENHIM, Great Bend, Pa.

DRAFTS SOLD ON EUROPE.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS.

SPECIAL DEPOSITS SOLICITED.

Montrose, March 3, 1875.

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 OTHERS, WHICH IS NOW RECEIVING THE SAVED EARNINGS OF THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF SCRANTON MINERS AND MECHANICS.

DIRECTORS: JAMES BLAIR, SANFORD GRANT, GEORGE FISHER, N. S. SLOCUM, J. H. SUTHER, 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 EVENING UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Feb. 12, 1874.

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

General Undertakers

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COFFINS, CASKETS, ETC.

GREAT BEND.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Binghamton Marble Works.

All kinds of Monumental Headstones and Marble Tablets, made to order. Also, granite and marble work of all kinds.

J. P. JONES, Binghamton, N. Y.

Oct. 26, 1874.

Select Poetry.

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa Claus sat alone in his den,
With his leg crossed over his knee,
While a comical look peeped out at his eyes,
For a funny old fellow was he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig it was all awry;
But he sat and amused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had bagged busy as busy could be,
In filling his bags with toys;
He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies,
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips for the boys,
With wheelbarrows, horses and drays,
And bureaus and trunks for the girls' new dresses,
And all the things that they play with.

All these in his pack he displays,
Of candies, nuts, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plan for the day,
While raising and figs and grapes hung up on a peg by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he,
"And Christmas is almost here;
But one thing more—I must write them a book,
So give to each one this year."

And he clapped his specs on his puffy nose,
And, straining a stamp on a pen,
He wrote more lines in one little hour
Than you could read in a year.

He told them stories, all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rhyme;
Then packed them away with his box of toys,
To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas eve, when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew;
And stretching the stocking leg at the top,
He clapped in a book for you.

Selected Story.

JESSIE FLINT'S FIRST OFFER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Roger Flint was a hard man—hard as steel.

"This is the way it stands, Mr. Beggs," he was saying one day to a man to his office, "a poor man is no man at all, and a rich one is a fool if he spends what he has. My motto is, get money. Get it, if you can; if not—get it."

"In my younger time I had some wild notions about generosity. But I soon got over that folly. I lost money by it. If people will be poor, let them go to the workhouse. If they are too proud to do that, let them starve and get out of the way. Charity! Humbug! Why should I be robbed for the sake of a lazy set of rascals who are never satisfied?"

Mr. Beggs expressed his entire approval of these sentiments by a series of incoherent ejaculations.

"Now, there's a fellow," continued Flint, pointing to a shabby clerk, "when I took out of a charity institution when a boy, I fed him, clothed him, and taught him a good business. But was he grateful to me? Not he! He complained of hard work, and had vague ideas on the subject of pocket money. But I have established all that nonsense out of him. Haven't I, Jacob?"

"Yes," said the shabby clerk, stirring his ears with his hands, "but I don't turn my head, 'Oh, yes, he has; but I'm not sure, 'Oh, certainly.' His depressed manner and craven face sufficiently atoned for his words."

Mr. Flint turned suddenly upon his heel, and nearly upsetting him with the shock, "What did you come here for to-night? Not to be sociable, Simon. You are in your place. Perhaps I know what it is already. But out with it, anyhow."

"What a knowin' 'un you are!" croaked Beggs, rubbing his head with his hands together. "What an up-and-down old sticker!"

Beggs shifted uneasily in his chair, and cast a very uncomfortable look at his employer. "You're a very fine girl," an unknown female said. She ought to have a good husband, one as would be very lovin' and kind to her."

"Like yourself for instance," returned Mr. Flint with an iron smile. "Well, go."

"Suppose, for argument's sake, I was to want her for my wife, what little sum would you feel disposed to give her," he continued.

The smile left Mr. Flint's face, and a grim frown succeeded it.

"Not one cent, sir!—not one cent!" he answered sharply. "Take her as she is, or let her alone. I'm in no hurry to part with her. She earns her own living and more, and is a good daughter to her mother."

Mr. Beggs shrunk into his shrunken self at the other's reticence, rubbed his head feebly, and groaned. Then he said a dingy old scraw could be said to do so, he brightened up and croaked: "Oh, she earns her own living does she? And more! Not as I would expect her to do that after we was married. Oh, no!—And more! See here, Mr. Flint, I'll take her if she'll will."

Mr. Flint's face expressed considerable satisfaction as he answered: "She will be willing. She will do whatever I think is best for her. Jacob, go call Jesse."

The clerk, who had been rattling the papers on the desk in a strange, nervous way, got hastily off his stool and left the room.

Presently he returned with a pretty middle-aged young girl, who came and seated herself silently at her father's side.

If ever features of stone made a miserable attempt to look kind, Roger Flint's did these.

"And when he spoke there was something like tenderness in his grating voice."

"Jesse, have you ever thought of marrying?" he said.

"I have, father," she answered, with a slight blush, "the thought has been so speedily banished by a determination never to leave you, that it could hardly be called a thought at all."

"A girl's whim, and of no weight in the plans I have formed for your benefit. All you life have kept before your eyes the value of money, and the utter worthlessness of everything else without it. Therefore, in choosing a husband for you, I have cast aside all romantic and unpractical considerations, and secured for you—money! money! money!"

The girl's face had grown as white as death, and she started at him with wide open, frightened eyes.

"Simon Beggs," continued her father, his voice growing fiercer and harsher as he proceeded, "is no veritable man to look at, I admit; but is rich and a driving old dotard, and the woman that marries him can easily control both him and his money, if she will."

Beggs grinned and chuckled as if he had listened to the most glowing panegyric possible. The girl made no reply. Once while he spoke, she turned her eyes toward the clerk at his desk and then was motionless.

"Come," said Flint, with a grim attempt at jocularity, "has not half a dozen of these young fellows, and then a rich young widow, or Jesse?"

"I would rather die, as my mother did—a thousand, thousand times rather!" said Jesse, in a low, choked voice, putting both her trembling hands gently on his arm.

"Nonsense!" started her father harshly, shaking her off. "Once married, you will laugh at the folly, and thank me for disregarding it. Now go up stairs and dry your eyes for the matter is settled. I tell you before her before she sees me."

She arose, and looked fixedly at her determination in his face, she turned, and with a low sob left the room. When she was gone, the clerk, who had been standing by her side, with clenched hands and flushed face, hastily resumed his stool and worked away harder than ever.

"Don't seem ticklerly 'ached to me, do she?" groaned Beggs.

"I don't know," said Mr. Flint, his lips were interrupted by the opening of a young lady, muffled and forced against the weather. What a bright little creature she was! What eyes!—now sharp and gleaming, now soft and gentle as it is possible for woman's eyes to be. What a firm little figure, carried with an air of dignity that means just nothing at all! What curls! What lips! Gracious!"

"How do you do, Mr. Jacobs?" she said, addressing the clerk first of all, and then bowed to Mr. Flint. "And this is your friend?" she continued, looking straight into Mr. Beggs' face, as he wriggled his feet to be introduced.

"Any relation to the Cow family? I inquired! A very strong resemblance there, I see up stairs, Mr. Flint? I will go up and see her, if you please."

And with a look and a snarl of the curls, she went out, leaving Mr. Beggs' breathless and crestfallen.

"I don't like Mr. Heyward, if that's her name," he muttered, trying to recover his composure. But she had so firmly shaken out of him that presently he shambled to the door.

"Now, there's a fellow," continued Flint, pointing to the shabby clerk, "when I took out of a charity institution when a boy, I fed him, clothed him, and taught him a good business. But was he grateful to me? Not he! He complained of hard work, and had vague ideas on the subject of pocket money. But I have established all that nonsense out of him. Haven't I, Jacob?"

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