

while, the tyrant who had so embittered her life, had fallen down in a fit, brought on by anger at thinking his victim had escaped him, and after a few days miserable lingering, died and left her free again.

"God is very good to me," she said, reverently, at last. "Ever since I have lived here among the kindest friends I have ever known."

"And I," he cried, brokenly. "I have wrecked my entire life."

"There is comfort for you," she began, eagerly and just at that the door opened, and Neal stood there; not the bright boyish Neal of old, but a wasted, scrawny, blue-eyed, and wearing that shabby-looking which great physical suffering alone can give.

"Dolph!" he exclaimed, joyously. "I knew you would come some day dear old fellow but it has been long waiting. I wanted to relieve your mind of one load—to tell you of my escape, and that I don't much mind the scratches. That and to see you happy. Lucrece!" She came at his call.

"Six years ago we two were going to ask you to choose between us. If Randolph is of the same mind still—ah, it needs no words to say that he is—will you go to him now? I have long known he would have been your choice."

"Then," she said, "not now. The generosity which could overcome all selfishness both of love and resentment which led you, Neal, to follow him five years ago for the purpose of telling him what he has but now learned, has won my deepest love, my highest reverence."

And Dolph realized bitterly that his one mad act, the fruit of evil passion, had lost him the prize; but the hard lesson he had learned stood by him in good stead, and it was without envy he stood by and knew the happiness of those two was made perfect by a full understanding, upon that Christmas day.

Humorous.

Uncompromising Honesty.

The other day a man with a gaunt look halted before an eating stand at the Central market, and after a long survey of the viands he said to the woman: "I am a poor man, but I'll be honest if I have to be buried in Pauper's Field."

"What's the matter now?" asked the woman, regarding him with suspicion. "No one saw me pick up a \$20 bill here by this stand early this morning, but as I said before I'll be honest."

"A \$20 bill—pick up!" she whispered bringing a bland smile to her face. "I suppose he continued, that some one passing along here could have dropped such a bill, but it seems more reasonable to think that the money was lost by you."

"Don't talk quite so loud she whispered as she leaned over the stand. "You are an honest man, and I'll have your name put in the papers so that all may know it. I'm a hard working widow, and if you hadn't brought back that money it would have gone hard with my poor children."

"If I pick up money by a stand I always give it up," he said as he sat down on one of the stools.

"That's right—that's honest," she whispered. "Draw right up here and have some breakfast."

He needed no second invitation. The way he went for cold ham, fried sausage, biscuit and coffee was terrific to the woman.

"Yes—I—nu—try—to—be—honest," he remarked between bites.

"That's right. If I found any money belonging to you I'd give it up, you bet. Have another cup of coffee?"

"Don't—care—fido," he said, as he jammed more ham in his mouth.

Even courtships have an ending. The old chap finally began to breathe like a foundered horse, and pretty soon after that he rose from the table.

"You are a good man to bring my lost money back," said the woman, as she brushed away the crumbs.

"Oh, I'm honest," he replied. "When I find any lost money I always give it up."

"Well, I'll take it now, please," she said, as he began to button his coat.

"Take what?" he asked.

"That lost money you found."

"I didn't find any! I'll be honest with you, however, if I ever do find any around here!"

"You old liar! Didn't you say you found a \$20 bill here?"

"No, ma'am. I said that no one saw me pick up such a bill here!"

"Pay me for them pervishments!" she yelled, clutching his throat.

"I'll be honest with you—I haven't a cent!" he replied, as he held her off.

She tried to trip him over into a barrel of charcoal, but he broke loose and before she recovered from the amazement he was a block away and galloping along like a stage-horse.

Suifkins staked his all on the result of a game of euchre the other night, and lost. Throwing down the cards peevishly, he broke forth in the following pathetic strain: "Twas ever thus in childhood's hour, I've seen my fondest hopes take flight, every time I played the left lower some one took it with the right."

Take care of the poor Indian and he'll take care of the white man.

The next thing to a direct tax on property would be a tax on gravestones.

You want to be a swell of the first kind?

Ulysses Simpson Grant.

BY CARL BRENT.

Now glory to the whisky ring, that no defeat can daunt? Another to our sovereign liege, Ulysses Simpson Grant!

Now let the mash tub swell again, and start the crooked still, For every ringster's pocket now shall surely have its fill!

And Jefferson, O Jefferson! sad city of the slaves! Let loose our chiefs and heroes, who pine in living graves.

For never more will men of ours be caught within thy toils, And never more will ruthless hands from ringsters wrest the spoils, Hurrah! hurrah! the mash tub's tumes, have stilled honest cant!

Hurrah! hurrah! for whisky, and the hard old head of Grant.

Oh, how our hearts were beating, one little month ago, When Justice drew her sharpened sword, prepared to work our woe;

When Bristow's juries rode us down, the petty and the grand, And on our fated heads were heaped the curses of the land;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Joyce's prison wall, And our McDonald closely caged within the county jail.

Ah! then we cried to Washington, as mercy seemed so scant, And saw, behind a strong cigar, the hard old head of Grant.

Our general comes to marshal us: his guns are charged with grape; He winks as mildly he remarks: "None guilty shall escape!"

He looked upon his comrades, and a tear was in his eye; He looked upon the lawyers, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, and lit a fresh cigar, And sent an eagle glance along the serried ranks of war,

"And if my secretary fail, as fall full well he may— For never saw I promise yet of such a fearful fray— Press where ye see my good cigar, beneath my nose assault."

And he your shield and bulwark now the hard old head of Grant!"

Hurrah! the court is meeting. Behold the mingled mass, Of jurors and of witnesses, and all that hireling class, Megruie is swearing hard and fast, and who can swear like he?

With all the false distillers, so guilty, yet so free, Now by the cash ye love to hide, ye gentlemen of law,

Strive for the crooked whisky men, and snatch at every straw, Then Broadhead did his level best, and Dyer was strong and bold,

And many a damning fact before the cruel court was told, But all in vain might justice then her blood-red banner flaunt,

For through the thickest carnage burst the hard old head of Grant?

Now we're in luck; the day is ours; Bristow hath turned and fled; Broadhead hath cried for quarter, and Dyer lost his head.

The judge will soon be lying by the side of Henderson;

The juries, too, have vanished, their labor scarce begun,

And then we thought on Joyce, and on our McDonald, too,

And from the prison brought them forth to form the ring anew.

With Avery and Babcock and a host of other men, And whisky flowed like water, when we freed them from the Pen.

Oh, was there ever such a friend, when friends are scarce and scant,

As the owner of that hard old head, Ulysses Simpson Grant?

Love's Young Dream. She was tall, gaunt and sallow. Her hair was long, black, frowsy and coiffured. There was a wild glare in her eye and energetic determination in her step.

She was dressed in a pin back, and the skeleton form was thus shown to advantage. There were many wrinkles about her eyes and a mole on her extended nose.

As she moved down the street toward the chilly river side, the brisk November gales toyed wildly with the unconfined masses of hair that streamed behind her head. If roses had ever bloomed upon those leathery cheeks, they had faded long ago. She met a sedate pedestrian at Third and Pine, and thus addressed him:

"Does this street lead to the river?" "It does, lady."

"Will you please accompany me for a short distance?" "Certainly, lady."

And the pedestrian turned about and they walked away toward the chilling river.

"I am about to bid farewell to earth," she said, "and I feel that I must speak to some one once more, before I take the bold plunge."

"And why do you seek thus to leave this jolly world?" "I am weary and heart-broken."

"Is it possible?" "Ah, sir, you know little of my tribulations. I don't want to live any more—I am going to drown myself."

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Earth can have no charms for one with a lacerated heart."

"What's up?" "Why, you see I'm an orphan—that is I am the only daughter of a widowed mother. I have a lover—"

"Hem! a lover, eh! Go on."

"Whom I adore—"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"He is so nice and young and gay, and noble and manly—"

"How strange that he should be your lover?"

"And so generous. He used to take me to get ice cream, and we were all the world to each other, and would be so happy together. But—"

"He ran away, did he?"

"But m-m-mother, hoo-hoo, m-mother she won't let me have him, and I'm a—"

She fell into the river—and she'll never see me any more on this earth's dreary shore. I did don't want to live to be an old maid—"

"Why didn't you drown yourself thirty years ago, then?"

"My—thirty years ago?" She almost screamed. "You are real insulting."

"Not at all my pretty autumnal flower. But if I were you I wouldn't think of drowning myself—Why don't you take your fellow and go with him?"

"But he doesn't want to rile the old lady you see for she says she shall not live in her house, and that's what Tom says he wants to get married to me for, so he'll have a home and somebody to keep everything in apple-pie order for him, when he comes in from collecting the rents. Mother has got three houses, and Tom says she oughter die out of the way so as me and him could have everything, and so be happy."

"And you want Tom?"

"Yes'n m-m-mother won't let me have him."

"Poor girl! I think the best thing you can do is to drown yourself. Ah, 'tis pitiful. So old and so unhappy. The sod will soon cover you at best. Ancient maiden, go and snuff out the candle of life in your muddy tide. So old and so un—"

"Now look here, you low-lived in uttering clown. What do you mean? calling me old when I am only seventy—"

"Seventy! Seventy! Why I didn't take you to be more than fifty."

"Seventeen you scamp! Only seventeen years old. Drown myself? I'd see you hanged first 'n' insulting, ill-mannered son of a sea-cook, to thus offer indignity to a young girl—"

"A strange girl. Well, these wimmen be strange creatures. Good-bye."

"Oh you scuff of the earth, I'll fix you, I'll—"

And the shrill voice of the old damsel died away on the breeze.

New Advertisements

Mystery Solved.

The secret of the Wonderful.

THE SUCCESS OF VEGETINE.

It strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

Reliable Evidence.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir—I most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, Vegetine. For I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that I could scarcely get through a day. I do feel to thank God all the time for your medicine, and I do feel to thank God all the time for the feelings of the stomach, and advise everybody to take the Vegetine, for I can assure them that it is one of the best medicines ever used.

MRS. L. GORE.

Cor. Magazine and Walnut Sts., Cambridge, Mass.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.

VEGETINE is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

Report from a practical chemist and apothecary. BOSTON, Jan. 4, 1874.

DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 150 dozen (1800 bottles) of your Vegetine since April 15, 1870, and am quite sure that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaint for which it is recommended. I have sold it to scores of men, women, and children, and all are perfectly cured by the use of your medicine.

VEGETINE

WILL CLEANSE SCROFULA FROM THE SYSTEM, HONEST OPINION.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir—This is to show that my son was taken sick in January, 1864, with Scrofula, which came in the form of large sores and ulcers on his leg and hip. He had passed without some of the best medical advice without getting any relief, and he was obliged to lie wherever he was placed, for he had no use of his limbs whatever.

When he had given up all hopes of his living, he was placed, for he had no use of his limbs whatever, and he had taken it but a short time before we could see a great change. The sores ran so bad that he had to change the clothes four or five times a day, and he was unable to get up, and he was obliged to lie wherever he was placed.

He was soon able to sit up in bed, and to walk a little. He was cured in a few days, and he has a lame leg, which he will probably have for life, but we have all been benefited with those doctors. It would have saved the use of his leg, and restored it to natural health. I hope all those troubled with Scrofula will read this testimonial of me and my son, who is now well and able to speak for himself.

CATHERINE MAHONEY, JOHN MAHONEY, 39 Trenton St., Charlestown, Mass.

May 10, 1872. The above plain but honest statement conclusively shows the quick and thorough clearing effects of the VEGETINE in Scrofula.

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world. Nov. 24, 1875.—47.

Sold by all Druggists Everywhere.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned has an omnibus line running to every train on the D. L. & W., and Erie Railways at

Great Bend, Pa. Any order for Shipping or Re-Shipping Baggage at either depot will be promptly attended to.

CARRIAGES

The new river bridge is now completed, hence there is no ferrying. Always on hand to convey passengers to any point in the surrounding country. U. BUCHANAN, Prop'r. Great Bend, Aug. 19, 1874.—17.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

LENHEIM'S TEMPORARY.

Great Bend, Pa.

GEORGE L. LENHEIM

Has just returned from New York with a large and complete assortment of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES

Hats and Caps, Notions, &c., &c.,

Filing his large "temporary" on the National Hotel grounds. We shall remain here until our new

BRICK STORE IS COMPLETE ON THE OLD GROUND.

Our stock is new and bought with care. We will, as heretofore, offer the largest assortment and best bargains in the county.

Butter and Produce shipped. Highest price and prompt returns guaranteed. Money advanced when desired.

Great Bend, July 7th, 1875.

GEO. L. LENHEIM.

FRANK THOMPSON & CO.,

(BRANCH HOUSE OF JOHN MONROE & CO., PHILADELPHIA.)

Wholesale Liquor Dealers,

NO. 18 LACKAWANNA AVENUE, SCRANTON, PA.

THEY DEAL IN ALL KINDS OF DOMESTIC & IMPORTED WINE & LIQUORS, AS LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN THE STATE.

Address by Mail Promptly Attended To. March 21, 1875. A. S. MINER.

A. S. MINER, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

EVERY STYLE OF FLINT AND COMMON CHIMNEYS.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN

Bronze Lamps, Opal Lamps, All Glass Lamps, Hand Lamps, Burners, Wicks, Shades, Shade Holders, &c. &c.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

TIN AND JAPANNED WARE.

Prices Guaranteed as Low as any House in Southern New York.

Address by Mail Promptly Attended To. March 21, 1875. A. S. MINER.

BOYD & CORWIN

Corner of Main and Turnpike Sts. MONTROSE, PA.

DEALERS IN

STOVES

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

Builders' Hardware,

CUTLERY, ETC.,

Nails, by the Keg.

Thanks to our Friends for Past Favors.

We would be more than glad to one and all who know they have unsettled accounts with us, if they would call and settle by the middle of March next. Feb. 4, 1874.

FURNITURE

At W. W. Smith & Son's

Extensive Furniture Warehouse you will find the largest stock of

FIRST CLASS AND COMMON

FURNITURE

To be found in this section of the country, of his own manufacture, and at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction. They make the very best

EXTENSION TABLES

In the Country, and WARRANT them.

Upholstery Work

Of all kinds done in the neatest manner.

SPRING BEDS

OF VARIOUS KINDS.

PURE NO. 1 MATTRESSES,

AND COMMON MATTRESSES

UNDERTAKING

The subscriber will hereafter make no undertaking in his business. Having just completed a NEW and the most elegant HEARSE in the State, all needing his services will be attended to promptly and at satisfactory charges.

WILL W. SMITH & SON. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 31, 1874.—no5-11.

Best Calicoes 8 cents per yard at Cheap John's.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE!

Best market price, paid in cash, for

CORN, RYE, AND OATS,

at the Montrose Steam Mill.

D. A. MOSEY, Superintendent. Montrose, July 14, 1875.—16.

ADVERTISING: Cheap, Good, Systematic.—A persons who contemplates making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of advertisements, should send 25 cents to Geo. P. Stowell & Co., 43 Park Row, New York, for their PAMPHLET-BOOK (ninth revised edition) containing lists of over 2500 newspapers and estimates, showing the cost. Advertisements taken for leading papers in many States at a tremendous discount from publishers' rates. Get the Book, 25 cents.

Go to Cheap John's for Canton Flannels.

The undersigned will make and repair all kinds of machinery, and will also undertake any kind of business in their line. All orders for their services will be promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. MATTHEWS. Friendsville, Pa., April 7, 1875. 14-11.

We have reduced our 37 cent and 50 cent fine Dress Goods to 25 cents at Cheap John's.