Home Reading.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

(If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body; what doth it profit?—James 11: 15, 16.)

An old lady sat in her old arm chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And hungry-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good,
Not one was left for the old lady's food,
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do!
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.
And she said: "I will send for the deacon to come,
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never, for once, of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, poor soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't hi that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and to pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes.
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace;
But when he prayed "Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed "give potatoes;"
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that heard, in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled; knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
About "those carnal potatoes."
So, ending his prayer, he started for home,
But as the door closed, he heard a deep groan,
"O, give to the hungry potatoes!"

And that groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room
"O, give to the hungry potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer; he arose and dressed:
From his well filled cellar, taking in haste,
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut;
But there she sat, in her old arm chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air,
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store,
Of choice potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more,
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "*now*, you may;"
And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded, aloud, "amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying prevail,
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants, and their needs;
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom, and guidance, for all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes.

ENGLISH FARM-LABORER'S DAUHTER.

At seven or eight years old the girl's labor begins. Before that she has been set to mind the baby, or watch the pot, and to scour about the hedges for sticks for the fire. Now she has not only to mind the baby, but to nurse it; she carries it about with her in her arms, and really the infant looks almost as large as herself, and its weight compels her to lean backward. She is left home all day in charge of the baby, the younger children, and the cottage. Perhaps a little bread is left for them to eat, but they get nothing more until the mother returns about 4:30, when woe to the girl if the fire is not lit, and the kettle not on. The girl has to fetch the water—often a hard and tedious task, for many villages have a most imperfect supply and you may see the ditches by the roadside dammed up to yield a little dirty water. She may have to walk half a mile to the brook, and then carry the bucket home as best she may, and repeat the operation till sufficient has been acquired, and when her mother is washing, or worse still is a washerwoman by profession, this is her weary trudge all day. Of course there are villages where water is at hand, and sometimes too much of it. I know a large village where the brook runs beside the highway, and you have to pass over a "drock" or small bridge to get to each of the cottages, but such instances are rare. The girl has also to walk into the adjacent town and bring back the bread, particularly if her mother happens to be receiving parrish pay. A little older—at ten or eleven or twelve—still more skinny and bony now as a rule, she follows her mother to the fields, and learns to pick up stones from the young mowing grass, and place them in heaps to be carried away to mend drinking places for cattle. She learns to beat clots and spread them with a small prong; she works in the hay-field and gleans at the corn-harvest.

Gleaning—poetical gleaning—is the most unpleasant and uncomfortable of labor, tedious, slow, back-aching work; picking up ear by ear the dropped wheat, searching among the prickly stubble. Notwithstanding all her labor, and the hardship she has to endure—coarse fare and churlish treatment at the hands of those who could love her most—the little agricultural girl still retains some of that natural inclination toward the pretty and romantic inherent in the sex. In the Spring she makes daisy chains and winds them round the baby's neck; or with the stalks of the dandelion makes a chain several feet in length. She plucks great bunches of the beautiful bluebell, and of the purple orchis of the meadow; gathers heaps of the cowslips, and after playing with them a little while, they are left to wither in the dust by the roadside, while she is sent two or three miles with her father's dinner.—She chants snatches of rural songs, and sometimes three or four together, joining hands dance slowly round and round, singing slowly rude rhymes describing marriage—and not over decent some of these rhymes are. She has no toys, not one in twenty of such girls ever have a doll: or, if they do, it is but some stick dressed in a rag. Poor thing! they need no artificial dolls; so soon as ever they can lift it they are trusted with the real baby. Her parents probably do not mean to be unkind, and use makes this treatment bearable, but to an outsider it seems unnecessarily rough, and even brutal. Her mother shouts at her in a shrill treble perpetually; her father enforces his orders with a harsh oath and a slap.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

The ancient practice of marriage by capture, which has left some traces even in our customs and sports—notably in that popular game of kiss-in-the-ring, a mimic representation of the great game of marriage—finds many illustrations in Mongol life. Rubruquis, who visited the hordes of Tartary, and was entertained in the tent of the immediate successors of Yengnis Khan, describes a Mongol marriage thus:

Therefore, when any man hath bargained with another for a maid, the father of the damsel makes him a feast; in the meantime she flies away to some of her kinsfolk to hide herself. Then the father says to the bridegroom, "My daughter is yours; take her wheresoever you can find her." Then he and his friends seek her till they find her, and having found her, he takes her by force and carries her to his own house.

This simple form of marriage contract is still preserved among the Koraks and Tchuctchus, tribes of northeastern Siberia. There the damsel is pursued by her admirer, and hides herself among the polgos, or cabins made of skins, which form the internal compartments of their dwellings. The womankind assist her in her pretended evasion, and not till the bridegroom has caught his bride, and left the impression of his finger-nail upon her tender skin is the betrothal completed.

The analagous customs in ancient Roman marriages here strike one with the myth of the rape of the Sabines; but we need not go so far away. The customs of a Welsh wedding, up to a very recent date, included a mimic pursuit of the bride by the bridegroom, both on horseback; and even in our English manner, when the bridegroom invariably goes to seek his bride on the wedding morn. But the value of womankind in a pastoral life, where there is so much for her to do in the way of milking, butter, and cheese making, and so on, brings a further element into the relationship. A price must be paid for the future companion, and the wedding portion enters largely into the question.

A more modern Mongol wedding is described by Huc, that most amusing of Jesuit fathers.—The religious ceremonies are those of Buddhism. The marriage is arranged by the parents, who settle the dower that is to be paid to the father of the bride by means of mediators. When the contract has been concluded, the father of the bridegroom, accompanied by his nearest relatives, carries the news to the family of the bride. They prostrate themselves before the domestic altar, and offer up a boiled sheep's head, milk, and a sash of white silk.—During the repast all the relations of the bride receive a piece of money, which they deposit in a vase filled with wine made of fermented milk, (we have, or had, a similar custom of hiding a ring or money in the wedding cake,) the father of the bride drinks the milk and keeps the money. The lamas, or priests, fix an auspicious day, when the bridegroom sends a deputation to escort the bride. There is a feigned opposition to the departure of the bride who is placed on a horse, and led three times (note the three mystic circles) round the paternal house, and then taken at full gallop to the tent prepared for the purpose near the dwelling of her father-in-law. All the Tartars of the neighborhood repair to the wedding-feast and offer their presents, which consists of beasts and eatables. These go to the father of the bridegroom, and often recoup him the sum he has paid for the son's bride. Rather a shame one would think, of that selfish papa, did we not reflect that he will have to support his son and daughter or at all events set them up with sheep and cattle from his flocks and herds.

MASTER AND MAN IN JAPAN.

No feature of Japanese society is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his servant to his intimate society, but the servant never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at dinner with the utmost humility, and having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely, not only his master, but even guests of the highest rank. The master will pass his own wine cup to his man as if he were an honored guest, and for awhile they would appear, to any one not acquainted with a language most fertile in subtle distinctions, to be upon perfectly equal terms. Yet the moment the feast is over the man retires with the same profound obeisance and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor, nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occasion calls it forth again. Freedom of intercourse like this between employer and employed is creditable to both.

"The best rule," says a wise writer, "is to say all the good we can of every one, and to refrain from saying evil, unless it becomes a clear matter of duty to warn. Slander is a sin much worse than theft. We should no more bite one with our words than with our teeth. A ratirical word is like a sting.

THE LONDON HUMAN HAIR MARKET.

For one prime natural product the emmissaries of fashion must go to Mincing Lane.—Judging from the quantities in which it is imported, this article must be in considerable demand. The "lot" with which we are more intimately concerned is lying in Cross Lane and weighs some five thousand pounds—a tolerably large consignment of an article which is—well!—not necessary, perhaps, but apparently finds customers readily enough. It is human hair. The great bulk of it comes from China, is black as coal and coarse as cocoanut fibre, but of magnificent length. Many a Chinese head has been shorn to produce these tons of material, to be sold in lots of two cases (of about four hundred pounds each,) and is expected to realize about one-half a crown a pound in this wholesale transaction. Skilled experts are weighing and feeling the long tresses, but soon leave them to investigate the various shades and qualities of one bale of European, worth ten or eleven times as much as the Chinese. Whence comes this? From Germany mainly—from Russia and from France sometimes. Here lies a heap of samples culled from this valuable bale, with the weights of each color attached. With what variety and richness of hues glow these long, fine, silky tresses, ranging from the deepest brown through every shade of ruddy auburn and sunny chestnut to the purest gold and fairest flaxen. What a monument of self-abnegation is here? what a picture of self-sacrifice! for when woman parts with her hair she performs an act far more trying than when she parts with her jewels.—That maiden must be poor indeed who parts with her crowning charm for a few shillings.—Legends to the contrary notwithstanding, how can she get more than a pitiful sum when a choice bale, after passing through the hands of the shearer, the local merchant, and the importer, and paying cost of transport, will fetch no more than seven-and-twenty shillings per pound? The blonde maiden whose superb tresses I hold in my hand, did not, I apprehend, get much for them. Perhaps a few florins; little enough, according to our estimate of money, but yet sufficient to keep the wolf from her mother's door for a little space. But this silken crown, which brought its original owner so little, must pass through many hands before it adorns the still handsome head of Lady Barepoles, who is not quite the woman she was when Barepoles became the captive of her bow and spear in her first season—but is yet a leader of fashion.

THE OLD FOLKS.

We often reflect that the bent and feeble forms of the aged whom we meet in our daily rounds, once bore hearts as gay and blithe and were as full of childish foibles as those of the more youthful. They have all passed through the same dream of happiness, and the pure romance that filled the heart of the beardless boy when love's young dream enraptured him by the soft cheek and languishing glance of lovely woman—each could tell his tale of school-boy life, and relate the scenes of that era crowded with more of love, of passion, and more of spiritual truth than any of the tales he had read in after life. He could tell of tender lays he had penned at midnight by the light of a "tallow dip," and contrast the bright days of his youth with those later in life, and even praise the maidens of his generation as being more fair than modern maids. When young, they had whispers in a willing ear, kisses upon a blushing cheek, and think the kiss and whisper of that early day fonder than modern lips can now impart. They have a recollection of passions slighted and betrayed, of youthful friends early gone to the spirit land and prospects that only opened to deceive.—The eyes that are bright and the lips that talk of love and all the fair forms that we behold, must, in the natural order of time, come to this. Ere long, all that we value on earth will fade from our sight, and the treasures that we now so dearly regard must be surrendered. We are all growing old!

FALLEN MAJESTY.

Eagles are subject to diseases, flesh, bone, and blood, just like the veriest poultry that die of croup and consumption on the dunghill before the barn-door. Sickness blinds the eye that was made to pierce the sun, and weakens the wing that dallies with the tempest. Then the eagle feels how vain is the doctrine of the divine rights of kings. He is hawked at by the mousing owl, whose instinct instructs him that these talons have lost their grasp, and these pinions their death-blow. The eagle lies for weeks famishing in his eyrie, and, hunger-driven over the ledge, leaves it to ascend no more. He is dethroned, and wasted to mere bones—a bunch of feathers; his flight is slower than that of the buzzard; he floats himself along, now with difficulty, from knoll to knoll, pursued by the shrieking magpies, buffetted by the corby, and lying on his back, like a recreant, before the beak of the raven, who a month ago was terrified to hop round the carcass till the king of the air was satisfied, and gave his permission to croaking sooty to dig into the bowels he himself had scorned. Yet he is a noble aim to the fowler, still; you break a wing and a leg, and fear to touch him with your hand; your dog feels the iron clutch of his talons, convulsed in the death-pangs, and holding him up, you wonder that such an anatomy—for his weight is not more than three pounds—could drive his claws through that shaggy hide till blood sprang to the blow.

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. The greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption.

Webster was twenty-one years compiling his dictionary.

Miscellaneous.

THE GREAT REPUTATION which Vegetine has attained in all parts of the country as

A Great and Good Medicine,

and the large number of testimonials which are constantly peing received from persons who have been cured by its use, are coucluslve proof of its great value.—It is recommended by physicians and apothecaries. As a Blood-Purifier and Health-Restorer, it has no equal.

Vegetine is not prepared for a fancy drink made from poor liquors, which debilitates the system and tends to destroy health instead of restoring it.

CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

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 it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and Vegetine has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the time there is so good a medicine as Vegetine, and I also think it one of the best medicines for coughs and weak sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the Vegetine, for I can assure them that it is one of the best medicines ever was.

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. 1, 1874.

DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 15½ dozen (1882 bottles) of your Vegetine since April 12, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves or their friends. I am perfectly cognizant of several cases of Scrofula Tumors being cured by Vegetine alone in this vicinity.

Very respectfully yours,
AI GILMAN,
468 Broadway.

To H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir:—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. Vegetine was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefitted by its use. I procured the article, and after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared; and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need some hing to restore them to perfect health.

Respectfully yours, U. L. PETTENGILL,
Firm of S. M. Pettengill & Co.,
No. 10 State St., Boston.

GIVES HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND APPETITE.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all of her friends. A few bottles of the Vegetine restored her health, strength and appetite.

N H. TILDEN,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
No. 49 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

The above plain but honest statement conclusively shows the quick and thorough cleansing 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.

Jan. 19 1876.—4w

Sold by all Druggists Everywhere.

Boy's Clothing—cheap—at Cheap John's.

At No. 33 Court Street

BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

NEW GOODS,

NEW GOODS,

NEW GOODS.

As we have just returned from the City of New York after purchasing a large and well selected stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

of all kinds bought from first hands, we are now prepared to offer goods at prices that will satisfy the closest buyer. We have also added to our large stock of Dry Gooes, an im[illegible] stock of

CLOTHS, BEAVERS,

for Men and Boy's wear. We are now prepared to make

SUITS FOR ALL

who will give us a call as we have first class workmen engaged for the season.

Ladies and gentlemen, you will please call and examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

Thankful for past favors, we hope for a continuation of the same. We remain,

Yours Respectfully,
C. & A. CORTSEY.

Binghamton, April 28, 1875.—tf. 8-23-'74.

Yard wide sheetings, 8½ cts., at Cheap John's.

H. BURRITT,

Would call attention to his New Stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

Now on sale, in new

DRY GOODS,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, BLACK AND COLORED ALPACAS, NEW STYLE OF PRINTS, SHAWLS, WATER-PROOFS, FLANNELS, BALMORAL, AND HOOP SKIRTS, VELVETS, HOSIERY, HEAVY WOOL GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, PAPER HANGINGS, BUFFALO AND LAP ROBES, FURS, HATS AND CAPS; BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, IRON, NAILS, STEEL, STOVES AND GROCERIES, ETC.

In great variety, and will be sold on the most favorable terms, and lowest prices.

H. BURRITT.

New Milford, May 1st, 1875.

Fine cashimeres at 75 cents, at Cheap John's.

For good waterproofs, go to Cheap John's.

Miscellaneous.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Just Received

—BY—

WILLIAM HAYDEN.

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, &C.

Dress Doods, a good assortment. Prints, all the new and fancy patterns in the market. White Goods a great variety.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED SHIRTING, COTTONADES, DENIMS, TICKS, STRIPE SHIRTING, LINEN TOWELING, CARPET WARP &C.

BOOTS & SHOES,

The largest stock in town. First class goods at less prices than can be bought of any other parties in the place.

HATS & CAPS,

all the latest styles.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

a full line, and good goods well made and trimmed.

Call and Examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I will not be undersold for the same quality of goods, by any one in or out of town.

Butter shipped. Prompt returns at the highest market price, sales guaranteed, bills cashed as soon as received.

WM. HAYDEN.

New Milford, June 2d, 1875.—tf. 22

Debtors

OF

S H. & D. SAYRE,

Are notified that their

ACCOUNTS MUST BE SETTLED

Immediately,

or they will be collected by law.

COOPER, LATHROP & COMSTOCK.
September 29, 1875. Assignees.

Ladies' Felt Skirts, at Cheap John's

A NEW STOCK OF

Crockery,

just received and for sale by H. J. WEBB.

SUPERFINE

FLOUR.

For sale by H. J. WEBB.

ALSO, ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES,

At the store of H. J. WEBB.

Fresh Oranges,

For sale by H. J. WEBB

Montrose, April 21, 1875.

Buy your Boots at Cheap John's.

BUY YOUR WAGONS, CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,

OF

W. OUSTERHOUT, HARFORD, PA.

PRICE LIST.

Repairing done on short notice. Cheaper than the cheapest.

First-class Phætons	$230
" " Buggies	$130
" " Lumber Wagons	$115
" " Platforms from $140 to	$150
" " Swell Body Sleighs	$ 75

Blacksmithing.

To shoe per span, new,	$3.50
" cork and set	$1.40
" set per span	$1.00

All work warranted. Call examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

W. OUSTERHOUT.

Harford, October 20th, 1875 tf.

Binghamton Marble Works

All kinds of Monuments, Headstones, and Marble Mantles, made to order. Also, Scotch Granites on hand.

J. PICKERING & CO.,
126 Court Street,
Binghamton, N.

J. PICKERING,
G. W. MESSERNEAU,
H. P. BROWN.
Oct. 28, 1874.

Handsome Trimmed Hats, at Cheap John's.

Shirting Flannels at Cheap John's

Real Estate for Sale.

VALUABLE

Farm For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the valuable farm as the

Summers Place

Said farm is one of the most desirable farms in the county, and is beautifully situated in the Village of Summersville, Susquehanna county, Pa.; there is a good store, flouring mill, saw mill, plaster mill, and blacksmith and wagon shop in said village. The farm is situated directly on the D. L. & W. R. R., one mile and a half from the depot at New Milford, and four miles from the depot at Great Bend N. Y. & Erie R. R., contains 190 acres of land, 180 acres improved, is well watered, having a lasting stream of water running through it and water conveyed in pipes to the house, barn and cattle yards, it is well fenced, and under good cultivation; It is well adapted to growing grain, and is fitted for stock or dairying; there is a large and convenient dwelling and wood house, well painted, and beautiful lawn, with shrubbery, a large horse barn, carriage house cattle barn, with two cattle yards and sheds and stables for feeding stock or stalling cows, and two orchards of grafted fruits. Terms of payment made easy.

R. L. SUTPHIN,
New Milford, Susq'a Co. Pa.

September 29, 1875.—1m

DESIRABLE

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

Situated in the Borough of Montrose. A very desirable property. Fine, large House, good Barn, Garden, Fruit Trees, in bearing, good well, and other conveniencies. For particulars, enquire on the premises.

WM. G. BAILEY.
October 6, 187[illegible] Montrose, Pa.