

Humorous.

Bobee the Tourist.

They called him John Bobee. He looked like one of the family, and probably gave his name correctly.

Coat and vest, 20c. Other garments, 15c. Boots and hats, 10c.

Total, 45c. He was strong and robust, stout and lazy, and he seemed to take matters very coolly.

"I believe I was drunk," he replied to the charge. "And are also a vagrant," observed the court.

"Isn't there any difference between a tourist and a vagrant?" queried Bobee. "I'm a traveler, sir, I have visited the principal cities of Europe, and am now making a tour of America.

"Umph," remarked the court. "You have a very beautiful city here," continued the tourist. "It reminds me very forcibly of the Island of St. Helena. I reached home but yesterday, and will probably remain a week or two."

"I shouldn't be surprised if you remained here three months," said his Honor. "I'll send a man to show you one of our largest city and State institutions, and I think you'll stop there till spring opens."

"Do you hint at imprisonment?" asked the tourist. "That's just what I am hinting at," replied the court.

"Isn't this rather arbitrary?" inquired the stranger. "I got drunk in Palestine and no one said anything. I got drunk in Constantinople and was invited to deliver a lecture. I got drunk in Edinburgh, and was invited to a game supper. It hardly seems possible that you will interrupt my tour around the world merely for the sake of filling up your prison."

"You'll realize it when you get up there, Mr. Bobee. All the traveling you'll do for the next three months to come won't raise any blisters."

"Am I sent up on account of my looks?" he asked. His Honor motioned him into the corridor. "Because, if my looks have sent me to prison, what—"

He might have got six months if Bijah had not hurried him away so fast.

No dogs allowed in the Cars.

It happened the other day on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The train had just left Easton and the conductor was making his first round, when he observed a small white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes sitting cozily on the seat beside a young lady so handsome that it made his heart roll over like a lopsided pumpkin.

"I'm sorry, madam, but its against the rules to have dogs in the passenger cars."

"O! my, is that so?" and she turned up two lovely brown eyes at him beseechingly. "What in the world will I do? I can't throw him away. He's a Christmas present from my aunt."

"By no means, miss. We'll put him in a baggage car, and he'll be just as happy as a robin in spring."

"What! put my nice white dog in a nasty, stuffy, dusty baggage car?"

"I'm awfully sorry, miss, I do assure you, but the rules of the company are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and them other fellows, you know. He shall have my overcoat to lie on, and the brakeman shall give him grub and water every time he opens his mouth."

"I just think it's awful mean, so I do; and I know somebody will steal it, so they will," and she showed a half notion to cry that nearly broke the conductor's heart; but he was firm, and sang out to the brakeman:

"Here, Andy, take this dog over into the baggage car, and tell 'em to take just the best kind of care of him."

The young lady pouted, but the brakeman reached over and picked it up as tenderly as though it was a two-weeks-old baby, but as he hid so a strange expression came over his face like a wave of cramp-convulsions, and he said hastily to the conductor:

"Here, you just hold him a minute till I put his poker away," and he trotted out at the car door and held on to the brake wheel, shaking like a man with gas.

The conductor no sooner had his hands on the dog than he looked around for a hole to fall through.

"Wh-wh-why, this is a worsted dog."

"Yes, sir," said the little miss, demurely. "Didn't you know that?"

"No, I'm most awful sorry to say I didn't know that," and he laid the Christmas dog down in the owner's lap, and walked out on the platform, where he stood half an hour in the cold, trying to think of a hymn tune to suit the worst sold man on the Lehigh Valley road.

How to become a Lawyer.

A day or two ago, when a young man entered a Detroit lawyer's office to study law, the practitioner sat down beside him and said:

"Now, see here, I have no time to fool away, and if you don't pan out well I won't keep you here thirty days. Do you want to make a good lawyer?"

"Well, now, listen. Be polite to old people, because they have cash. Be good to the boys, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work with reporters and get puffs. Go to church for the sake of example. Don't fool any time away on poetry, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you can follow these instructions you will succeed. If you can't, go and learn to be a doctor and kill your best friends."

Simple Case.

CHAPTER I.—It was New Year's morning. He had been thinking deeply for a day or two and there was a Spartan look on his face as he sat down to breakfast. He was unusually quiet though he said he never felt better in his life.

CHAPTER II.—Rising from the table he threw forth his tobacco box and said to his wife: "Hannah, I'm going to quit the weed!"

"No!" "Yes, I am. I've been a slave to the disgusting habit for forty years, but now I'm done with it! Come here, Hannah!"

She followed him to the back door, and he flung the box far out into the back yard.

CHAPTER III.—Four days had passed. Dried pumpkin, cloves, spices, gum, and dried beef had been chewed in place of the accustomed quid. The family cat had been kicked out of the house; the dog had fled; the hired girl's nose was up; every peddler in town came to the door.

"But you will stick to your resolution, won't you?" asked the wife. "I will or die!" he replied.

CHAPTER LAST.—'Twas dark. Man sneaked around the house on his knees on the grass—pawed around—fingers clutched an object—lid flew open—moved his right hand to his mouth "Yum! yum! But what a fool I was!"

MORAL.—Don't chew.

Professional Advice.

Did you ever know Major Ben Gamble, who used to own a bed of those magnificent oysters at the head of Buzzard's Bay? You have eaten the "Wareham" oysters? Well, the major's were of the same quality.

Once upon a time Major Ben had occasion to send for the doctor Dr. Ansel Sprowle was the man—and he came and examined and prescribed, and dealt out his medicine. In due course the doctor sent in his bill, having evidently made it out with a view to the pecuniary ability of his customer.

"For medicine," he charged \$1.75. "For professional advice \$5." The major squirmed, but paid the bill. He could see no help.

Not long after this Dr. Sprowle got a taste of the Gamble bed oyster at a neighbor's, and having ascertained where they were obtained, he resolved to have some. The next time he had occasion to pass the major's restaurant, he pulled up and made inquiries about the bivalves.

He thought that he would take half a bushel in his wagon. How long would they keep? "Put 'em down on your cellar bottom, and they'll keep a fortnight good," said the major.

"I want 'em to roast," explained the doctor. "They're just in good trim for that."

"How do you do it? How long does it take?" "You never roasted an oyster, doctor?"

"Never cooked one in my life; but I ate some at neighbor Sanborn's and they were toothsome. He said they were roasted in the shell."

"And you want me to tell you how to do it?" "Yes—if you will."

And thereupon Major Ben very minutely set forth the *modus operandi* of roasting oysters in the shell.

The doctor took his oysters and departed; and was so well pleased with the roast that he obtained other qualities. By-and-by the Major sent in his bill—"for oysters, \$2.75. For professional advice, \$5."

Dr. Sprowle was not a dunderhead. He saw the point, and paid the bill.

Johnny's Competition.

THE OWL.

When you come to see a owl close it has offle big eyes, and wen you come to feel it with your fingers, wich it bites, you find it mosely fethers, with only jus meat enul to hole 'em to gather.

Once they was a man thot h: wud like a owl for a pet, so he tole a bird man to send him the bes one in the shop, but wen it was brot he lookt at it and squeezed it, and it diddent sute. So the man he rote to the bird man and said He'keep the owl you sent, tho it aint like I wanted, but wen it is wore out you must make me a other, with littler eyes, for I spose these eyes are number twelves, but I want number sixes, and then if I pay you the same price you can afford to put in more owl.

Owls has got to have big eyes cos they has to be out a good deal at nite a doin bnis with rats and mice, wich keeps late ours. They is said to be very wise, but my sisters young man he says any bobby cude be wise if they woud set up nites to take notice.

That feller comes to our house jest like he use to, only more, and wen I ast him wy he come so much he said he was a man of science, like me and was a study in oruthogaly, wich was birds. I ast him wat birds he was a study in, and he said anjils, and wen he said that my sister she lookt out at the winder, and said wot a fine day it had turned out to be. But it was a rainin cats and dogs wen she said it. I never see sech a goose in my life as that girl, but uncle Ned, wch has been in ol parts of the worl, he says that they is jest that way in Palygopy.

In the picter alphabets the O is sometimes a owl, and sometimes it is a ox, but if I made the picters Ide have it stan for a oggur to bore holes with: I tole that to olegaffer Peters once wen he was to our house looking at my new book, and he said you is right, Johnny, and here is this H stands for harp, but who cares for a harp, why dont they make it stan for a horgan? He is such a ole fool.

A handsome young lady entered a draper's and asked for a bow, and the pelitic young shopman threw himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. "You! But I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man wilted.

In the list of traverse jurors drawn to serve at the ensuing term of the Pittsburg Criminal Court, occurs the name of Thos Huey, colored. His occupation is put down as a gentleman.

About women.—Men.

New Advertisements.

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NEW STOCK OF

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WOOLEN SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS, CASSIMERES, BEAVERS AND CLOTHS.

PLAID AND PLAIN WOOL AND MOHAIR DRESS GOODS, SILKS, POPLINS, CASHIMERES, DRAB TEDES ALPA CAS, BLACK AND COLORED.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S MERINO UNDERGARMENTS, BRINO AND WOOL HOSE, FELT SKIRTS, GLOVES, &c., &c. ALL SIZES AND QUALITIES.

MILLINERY GOODS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, BLACK AND COLORED, SILK AND COTTON VELVETS, TRIMMING SILKS.

DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMINGS, LACES, FRINGES, BUTTONS, SILK TIES, CORSETS, EMBROIDERIES, ZEPHYR, WORSTED AND FANCY YARNS, CANVAS, NOTIONS AND STAMPED PATTERNS.

DOMESTIC GOODS, BLEACHED AND BROWN SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS, CANTON FLANNELS, CALICOES, DENIMS, TICKINGS AND CHEVOTT SHIRTINGS, ALWAYS A FULL ASSORTMENT THE MOST POPULAR BRANDS.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATS, DRUGGETTING FURS, PURE WOLF, BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE BLANKETS, LAP ROBES, &c. &c.

Ready-Made Clothing.

Men and boys' ready-made suits, a large stock. Complete assortment of best goods, warranted to give satisfaction. Prices to suit the times at G. R. & Co's.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!! For Boys, Youths and Men. All sorts. Qualities and prices from \$3 to \$20. Supply your wants at G. R. & Co's.

Our Custom Department. Largest stock of the cassimeres, Cloths and Beavers. Measures taken, good fitting and workmanship guaranteed. Prices fully 20 per cent. less than out of town. Call and leave your measure at G. R. & Co's.

FURNISHING GOODS. Gents furnishing goods. White and colored cotton Shirts, Wool and Merino Wrappers and Drawers Flannel and merino Hose, Knit Jackets, Comforters, Ties, Bows, Mufflers, Gloves, Trunks, Satchels, &c., &c. the largest variety in town, at G. R. & Co's.

HATS! HATS!! & CAPS! CAPS. AT G. R. & Co's. GUTTENBERG, ROSENBAUM, & CO. M. S. DESSAUER, Managing Partner. Montrose, September 29th, 1875.

CARTER, ABBOTT & JOHNSON. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HARDWARE.

IRON, STEEL, NAILS, BLACK-SMITHS' SUPPLIES, FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' TOOLS.

Sweet's Steel Goods. SEAT SPRINGS, STEEL TIRE, TOR CALKS and CALK STEEL, &c.

BURRETT'S CORN SHELLER AND THE IMPROVED BURDICK FEED CUTTER.

87 Washington St., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. Oct. 14th, 1875.—24.

TARBELL HOUSE. OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

JOHN S. TARBELL, Prop'r.

Five Shaws and Backs leave this House daily for Montrose, Binghamton, and the Lehigh Valley Railroad and the D. & W. Railroad. April 7, 1876.

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.,

Filling 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.

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

GEO. L. LENHEIM.

Great Bend, July 7th, 1875.

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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

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

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Both in Price and Quality, either in Plain Black or Colored Work. HAWLEY & CRUZZER.

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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 the undertaking a specialty in his business. Having just completed a NEW and the most elegant HEARSE in the State, all NEW and the most elegant HEARSE in the State, all needing his services will be attended to promptly and at satisfactory charges.

WM. W. SMITH & SON.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 31, 1876.—no5—11.

NAILS

TINWARE.

HARDWARE.

BOYD & CORWIN

Corner of Main and Trenchpike 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.

Feb. 4, 1876.

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

Go to Cheap John's for Canton Flannels.

Friendville, Pa., April 7, 1876.

OF OUR

UNDER TAKING

We desire to say a word: In this line we have Stein's Patent Satchet, and a variety of other styles. But! Robes, Shrouds, etc.

The horse and Carriage attached to our establishment cannot be surpassed in this section. These will be furnished to those who request, at a reasonable figure, anywhere within a radius of twenty miles from this city. Give him a call. P. J. DONLEY.

Binghamton, May 12th, 1875.—11

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The undersigned has been appointed a Specialty business. All needing their services will be promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed. Friendsville, Pa., April 7, 1876.