

**Humorous.**

**He Wasn't There.**

The baby who wasn't at the union fair was at the Detroit post office in his little buggy. He was a baby with snag teeth, yellow hair, white eyes and an ugly kick to his heels. A pedestrian tried to pat him on the nose, and the young generation struck at him and howled disconsolately. A bootblack pinched his foot, and the baby kicked right and left and made the covers fly.

"He wasn't at the fair, was he?" inquired one of the boys as the mother came out.

"I guess he wasn't—not much," she answered. "He was home, minding his business."

"Then he didn't get a golden eagle?"

"He didn't get nothing!" she snapped. "I don't put my flesh and blood on exhibition for no golden eagles, or golden geese, or golden anything else."

"But he'd have taken the A. I. O. K., XXX premium if you'd had him there!" persisted the boy.

"He's just as good as he is handsome," she replied, as she tucked the clothes down. "I've been told over and over again that he is the handsomest baby in Detroit."

"Would you sell him?" seriously inquired the boy.

"Sell him? Why, what could you do with a baby?"

"I'd paint his nose, dye his hair, whittle out some good teeth for him, trim his ears down for him and then sell him for a tobacco sign," whispered the boy.

"This is why a woman was seen chasing a boy around the post-office square, always just near enough to get a kick, but always just an instant too late to hit the spot. When a policeman stopped her she had her hands clenched, her eyes flashed fire, her teeth were hard shut and she gasped:

"Take my house and lot, but let me get hold of that boy!"

**A Wonderful Tornado.**

There were a dozen or more of them seated in front of colored St. Charles, and they were talking about tornadoes.

"De worstest tornady I ever did see," remarked an old negro, "war sixteen years ago, in Alabama."

"Did she blow much?" inquired another.

"Blow much! shoo! niggers! but dat was no deek passenger, dat' tornady! Why, sah, it jist lifts me right up to remember it!"

"Everything went kitiin' eh?"

"Kitiin'! Bless you! you poor, ignorant nigger, but I seed a mule lifted up like a fudder, an' how fur d'ye 'spos it blode him? Jis gin a guess."

"One mile?"

"Free miles?"

"Across de ribber?"

"Into a tree?"

Each one in the crowd made a guess, and when all were through the hoary-headed old man repeated:

"Niggers, you is all wrong. Dat tornady cum tur dat mule, an' howled round an' got un-der him, an' lifted him up, an' he was blode jist exactly four inches by de watch, sure's you live!"

There was a painful silence, and then the crowd rapidly thinned out, while the old man remarked:

"Four inches by de watch, an' I'll stick to dat statement if I die fur it!"

**The Fate of the Man who Advertises.**

His name was Hippoflam. His uncle left him some money. He started in the grocery and provision business. He had read in the paper that John Jacob Astor, A. T. Stewart, Daniel Pratt, John Smith and hosts of others had once been poor and had made their start by advertising. He believed it all, dough-head that he was, and he advertised four squares in the *Torchlight*, six squares in the *Butger* and a half column in the *Moonshine*. When the people saw from the advertisements that Hippoflam had started into business with a fresh, large stock they rushed for his store. Then his troubles commenced. He had to hire an extra clerk and a cash-boy. He could not find time to sit down on a candle-box, thrust his feet under the stove and gossip about politics and the Louisiana question. Every day or two he had to write or telegraph for new goods, ordering more coffee, tea, sugar or spices; and when the goods came he had to open them and retail them out. As day after day went by people began to notice that Hippoflam was growing thin and pale. He looked careworn and harassed, as if driven. He kept advertising, and people kept patronizing him. Other grocers could get time to go off on excursions, and to sit down for hours at a time and play checkers and dominoes; but Hippoflam could not get an hour to himself, except time to sleep. By and by he had to open an account with yet another bank, got more clerks and cash-boys; and it came about that he kept a carriage, built a fine house, wore broad-cloth, and was elected Mayor of the town. Of course a man couldn't go on in this way many years without breaking down in health, and the day came at last when Hippoflam had the dyspepsia, the jaundice, heart disease, rheumatism, and several other complaints. The shadow of death hung over him, while the grocers who hadn't advertised at all grew fat and portly and had double shins on 'em. They had time to go fishing, were never tired out looking over their accounts, and it wasn't once a year that they had to order anything more than a box of herring. Broken down in health, feeling maud at the world, and finding himself a victim of newspapers, Hippoflam one day drew all his money out of the bank, passed it over to a lunatic asylum; set his store on fire, blew up his mansion with a keg of powder, and then hanged himself to a peach tree in the back yard. The coroner cut him down; the jury set on him, and the verdict was: "Advertising killed him, and we hereby warn all business men to let his fate be an example against patronizing newspapers."

**Mark Twain's Duel.**

Mark Twain contributes the following to Tom Hood's Annual:

The only merit I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral on the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to carry favor with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) *Daily Enterprise* they promoted me to be editor-in-chief, and I lasted just a week by the watch. But I made an uncommonly lively newspaper while it did last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands and three horse-whippings promised me.

The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "flush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slights and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could afford. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, the editor of a rival paper. He flew up about some little trifling matter that I said about him—do not remember now what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or a body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that; I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I couldn't fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Dueling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and a very few gentlemen would throw away the opportunity of fighting one. To kill one man in a duel caused a man to be even more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, out there if you abuse a man and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him, otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and impudic manner. And then I sat down and snuffed and snuffed till the answer came. All the boys—the editors—were in the office "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels and discussing the code with a lot of aged ruffians, who had experience in such matters, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter that made me un-pleasantly uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another, and another, and the more he did not want to fight the more blood-thirsty I became. But at last the man's tone began to change. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me after all I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who could never be depended upon. Our boys were jubilant. I was not, though I tried hard to be.

It was now time to go out and practice. It was the custom there to fight duels with navy six shooters at fifteen paces; load and empty till the game for the funeral was secure. We went up to a little ravine just out of town and borrowed a barn door for a target—borrowed it from a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn door up, and stood a rail or end against the middle of it to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel; nothing but a line shot could fetch him, and even then he might split your bullet. Exaggeration aside the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent the body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced, at the barn door and could not hit it; and I practiced at the rail and could not hit that; and I tried for the squash and could not hit that. I would have been entirely disheartened but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys and that gave me hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots near by in the next ravine. We knew what that meant. The other party was out practicing too. Then I was in the last degree distressed, for of course they would hear our shots and then send over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn door without a wound or mark, and that would simply be an end to me; for of course the other man would immediately become as blood-thirsty as I was.

Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by and lit on a bush about thirty paces away, and my little boy and Steve, Gillis, who was a dead shot with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched up his revolver and shot the bird's head off! We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment, some of the other duels came reconnoitering over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was, and when they saw the bird Lord's second said: "That was a splendid shot. How far off was it?" Steve said, "Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces." "Thirty paces! Who did it?" "My man—Twain." He did! Can he do it often?" "He can do it four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything. It was a comfort to see those people look sick, and see their jaws drop when Steve made this statement. They went off and got Lord and took him home; when we got home, half an hour later, there was a note saying that Lord peremptorily declined to fight.

We found out afterward that Lord hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. If he had put those thirteen bullets into me it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal. True, they could have put pegs in the holes and used me for a bat rack; but what is a bat rack to a man who feels he has intellectual powers? I have written this true incident of my history for one purpose only—to warn the youth of to-day against the practice of dueling and to plead with them to war against it. I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to hit up my voice against it. It is every man's duty to do all he can to discourage dueling! If a man were to challenge me I would go to that man and take him by the hand and lead him to a retired room—and kill him.

**PREPARE FOR WINTER!**

**FALL & WINTER GOODS!**

Guttenberg, Rosenbaum & Co's.

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.

FLANNELS, ROSE BLANKETS MARCELES BED SPREADS, WOOL TABLE SPREADS, TABLE LINENS, TOWELS, NAPKINS and household Furnishing Goods.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S MERRING UNDERGARMENTS, MERINO AND WOOL HOSIERY, FELT SKIRTS, GLOVES, &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, CANNAS, NOTIONS AND STAMPED PATTERNS.

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

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATS, DRUGGETTING FURS, FURS, BUTYLS, HORSE BLANKETS, LAP ROBES, &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.

**Our Custom Department.**

Largest stock of fine 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.

**HATS! HATS!! & CAPS! CAPS!**

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, TOE 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, MONTROSE, PENN'A.

JOHN S. TARBELL, Prop'r.

Nine Stages and Hacke leave this House daily, connecting with the Montrose Railway, the Lehigh Valley Railroad and the D. L. & W. Railroad. April 4, 1876.

**Miscellaneous Advertisements.**

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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

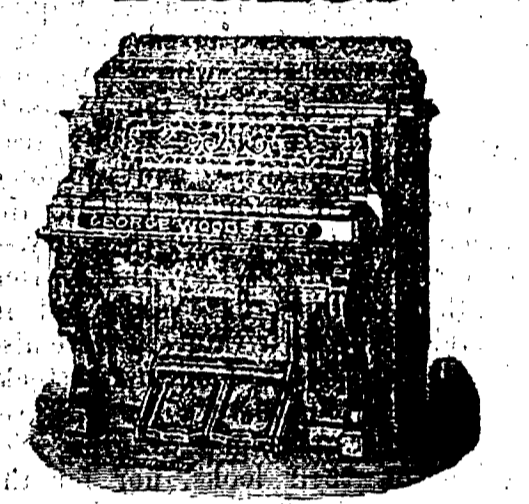
BRICK STORE IS COMPLETE ON THE OLD GROUND.

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

Butter and Produce shipped. Highest price and prompt returns guaranteed. Money advanced when desired. **GEO. L. LENHEIM.** Great Bend, July 7th, 1875.

**SPRING OPENING MATHUSHEK AND CHICKERING**

**J. F. BRONSON'S MUSIC & JEWELRY STORE.**



A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AMERICAN AND FOREIGN. AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF CLOCKS.

**FINE JEWELRY**

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING. **GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES** This Spring.



Watches, Clocks, and Fine Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted. Fine Engraving done.

**George Woods & Co's J. ESTEY & CO'S, AND OTHER ORGANS. J. F. BRONSON, AG'T.**

**MUSICAL MERCHANDISE** Of all Descriptions. SHEET MUSIC, INSTRUCTION BOOKS, etc., etc., etc. **Brick Block, - MONTROSE, Pa.** March 22d, 1876.

**1876. THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION 1876.**

Has Commenced **At E. McKenzie's Cheap Cash Store, MONTROSE, PA.**

**ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS, LOTS OF REMNANTS.** AND A **GOOD GOODS AT A LOW PRICE!**

**GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.** **HERE THEY ARE:**

- Best quality Prints, 7 1/2 cts.
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- Good yard wide Bleached Muslin, 5 to 10 cts.
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- New lot Shirt Bosoms, lower than ever. Ready-made Washable Shirts, unaltered at a great bargain.

**A LOT OF MEN'S & CHILDREN'S SHOES—CHEAP, TO CLOSE!**

**NEW Spring Styles Men's and Boy's HATS**

Beautiful and Cheap. All these Goods, and others not mentioned, will be closed out immediately. PLEASE CALL, AND SAVE MONEY. Truly Yours, **E. MCKENZIE.** March 22.

**CLOTHS and CASSIMERES MARKED WAY DOWN!**

All kinds of WORSTED and WINTER Goods ditto.

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

**EVERY STYLE OF FLINT AND COMMON CHIMNEYS.**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN **Bronze Lamps, Opal Lamps, All Glass Lamps, Hand Lamp Burners, Wicks, Shades, Shade Holders, &c., &c.**

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF **TIN AND JAPANESE WARE.** Price Guaranteed as Low as any House in Southern New York. Address by Mail Promptly Attended To. **A. S. MINER.** March 31, 1876.

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We are continually adding new material to our office, and with our Large Stock of JOB TYPE and FOUR Printing Presses, we defy Competition. Both in Price and Quality, either in Plain Black or Colored Work. **HAWLEY & CRANE.** Best Calico 7 1/2 cents per yard at Cheap John's. Best Calico 7 1/2 cents per yard at Cheap John's.