

## Home Reading.

## THE WEDDING FEE.

One morning, fifty years ago,  
When apple trees were white with snow  
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air  
Was spell-bound with the perfume rare,  
Upon a farm horse large and lean,  
And lazy with its double load,  
A sun-browned youth and maid were seen  
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,  
But bluer were the maiden's eyes.  
The dew drops on the grass were bright,  
But brighter was the loving light  
That sparkled 'neath the long fringed lid,  
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid.  
Adown the shoulders brown and bare  
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,  
Where, almost strangled with the spray,  
The sun, a willing sufferer, lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,  
That the young man had ever seen,  
And with his features all aglow,  
The happy fellow told her so.  
And she without the least surprise  
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes,  
Saw underneath that shade of tan  
The handsome features of a man,  
And with a joy but rarely known  
She drew that dear face to her own,  
And by her bridal bonnet hid—  
I cannot tell you what she did!

So on they rode until, among  
The new born leaves with dew drops hung,  
The parsonage, arrayed in white,  
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.  
Then, with a cloud upon his face,  
"What shall we do," he turned to say,  
"Should he refuse to take his pay  
From what is in the pillow-case?"  
And glancing down his eyes surveyed  
The pillow-case before him laid,  
Whose contents reaching to his item  
Might purchase endless joys for them.

The maiden answered, "Let us wait,  
To borrow trouble, where's the need?"  
Then at the parson's squeaking gate  
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprang;  
The latches gave behind him swung;  
The knocker of that startled door,  
Struck as it never was before,  
Brought the whole household pale with fright.

And there with blushes on his cheek,  
So bashful he could hardly speak,  
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,  
And, as the parson nods, he leans  
Far o'er the window sill and yells,  
"Come in! He says he will take the beans!"

Lord! how she jumped! With one glad bound  
She and the bean bag reached the ground,  
Then clasping with each dimpled arm  
The precious product of the farm,  
She bears it through the open door,  
And down upon the parlor floor,  
Dumps the best bean vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day  
When man and wife they rode away;  
But happier this chorus still  
Which echoed through the woodland scenes;  
"God bless the priest of Whitinsville!  
God bless the man who took the beans!"

## MATRIMONY ON \$1,000 A YEAR.

The first remark we desire to make on this subject is, that this is not an advertisement. The second is that it is no attempt at either wit or humor. And the third is, that it is the most serious, social, national question of the age. It is worthy, not only of the editorial page of a religious newspaper, but of the pulpit, of the platform—worthy of an abiding place in any system of morals, of any work on political economy, or of the profoundest consideration of the statesman. Hence we shall not dare more than a few surface suggestions, for it is a subject which grows, as we reflect upon it, until, in its ramifications, it reaches from the heart to the circumference of society, and expresses itself in all its movements. Where can honest, competent, and even cultivated poor men get wives that will accept their position and circumstances, and be happy in them, until honest toil and thoughtful endeavor has raised them higher? Any one who can answer this question, in this juncture of our history, will be a saviour of this country's honor, and the promoter of social virtue and family happiness, and worthy of a better crown than decks the monarch's head.

We know of a pastor who was consulted by a young lady, so unfortunate as to be in love with a Christian young man—respected both in church and business, with considerable cultivation and good business abilities—who received a salary of \$700 a year. It was a fearful exigency in that family. One would have thought from the haggard look of the parents, that they had buried a darling, and had been compelled to walk to the funeral. "Why," said they, "he is not able to keep her." When we heard it, the thought flashed upon us, is it possible, at this juncture in human affairs, that to be kept is woman's matrimonial ultimatum? It has not been beyond the memory of many when women would have spurned such a condition of marriage. There are mothers who entered their vows and ambitions to help the love of their hearts into wealth and honor, and who felt themselves full partners in each triumph, and could have vied with even the Apostle Paul, in the honors of saying, "These hands have administered to my necessities, and to them that are with me."

But the coming wife of the present time is one who, in her friend's estimation, and her own too, is to be given to one who can keep her; which means, too often, one who can indulge her in all the unwomanly whims and caprices of an idle fashionable life. But the young lady seeking advice was as selfish as her parents, though she mingled her decision with tears. When she was assured that she could marry the one she loved, if she would do her own work, and live in a six roomed house, said, "Well, if papa won't help us, I suppose I shall have to give him up."

It may be replied that this is an exception, and that there are multitudes of as heroic women as ever lived. We would not for a moment deny this, but we as strongly assert that they do not constitute any large proportion of what might be said to be the daughters of wealth, or even well-to-do families. There are these daughters to blame. They have treated

the atmosphere of selfishness until it is in their blood, and unless they can rise above the constant lecturing about "marrying men" able to keep them, are no more to blame than for having red blood. The heart may be heroic, but the girl has no power to brave adversities in health, inexperience with no encouragement. She is like the hero who, extending himself for not having any liking for the hottest of the fight, said he supposed no man living had a braver heart; "but," said he, "no man living has such cowardly limbs." It is ideal refinement to know nothing about work. It is elegant to say, languidly, "O, I hate work."

As the result, multitudes have no physical constitution. The young lady cannot walk without panting. If she runs a square or two, it is to sit down to be fanned, and feebly call for the camphor bottle. Her sixty years old mother can walk the breath out of her, and if there is any drudgery to be done, undertakes it, that the delicate daughter may keep her feebleness. All that such a woman can hope for in the future, is to marry a man who can keep her. And what is a thousand dollars a year to one who has no more idea of the toil and muscle required to make an honest dollar, than of the bread that can be made from a sack of flour. The well-to-do family sends its daughters away to a female seminary. The more hopeless they are as to knowing anything the farther they are sent; and if they cannot, and will not learn anything, they are still sent farther away to learn manners.

We suppose there is a choice of ignoramuses, an elegant one being the most preferable. She learns not algebra, she hates the terrible stuff. She joins a funeral band to bury geometry at the end of the session. As for grammar, she knows that "John's hand trembles." She is said to be brilliant on the piano. But she has made proficiency in another direction; she has learned all the large notions of the most wealthy; she has heard, in glowing words, of the charms of fashionable society. She returns to her once comfortable and happy home; to be pleased with nothing. Her brothers, who have toiled to have an elegant sister, do not suit her improved tastes. She apologizes for their manners. Her old father and mother are not up to the highest style of art, and they have no more peace. She is languishing under the fever for brilliant society. As she cannot change the home and family, what is left but to marry?

But wealthy men are few, in comparison with the demand. If they have obtained honest wealth, they are advanced in life, and probably already married. What can be done? Well, nothing better than a clerk with a small salary.

The parents think, however, that after this outlay she ought to do better. But she cannot abide home, and she concludes to take the man not because she proposes to help him in honest toil, to commence and be a partner in both attainments and joys—no, but to help her into that society for which she thirsts. And so, when they begin, they board at a place beyond their means, for society. She keeps a servant or two, because it is necessary for society. They give parties, and the poor husband is driven to borrowing—all for society. They go to the marble church and he pays \$100 for a pew—more than one-tenth of his income—for society, and he must contribute up to the average of the hundred dollar people, for the sake of society.

Married life may become a daily martyrdom, all for having an elegant wife, who loves society. She has no taste for reading, and is raving if she is not talking, dashing, or being admired in society. And what is the end? What can a young man do who falls in love, and marries this kind of a woman? She can come down to his means and be happy in his society; help him, because she loves him; encourage him and be happy in expectation from his industry and integrity. Or he can steal, to keep up appearances; or can run away and leave her, or live on his father-in-law; or if he cannot do any of these, he can get his life insured for \$20,000, and die at his earliest opportunity. Here is where sorrow, and fraud, and shame begin; and it will not end until a man with a salary of \$1,000 can marry the daughter of a rich father, or a poor one, and whether poor or rich, can live within his salary.

## "WHO ART THOU THAT JUDGEST?"

Who can judge men, righteously, seeing how they differ widely from one another? Who can tell where to snap the line of real merit as regards moral agents so unlike in their spiritual equipment? Is temperance any virtue to him who has an actual distaste for liquor? Is placidness of speech a test of excellence to one who was born meek and gentle, and whose training educated him into Quaker-like mildness of address? Is the man who was never thrown, because he was never pressed by a devilish passion into a corner and had to wrestle for his life, to be crowned; while he whose life has been but a long wrestling match with Satan, and who has been on the ground half the time, is to go unwreathed? What human eye and figure can adjust the scale to accommodate such dissimilar conditions? Who can unravel this tangle of preceding causes and thread out the degree of virtue and of guilt which belongs to each of two men who are in their nature and surroundings so utterly unlike? Jesus was right when he taught his disciples not to attempt to judge men. It is a task to which men are not equal. It must be left to Him who alone knows how to be just. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" The Golden Rule.

He that has the happy talent of parlor preaching has sometimes done more for Christ and souls in the space of a few minutes, than by the labor of many hours and days in the usual course of preaching in the pulpit.

No man can, for any considerable period, wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

## HOW TO MAKE EXTRAVAGANCE UNFASHIONABLE.

Of course moderation in "society" is more difficult, in this country than elsewhere, for the reason that education, character, and refinement have no support in rank. A duchess may dress simply, live economically, and entertain plainly. She is always a duchess, and in the best society, and to cross her threshold is to be admitted to it. But a lady who is not a duchess, who has only the vague tradition of "good family" upon her side, must be a very exceptional person if without money she maintains any kind of corresponding position. In Washington, for instance, a high officer of state who should live upon his salary, and hope to save something from it against the evil day of his removal, would find it very difficult to maintain in a boarding-house, and without a carriage and without entertainments, the social standing which an ambitious, clever, and darling wife might require. Yet by his position she would be necessarily exposed to the splendid rivalry of luxury and profusion of every kind; and if she sold her influence, it would be that she might shine and conquer by magnificence. Such a woman—we read of them in novels and smile at the bold invention of the author—would carry her gay audacity to the very moment of disgraceful exposure and ruin. In her house, superbly furnished with fraud and richly decorated with corruption, she would stand supreme and queenly in a costly robe woven of lies and embroidered with bribes; careless, graceful, ready smiling with free flowing gossip; knowing, as she graciously bowed and chatted and greeted the bright guests of a moment, that the scene was all a hideous phantasmagoria of deceit, that the naked sword by a hair hung just above her stately head, and that at any moment the ghastly *mens, mene*, would glare upon her walls in the appalled eyes of her blithe company.

What is the moral of this sermon? The text, indeed, it is not necessary to announce. What is it but the old one that if we are to be saved from the swift dry-rot of corruption, the foul decadence of older states, one way to begin is individually and unctuously to discountenance extravagance. Intelligence, refinement, wit, shrewdness, cultivation, are still more lovely and desirable than vulgarity and display. They can "set a fashion" if they will. If they choose they can make extravagance vulgar by confining it to those who can be nothing but extravagant. —Harper's.

## SHOE BLACKING.

Few people know the magnitude of the shoe blacking business in America. It has been estimated that there is consumed annually 15,000,000 boxes of blacking in the United States alone 9,000,000 boxes, an aggregate weight of 1,000 tons. Though it is manufactured in many of the cities in America, the bulk of the trade is supplied from Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Albany, and Rochester. The oldest and perhaps the largest single house in the business is in Philadelphia; the youngest establishment is in Rochester. There the enterprise started a year or so ago, taking an entirely new departure in the manner of introducing the article. Previous to this time shoe blacking was almost entirely put up in tin boxes, the material of which had to be imported at an enormous cost. During the civil war the price of tin became so high that an effort was made by some of the manufacturers to make the tops and the bottoms of the boxes of wood, but it was found that the oil contained in the blacking was considerably absorbed by the wood, and the experiment was rejected. It remained for this Rochester concern to perfect a most convenient box of wood, having a handle, together with a process of inside coating that effectively prevents the wood from absorbing oil—all of which has been patented. The cost of the wooden boxes cannot be more than half the price of tin ones, and it is well known that the box is nearly fifty per cent. of the whole expense of the blacking, it will readily be seen that this enterprise promises to revolutionize the business. Nothing in the appearance of a man's dress marks the gentleman more than his well polished boots; no matter how faultlessly well dressed he may otherwise be, unless his "understanding shines—he never can!"

## A STORY FOR TEACHERS.

A certain faithful teacher determined, in his school of twenty-six pupils to stop whispering entirely. Having forbidden that, he made it his chief business one day, to watch for violations of his rule. He observed one or two only. On the next day there was scarcely an offense; and on the third, he gave special attention, but perceived none at all. He determined to make thorough work. He had devoted himself three days to the accomplishment of his purpose, and he flattered himself that he had succeeded. But determined to leave no chance for doubt, at the close of school on the third day, he presented to each pupil a small slip of paper, and requested each one who had whispered that day to put a certain mark on the paper, the object being not to catch the offenders, but to furnish testimony to the success of the attempt. The teacher immediately collected the papers, but thought it prudent not to examine them until he was alone. When he reached his room and made the examination, he found that only twenty-five out of twenty-six, according to their testimony, had whispered that day! This story has a moral; in fact, it has several, but we leave our readers to make their own reflections.

He who hopes for the forgiveness of sin on any other ground than the atonement of Christ and on any other condition than faith in him as our atoning God and Saviour, is out of the circle of the evangelical faith.

In the essential nature of things, God cannot manifest himself to an impure, unspiritual soul any more than the sun can shine into a blind man's eye. We know God only by the inward dwelling of God.

## Miscellaneous.

## EVERY CROWNSE,

Late of the Firm of

## Seabury &amp; Co.,

Is now conducting the Retail Business formerly conducted by the above firm at 16 Chenango Street, Binghamton, and is now prepared to furnish

## FURNITURE &amp; HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

In Variety. Special attention is called to his stock of

CHAMBER SETS, COUCHES, MARBLE TOP TABLES, MATTRESSES AND SPRING BEDS,

In great variety. Buyers will find this place to purchase, as goods bought for CASH can be sold cheap for cash. Please remember the number. Binghamton, April 19, 1876. 16 Chenango St. Binghamton.

## FURNITURE.

## At W. W. Smith &amp; 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.

## PRING BEDS, &amp; 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 needing his services will be attended to promptly and at satisfactory charges.

## WM. W. SMITH &amp; SON.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 21, 1872.—no. 11.

## MONTROSE

## STEAM MILL.

## OATS FOR SALE BY THE LOAD

at the STEAM MILL.

## FRESH GROUND GRAHAM FLOUR

for sale at the STEAM MILL.

Any quantity of MEAL &amp; FEED of the best quality, at the STEAM MILL.

## FINE WHEAT MIDDINGS at the STEAM MILL.

## WHEAT BRAN for sale at the STEAM MILL.

## WHEAT FLOUR, FRESH GROUND, at the STEAM MILL.

## OLD WESTERN CORN for sowing. On account of the poor quality of new corn, it is necessary to secure good old corn for seed; 200 bu. at the STEAM MILL.

Anything you can think of, you will find at the STEAM MILL.

Montrose, April 12, 1876.—11.

## TARBELL HOUSE.

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE. MONTROSE, PENN'A.

## JOHN S. TARBELL, PROP'R.

Nine Stages and Hacks leave this House daily, connecting with the Montrose Railway, the Lehigh Valley Railroad and the D. L. & W. Railroad. April 1, 1876.

## V. RECKHOW &amp; BROTHER.

## General Undertakers

## DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COFFINS, CASKETS, ETC.

## GRATEFUL

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. April 22, 1876.—11. V. RECKHOW & BRO.

## Marble Works!

could call the attention of the Public wanting

ANYTHING IN THE MARBLE LINE

to OUR WORKS at

SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, PA.,

Being the only Marble Works in the County.

All Work Warranted as Represented

OR NO SALE.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

By calling on us.

WILLIS DeLONG.

M. A. COLVIN, genl.

Susq'a Depot, Pa., April 14, 1876.

## HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

The following is a Specimen of It.

3½ pounds TEA for one dollar.  
5 cans PEACHES or TOMATOES for one dollar.  
4 cans LITTLE NECK CLAMS for one dollar.

7 pounds RAISINS for one dollar.  
22 bars SOAP for one dollar.  
10 pounds PRUNES for one dollar.  
14 pounds SALERATUS for one dollar.  
4 pounds COFFEE for one dollar.  
12½ pounds CRACKERS for one dollar.  
150 JAW BREAKERS for one dollar.

The whole lot for TEN DOLLARS and a present thrown in. Good for ninety days. A large stock of new and choice goods equally low. By calling at the head of Navigation you shall have the full value of your money every time and something extra.

Call and see at

Montrose, March 8, 1876.

A. N. BULLARD'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, FLAN-

NELS, BALMORAL, AND HOOP

SKIRTS, VEEVETS, HOSIERY,

HEAVY WOOL GOODS, CARPETS, OIL

CLOTHS, PAPER HANGINGS, BUFFA-

LO AND LAP ROBES, FURS, HATS

AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

HARDWARE, IRON NAILS,

STEEL, STOVES AND

GROCERIES, ETC.

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

H. BURRITT

New Milford, May 1st, 1876.

## EVERYBODY WANTS ONE!

## The Robbins Washer!

For Sale by Wm. H. Boyd & Co., Montrose, Pa., at the Residence of Alonzo Williams, 3 miles east of Montrose, on New Milford road.

Price, No. 1, \$3.50; No. 2, \$5.00.

ALONZO WILLIAMS, Gen'l Agt.

April 5, 1876.—2m. Susq'a Co., Pa.

## JOB PRINTING!

AT THIS OFFICE, CHEAP.

## Dauchy &amp; Co.

## AGENTS,

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139 South 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.