Humorous.

Spring House-cleaning.

Simon Wadso, returning home with his arms full of groceries and his mind full of contentment at the prospect of a well-served dinner and a quiet, cosy evening in the bosom of his family, found his programme, on arrival at his house, upset and the prospect of a quiet evening as badly shattered as a looking glass which a cannon-ball has passed through. Instead of a waiting wife and dinner, a carpetless floor, soft soap puddles, and the furniture stacked in pyramids, greeted him.

"Has there been a fire?" he meekly inquired of the servant as he deposited his parcels in the coal scuttle, which had been converted into a corner stone ornament for the mantlepiece.

"No, sir," replied the usually neat girl, who appeared to be in an awful state of rags and soap-suds.

"Visited by an earthquake?" he calmly asked, lifting a bar of soap, a loaf of bread, and a wet dishcloth off the crown of his best silk hat, and smoothing it on his coat sleeve.

"Sure the missus is house-cleaning, sur," observed the help, waiving a dripping scrubbing brush madly to and fro on the door.

The wife of his bosom entered at that moment disguised with a patch of stove-black on her fair cheek, her nose fiery red from the cold, a pillow-case worn as a turban, a badly torn dress festooned about her, and her feet encased in a pair of Wadso's Artic overshoes.

"Good gracious! Maria, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, glancing from his badly damaged hat to his disreputable-looking matrimonial partner.

"Why, I'm Spring house-cleaning, and have got all the carpets up and out in the back yard for you to beat this evening," she replied in an exultant voice, "and I'm so glad you're back to help Annie and me move the stove."

"Don't you think, love," he said very gloomily, "it would be better to hire a man to come in the morning and beat them. I——"

"Nonsense. I won't have a strange man here. You can just as well shake them as not," she murmured, briskly brushing his eighteen dollar seal skin gloves off the top of the sewing-machine into a soft soap puddle.

"When will dinner be ready?" he asked despondently, as he rescued his gauntlets and wiped them dry with his pocket-handkerchief.

"O, I had to let the fire out to black the range. If you're hungry, I'll get you something to eat," she replied, leading the way into the kitchen, where, having fished up a ironing blanket, the family cat, a sun bonnet and some clothes-pins out of the wash-boiler, a weeks-old mutton-bone and some cold buckwheat cakes were discovered, the table spread in the corner of the mantle-piece, and dinner announced as ready.

Wadso groaned in spirit at the sight of the unsavory viands, and his appetite vanished like a boy's kite when the string breaks.

"Now, if you're through, let's move the stove," said Mrs. W., after allowing him seventeen seconds to worry the mutton-bone in.

Wadso rolled up his sleeves, mounted the kitchen table, gave a wrench at the pipe hard enough to haul an anchor out of the mud. The next moment he table had turned a back somersault, he had peeled the skin off his shins and knuckles by falling over the stove, and his wife was stamping around, with tears in her eyes and about a peck of soot poured over her face.

"There! I knew you'd do it," screamed Mrs. W., looking as if she was blacked for a negro minstrel performance.

Wadso made no reply, his attention being divided just then between his lacerated shins and a broken window, through which he had driven the end of that infernal stove-pipe.

"You did it on purpose, I believe," sobbed his sooty wife, wiping her face with her petticoat.

Wadso said nothing, but tugged away at the pipe, and, after knocking down a bird cage, upsetting a glass lamp, ruining his clothes, and nearly jamming the eye out of Annie, who was passing, succeeded in getting it into the garden. He did not return just then, but spent the next two hours thrashing dirty carpets with a broom handle, chocking and blinding himself with dust, raising blisters on his hands, bumps on his head and profanity sins on his conscience, that bottles of liniment and weeks of piety will scarcely effect a cure. When he did go in, it was with the face of a chimney sweep, muscles aching, hands smarting, shins paining, eyes watering and temper soured to such an extent, that even the seductive charms of the cold mutton bone dished up again for his supper failed to entirely restore him to good humor.

Mrs. W. retired early, worn out with the duties of the day, and Wadso, having added up his grocer's and butcher's books washed himself at the kitched sink with yellow soap, locked up the house, extinguished the gas, and went sadly, sorely, and hungry to bed.

"Darnation!" he exclaimed as he fell over the rocking chair, on entering the pitch-dark room and was kicked in the ear with the rocker.

"Oh, heavens! what a noise you're making!" screamed his wife from the bed.

"Why in thunder didn't you leave the things stand where they belong?" he yelled, as he tried to get out of the clutches of the kicking, floundering chair.

"It's your own stupid awkwardness!" she answered.

"It's your own confounded upsetting!" resorted Wadso, getting on his feet and sitting down in the place where the bed used to stand.

"Good Lordy! what in the d—l is this?" he yelled, upon finding the bed gone, and he clutched wildly at a table to save himself from falling, dragging a globe of gold fish down upon his head with a crash.

"You'll break everything in the house!" cried his wife, jumping out of the bed in the opposite corner and lighting the gas.

"House be ha-hanged, wo-wo-woman! I—I'm dr drowned!" grasped Wadso, wringing the water out of his hair, eyes and shirt.

"It serves you right! Look at the mess you've made!" snapped Mrs. W., as she bobed around in her night-clothes to pick up her flopping fish and put them in a basin.

Wadso having got on his feet again, was about to reply, when he beheld the partner of his joys and sorrows suddenly drop the basin, kick out like a mule, and prance around the room on one foot, like a dancing dervisn; finally collapsing in a groaning, moaning, sobbing, hysterical heap of bare feet, agony, and sleeping raiment.

"Cramps, eh?" he inquired solicitously, as he wiped his neck dry with the corner of the counterpane.

"Much y-you care!" she sobbed, nursing her foot after having extracted a full-grown, well developed tack she had stepped on.

"I'd sooner have the darned house burnt down than the way it is," growled Wadso, as he turned the gas out and himself into bed.

"I wish you'd carry that clock down to the parlor," said Mrs. W., next morning, as he was about descending to the breakfast-table.

Wadso took the clock in his arms, and preceeded her, treading carefully down the stairs. He chanced to step on a piece of soap, forgotten while scrubbing the day before, and after trying to kick the ceiling over his head and failed, his feet flew out, and he slid down the remainder of the flight with a velocity that threatened to carry him through the hall door at the foot, the old clock bounding after and striking him in the back of the head every second stair hard enough to loosen his back teeth.

Mrs. W. sat down on the top and began to cry, thinking he was killed; but he arose after a minute, shook his fist at her and said:

"If you don't stop this darned house-cleaning business right away, I'll get a divorce."

He took his hat off the rack, jammed it over his eyes, went out, slammed the door after him, when his next door neighbor met him with a pleasant smile and said:

"Ah! Wadso, good morning."

"Go 'way from me," he replied, "or I'll mash you into a million pieces."

A Change of Ten Years.

She was at a party. He had not yet arrived, but she was momentarily expecting him. The hum of conversation throughout the room had no significance for her. All her faculties were bent on the front door. Every time it opened, at every step in the hallway, she would start while her face would flush, and her eyes light up with feverish expectation. Then the color would go back from her cheeks, her eyes would dull, and her heart sink, when another than he came into the room. Finally he arrived, and took a seat by her, and she leaned over his shoulder and joyously murmured:

"My darling! my darling!" She was too happy to say aught more.

Ten years later, and she again wants.—It is in her own house now. His step is on the stoop, he opens the door. She springs quickly to the hall.

"Clean your feet!" she screams.

Ten years ago they were not married. Now they are.

A Profane Understanding.

In a small town in Indiana there is a magistrate named Helser. A clergyman in the same village was one day called upon by a young couple who desired to be blended into one by the holy rite of matrimony. The good man asked the bridegroom if he had a marriage license. The man replied that he had not, but said he had been engaged to the girl for about four years and reckoned that would do. The clergyman, however, thought not, and remarked as the speediest way to get a license: "You had better take your girl and go to Helser."—

"You go to hell yourself, you swearin' old rascal!" retorted the highly indignant bridegroom and seized his lady by the arm he dragged her from the house, wondering what manner of minister he had met with.

Woman has many advantages over man and one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

A gentleman received a telegram from a friend, and handed it to his wife. "Dear me," she remarked, "how badly Mr. Perkins writes!"

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Mr. Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid regly; "there's millions in it."

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NEW FIRM,
NEW GOODS,
NEW PRICES,

Wm. H. BOYD & Co.,
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Cook Stoves, Ranges, Heating Stoves.

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Is the name of a new Cook Stove, just out, containing a new principle in baking, and is destined to make a revolution in the construction of Cook Stoves. Come in and see it.

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As a heating stove stands without a rival, in beauty, durability and economy. Come and satisfy yourself, and get names of parties now using them.

TINWARE.

We take special pleasure in offering to the Wholesale and Retail Trade, our desirable supply of Tinware. We use none but the best of charcoal plates.

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OUR STYLES ARE FAULTLESS!
GOODS ARE WARRANTED!

And we defy any to produce better goods for less money.

LAMPS.

A full line of Lamps of beautiful design. Also Chimneys of every description.

STONE WARE.

Flower Jars, Hanging Pots, Churns, Butter Jars, Preserve Jars, Jugs, Stove Tubes, &c.

BUILDERS HARDWARE.

Butts and Screws, Locks and Knobs, Latches, Catches, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Glass, Building Paper, White Lead, Zinc, Oils, Varnishes, Paint Brushes, Spirits of Turpentine, Paint of any shade desired. Also colors for mixing paint.

BOLTS.

A full assortment of Philadelphia Carriage Bolts, and a full line of Iron Axles, Bar Iron, Horse Shoes, Nails, Rods, &c.

NAILS.

We purchase in Car-load lots, therefore can sell to the trade in less quantities as cheap as any house in the city.

WM. H. BOYD, | J. H. CORWIN, | J. R. COOLEY.
Montrose, March 15, 1876.

HAYDEN & CLEMENTS,

Dealers in

STOVES, TIN, COPPER & SHEET IRON WARES, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, AND BUILDERS HARDWARE, &C.

Agents for

BLANCHARD, BARTLET & CO., SASH, BLINDS, DOORS, WINDOWS, CORNICE MOULDINGS, &C.,

which we will sell at Blanchard, Bartlet & Co's. prices

NAILS, SCREWS, LATCHES, BUTTS, SASH AND BLIND FASTENERS AND HINGES, HOES, FORK SHOVELS, RAKES, WIRE GOODS, &C.

Special inducements on Pans, Pails, Coolers and all Dairying Goods.

IRON CLAD, FIRST PREMIUM, MILK PANS.
(JOHN HAYDEN, General Agent.)

OTSEGO COUNTY LUMBER, PLATFORM, SPRING AND BUGGY WAGGONS.
Unsurpassed for Style and Durability.

We have recently added to our selection of Stoves

THE CENTENNIAL COOK,

made by Rathbone, Sard & Co., Albany N. Y., and the Argand Base Burning Parlor Stove, and Cunard Cook Stoves, manufactured by Perry & Co., Albany, N. Y. We also keep the celebrated

DIAMOND BASE BURNING AND FEARLESS COOKING STOVES.

Rathbone, Jewett & Ransom, Ranges, with Copper Reservors and Nickle Mountings of the latest improved patterns. Repairing promptly done and orders for jobbing solicited.

HAYDEN & CLEMENTS.
New Milford, May 12th, 1875.—tf.

Undertaking.

The undersigned, Undertaking [illegible] ed will make in their [illegible] a Specialty business.

All needing their services will be promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Friendsville, Pa., April 1, 1876. P. MATTHEWS. 14-tf

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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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.

Great Bend, July 7th, 1875. GEO. L. LENHEIM.

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—AT—
J. F. BRONSON'S
MUSIC & JEWELRY STORE.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AMERICAN & FOREIGN.

AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF CLOCKS.

FINE JEWELRY
Of all Descriptions.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
This Spring.

A FINE ASSORTMENT.

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

MATHUSHEK AND CHICKERING
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J. F. BRONSON, AG'T,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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Of all Descriptions.
SHEET MUSIC, INSTRUCTION BOOKS,
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March 22d, 1876.

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Is still in Montrose, being established nearly a quarter of a century and intend to be another. Are carrying the largest and most complete assortment of Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c., of any other firm in the County. Our facilities for buying in large quantities of first hands by the original packages, and by having a resident buyer constantly in the market, is such, that it makes it almost an impossibility for any new or old dealers to compete with us in prices.

M. S. Dessauer, having just returned from New York with a large stock of seasonable goods, bought for cash at the most favorable rates, prices being so tempting that he bought heavier than usual, and mostly at large Auction Sales. We will, can and shall sell them at astonishingly low figures.

OUR STOCK COMPRISES AS USUAL,

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Ready-Made Clothing

Of our own manufacture and well appreciated for its superior workmanship.

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Fine lot of Cloths, Cassimers and Suitings, for Custom Work. Measures taken and perfect fitting guaranteed. Only reliable goods sold that will bear recommendation. Price list furnished on application as our custom. We will say for one and all, that we defy competion. Respectfully yours,

GUTTENBURG, ROSENBAUM & Co.
Montrose, April 12, 1876. M. S. DESSAUER, Managing Partner.

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BRONZE LAMPS, OPAL LAMPS, ALL GLASS LAMPS, HAND LAMPS, BURNERS, WICKS, SHADES, SHADE HOLDERS, &c., &c.

EVERY STYLE OF FLINT AND COMMON CHIMNEYS.

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