

Home Reading.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Below will be found the words of the Centennial hymn, written by the distinguished Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, sung in the Quaker city at the opening of the Centennial on Wednesday, May 10th:

Our father's God! from out whose hand The centeries fall like grains of sand, We meet to-day, united, free, And loyal to our land and Thee, To thank Thee for the era done, To trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design, The fathers spake that word of Thine Whose echo is the glad refrain Of rendered bolt and falling chain, To grace our festal time, from all The zones of earth our guests to call.

Be with us while the New World greets The Old World, thronging all its streets, Unveiling all the triumphs won By art or toil beneath the sun; And unto common good obtain This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled The war flags of a gathered world, Beneath our western skies fulfill The Orient's mission of good will, And, freighted with Love's golden fleece, Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor meet in truce, For beauty made the bride of use, We thank Thee, while withal we crave The austere virtues strong to save, The honor proof to place or gold, The manhood never bought or sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long, In peace secure, in justice strong; Around our gift of freedom draw The safeguards of Thy righteous law, And, cast in some diviner mould, Let the new cycle shame the old!

AMUSEMENTS.

It is astonishing to see how much many people will endure the pursuit of pleasure—the crowding, jostling, tedious waiting for belated omnibuses, constant apprehension of danger on board overloaded steamers, long delay in getting home at night, children tired and sleepy, and crying, so often experienced in what are called "excursions," and yet this is a species of amusement that seems to grow more and more popular every year. A large, fashionable evening party illustrates in a striking manner the powers of human endurance.

We will not dwell upon the weary and elaborate mysteries of the preliminary toilet; for, when it is considered that the main objects of these social gatherings is the exhibition of the marvelous results of that toilet to an admiring crowd, perhaps the labor and time expended upon its preparation are not excessive.

We wonder how it strikes a deaf and dumb person, as he stands by, watching the surging crowd smiling at each other with amiable vacuity—a hundred lips moving together, a hundred fans fluttering in the air, a score or two of weary people starting for the first vacant chair and then, of a sudden, to see a space cleared, and a company of men and women enter the enclosure bowing, and gesticulating, and whirling about, clasped in each other's arms, keeping time to music, which, alas! is inaudible to him. And so the time rolls by until near the solemn hour of midnight, when, at a mute signal given the anxious hostess by a waiter, the doors of the supper room are thrown open, and the business of the evening begins. Quickly and stealthily a given number of experienced habitués plant themselves at the table, where they can most readily reach the viands and wines, with which it is laden, and there remain fixed and immovable until their appetite is gorged. Meanwhile, unselfish gentlemen, who retain some sense of decency and propriety, struggle, amid manifold difficulties, to provide for the wants of famishing women, who must go unfed unless some man cares for them.

At last, amid a swarm of carriages blocking the gateway, the victims of the night manage to reach their own particular conveyances, and at an absurdly late, or rather early hour, find themselves once more at home, and lie down on an easy couch, to wake in the morning, unrefreshed and unfitted for the duties of the day. At the time when the Sultan of Turkey, and the Viceroy of Egypt visited the Crystal Palace in London, we saw 30,000 people discharged through a single door, late at night, and in the midst of a pouring rain. The line of carriages in waiting extended for miles, and the confusion of Babel could not have exceeded the uproar to be heard there. By walking half a mile in the rain, our party were successful in finding their conveyance and struck off into a by-road; but we were told that some of the grand folk were obliged to remain at the Palace door until near the break of day. Is there no leader of society who will begin the work of reform, and show that human beings may be brought together and entertained, and duly fed without all this toil and suffering?

People differ very much in their capacity for amusement. It is a national trait of Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen, to be easily amused. We were once invited to a grand entertainment given in Munich to the leading jurists and statesmen of the country, who had assembled in that city on some public business. Of course we went with great expectations, and presenting a card of admission about six inches square we entered a large room with a very low ceiling, lighted by a hundred or more Chinese lanterns—several of which took fire during the evening—and filled with long, narrow tables, about which sat and stood the assembled magnate of Bavaria, eating beef and potatoes, drinking beer, and smoking pipes, to the sound of most excellent music, to which, however, few seemed to give heed. Eating, drinking, smoking, and a perpetual clatter of strange tongues, filled up the entire evening; all were in high spirits, and seemed to enjoy themselves to the extent of their capacity, and we presume they went to bed that night feeling that, upon the whole, they had had about as pleasant a time as could reasonably be expected in this vale of tears.

Amusement in some form is demanded by the instincts and necessities of our nature. It per-

tains, indeed, to all classes of animated things. Insects do little but amuse themselves; birds turn existence into sport; the young of all animals spend nearly the whole time, when they are not asleep, at play. Let a number of old horses loose in the field, and they at once begin to revive the memories of their colthood; and even the fishes dart about and gambol, after their scaly fashion, in the very depths of the sea. Owls and oxen are the exception; their gravity never seems to be disturbed. Children get their first training, both of body and mind, through the medium of sports; and the very first symptoms of intelligence in the infant is seen in its smile. And some of the best Christians that we know effervesce with mirth.— Goodness is not identical with gravity.

Occasionally you meet with a man who does not care to be amused; but this is because, through some defect in his nature, he is incapable of joy. The most exquisite droppings of humor roll off from him like globules of oil of vitriol; his face never relaxes; he appreciates a good dinner, but nothing that is said to make things cheerful, and congratulates himself that under no circumstances has he ever been known to lose his dignity. Such a person ought to be an object of our tender compassion.

There is a wide distinction between recreation and dissipation, as is indicated in the etymology of the words. The one recreates the exhausted powers, and the other dissipates, scatters them. Wholesome amusement is an antidote to vice. Bad men are not generally cheerful. They laugh when they are tipsy, but it is the hollow laughter of fools. A contented mind is a perpetual feast.

PESTS OF SOCIETY.

Of these social nuisances, fully embodied, the first we mean to speak of are envious people. The moment a man achieves brilliant success there's always somebody at hand to tell how poor, how obscure, how "no account" he used to be, and to express wonder and astonishment that he should ever have "amounted to anything." The fact that he has amounted to something, that he has proved himself a success, seems to make some of his acquaintances feel that they have been robbed in a manner, and that by so much as he has risen above them in position or influence, by so much they are dwarfed. Men who have groped blindly to find a fitting place for the exercise of their talents find it, and with it come naturally appreciation, money, influence, prosperity. Can their good fortune cause anything but rejoicing in a magnanimous and noble mind? Doubtless there's many and many a rough diamond that is never polished and set, but lies buried in mountain gulches covered with mud; many a "mute, inglorious Milton" sleeps in quiet country church yards; but the world is flashing with light from diamonds that are set, ringing with melody from Miltons that are mute. One thing is certain; the man or the woman who is occupied in picking to pieces the crown lawfully won by a successful neighbor is not likely ever to wear one; for the time thus spent is worse than wasted, and the disposition that can find pleasure in employment that is so ignominious and degrading can never find those aspirations, labors, and toils congenial which bring deserved reputation, and honor, and success.

Next to this sort of people are the egotists. "Great I" is the divinity of some men and women, and nothing surprises these persons more than to show them you are ignorant of what may have befallen them, and that you have not turned over and learned by heart the last uninteresting little chapter of their small lives.

The trifling incidents of their household comprise everything which is worth knowing—to them; and your ignorance of said accidents is looked upon as a personal affront and the sign of almost criminal indifference. If these worshippers of "Great I" have any speciality—say they are artists, musicians, authors, actors, and what not—they assure you there was never such a triumph known, as that which they have just now achieved. To hear them one would believe that the sun had stood still while they fought their fight and gained their victory; and that crowds have bound themselves as slaves to the wheel of their triumphant car—the noblest among them proud of their positions as followers and admirers. Even the charities of these people are done out of their supreme selfhood. "I helped him; I was his salvation in the day of need; he came to me for advice, and I pulled him through." How often we hear these phrases from the snowy, self-complacent folks who think their smallest deeds are worthy of being trumpeted forth to mankind as the finest heroisms of the noblest men! Where the soul is poorest for humanity there is it the richest for egotism. The roots of the "Great I" are in us all, more or less; but we prefer the less to the more, and if we must have excess, would rather by far it was an excess of thought for others than of thought for ourself.

Then we have the scandal-monger. They seem to care nothing for character, but seek to trample everybody down, expecting thereby to raise up himself or herself in the estimation of the world. They always fail to see that they are lowering themselves instead.

No person of sense can be expected to believe one who makes it a point to deliberately lie for the sole purpose of defaming one whom he dislikes. And for the very reason that no one who knows them does believe them, it is that, so little harm is done: Yet it is well enough that our laws make those persons responsible for their sayings, and we can heartily concur when a court of justice sees fit to punish the scandal-monger for peddling wares without license. The heathen Chinese speaks sense when he says, "Hold fast to your tongue, lest it speak evil of your neighbor."

Finally, we have the mercenary man, who is generally a regular fortune hunter. When some rich women marry poor men; they little imagine the misery they are creating for themselves. A man who weds a woman with mercenary motives is rather apt to hate her for being worthy of a better fate, as she undoubtedly is, else her generous heart would not so run away with

her judgment. The man who marries a woman for money had better kill her outright, and take it. Indeed, that is what a creature who makes a match with such a motive would really like to do. He wants the hard gold, not the soft woman who owns it, and he hates her because he has to take her also. Poor little heiresses, with such delightful fortunes; poor little widows, with a snug little sum settled on you by the husband that had your comfort at heart, how much better that you should be penniless women sewing for your living! Then, some strong, loving hand might gather you up to a tender heart, and you might be very sure it was all for yourself—all every bit of it. But now, nothing is left you but a loveless existence—a broken life. Ah! it's a dangerous experiment to endow some men with your earthly goods, in place of being so endowed by them.

STEWART AS AN ADVERTISER.

One of Mr. Stewart's last business acts was the personal supervision of an advertisement for the newspapers. He never found he was doing as much as he cared to do, and never committed the folly of throwing away money on circulars and cheap job work, reaching a few hundreds of persons who never read them. He believed in newspaper advertising, and readers by the thousand; and strangely enough never reached the point of imagining himself and his great establishments so well-known that advertising was unnecessary. Perhaps he was mistaken, but it was a life-long mistake, and he never abandoned it. If he was right, many lesser merchants are wrong in neglecting to reach the people, and invite trade in the only way the great merchant approved or found of value. He left to quackery the multifarious notices that annoy the public and make business announcements offensive. His advertisement was always worth reading, it was always read, and he followed the system because he found it profitable. In these days of demoralized views and mistaken modes of reaching the public, the great merchant's testimony and life practice should be valuable in their suggestions to the mercantile community.

THE HOUSE-FLY.

The familiar house-fly is apt to be considered an unmitigated pest. It is time therefore to call attention to some recent investigations of a chemist, which go to bear out the pious axiom that everything has its use. This observer, noticed the movements of flies after alighting, rubbing their hind feet together, their hind feet and wings, and their fore-feet, was led to explore the cause; and he found that the fly's wings and legs, during his gyrations in the air, became coated with extremely minute animalcules, which he subsequently devours. These microscopic creatures are poisonous, and abound in impure air, so that flies perform a useful work in removing the seeds of disease. Leap-ness in a fly is prima facie evidence of pure air in the house, while corpulency indicates foulness and bad ventilation. If these observations are well founded, the housekeeper, instead of killing off the flies with poisonous preparations, should make her premises as sweet and clean as possible, and then, having protected food with wire or other covers, leave the busy flies to act as airy scavengers.

SAND SHOWERS.

In China, every year witnesses curious sand showers, when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky; but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much like as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with a fine dust, entering eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and often causing diseases of the eye. This dust, or sand as the people call it, penetrates houses, reaching even apartments which seemed securely closed. It is supposed to come from the Desert of Gold, as the sand of Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried hundreds of miles away. The Chinese, while sensitive to the personal discomfort arising from these showers are resigned to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture. They say that a year of numerous sand showers is always a year of large fertility. The sand probably imparts some enriching elements to the soil, and it also tends to loosen the compact alluvial matter of the Chinese valleys. It is impossible that these showers may be composed of microscopic insects, like similar showers which have been noticed in the Atlantic Ocean. This would explain their fertilizing power.

PLODDING FIDELITY.

Success in life, in a trade, or a profession, or in business, comes by long and hard work. It is not won by luck nor by flights of genius, but by faithful plodding work. Dr. Holland, moralizes on elevators in stores and hotels. He says nobody can rise in life on an elevator, by shirking trouble.

What then is the true secret of success in life? It is to do, without finching and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of a higher grade, and takes naturally one step upward.— When he has mastered the duties of the low grade he goes on climbing. There is no surprise to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there and as little elated as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains humble and simple.

The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy with ourselves when home is our comfort, and all in it, even to the dog and cat, share our affection. Do not refine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

The past is disclosed, the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regard not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

Modesty is a virtue.

EVERY CROWN.

Late of the Firm of Seabury & 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 & 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 the place to purchase, as goods bought for CASH can be sold cheap for cash. Please remember the number. Binghamton, April 18, 1876. 16 Chenango St. Binghamton.

1876!

H. & W. T. DICKERMAN,

HAVE A FULL ASSORTMENT OF SPRING DRY GOODS.

Just Received From New York City

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, and a General Line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Which will be sold as CHEAP as any fair and honorable competition will warrant.

Our Terms are Cash. Consequently we have no bad debts to make up for, in the way of

extra percentage. Our expenses are light, and Our Motto, CHEAP! CHEAP!

Please call and see us, and decide for yourselves in regard to Goods and Prices. We also have the Agency for Messrs. DEMAREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS. H. & W. T. DICKERMAN, New Milford, May 10, 1876.—If

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MONTROSE

AT THE New Store and New Firm

WEEKS, MELHUISE & CO.

The Largest Stock of

DRY GOODS, SILVER WARE,

CLOTHING, WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes. Kept in Northern Pennsylvania, And at the Lowest Prices.

at prices lower than ever known before in Susquehanna County. Not excepting prices before the war.

NO REMEDENTS! Everything New and Fresh at Popular Prices.

3600 yards of best prints in market, sold during the past two weeks, at 6 p. per yard, and still there is more to follow.

Don't be deceived by others in trade who represent our goods of inferior quality but come and examine for yourselves. Prices greatly reduced, but quality maintained. Montrose, April 28, 1876.

FURNITURE. MONTROSE

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 it 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 & SON, Montrose, Pa., Jan. 31, 1872.—205—If. Montrose, April 13, 1876.—If.

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 & 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; 300 bu. at the STEAM MILL.

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

Montrose, April 13, 1876.—If.