

Town, County, and Variety.

—Mince pies are once more the fashion in well regulated families.

—Do you know where you are going to eat your Thanksgiving dinner?

—Be sure and read the notice at the head of the next column, and give it your attention.

—Read the advertisements as well as the news. The latter will make you wiser, the former richer.

—The new fall bonnets are a cross between a pickle-dish and a soup-bowl, and are worn on the right ear.

—The fly season is over, and a man can sleep very well through the sermon now if the preacher's voice is not too loud.

—The new advertisement of Geo. L. Lenheim's large stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, etc., of Great Bend, came too late for this issue, but will appear in our next.

—In another column H. & W. T. Dickerman, of New Millford, offer their entire stock at great bargains. They understand the value of printer's ink and are bound to succeed.

—A child died in Huntingdon county, recently, from an overdose of "soothing syrup"—in other words, from an overdose of morphine, for this dangerous drug is the basis of all such nostrums.

—"Kiss Me-It-You-Dare" hats are now out. Whether this means only a maiden resistance, or whether it is a threat that the offender shall be overtaken by the bitter pill of matrimony, the challenged must decide for himself.

—We were recently informed that Allens Corners, on the Montrose railroad, was to be changed to Allenville. We now learn that our information was not reliable and that it will hereafter be known by the more appropriate name of South Montrose.

—A western paper has made an estimate that at least 5,000 girls in that region of Uncle Sam's dominion have taken husbands this year for the only earthly reason that they were thereby enabled to visit the Centennial at somebody else's expense.

—Anybody can run a newspaper. All there is to do is to get a lot of type, a press, a pair of scissors, a paste cup and brush, \$20 in cash, and cast iron nerves—when there will be no more trouble in running a paper, than there is shinning up a church steeple first.

—Railroad travel is falling off materially now that the Philadelphia pilgrims are nearly all at home. The last comers say that the street car conductors of that city stand alone in their glory upon the platforms, throwing their arms wildly about, vainly imploring people to ride to Fairmount Park.

—A fast place is Elmira. Saturday night Nov. 11, the Republicans received such good news from the doubtful states that they thought they must make a noise, so they ordered 100 guns fired. The Democrats also heard good news and they ordered 100 guns. On one end of the island were the Republicans and on the other the Democrats, both celebrating their victories.

—We learn from the Nicholson Examiner that the managers of the Wyalusing District Campmeeting Association met on the camp grounds at Dimock, in the Nicholson tent, on Monday, the 6th inst., Rev. I. T. Walker President, Rev. J. H. Weston Secretary; all the members present but three. It was decided to fence the ground and properly grade it, also to build a large boarding tent, with many other improvements which will be made.

—The campaign of the Flambeaux has ended for four years at least. The price of kerosene will undoubtedly fall now. We see it estimated that in Massachusetts alone, during the recent campaign, four hundred barrels of kerosene were used nightly in processions. No wonder the article advanced to nearly double its former price, if the Bay State may be taken as a basis of estimate for the remainder of the Union.

—The last newly married couple who passed over the A. and S. Railroad voted the tunnel a wretched failure. Charles dropped his ticket on the floor of the car, and Kitty who was helping him to find it, declared she didn't know that was the tunnel—thought it was only a bridge. If there is not some law passed to prevent the wicked single passengers from lighting matches on that part of the road, it will lose some of its popularity.

—The latest improvement is the construction of ice houses mainly built of paper, laid on boards attached to balloon frames. Several farmers living along the Erie are trying the experiment of saving their yearly supply of ice in the houses constructed in this manner.—The ice factory is manufactured on purpose for such use, and comes in thick rolls, already prepared to resist the outside temperature of the weather, as an efficient non-conductor.

—We often wonder, when we see men puffing their cigars and pipes, chewing tobacco, drinking rum, etc., what they would say and do if their wives, mothers, daughters and sisters happened to be in the same luxuries, even to a greater or less extent. We fancy the habit would lose much of its romance. Why do men exact greater morality of women than of themselves? Or do they expect that their own evils are to be eradicated by the virtues of the other sex?

—Editor Burtis, of the Oneonta Commercial, formerly foreman of this office, is a practical printer of the old school, and although 60 years of age, has few superiors in the practical work of a country newspaper office, where the same person must superintend type setting and printing in both newspaper and job work. On Friday morning last, Mr. Burtis found it necessary to discharge his only compositor, and taking the "stick" in hand, set a column of bourgeois type, proved and corrected it, "made up" the paper, and worked off 600 copies, on an old fashioned hand press, "taking" his own ink. Mr. Burtis will undoubtedly take the palm.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

In view of the fact that the senior editor of this paper will of necessity be absent some three or four months after January first, it is very important that all of our subscribers should call at our office, or send and settle their accounts before that time. We need the money due us and we hope a cordial response will be given to this notice. If it is impossible for all to pay us, the account must be arranged and fully understood so that no future contingency will arise. Do not fail to attend to this duty.—if

—If Hawley makes as distinguished a State Senator as he is an editor, what an invaluable blessing his election will prove to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.—Susq'a Journal.

Whatever the result may be, he has not got of that kind of *Pride* about him that he will offer his own or his paper's influence for twenty five dollars a week.

—It is generally believed in this vicinity that E. B. Hawley has been elected State Senator. Mr. Hawley is well and favorably known throughout the county, and the general expression among Republicans in this vicinity is a mixture of regret and pleasure; regret, because we failed to elect our party candidate, and pleasure because we know the Senator elect is a gentleman who will be an honor to the county and district he represents.—Thomson Correspondent Susq'a Journal.

—The Port Jervis Gazette says that work on the Lehigh and Eastern railroad has been entirely suspended, and the one hundred men thereon employed have been discharged, and, with a few exceptions, have departed for other parts. The stoppage of work has caused a bitter feeling and great dissatisfaction among the farmers in Delaware valley, through whose lands the Lehigh and Eastern runs, from the fact that their property has been badly cut up by the road, making it very inconvenient to cross and recross the same. A meeting of the Directors will be held on Thursday, the 23d inst., to arrange for the payment of all claims against said company, and to make further arrangements for the successful completion of the work.

—While a little boy named Ward, aged 3 years, living in Tuscarora Township, Berks county, was eating chestnuts, a portion of a nut became wedged in his windpipe. Breathing became difficult, and the child suffered a great deal of pain. It was determined that the only course to pursue was to operate upon the patient for tracheotomy, in order to remove the obstruction. The piece of chestnut could not be dislodged by any treatment resorted to. Dr. Kurtz, of Reading was selected as chief operator, with several other physicians as assistants. The boy was placed under the influence of an anesthetic and the operation proceeded with. An incision was made in his neck immediately under the chin, and in a short time a quarter of a chestnut was removed from the child's windpipe. The wound was dressed and the patient showed signs of life. In a short time he had recovered enough to convince the surgeons that the operation was a successful one. The boy is doing as well as possibly can be expected under the circumstances.

—Challenging votes at an election poll don't always work just as the challenger desires. At Green Ridge, last election day, a German presented himself at the window of the polling booth in the Thirteenth ward, and was promptly challenged by a Republican. As the voter lived some distance away, and was considerably chagrined at the prospect of going home for his papers, he was allowed to go inside and swear in his vote. Getting in there, somebody told him that he had been challenged by a Republican, and that the election officers who insisted upon his making oath to his citizenship were also Republicans, whereupon he became very indignant, and declared, "py shimminy Beters! I've foted here just five year, and always foted der Republican diged, and now dese tam Republican demers challenge me! Now I shall fote der demaragrad diged, just out of spide!"—and having been accommodated with a straight Democratic ticket, from President down to Jury Commissioner, he voted it entire, and left the polls saying, "Shallenge my fote, hey, ven I fote five year ride ad des bols? by shimminy I gesh I go in for some of dese reform vat you call 'im."—Scranton Times.

—The western train, says the Baltimore American, which arrived at Camden station, over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, on Saturday afternoon, brought a mother with two babes, ticketed from Indianapolis, Indiana, to Crisfield, Md. The woman's name was Richardson, and when she left Indianapolis she was alone. She didn't stop, nor the babes weren't passed to her from some station. Those babes were born on the fly. Mrs. Richardson left Cincinnati on Conductor Frank Harris' train. She occupied a seat in the ladies' car, and had traveled a part of the night before from Indianapolis, and looked sleepy and tired. Mr. Harris saw she appeared troubled, and, on asking her the cause, was requested to please send some married lady to speak to her. Mr. Harris did so, and through the medium of this third party was informed of the probable increase to the passengers under his charge. The car was cleared, and half an hour afterwards the passengers were informed that two bouncing boys had begun life at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and they were very young boys, too. Excitement prevailed, propositions to stand godfather for the pair were tendered, and names in as great abundance as in the first book of the Chronicles were proposed and refused. At Athens, on the life of the road, the train stopped long enough to allow of certain necessary clothing to be purchased, which the passengers paid for, and the mother and children came through without stopping. Mrs. Richardson is the mother of four other children, and makes her home on the western shore of Virginia. She continued a journey to her Southern home without delay.

—There was a serious case of intimidation in New Bedford. One of Africa's sable daughters went to a grocer and bought some potatoes. Entering into conversation with him after the purchase was completed and the provisions put into her basket, she discovered he was a Democrat. "I tell you what I made him empty dem taters out of dat basket mighty quick. I don't buy no taters of dem Democrats."

—Passengers on the "Valley Railroad" are attracted daily by the conduct of a large and intelligent dog waiting by the roadside for the daily newspaper, which was formerly thrown to him from the baggage car for his master, who lived half a mile from the rails. The master has been dead many months, but the faithful dog has not missed the mail train a day since. There is no paper for that master now, but sometimes the baggage man, in pity for the dog, tosses a paper to him as the train rushes by, which he eagerly seizes and starts joyfully over the hills for his home. When the train has gone by and no paper is thrown, he rushes wildly up and down the track, gazing after the cars with an almost human look of disappointment and jogs dejectedly homeward.—New Haven (Conn.) Register.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE.—In accordance with the custom which has been long observed, "Union Thanksgiving Service" will be held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Thursday, Nov. 30th, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.—Rev. J. G. Miller will preach the sermon. W. L. THORPE.

SOUTH MONTROSE.—This place formerly known as Allen's Corners, Marcey's, Cider Run, Tattletown, Allenville, and various other names, has finally taken the above name which, we hope, will be a permanent one. It is the first station on the Montrose Railway south of Montrose, and is composed of two stores, fork factory, saw mill, grist mill, two blacksmith shops, and we hear by rumor, a "boarding" house. . . . A Lathrop furnishes employment for quite a number of men in his fork factory. . . . The farmers about here have been busy doing their butchering for the past few weeks. . . . Our "High" School will commence in about two weeks. It will be under the management of Miss Emma Allen. . . . E. Harper is doing a good business in his saw and grist mill. . . . A new depot is in course of construction, and it is said when completed, to be the largest and best on the road. . . . The "cry" of the turkey can be heard coming from almost every farm house. They know Thanksgiving is almost here. . . . The next thing we want is a post office. NATTY.

NEIGHBORING COUNTIES.

LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.

Eleven dollars per ton is what the farmer gets for hay in Scranton.

The many friends of Pulaski Carter will be glad to learn that he has experienced a change for the better, and hopes of his ultimate recovery are now entertained by his physician.—Times.

Seven horses were stolen from the vicinity of Kingston Hollow, last week. The thieves being good judges of horse flesh, upon examination condemned one as unfit for service, whereupon they led him into the woods and killed him. They made off with the other six.

Mr. Ira Carle, a Justice of the Peace of Kingston, had a valuable horse stolen from his stable on Monday night Nov. 18th. The horse is brown color, medium size, left hind foot white, scar on the left side of the neck, and white hairs on the forehead. Twenty-five dollars reward is offered for the horse, or for the arrest of the thief.

Quite a number of Scranton churches, and others, both men and women, interested in the work of city evangelization which has been proposed, met, according to appointment, in Y. M. C. A. Hall to perfect some definite plan of action. Rev. Dr. Logan, of the First Presbyterian church; Rev. George Mayer, of the German M. E. church; Rev. Mr. Waller, of the Green Ridge Presbyterian church and Rev. Thomas M. Cann addressed the meeting so also did laymen Dwight Baker, Alfred Hand, and others, all urging the great need of such a work as had been proposed. From the fact that genuine revivals begin from within the church organizations, and among the members of the church, the necessity of first winning back into christian activity the more indifferent members, and endowing them with a lively sense of their responsibility, at the same time kindling within them the smouldering sparks of christian zeal, was made apparent. If the union prayer meeting now being held every Monday night may accomplish no more than the bringing back of wanderers from the fold, this alone will prove a grand work.

BRONX COUNTY, N. Y.

Mr. Charles Day, proprietor of the American Hotel, at Athens, Pa., has become owner of the hotel at Corbittville and reopened it on Monday. Mr. Day has refitted and furnished the establishment. Mr. D. J. Murphy owned this house.

We are pleased to note that our friend Jerome DeWitt esq., Democratic candidate for the Assembly in Broome county N. Y., ran his opponent 373 behind his ticket, showing the great popularity of Mr. DeWitt, which must have been great to run any man so far behind his ticket when party lines are drawn so close as in the presidential campaign.

On Saturday morning while regular train 43, on the Erie, was on its way from Kirkwood to Binghamton, the engineer, Mr. Charles Jurish, discovered on the outside track in a curve just ahead, an iron brake shoe, apparently placed there for the purpose of throwing the train from the track. It was too late to stop the train, and it can be imagined that the engineer experienced more than an ordinary feeling of relief when the iron was jarred from the track by the train just before the engine reached it. It is impossible that the iron could have fallen in that position from a passing car, and it was generally concluded to be the work of some miscreant—probably a tramp.

GOLDEN WEDDING AT BROOKLYN.—On Thursday, Nov. 9, 1876, the numerous family with their connections, and many other friends, came together at the residence of David Kent esq., to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day.

Both he and his good wife, blessed with length of days, seemed as cheerful and happy as the delighted guests who met under their roof. The visitors present numbered nearly eighty, and so pleasant a company is rarely seen.

The interest of the occasion was greatly heightened by the feeling and appropriate address that was given by one of the brothers, H. W. Kent, esq. A copy of the address is herewith transmitted for publication, in the belief that it will be highly acceptable to many readers of this paper. In addition to this address, extended remarks were offered by Rev. Mr. Moore, of the Universalist church, closing with an appropriate prayer. Numerous presents, tokens of esteem and affection, and some of them of no inconsiderable value were laid upon the table, and they served to gladden the hearts of our aged and venerable friends. Not that they needed aid from others, but these presents were gratefully received, because they were appreciated as the offerings of friendship.

May still more wedding days come to our worthy friend and his excellent wife. And may their last days be the most peaceful and happy of their lives!

"Brothers and sisters you will permit me to say that I am glad to meet you here on this interesting occasion. It is one that seldom occurs. This is the first that has called us together, and in all human probability it will be the last. And although in our family circle we may not have either scholar, poet, or orator, I can hardly be satisfied to have an occasion like this pass off without having a few words spoken by some of the brothers and sisters here present. For myself I shall not detain you long, for I know that the few moments which we have to spend here together are precious and fleeting. You are my seniors in age, and have, perhaps, seen more of the changing scenes of life, if not of its sorrows and bereavements.

You, my brother, are the oldest of a large family, and by virtue of this, if for no other reason, you was our leader and guide. If we were in the depths of the forest where wild beasts were plenty, and where the footprints of man could not be found, you was our pilot and we felt no fear. And I know very well that many cares and duties devolved upon you, of which we know nothing. Some of them may have been pleasant, while others were trying and wearisome.

In looking back over the many years that have intervened since those days, I have often thought that you must have experienced more trials and privations than any of us who were younger.

But whatever trials and privations you may have been called upon to endure in youth, in middle age, and even up to the present hour it is pleasant for us to know that you have braved them all, that you have enjoyed a remarkable degree of health, that you are still with us, and that your hold upon life is apparently as strong as that of any of us. And let me say to you that whatever else may be said, it will never be said that either of you have spent your years in idleness and prodigality. Whatever your hands have found to do, you have done it with a will.

The hopes and the fears, the joys and the sorrows of half a century, have now passed away since you were united by the strongest ties that can possibly bind us, while we tabernacle here. Yes, fifty years ago to-day we were assembled, some of us who are here present, to witness your marriage, and to share in the festivities of that occasion; and I little thought then that fifty years later in life, fifty years away off in the distant future, as it appeared to me then, that so many of us could be convened and permitted to sit together around the same tables we were wont in days that have long since passed away.

I feel truly thankful that so many of us have been spared till the present time, and for the measure of health and strength that has been given, enabling us to meet together. And there is another thought that adds to the interest of this occasion. It has been so ordered that this event has brought us back to the old homestead. The place above all others that we should have chosen. It is said that chickens will go home to roost, and it is no less true that children become attached to the home of their childhood. No matter how far we may have travelled or how old we may have grown, many of the scenes of our childhood and youth will remain fresh in our minds, while the events of yesterday may be forgotten. We remember, too, that this is the spot selected by our father for the purpose of making a home for himself and family, and we all know how pleasant and cheerful that home was made by the watchful care of a kind and loving mother.

We remember how industriously she labored to supply all our needs; and with what anxiety she watched over us when sick, ready by day or by night to minister to all our wants.—But she needs no eulogy from me. No words of mine can add to the respect and esteem that we all entertain for that mother.

But the ties that bound us to father and mother have been sundered. Their bodies have mouldered back to their native dust, and we trust that their spirits have returned to God who gave them.

Brothers and sisters, we were a family of eleven children, of whom seven are present, two supposed to be living are absent, and two have gone from us never to return. Our circle has been broken—yes, twice broken. First, a sister was taken, who stood next above me in the order of our ages. Then a brother who stood next below me. The vacant places are on my right hand and on my left. Places that had been filled for more than three score years. Notwithstanding the large number of our family, all of us grow up to manhood and womanhood under this paternal roof.

We remember that we were early taught to

labor with our hands. And this, I have often thought was the greatest blessing that our parents could have conferred upon us. It prepared us in a great measure for the duties and responsibilities that awaited us, and that were too soon to devolve upon us. I remember well that a feeling of sadness would sometimes come over me when I looked forward to the time when it would be necessary for me to go out from the dear old home for the purpose of building up a home for myself. We all remember that we were early taught lessons of honesty, sincerity, and uprightness in all our intercourse with the world around us; and these lessons, I trust, have been heeded and handed down to our children, and children's children, who meet with us on the present occasion.—For them, however, I do not propose to speak; for I think there are those among them who are better qualified to speak for themselves than I am to speak for them, but I want to say that I am glad to meet them here.

Brothers and sisters, with us, as a family, the story will soon be told. We are all on the down hill side of life; and it is quite possible that this may be the last time that we shall all meet together here. Age and infirmity have stamped their impress upon us, and we could not disguise it if we would.

How sad it does seem to say that we're old; But a few short years and the tale is told. When we look back to the scenes of our youth,

A lesson we've learned, a lesson of truth. O, where are the friends we used to adore? Gone from our sight, we can see them no more.

Father and mother, sister and brother, Well they've exchanged this world for another.

Other dear friends have left us behind. We are still roaming, but not in that clime, We have been climbing up hill, o'er rock, Until I am sure we have reached the top. But though at the top, I know we can't stay, for I not even so much as one day; for we must go down on the other side. Careful, be careful, keep close to our guide, Ye soon shall get down to the river's brink, And then of its waters we must drink. I think we shall cross very near together, And I hope it will be in pleasant weather. We have some children who have gone before,

Perhaps they will meet us on that shore, That would be joyful to you and to me, And a few smiling faces I think we should see, And those voices so sweet that we used to hear.

Gay float on the breeze as we draw near. Onward we move, we are far on the way; We shall not be able much longer to stay, How happy the thought of meeting again, Freed from all sickness, and sorrow, and pain."

Stay Prolonged.

Dr. Henion has consented to prolong his stay at Binghamton, N. Y., until January 1st, 1877. Read the following cure which is, indeed, a medical wonder:

EVERYBODY SHOULD READ THIS—CURE BY DR. HENION.—The Utica Herald has the following: Mrs. Jane McDonald, living at 197 Church street, Toronto, Ont., has been a great sufferer with a disease of the kidneys and catarrh of the bladder, the disease commencing about seven years ago, and gradually growing worse, until she had often wished she might die, life being a burden and almost unupportable. Mrs. McDonald has been for months with a constant pain through the kidneys and bladder, with bearing down and frequent desire to void urine, which was frequently mingled with blood, and was so bad that almost every night she would have to get up from twenty to thirty times. She had been all over the country to different physicians, and was on her way home from New York, where she had been to consult several physicians (specialists) in regard to her case, and without any hope, she was returning home, only waiting for death to put an end to her misery, when a friend, with her discovered in the Utica Herald Dr. Henion's wonderful cures, and she concluded to consult the Doctor. She has been under treatment just four weeks, and is entirely cured. She left Utica one week ago, and writes to the doctor she is entirely well, and no more thankful person lives. Mrs. McDonald will answer any communication in regard to the above. Write to her or visit her in person at 197 Church street, Toronto, Ont., and you will find that the halt has not been told. Dr. Henion will be at the Exchange Hotel, until January 1st, where he can be consulted from 9 a. m. until 6 p. m. each day, Sundays excepted. Consultation free.

MARRIAGES.

FISH—WRIGHT—At Brooklyn, Nov. 8th, by Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. Frank Fish and Mrs. Mary D. Wright, all of Brooklyn.

DIXON—HAMLIN—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Forest Lake Nov. 10th, 1876, by Eld. W. C. Tilden, Mr. Jacob S. Dixon of Jessup, and Miss Estella Hamlin of the former place.

DEATHS.

ROSENCRANTS—In Dimock Nov. 9, 1876, Mrs. Polly Rosencrants, aged 71 years.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Of Montrose.

CASH CAPITAL \$100,000. SURPLUS FUND, \$9,000.

REMOVED

To their new and commodious Bank Building on Public Avenue.

Transacts the business of MERCHANTS, FARMERS, And Others.

CORRESPONDENTS.

New York, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank.

WM. J. TURRELL, President. N. L. LENHEIM, Cashier.

Montrose, March 25, 1876.

A LARGE assortment of the latest and newest styles of visiting and business cards just received at this office. Call and see them before ordering elsewhere.

Orders wanted at this office on subscription.