

Humorous.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF'S STORY.

I had lately been appointed a deputy sheriff in a backwoods country. I had gone west to begin life, and this being the first employment offered me, I gladly accepted it.

"Here Scott," said the head deputy, as I entered the office one morning "is a warrant for you to serve; it's for Jim Dade. You'll see directions there how to find him," he added, tossing me over some papers.

Elliot, the head deputy, had treated me far from civilly from the start. He seemed piqued at the partiality showed me by our principal, who was serving his last term, and whose influence for the succession, to which Elliot aspired, the latter was especially anxious to secure.

"The warrant appears to be an old one," I remarked, after examining the date.

"More reason that its execution be not further delayed," was the gruff response.

I made no reply, but ascertaining, from a memorandum pinned to the warrant, the locality of Dade's residence, I prepared to set out at once to do the duty assigned me.

The writ contained a serious criminal charge. But what manner of a man the accused might be—whether one likely to obey or to resist the law's commands, I could only surmise. As Mr. Elliot had said nothing about furnishing assistance, I hesitated to broach the subject, fearing he might attribute the suggestion to timidity.

The country was thinly settled, and abounded in game; and, being something of a sportsman, on starting on my mission, I donned my hunting accoutrements and shouldered my rifle.

I went afoot, for two reasons—first the nearest way lay through the forest, and next I had a better chance of getting a shot at something on the way.

I sauntered along leisurely, keeping, for a time, a keen lookout; but seeing nothing worth the waste of powder, my thoughts gradually settled down to the business I had in hand. I must confess I wished it well over.

Jim Dade might prove to be an ugly hand to deal with in a lonesome place, without witnesses. At any rate the testimonial to his character, then in my pocket, was not such as to increase my confidence.

"Do you know Mr. Dade?" I inquired, at length, of a settler whom I found cleaning up a patch of ground near his cabin.

"Jim Dade?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "can you direct me to his house?"

"You'll hardly find him that, stranger," was the answer; "you see, him an' the sheriff's folk's been keepin' outer one another's way like, for awhile back. Jim, he bunka in the woods mostly, with his rifle for a bedfellow, an' 'others, I guess, don't hear to schrooge him too close."

"Is he a dangerous character?"

"Wall, no—not if you give him his own way an' take all his sass, an' don't jaw back. But Jim is a little kantankerous, sometimes, if you rile him. Jest ask Jabe Elliot!" continued the settler with a chuckle.

"He come out here to nab Jim awhile ago—Wall, Jim, he jest pinst his rifle at him, and served n't onto him to git up an' git, and Jabe did git, makin' a little the best time ever seed in these parts."

This cleared up considerably Mr. Elliot's motive in detailing me for the present service.

If you've particular business with Jim," the settler added, "you mout run agin him over thar in them woods, 'cross the gulch," waving his hand in the direction indicated.

I felt it my duty not to return without making an effort to accomplish the object of my coming, so thanking the man for his information, I started to make what use of it I might.

I had not proceeded far when the report of a gun drew my attention. Following the report I soon came in sight of a man standing beside a fine buck, probably just brought down by the shot I had heard. The huntsman was in the act of reloading his rifle, which he finished by putting on the cap as I approached.

Turning quickly at the sound of my advance, the face he revealed was to the last degree, sinister and repulsive. Something told me I had found my man. If so, it was no child's play I had before me.

"You've had better luck than myself, friend," I assessed the hunter blandly; "I've been out all day without getting a shot."

"You'd likely a missed if you had," he growled, with a contemptuous glance at my new rifle and trappings.

"I count myself a pretty fair marksman," I rejoined.

"Hamp!—you snipious chaps a'nt much out yer in the woods."

"I'd like to try a shot at a mark with you," I said, pretending to be a little nettled.

"Stranger, do you want to hav the consate tacked out'n yer?" returned the woodsman.

"In willing for a trial of skill with you," I answered.

"Name your distance, an' bet your gun agin mine," he said.

"Sixty yards, and done!" I replied.

Setting a little powder, he blacked a round spot on the white bark of a beech, indicating the centre by the intersection of two lines traced across it. The distance was stepped off and all was ready.

"Which one shoots first?" queried my opponent.

"Go ahead," I answered; "I want to see what I have got to beat."

"I'll aim one to me," he replied, leveling his rifle, and firing with quick aim.

"I aimed I've 'dru, the centre," he said as we started to look. And so, indeed, he had.

"Wall, he's your turn, now," he added with a look of triumph.

"Wait a moment," I said; "your name's Jim Dade?"

"Wall, what in thunder, difference does that make?"

"Only this," I answered. "I'm a deputy sheriff, and have a warrant for your arrest. Here's a copy," and I thrust it into his hand.

"Will, what are you going to do about it?"

"Take you with me, dead or alive!" I exclaimed, stepping back and presenting my rifle.

The desperado saw the game was up. He gave me a fierce scowl, and glanced around as if meditating flight.

"If you move a step," I said, in a determined tone, "I'll send a bullet through your head. I'm marksman enough for that, you'll find."

"Put your wrists in these," I added, holding out a pair of handcuffs, at the same time standing aloof and keeping a sharp lookout lest I should be sprung upon and overpowered unawares.

"It's a drofled mean trick you've sarved me, after drawin' my fire," whinged Jim, completely cowed.

With a snap the manacles were fastened, and taking my prisoner's arm, I marched him to jail without further trouble.

The story of Jabe Elliot's fast time got out before the next election, and that worthy, instead of gaining his succession, retired to the shades of private life.

SOMETHING TO RALLY ON.

Just before dinner yesterday a woman living on Larned street entered a Jefferson avenue grocery with snapping eyes, and as she slammed the pail down on the counter she hissed out:

"Mince meat is it? Why don't you call it sloop, or stuff, or hen feed?"

"Yes, that is some of our mince meat," replied the butcher, as he uncovered the pail. "I remember of your buying this yesterday."

"I bought this hash for mince meat," she exclaimed.

"It is called mince meat, madam."

"But it tastes like saw-dust, and pork scraps chopped together!"

"I shouldn't wonder if it did, but you see mince everybody understands that ready made mince meat is simply a nucleus to rally on. It is the foundation, as it were, of a good thing. You want to add more meat, more apples, more raisins, some brandy, some cider, a little cinnamon, a few cloves, a sprinkling of sugar, a trifle of spice, and you can't fail to have good pies."

"Then why not make my own mince meat?" she shrieked.

"Why not? We keep it on sale simply as an objective point to rally on."

"Well, you and your whole caboodle of clerks can rally on this half gallon," she firmly said, turning the pail upside down on the counter.

"Just as you desire, madam," was the affable reply, and when she reached the door and looked back the merchant still wore the same kind of patient smile.

KNEW TOO MUCH.

Young ladies will hereafter run their brothers out, when gentlemen call.

We talked of mountains, hills, vales and cataraets—I believe I said water-falls—when the boy spoke up and said:

"Why, sister's got a whole trunk full of them up stairs; papa says they are made of horse hairs."

This revelation struck terror to me and blushes to the face of my fair companion. I turned my conversation to him and told him he ought to go home with me and see my nice chickens I have in the country. Unluckily I mentioned a pair of calves; which ruined all. The little one looked up and said:

"Sister's got a dozen pair of them, but she don't wear them only when she goes up town on windy days."

"Leave the room, you unmannerly wretch," exclaimed Emily. "Leave the room immediately."

"I know what you want me to leave here for," he exclaimed; "you want to sit in that man's lap and kiss him like you did Simms the other day; you can't fool me, I just tell you.—Give me some candy just like he did and I'll go. You think 'cause you've got the Grecian Bend that you're smart. Guess I know a thing or two. I'm mad at you any how; 'cause papa would have brought me a top yesterday if it hadn't been for getting their curls, dog on yer. You needn't turn so red in the face 'cause I can see the paint. There ain't no use of winking that glass eye of your'n, for I ain't going out of here; now that's what's the matter with the purp. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't no boss of mine."

HER "WINGS."

She halted at the stamp clerk's window in the post-office yesterday, and asked:

"Could I procure a postal card head?"

He thought she could.

"Two tenths or one tenth?" she inquired.

One cent, he told her, and she took one. As she received it she asked:

"Have you a pen and ink ah?"

He had, and he handed them out. She held the pen poised for a half minute as if trying to remember the name of some dear friend, and then she touched it to the card. On the fingers of her right hand were eight more. Nine and eight made seventeen and none over. She wrote "S-a-m—" and then the pen gave a splatter.

"Oh, dwear! my wings bwother me so, ah!" she exclaimed, trying to get a new rest for her elbow.

Then she went on and finished the "y" and began: "B-c—" when the pen splattered again and she threw down the card, returned the pen and said:

"I won't write to him afta awil, for I can't write natural with my wings on."

Then she rubbed her hands together, shook herself and walked out.

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

BILLINGS STROUD,

GENERAL

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENT,

Montrose, Pa.

Capital Represented, \$100,000,000

Table with columns for FIRE and LIFE insurance companies and their assets.

Table with columns for ACCIDENT insurance companies and their assets.

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BODIES OF THE LATEST STYLES
JOBGING, &c., DONE PROMPTLY
E. T. PURDY.
Montrose, June 7, 1876.

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Are you aware that you can obtain Summer heat in January? That you can impart balmy air to your families? That you can give spontaneous growth to plants and flowers, and that you can make home a little paradise by purchasing one of B. C. Sayre's Hot-Air Furnaces? These Furnaces are now constructed with VAPOR PAN by which the atmosphere is tempered to that resembling Summer heat.

NO MORE CRACKING OF FURNITURE—NO MORE DRY HUSKY HEAT.

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And the time has come when steam-heaters may rejoice in coal heat. These furnaces are sold entirely upon their own merits, and are now the leading furnaces in this part of the country. All Furnaces are warranted to give entire satisfaction or no sale.

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I keep competent men on the road who are well acquainted with the Furnace business, and they are constantly putting up these Furnaces. Their work is warranted to please. These Furnaces are now scattered in the following towns and cities:

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FLOUR.
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At the store of
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H. J. WEBB.
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DRESS GOODS, FLANNEL-SKIRTS, UNDERWEAR,
CLOTHS, BEAVERS, SACKINGS, &c., &c., &c.

Closing out for **CASH** and for **CASH** Only!
OUR WINTER STOCK MUST BE SOLD OFF!

GUTTENBERG, ROSENBAUM & CO.
M. S. DESSAUER, Managing Partner.
[Dec. 13, 1876.]



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THOROUGHLY CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CUTICLE AND COUNTERACTS CONTAGION.

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P. & E. MATHEWS
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I WILL MAKE A SPECIALTY OF WHITE WHEAT FLOUR
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I keep on hand a large quantity of SALT and keep under cover, and will sell it as low as possible for this market.

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