

THE DEMOCRAT.

MONTROSE, PA., JAN. 24, 1877.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day.
With its measure of joy and sorrow,
Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?
Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.
Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quell not;
As the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears,
In their search for light may fail not.
Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track,
For the travellers near the valley
That up, far up on the other side,
Are long they may safely rally.
Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of sun.
On a strong and sure foundation.
Strength for to-day—in house and home
To practice forbearance sweetly—
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.
Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER, in *The Ledger*.

IN THE SWING.

PRETTY, saucy Kitty went swinging up and down, her light muslin dress waving and fluttering in the breeze. "Glorious, Rupert, isn't it?" she cried, calling to her pet and companion, a huge shaggy dog. But where are you? Why don't you answer, sir? And swinging more slowly, she looked everywhere around her. Kitty was down at the bottom of the old-fashioned garden, back of her father's farmhouse, where a swing had been put up for her, in a little grove of trees. Suddenly a merry voice cried out, "Here!" and a handsome young man leaped the low fence, and advanced toward her, laughing, and doffing his hat. Kitty was out of her swing and on her feet in an instant, her eyes flashing, her figure drawn up to its full height. She looked prettier than ever in her indignation. "I beg your pardon," said the intruder, bowing, half mockingly; "but I was taking a short cut across the field, when I heard you call me."
"Call you!" Kitty looked as if she would annihilate him.
"Certainly," with the utmost coolness. "You called 'Rupert,' didn't you?"
"I was calling my dog, sir," said Kitty, with infinite hauteur.
"Well, I'm not exactly a dog, was the laughing answer, "but I've often been called 'an impudent puppy'—at your service, Miss." And he bowed again profoundly.
"I should think so," snapped Kitty, stamping her little foot. And she muttered to herself, not expecting to be heard, "Impudence!"
The stranger heard the word, nevertheless. His manner changed. He became a chivalrous knight of old in the presence of his mistress.
"I beg pardon, I'm afraid I'm trespassing. But the path through the field was trodden as if one had the right of way there, and I heard you call—well, I made a mistake." Again the mischievous look danced in his eyes. "Good morning!" He swept the very ground with his hat as he executed another profound bow, and then turned, and putting his hand on the top of the fence, vaulted over, and the next moment was out of sight.
Kitty did not swing any more that day, but went back to the house, muttering: "The impudent fellow!" while the real Rupert, who had been off chasing a rabbit, reappeared just at this juncture, and accompanied her, trotting and barking around her. But this was not the Rupert she meant when she said "The impudent fellow."
A week passed. Kitty saw no more of the stranger, though she often wondered who he could be, and if he was staying in the neighborhood. At the end of that time she attended an evening party at General Stacy's. Almost the first person she saw on entering the room was the handsome stranger.
"I wish to introduce you to my nephew," said the General, leading that personage up to Kitty. "His name, by baptism, is Rupert Mortimer, but he is such a saucy fellow that he is best known among his friends as 'that impudent puppy!'"
The eyes of the two young people met. Young Mortimer was dancing with fun. For the life of her, Kitty could not help laughing. So they laughed in concert, and he said, bowing low, and repeating the words he had used in the garden, "Yes, 'that impudent puppy'—at your service."
"He is making sport of me," said Kitty to herself, and drew herself up haughtily; and for the rest of the interview she was cold and reserved, confining herself to monosyllabic replies. Very soon, at the appearance of one of her many admirers, she excused herself, and went off to dance.
"A bit of a Tartar, I'm afraid," soliloquized Rupert Mortimer. "But how pretty she is! She looks, too, as if she had a noble character; and she can take her

own part, as I have found to my cost; but I'm afraid she has been spoiled by admiration. To get into her good graces we must go on his very knees to her; and faith, it is almost worth while to do. But no, Rupert Mortimer, my boy, keep your self respect." Then, with a laugh, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"
Yet often that evening Rupert found himself, as if by some magnetic attraction, drawn to Kitty's side. Kitty, too, could not help occasionally glancing admiringly at his handsome face and graceful figure. She saw, very soon, that he was the best dancer in the room. So, when a waltz struck up, and he asked her to join in it, she could not resist.
"If I don't dance with him," she said to herself, "the other girls will say he didn't ask me, and that would never do."
Kitty had never enjoyed a waltz so much. She forgot the ridiculous episode in the swing, forgot the stranger's cool effrontery, forgot everything but the dreamy music and rhythmic movement of her companion. When the band stopped she sighed involuntarily, wishing it was all to go over again.
Balls, picnics, and croquet parties followed each other in rapid succession, for the summer was a gay one. Kitty and young Mr. Mortimer were together almost constantly. Somehow Kitty fell into the habit of expecting Rupert always, as her special escort; and he began to feel that no one but he had a right to Kitty, and to be very jealous that others attempted to pay her attentions. As yet, however, no words of love had passed between them; for Rupert, now thoroughly enamored, feared to ruin all, by too premature an avowal, especially as once or twice, when he had ventured to approach the subject, Kitty had suddenly grown haughty and cold.
A final picnic had been planned to close the season. It proved a great success. The day passed merrily on until luncheon time. Rupert had made up his mind to have a quiet ramble with Kitty, after his meal, and if things went well to speak of his love. But he had counted without his host, for when the luncheon was over, and he had got rid of his aunt, Mrs. Stacy, who had called him to her side to wait on her, lo, Kitty had disappeared. Full of jealous fears, and determined to find out who his rival was, he set forth through the woods to discover Kitty. He had not gone far before her favorite dog came bounding towards him, jumping and barking, and manifesting the greatest delight at seeing him. But when Rupert stopped to pat his namesake, the dog darted ahead, then stopped and looked wistfully at Rupert, and then rushed on again. "What can it mean?" said Rupert. A sudden fear seized him that something was wrong; and he hurried on, the dog rapidly leading the way.
At last, in an opening of the woods, on a moss-covered rock, he saw Kitty, pale, quite breathless, and apparently in pain. In a moment he was at her side. All his jealousy was gone. Love was uppermost.
"Oh, my darling," he cried, "what is it? Thank Heaven, I have found you."
"Oh, Mr. Mortimer," she cried, with a sob, "how glad I am to see you. I began to think I should have to stay here all night alone. I've sprained my ankle, so I can't walk. What shall I do?" and she burst into tears.
"Our hero took both the little hands in his own and held them tightly, while he questioned her anxiously as to the accident, relating meanwhile, how he found her.
"But how," exclaimed Kitty, ruefully, when he had done, "how am I ever to get back? I don't believe I can walk a step."
"Of course you can't. Who said that you could?" cried Rupert. "But you'll get back all right, all the same, for I intend to carry you."
"Carry me!" Kitty gave a little scream, and shrank back, and covered her face with her hands, for she felt the hot blood in her cheeks.
"Oh, no! that will never do," she blundered out, unthinkingly. "What will people say?"
But Rupert did not stop to reply to this question. Very little he cared what the people said. Without a word, he put his arms about Kitty, lifting her bodily from her feet, and walked off with her as if she had been a feather.
At first Kitty struggled a little; but the strong, manful arms held her close, and she soon began rather to like it, and to think it all very delightful.
"At any rate," she said to herself, "I can't help it; he is too masterful to resist."
With this comforting conclusion, her fair head sank on his shoulder, and for the first time in her life Kitty knew what it was to be supremely happy.
Rupert carried his lovely burden to his own phaeton, which stood apart from the crowd, and carefully placed Kitty in it.
"There, now," he cried, "I shall take you home immediately, and stop for a doctor on the way. Nobody can drive you with such little pain as I can," he added, seeing she was about to object.
"Beside, you must begin to obey me, so as to get your head in, for you are going to be my wife, you know."
"Your wife!" cried Kitty. She gave a pont and a toss of her head, but she blushed, and not with anger either. Yes, blushed to the tips of her dainty ears.
"Of course," retorted Rupert, as he stepped softly into the phaeton, and took his seat beside her, looking half saucily, half fondly into her eyes which fell before his.
"I've meant it all along. Didn't you?"
"Really, you are the most impudent

puppy I ever saw!" retorted Kitty, bursting into laughter in spite of herself.
"But, for all that," she did not repulse the kiss with which, before starting, Rupert thought it necessary to fortify himself for the journey.
What more is there to tell? Very little. For Kitty and Rupert were married early in the autumn, and were superlatively happy.
"Don't you know," said Rupert, one day, "that it was the merest accident that we came to know each other? I had come to my uncle's for a single night only, when I saw you in the swing, and my whole life was changed. I fell in love at first sight, and resolved to stay and make your acquaintance, even if it took all summer."
"So I owe all my happiness, answered Kitty, archly, "to my faithful dog—dear old fellow—being off guard that afternoon."
"And to an 'impudent puppy' coming along," retorted Rupert, with a kiss, "just in the nick of time, and taking his place."
Just in Time.
"What on earth's the matter, man?" It was my old friend, Vivian Vincent, whom I so accosted, after two years of absence.
"You look like a ghost," I added.
"And feel like one," he answered, "and not a very jolly ghost at that."
"Alas poor ghost!"
Badinage apart, a more doleful looking object than Vivian, it would be difficult to imagine. In place of the merry rollicking companion whom I had parted with a couple years before, I found but a dismal shadow, a residuum of woe, a man reduced to his own dregs.
"What can have happened?" I asked.
"I expected to find you the most blissful of benedicts instead of looking like a flounder on dry land. Why, it seemed only a question of time between you and Constance Vere two years ago."
"That is past now," said Vivian disconsolately.
"What?—have you quarreled?"
"She loves another."
"Are you sure?"
"I have taxed her with it, and she does not deny it."
"What girl of spirit would?"
"But Vivian was in no mood to be comforted. He had made up his mind to be miserable, and miserable he accordingly was.
His rival, or the man he accounted as such, was Mortimer Grandison, a wealthy widower, as he claimed to be, and a new comer in the place, whose stylish appearance and faultless manners speedily placed him on the best of social footing, and led to a general setting of caps in his direction.
Mr. Grandison behaved, with courtesy to all, but to Constance Vere his attentions were particular—so much so that others noticed them, and his name and hers began to be coupled in a way that would have roused the passions of a far less jealous lover than Vivian Vincent.
He expostulated with Constance, who in turn asserted her independence. The result was a quarrel which neither would be the first to offer to accommodate. Meanwhile, Mr. Grandison became more attentive than ever, and Miss Vere received his attentions with a show of unmingled pleasure. It would be a match, everybody said, and likely enough, everybody spoke the truth, for unluckier things have happened than a woman's choosing one lover just to punish the presumption of another.
Such was the state of the case which I was able to patch out from the long and tangled story which Vivian told me of his troubles. I tried to cheer him up, to convince him that his suspicions were exaggerated, but all in vain. He smiled sadly, as one who would say, "I thank you for your friendly offers; they're well intended, but have no power to console a blighted heart."
"At any rate go with me to the ball to-night," I urged. "I have grown almost a stranger here, and shall need a friend to introduce me."
"I will go to oblige you," Vivian replied; but it was with the air of one, who having borne the hardest strokes of fortune, could offer to take her gentler buffets with indifference.
A dazzling scene of gayety and fashion met our sights as Vivian and I entered the brilliantly lighted rooms the following evening. The contrast between that glittering throng and the poor wretches under my professional care for the past two years at the lunatic asylum, where I had been assigned to duty on taking my degree, was indeed striking. But I had no time for reflection. The dancers were taking their places.
Most beautiful among the beautiful was Constance Vere that night. Her charms had brightened since last I saw her. But who was that at her side, with form and carriage so perfect? Where had I seen that cold, unsympathetic face? Like a flash the memory came.
"There, that is Grandison leading her down now," said Vivian, in a hoarse whisper. "See how admirably she looks at him!"
"He's a man any woman might admire," I replied, not heeding the effect it had on Vivian, who turned away to conceal his face.
"A word with you, Mr. Grandison," I said, approaching and touching that gentleman's arm, when he had conducted her to her seat.
He turned upon me abruptly.
"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir," he said; "nevertheless, what is it you desire to say?"
"Our lack of previous acquaintance,"

I replied, "must be accounted a mutual deprivation."
"It is scarcely that which you have sought me out to say on this particular occasion."
"No."
"Proceed then."
"Though we have not had the pleasure of being acquainted before, it is not the first time we have met."
"I do not recall the time or place."
"The time was a year ago."
"And the place?"
"The lunatic asylum."
A startled look came over the cold, impassive face. The keen eyes were bent searchingly upon me.
"Well, sir," said Grandison, with an effort to recover his composure, "granting your memory is not in fault, you still leave me in ignorance of your object."
"You danced with a young lady just now."
He bowed stiffly.
"It is said that you intend to marry her?"
"Conceding the fact, pray be good enough to say whose concern it is save the lady's and mine?"
"Mine."
"How?"
"To forestall your plans."
"You may overrate your power."
"Hardly, in this instance. Constance Vere is too true a woman to feel flattered by the addresses of a man who passes himself as a widower, but whose insane wife, driven mad by systematic cruelty, he has locked up in a lunatic cell."
I need hardly say that the courtly Mortimer Grandison did not brave the threatened exposure. Constance and Vivian made up their quarrel, and the reader may be left to guess the rest.
A Texan's Wonderful Traces.
A Texan, visiting St. Louis, gathered around some of its citizens Monday, and entertained them with some of his experience in the Lone Star State. One incident told by him is as follows:
"You'd hardly believe, now, what I am going to tell. In Texas we use rawhide straps, or thongs, for traces, and in wet weather they do stretch amazingly. Why, often in damp weather at home I've hitched up two horses and drove down the hill from my house into the creek bottom for a sled of wood. I have loaded the wood and many times driven back home and unhitched the horses and the sled would not be in sight."
"How did you get the wood home?" asked an inquisitive bystander.
"Oh, I just tied the ends of the traces together and threw them over a post, went knocking about my work and waited till the sun shone out. Sometimes it would be more than two hours before that sled of wood would get home, but you'd see her crawling up the hill at last, gradually approaching as the rawhide traces shrank up into their proper lengths. Yes, Texas is a great country, you bet."
A woman applied to the Chief of Police a day or two ago for assistance in the recovery of some property which had been stolen. She felt confident that one of two parties had committed the theft—a white woman or a Chinaman—and she was pretty sure it was not the latter.
"What makes you think so?"
"Oh!" was the reply, "as soon as I missed the things I went right and asked him, and he denied any knowledge of the matter!"
George Elliot says that girls are delicate vessels, in which is borne onward through the ages, the treasure of human affections. George, George, you don't know anything about it. Did you ever take a week's salary into a ladies' restaurant and try to fit one of these "delicate vessels" with ice cream, layer cake and chocolate caramels. George, it can't be done.
A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply.
"Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more."
"It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."
A darkey who was stopping to wash his hands in a creek didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zackly; but 'pears as ef de shore kinder n'isted and frowed me."
"Mother, have I any children?" asked an orphan of eight summers.
"Why, no, what put that into your head?" returned the surprised parent.
"Because I read to-day of children's children," answered the acute juvenile.
The almanacs are good enough to tell when the sun rises and sets, but they furnish no information as to how long a cord of wood ought to last in a thickly settled neighborhood.
A boy, writing to his sister, said:—"Sarah Jane Gibbs is dead, and her mother's got twins. They are girls, and this is awful fine weather for ducks."
One of the papers contains an advertisement:—"Lost, a large black silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head."
The two colors which are "Indescribable" are invisible green and blind man's buff.

MONEY TALKS!

These are prices
THAT HURT
(not the customer.)
but other dealers who find fault because it spoils their profits. They assert that it can be done at prices named, those prices are not for a bait, but are genuine and will be fulfilled in every particular. Call and see for yourselves.
MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED!

WEBSTER The Clothier's PRICE LIST

For FALL & WINTER 1876-7.

Good heavy business suits	7.00
Diagonal silk mixed suits	8.00
Heavy cassimere suits	8.00
Diagonal and basket suits	10.00
Fancy plaid cassimere suits	11.00
English Diagonal suits	17.00
French basket suits	17.00
All wool broad cloth coats	7.50
Heavy sheep's gray overcoats	4.50
Chinchilla overcoats	7.00
Fur Beaver overcoats	10.50
Union Beaver overcoats	12.00
French Beaver overcoats (all colors)	12.00

Boys' Clothing—3 to 10 years.

Heavy mixed school suits	3.50
Cassimere suits	5.00
Diagonal and basket suits	6.50
Stout overcoats	10.50
Cape and ulster overcoats	6.00

Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years.

Heavy mixed school suits	5.00
Heavy cassimere suits	6.00
Diagonal and basket suits	7.50
Heavy every-day overcoats	3.75
Chinchilla overcoats	6.00
Best Fur Beaver overcoats	13.00
Cape and Ulster overcoats	7.50

Youths' Clothing 16 years to men's size.

Good undershirt or drawers	.25
Good knit jackets	.75
Good wool shirts	1.00
Good cotton socks	.12
Cloth covered folded end collars	.10

And all other goods in proportion.
Give the highest price paid for prime butter at WEBSTER'S.
C. H. WEBSTER, JR.
62 and 64 Court Street,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Sept. 20, 1876.

MONTROSE PLANING MILL AND LUMBER YARD!

In order to better accommodate the community, the undersigned has established a depot for the sale of Lumber Manufactured at his newly-erected building on the Old Keeler tannery Site, in the
HEART OF TOWN
where will be kept constantly on hand. A full stock of
WHITE AND YELLOW PINE, HEMLOCK, OAK, ASH, MAPLE AND BLACK WALNUT LUMBER,
which, with the aid of the most improved machinery and competent workmen, is prepared to work into any shape to meet the wants of Customers.
WELL SEASONED LUMBER, INCLUDING SIDING, FLOORING, CEILING, SHINGLES AND LATH CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Planing, Matching, Mouldings, and Scroll Sawing done to order.

MANUFACTORY

In connection with the above establishment, under the management of Mr. E. H. Rogers. Examine our work before leaving your orders elsewhere. Repairing done promptly.
A. LATHROP,
Montrose, September 29th, 1876.

Marble Works!

Would 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, Agent.
Susq's Depot, Pa., April 14, 1875.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that N. W. Eastman, of Franklin Park, Pa., has made a general assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors, all persons indebted to said Eastman, are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against him to present the same duly verified to
A. LATHROP, Assignee.
Nov. 22, 1876.

TRIFLING WITH A COLD IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS.
WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS.
A sure remedy for COUGHS, and all diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS, CHEST, and MUCOUS MEMBRANE.
PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
C. N. CRITTENTON, 7 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Agents wanted for our New Book GREAT CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION 1876-77.
Demand equals the crowds at the Exhibition. One agent sold 40, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000.
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ALL KINDS OF BLANKS AT THIS OFFICE.