

The Democrat.

MONTROSE, PA., APRIL 4, 1877.

She's to be Pitted.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Oh dear, is it possible? She's to be pitted? And two eyes are raised in a tragical way. And two fingers lifted to mark the expression. Like sharp exclamation points coming in play.

Thus, often we pity! But what of the victim? Whose troubles and trials we freely discuss; Perchance she is now at this time entertaining

A friend with our sorrows, and pitying us? And thus it goes on in this world of discussion Where pity is cheap and advice costs no more;

Where mere words of sympathy come at the bidding, And leave the heart colder, perhaps, than before.

If hunger and want and the world's dire distresses Appeal to our mercies for succor and aid. The moment is sweet if your hands can relieve them.

And cancel the debt that to Heaven must be paid.

But probing the wound in the heart of a neighbor, And searching for secrets that are not our own, Is reaping "Dead Sea fruit" that crumbles to ashes

From seed that another in trial has sown. Then, friend, let us add to a heart of sweet pity Some deed of grand doing that good may accrue.

And offer the blossoms of love and compassion, To brighten some garland of cypress and rue.

AN UNLUCKY UPSET.

BY LIEUT. WAGSTAFF.

I DETERMINED upon going. Going where? you ask. Listen, and I will tell you.

You must know, then, that during last summer, when everybody was at Newport, Saratoga, Cape May, Long Branch, or some other fashionable place, I grew melancholy.

The cause of that melancholy was shortness of funds, and a strong desire to visit one of the above-named places. When the Newport season was nearly over, I had the good fortune to make a raise of a hundred dollars, so I immediately packed up my valise and started.

Upon my arrival at Newport, I immediately went to the principal hotel, and engaged a room. After having paid a few attentions to my dress, I went down stairs to make friends with the clerk and barkeeper.

Always, directly after you put up at a hotel, get on good terms with the clerk, if possible. I have saved many dollars and have got many good rooms at a low rate, by so doing.

During my stay at Newport, of course I did what is generally supposed to be the thing there. That is, I bathed in the morning, drove in the afternoon, played at bowls in the evening, danced, or went to a concert. Occasionally the last two recreations were heightened by a little love-making by the light of a glorious summer moon.

Of course I had fallen in love. When you commenced reading this sketch, dear reader, you thought such a thing was likely to happen, did you not? Certainly. Well, then, far be it from me to disappoint you. So I will fall in love for your especial benefit.

Jessie Morton was a brunette, with splendid eyes, hair, teeth, and such a figure! She was perfectly charming, irresistibly fascinating, and had a laugh that rang like golden coin.

Well, I fell in love with Jessie Morton, and I think that Jessie didn't altogether hate me. She was a kind of thirty-second cousin to me, so I had no difficulty in obtaining an introduction in the first instance.

Her father and mother were staying at Newport with Jessie. They were plain old country folks, who detested Newport and the society they found there most heartily; but they put up with it because it pleased Jessie.

Old Morton—the masculine Morton, I mean—eyed me seemingly with great suspicion. He was very polite when I spoke to him, but always appeared to be on his guard, as though he were afraid I should fall upon him, and garrote him at any moment.

When I mentioned these peculiarities to Jessie, she explained matters to me. "Once upon a time, as the old fairy books have it," commenced Jessie, "an old man of the name of John Morton, went to a large city called New York."

At this period of the story I put my arm around Jessie's waist.

"You bad boy, don't be foolish. Well, when this old man was in New York, a soft spoken gentleman, with a great quantity of jewelry placed about his person, surpassed acquaintance with him, and offered very kindly to show him, for nothing, a place called Coney Island."

At this juncture, as we were quite alone on the piazza, I—well what do you suppose a susceptible young man would have done on the occasion?

"How rude you are; you have quite disarranged my hair. If you do so again I shall be angry with you."

I did so again.

"Here's somebody coming; take your arm away." Jessie rapidly resumed her story. "When they were at Coney Island, this friendly gentleman, by some hocus pocus, managed to rob John Mor-

ton of two hundred and fifty dollars, being all the money he had in his pocket at the time."

"And—go on," I said.

"Don't be in a hurry, sir; what a beautiful moon—no, not another one to-night, sir. I'll punish you for interrupting me. As soon as John Morton found that he was robbed—he packed up his portmanteau, and immediately returned home, a wiser but a poorer man. Since then John Morton hates the name of New York, and looks upon all people who reside in that city no better than they should be."

"I suppose," said I, laughing, "he is afraid of me, and imagines that I am connected, in some mysterious way, with the gentleman who took him to Coney Island, and am here with the intention of robbing him again."

Jessie nodded. "I will let you into a secret, reader! I really did want to rob John Morton—I wanted to rob him of his daughter, Jessie Morton."

"Hark! there's father calling," and Jessie bounded away.

A hundred dollars will not last forever, so mine soon dwindled down to a very small pile indeed.

I could not stay longer unless I made another raise, and as I knew that was impossible, I told Jessie that important business required my presence in New York, and that I must leave her.

Jessie pouted a little, making her lips so tempting that I couldn't resist the pleasure of saluting them.

"You naughty boy," she said in such a manner that I should like to be chided from such lips all day.

Well, when we parted we were regularly engaged, had sworn eternal love, fidelity, and everything else that is usual on such occasions.

But the old folks didn't know it—O no.

I returned to New York, and in a short time Jessie returned with her parents to their home in Connecticut. We corresponded regularly together, and poured our souls out upon paper.

I received a note from Jessie, asking me to go to Connecticut, and spend a few days there.

Of course a request from Jessie almost amounted to a command, so I packed up a clean shirt, my tooth and hair brushes, and started.

Upon my arrival at Connecticut, immediately after engaging a room at a wooden building which was called by courtesy a hotel, I wended my way toward Jessie's house, or rather the house of her parents, knocked at the door, and entered.

The old folks glared at me in a doubtful manner, and the old man fixed his eyes steadily on an old revolutionary musket, that hung over the mantel-piece.

"How do you do, Mr. Morton?" I asked, glancing nervously around to see if Jessie was in the room.

"Quite well, I guess."

"Fine weather, sir," I said.

No answer.

O, Jessie! where are you?

"Rather colder here than in New York," I remarked, unluckily, for old Morton hated the name of New York.

"Confound New York, and you too—what do you want?"

At this moment Jessie entered the room. Heaven bless her!

"Ah! Mr. Kingsland, how do you do? Father, you know Mr. Kingsland, don't you? Take a chair, if you please."

The old folks had not even the politeness to offer me a seat.

"Mother, you know Mr. Kingsland; a distant relative of ours, is he not?"

In this way did Jessie set me at my ease, and make the old folks tolerate my company. Old Morton got so far reconciled to me, that he actually asked me to stop and take supper.

I did so.

When bed-time came, and the old folks were going to retire, Mr. Morton looked at me, as much as to say "why don't you go?" but upon Jessie saying:

"Good night, father, I shan't go to bed just yet."

He simply said "O!" and left the room.

Then, O then, what delicious moments we passed, breathing into one another's ears protestations of love—the whole apartment was permeated with love. I prevailed upon Jessie to name the day; and it was decided that I should ask her father's consent to our union, before I left for New York.

When we had settled all the little preliminaries incidental to a wedding, I took my leave, and went back in a state of bliss to my hotel.

When I awoke the next morning—I had not slept any. I was too happy to sleep. I saw that the ground was covered with snow.

O, miserable flakes, what unhappiness you have caused me.

When I saw Jessie she was delighted at the snow because it afforded excellent opportunity for a sleigh ride.

A number of the neighbors had already determined upon driving over to a certain place, where they could obtain a supper, and have a dance. Jessie was in high glee, and proposed that I should drive her over.

I agreed.

We were to start at four o'clock. So at the hour I drove up at Jessie's door. Jessie was all ready. I handed her into the sleigh, wrapped the buffalo robes snugly around her, jumped in myself, and away we dashed madly and merrily along.

The air was so exhilarating and bracing that I made bridges spring up at unexpected places, and took toll at all.

Just as we turned a bend in the road we saw a sleigh ahead of us, jogging along at a slow and sober rate.

Jessie laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked. "I was thinking what fun it would be if we could upset that sleigh."

"Shall we try?"

Jessie nodded.

I whipped up the horse, and we started off at a faster gait than ever. We were near the sleigh now, and in another moment I should be enabled to trip over an embankment.

"Now for it," said I.

Jessie clenched her teeth, and her eyes twinkled roguishly, the moment the opposition sleigh was overtaken, and the driver was sprawling in the snow.

"Ha, ha, ha," rang Jessie's laugh, and I turned round to see who it was we had overturned. It was Jessie's father.

I did not enjoy myself much the rest of that day. Jessie laughed at the idea of upsetting her father, and thought it capital sport.

I went to my hotel that night with a heavy heart.

The next day I called upon old Morton to apologize for the accident of the day before, but he would not listen to a word, and declared I had overturned him on purpose, and forbade me ever to enter his house again.

Here was a pretty state of things, for a fellow who wanted to marry the old boy's daughter.

Mr. Morton declared that all people who lived in cities were rascals; refused me his daughter, and commanded her never to write, or hold communication with me in any way whatever.

I am unhappy; Jessie Morton is lost to me forever.

Love and Law.

William Bennett, the young man who was arrested on Monday evening last, in Brooklyn, for theft, was taken yesterday before Justice Walsh. Mr. A. D. Owens and wife, instead of starting homeward, remained and appeared against Bennett.

All of the peculiar and interesting facts of the case were then developed. It appears that Mr. Owens and his wife Kitty are known throughout the State of Ohio as "Jim Fiske and his wife," and they are engaged in buying and selling scrap iron, traveling through the country with a wagon for that purpose. In the month of May, 1876, the business was in such a prosperous condition that they decided to employ a driver. The prisoner, Bennett, was engaged, and remained in their employ until the 21st of August, when he absconded, carrying with him a watch and chain and \$40 in money. In an old coat which he left behind him Mrs. Owens found the card of W. F. Martin, hatter, No. 693 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and as she had heard Bennett speak of Martin as his bosom friend, it was decided that she should write and ask for information concerning Bennett. An answer was soon received from the prisoner himself.

Mrs. Owens then wrote another letter, under the advice of her husband, telling Bennett they had been robbed by some farmer on the road, and that she was very sorry he had left their company, as she thought a great deal of him. Several letters were afterward exchanged between them. Mrs. Owens, with the approval of her husband, planning an elopement with Bennett, and telling him she disliked her husband, and when they eloped, she would secure \$1,000 of her husband's money. Mrs. Owens was to meet Bennett in Brooklyn. She arrived in that city on Monday evening last, in company with her husband. They wended their way to the Police Central office, where they related their story to Inspector Waddy. Under the advice of that official, Mrs. Owens proceeded to Martin's hat store, and inquired for Bennett, her husband and a detective remaining outside. Martin informed her that Bennett was at the Park Theatre, and he would escort her there. Bennett was soon found among the audience, and their meeting was a pleasant one. They came out on the street, and walked toward Fulton Ferry together. When in the vicinity of the First Precinct Station-house the detective arrested Bennett. Bennett, yesterday, pleaded guilty to the charge, and was sentenced by Judge Walsh to six months in the penitentiary.

—N. Y. Herald.

LEIBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF, FRESH SALMON PICKLED & CANNED CLAMS, LOBSTERS, PEAS, CORN, BEANS, OYSTERS, &c., &c.

In fact, anything and everything that is ordinarily needed, Respectfully soliciting a call, I remain, I. N. BULLARD.

BILLINGS STROUD.

GENERAL

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENT,

Montrose, Pa.

Capital Represented, \$100,000,000.

FIRE

Fire Association of Phil., Capital & Assets, \$3,500,000
Insurance Co. of N. A., Phil., 5,000,000
Pennsylvania Fire, Phil., 1,000,000
Ins. Co. of the State of Penn., 700,000
Lancaster of Lancaster, Pa., 6,000,000
Lancaster of Lancaster, Pa., 400,000
Newton of Newton, 150,000
Home Ins. Co., N. Y., 6,000,000
National, 450,000
Commercial Fire, 450,000
Fairfield Fire Ins. Co. South Norwalk, Conn., 325,000
Atlas Royal Canadian, of Montreal, Canada, 1,200,000
Liverpool, London & Globe, 27,000,000
Providence Washington, of Providence, R. I., 600,000
Trade Ins. Co. Camden, N. J., 270,000
Patterson Fire Ins. Co. Patterson, N. J., 340,000

LIFE

Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co., Assets, \$40,000,000
American Life, Phil., \$5,000,000

ACCIDENT.

Travelers Ins. Co., Hart., Capital and Surplus \$3,000,000
Railway Passengers, \$500,000

The undersigned has been well known in this county for the past 30 years, as an Insurance Agent. Losses sustained by his Companies have always been promptly paid.

Office upstairs, in building east from Banking Office of Wm. H. Cooper & Co., Turnpike street.

BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.

CHARLES H. SMITH, Office Managers.
AMOS NICHOLS, S. LANGDON, Solicitor.

Montrose, Jan. 5, 1876.

NEW ARRANGEMENT:

The People's Drug Store.

I. N. BULLARD, PROPRIETOR.

R. KENYON, Druggist & Apothecary.

PATENT MEDICINE EMPORIUM!

The undersigned would respectfully announce to all the people everywhere, that to his already extensive stock and variety of Merchandise in the Grocery, Provision and Hardware line.

He has added a very choice assortment of PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, &c., which he flatters himself he can assure the public they will find it to their advantage to examine before purchasing elsewhere. To all Physicians in this section of the county he would respectfully announce that he has secured the services of R. Kenyon as Druggist and Apothecary, whose long experience and acknowledged care and ability, entitle him to your entire confidence in the line of compounding medicines or preparing prescriptions, and who would also esteem it an especial favor to receive calls from any of his old customers or new ones. Will make the Patent Medicine specialty. Also Domestic and Foreign Mineral Waters—an extensive stock. Also fine Groceries—

in fact, anything and everything that is ordinarily needed, Respectfully soliciting a call, I remain, I. N. BULLARD.

Montrose, Sept. 9, 1874—1st.

POWDER! POWDER! POWDER!

Blasting, Rifle and Shot Powder, Shot, Lead, Gun Tubes, Caps, Pouches, Flasks, Fuse, &c.,

&c., &c., for sale by I. N. BULLARD.

Montrose, Sept. 9, 1874—1st.

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, SHINGLE AND LATH CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Planing, Matching, Mouldings, and Scroll Sawing done to order.

WAGON, CARRIAGES & SLEIGH,

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.

C. E. UPTEGROVE

Wishes to inform the public that he has made such a

REDUCTION IN PRICES ON WORK,

as to meet the pressure of

HARD TIMES.

MEN'S Fine Boots and Shoes \$1 less per pair, and repairing in the same ratio.

*This only guaranteed for money down.

C. E. UPTEGROVE, Agt.

Montrose, Feb. 14, 1877.

MONEY TALKS!

These are prices

THAT HURT

(not the customer.)

but other dealers who find fault because it spoils their profits. They assert that I cannot sell goods at prices named, these prices are not for me, 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
Basket worsted suits	10.00
Finest plush cassimere suits	11.00
English Diagonal suits	12.00
French basket suits	12.00
All wool Broad cloth coats	7.50
Heavy sheep's gray overcoats	4.50
Chinchilla overcoats	7.00
Fur Beaver overcoats	11.00
Fine diagonal overcoats	12.00
Union Beaver overcoat	7.00
French Beaver overcoats	12.00

Boys' Clothing—3 to 10 years.

Heavy mixed school suits	3.50
Cassimere suits	4.00
Diagonal and basket suits	4.50
Stout overcoats	4.50
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	7.50
Chinchilla overcoats	6.00
Beaver and Fur Beaver overcoats	8.00
Cape and Ulster overcoats	7.50

Youths' Clothing 16 years to men's sizes.

Good undershirt or drawers	25
Good knit jackets	25
Good wool shirts	1.00
Good cotton socks	15
Cloth covered folded end collars	15
And all other goods in proportion.	

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.

TARBELL HOUSE,

MONTROSE, PA.

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

INSPECTED BY THE HEALTH OFFICER.

Montrose, Jan. 10, 1877.

J. S. TARBELL, Prop.

Montrose, Jan. 10, 1877.

BINGHAMTON

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P. A. HOPKINS & SONS, PROPRIETORS

No. 41 Court Street, 2d Floor, Binghamton, N. Y.

ALL STYLES OF BINDING

AND BLANK BOLD MANUFACTURING

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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Undertaking.

The undersigned will make a Specialty business, All needing their services will be promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. & B. MATTHEWS

Friendsville, Pa., April 7, 1875.

NEW LOT OF CALLING CARDS,

AT THIS OFFICE.

Dauchy & Co.

20 LADIES FAVORITE CARDS all styles, with name 10c. Post pd. J. B. Huxford, Nassau, Rome, Co. NY

If you will agree to distribute some of our circulars we will send you a chrome in gilt frame, and a 16 page, 64 column illustrated paper, FREE for 3 months. I enclose 10 cents to pay postage. Agents wanted. KENT DALL & CO., Boston, Mass.

13-16

AGENTS 12 Elegant Oil Chromos, beautifully framed, sent by mail for \$1. Sent at sight.

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ALCOTT'S WATER-WHEEL,

Awarded the Centennial Medal, The most practical, simple, and effective. Its superior advantage at partial gate is universally acknowledged. Address:

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Will give manufacturing rights 10c

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