

Write me a Letter.

Write me a letter, my darling, Write me a letter I pray, My heart is weary with waiting All the night, and livelong day.

OUR ONLY BOARDER.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Suppose we take boarders," Meta suggested. "We own the house and don't want to sell it. But as we can neither eat it, nor wear it we must do something for food and clothing."

"But," I said, "there are only three rooms we could spare for boarders." "All double rooms!"

"Well," I said, "we will try it." So we put an advertisement in the paper, we swept, dusted and scoured till the house fairly shone; we told Margaret, our servant, that when we filled the house she should have a half-grown girl to assist her, and we waited.

We were not actually starving—oh, who were we? Well, I was Mrs. Armstrong, aged forty, recently widowed. Meta was my step-sister, orphaned in infancy, and the inmate of our home for her whole lifetime. Philip—my late husband and myself, giving her all the love we would have given children of our own, had we been blessed with them. But all my babies died in infancy.

Our house was the sole inheritance from our father, and Philip had left me a very narrow income, barely sufficient for the simplest food. For Philip—an amiable, good man, loveable beyond description, was one of those unfortunate people "who never get along." He had tried so many schemes, so many varieties of business, that I fairly shuddered at every new venture; but he died a poor man. Meta was just eighteen when we faced the world together, but already her life's romance begun, and in tribulation.

The story was brief—Gerald Wharton had been a partner in Philip's last venture, the failure of which, in spite of repeated experiences of the same kind, broke his heart. Gerald was a young man, twenty-three or four, with crisp, auburn curls, great boyish, brown eyes, teeth like milk, strong and even, tall, broad of shoulder, and full of ambition. A man to take captive any woman's heart, and he had taken Meta's; making a fair bargain by giving his own in exchange.

But—was there ever a love affair without a bit—Gerald was wholly dependent upon his uncle, a peppery individual who lived in Albany, and who was furious at the failure of Philip's castle in the air, at the money lost therein, and at the further effort, as he deemed it, to entrap his handsome heir into a match with a penniless girl.

He wrote a most angry letter to Meta, and Meta answered in the same spirit. She begged leave to inform Mr. John Wharton that she had given her affection to his nephew only after most ardent pleading, and that she had no desire to hold him to any promise made to her that would enforce his uncle's threat of disinheriting him. She was incapable of sowing dissension in any family, and she authorized Mr. Wharton to tell Gerald that she would never be his wife, unless his uncle himself requested her to renew her engagement.

Then she wandered about the house for two weeks, pale and dispirited; sent back all Gerald's letters unanswered, told me her lover should never reproach her with having begged him, and mourned her love like the tender-hearted maiden she was, until Philip's long illness and death drew her out of herself, and in her unselfish devotion to him and to me, she forgot her own misery in a great measure.

With a desire for mutual comfort, we both forced a cheerfulness we were far from feeling, and bustled about preparing for boarders, with energy and hope. But Green's Ferry—did I tell you we lived in that romantic valley?—did not seem to offer much attraction for boarders.

June passed and our rooms were still empty. We were rather disconsolate about the matter, when one morning just after the stage from Albany came in, there had an application for a room and board.

The individual who applied was the very smallest specimen of a man it was ever my good or bad fortune to encounter. He was so short, so thin, so dried up, that he reminded one of nothing so much as a little old monkey.

"Yes sir," said Margaret. "The lady who advertised for summer boarders?" "Yes sir, the same entirely!" "Can I see her?" "Indeed an' you can, sir. Walk in if ye please."

"Then I went down. My visitor wanted a double room, southern exposure, plenty of fruit, plenty of fresh milk, and some fifty other items of comfort and food.

"I'll pay twenty dollars a week," he said, "but I'll leave at one hour's notice if you don't suit me."

"Very well," I said. "I'll go back to the hotel and send up my trunk, and I'll be back to dinner. I want a good dinner, too, or I'll go back to Albany to tea."

"The horrid old thing," said Meta, who had been in the back parlor, "why didn't you send him off, sister?"

"Twenty reasons a week," I replied. "Come and help me about dinner."

"Who's that," snarled our boarder, John Carroll, when Meta came into the dining-room.

"My sister, Miss Reynolds, I answered, proud of the sweet, fair girl, whose golden hair and blue eyes were more conspicuously lovely in her mourning dress.

"H'm—young—pretty—vain of course—and a lazy piece, I don't doubt."

Meta would have retorted, but I made a figure in the air representing twenty, and she bit her lip in silence.

Every dish upon the table passed under a fire of scathing criticism but our boarder ate so heartily I did not mind his sneers, and after dinner he took himself off to his own room, and we saw no more of him until tea-time, when he attacked strawberries, cream and muffins as if he had not dined for a week.

We soon found out that his bark was worse than his bite, for he paid promptly, and was not troublesome, though he delighted to send Meta on all sorts of errands for him. He saw she disliked him, and took a grim satisfaction in making her wait upon him and keep near him.

He would listen for hours to her voice as she sang, softly patting time with his mites of wrinkled hands; he would send her all over the garden for his favorite flowers, watching her graceful figure with half closed eyes, to hide his really keen gaze. He found out what dishes she excelled in making, and called for one or another every day. He brought her dilapidated gloves to mend, and asked her to hem a set of handkerchiefs.

And all the time they keep up a most bewildering war of words, for Meta soon lost all fear of Mr. Carroll's snarling, and when he made a spiteful allusion to youth's vanity and frivolity, she retorted by references to ill-temper and fault-finding.

August was half over, and we were thinking of the probable loss of our only boarder in a short time, when he was taken very ill with rheumatic fever, brought on by sitting too late in thin clothing on the porch. He was dreadfully ill and helpless, unable to move even his fingers without agonies of pain.

It was fortunate he was so small, for I and Margaret had to lift him like a child to feed him and nurse him day and night for three long months. We did not allow Meta to take any of the laborious nursing, but Mr. Carroll craved her presence continually, and softened by suffering, gave her no sharp words, while she would have considered it actual barbarity to speak anything but gently to an old man helpless from pain.

It brought tears to my eyes very often to see how the snap of words changed to downright tenderness as Meta softly chafed the aching hands, put the food between the parched lips, with words of sympathy and affection that were perfectly sincere.

She read to him, she opened the doors and played and sang for him to hear; she brought bouquets of the choicest flowers to his bedside; she made all his favorite dishes, and thought no sacrifice of time too great if she could take from the weariness of the sick hours.

In November, when our country home looked dreary in the first fall of snow, our boarder was able to hobble down stairs, between Margaret and myself for crutches, and Meta made the sitting-room a bower of brightness to welcome him.

She was looking a little pale from so many days of anxiety, and yet she was lovely as a woman could be to my partial eyes. We had quite a feast for tea, in honor of our patient's recovery, and after tea, Mr. Carroll, drawing Meta down beside him on the sofa said to me:

"Mrs. Armstrong, what would you do if this bonnie blue-eyed maiden were to be won away from you?"

"I should miss her," I said; "but if she were to be happier, I should let her go."

"Meta," he said, and his voice was almost solemn, "would you leave your quiet country home for a splendid city mansion, where luxury reigns every day, where servants are ready to meet every order, however unreasonable, where jewels would adorn your beauty, where rich dress would be constant wear, where gaiety of every kind had only to be desired to be indulged in? Would such a life make you happy?"

A shadow crept over Meta's face, an expression of trouble into her eyes.

"I cannot tell," she said in a low tone. "I have not named all," said Mr. Carroll, and now his voice was eager, and his keen eyes glistened. "I have not mentioned the prince of this fairy vision. I have not described the husband who would watch to minister every desire, to grant every whim, devoted loving, attentive, and rich."

There was a pause after the last word, which had been uttered in low emphasis. Meta pale and trembling, did not speak. "Such a home is open to you," continued Mr. Carroll, "and one word will bring to your feet a most adoring husband."

"If he offers so much," said Meta, in a soft, sad voice, "he will want more than that."

"Only your love; he asks no more than that."

"And I have none to give!" "Non—Surely so tender a heart is not hardened against love?"

"No, but all mine was given long ago.—There is not one throb of pure love that is left for me to promise."

The tears fell fast as my sister spoke, and she stooped, pressed a kiss upon the withered hand that would have enriched her, and left the room.

"Tell me the story," Mr. Carroll said, after she was gone, and I told him.

"You think she still loves Gerald Wharton?" he asked.

"I am sure of it."

"And a rich old man may not hope ever to supplant him?"

"I am sure of that too. And yet Meta loves you too well to feel happy if she gives you pain."

"H'm! yes! a sort of a daughter's affection for a feeble old fellow, who is fond of her. Well, well, 'tis a strange world. Can you keep a secret?"

"I think so."

"Then be eyes and hands for me long enough to write a letter. I cannot manage a pen yet. And promise you will not speak of it until I give you permission."

I promised and wrote the letter. It consisted of only three lines:

"I have been dangerously ill, and wish to see you immediately. Come to me at address of this letter, by return train."

I sealed and directed this epistle, and left Mr. Carroll to his meditations. It was not long before Meta stole in softly, and opening the piano, pleaded for pardon for any pain she had inflicted, in the sweetest of music, though she did not trust her voice to sing.

The next day our boarder was much better, and after dinner, sent Meta to a dairy some distance from home, to buy pot cheese from a woman famous for the preparation of that article. Dusk was creeping over us when she returned, cold and rasy, from her long walk in the sharp air.

She came at once to the sitting-room, where Mr. Carroll was watching for her, and I was sewing quietly.

"Did you get the cheese?" asked the old gentleman.

"Not one crumb! But I am promised some in the morning."

"It was a cold walk to take for an old man's whim."

"I do not regret it, but am sorry I was not successful."

"Meta—Meta, think once more of what I said to you yesterday. Can you not think more favorable of the home of which I told you?"

"No," very softly shrinking from giving pain.

"Not if the devoted husband awaiting you were to plead more eloquently than I can? Listen at least to his plea."

And from the next room, where we had hidden him, Gerald came with outstretched arms to plead his own cause. There was a few moments of quiet ecstasy, during which I sewed through a mist of happy tears, and our boarder blew his nose noisily.

Then he spoke:

"Yes, my dear, this is the husband I mentioned, my nephew. My full name is John Carroll Wharton, and this scapegrace is my heir! When I found no threats of mine could shake his constancy, I resolved to visit the home of his lady-love, and see if I was a prejudiced old wretch after all. You wrote to me once that you would never marry Gerald unless at my solicitation. My dear, please for my sake, take pity upon his love-lorn condition, and exchange his dolorous sighs for smiles. Marry him, Meta, and let me still have a corner in that home you rejected so decidedly yesterday, but over which I hope to-day, you will consent to preside."

And Meta consented, going to Albany to live with Gerald, his happy, honored wife, but no less the pride and joy of that eccentric individual, our only boarder.

Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly inter-upted by the most trivial present vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest on the far horizon.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is levying taxes on the next. Future ages shall be famous to all posterity; whereas their time and thoughts shall be taken up about present things, as ours are now."

A sanctimonious shopkeeper said once, that he had hard work to get rid of his Sunday customers in time for divine service. He began with Satan, and then pretended to end with God! The true Christian dares not sin for the sake of gain.

Though a Christian does not desire to exhibit what he is in an ostentatious manner, yet as the sun cannot help its brightness, and as the stars are unable to keep back their lustre, so likewise the child of God must shine.

Send the child you love most on a journey (to save him from being spoiled by indulgence).

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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.

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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, 1875.

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Montrose, Pa. Capital Represented, \$100,000,000!

FIRE Fire Association of Phil., Capital & Assets, \$ 8,500,000 Insurance Co. of N. A., Phil., " 5,000,000 Pennsylvania Fire, Phil., " 1,700,000 Ins. Co. of the State of Pennsylv., " 700,000 Lycoming of Manu., Pa., " 6,000,000 Lancaster of Lancaster, " 400,000 Home Ins. Co., N. Y., " 6,000,000 National, " 450,000 Commercial Fire " 400,000 Fairchild & Fire Ins. Co. South Norwalk, Conn., " 325,000 Atlas, " 500,000 Royal Canadian of Montreal, " 1,200,000 Liverpool, London & Globe, of Liverpool, Eng., " 37,000,000 Providence Washington, of Providence, R. I., " 800,000 Trade Ins. Co. Camden, N. J., " 200,000 Patterson Fire Ins. Co. Patterson, N. J., " 340,000

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The undersigned has been known in this country for the past 20 years, as an Insurance Agent. Losses sustained by his Companies have always been promptly paid.

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 a few of his old customers or new ones. Will make the Patent Medicines specialty. Also Domestic and Foreign Mineral Waters—an extensive stock. Also fine Groceries—

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

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C. & A. CORTESY, MERCHANT TAILORING

AND DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, FAN Y GOODS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, Hair Goods, Ribbons, Perfumery And Notions, —ALSO— A FULL LINE OF CLOTHS AND CASIMERES FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, NO. 21 COURT STREET, BINGHAMTON, N. Y. CARLOS CORTESY, ANTHONY CORTESY. April 25, 1877. 17-17

MONEY TALKS! 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 a bait, but are genuine and will be fulfilled in every particular. Call and see for yourselves.

WEBSTER The Clothier's PRICE LIST FOR FALL & WINTER 1876-7.

Good heavy business suits \$ 7.00 Diagonal silk mixed suits 8.50 Heavy cassimere suits 10.00 Basket worsted suits 10.00 Fancy plaid 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 Chinilla overcoats 4.50 Fur Beaver overcoats 1.50 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 5.50 Diagonal and basket suits 6.00 Heavy every-day overcoats 3.75 Chinilla overcoats 3.50 Beaver and Fur Beaver overcoats 1.50 Cape and Ulster overcoats 7.50

Youths' Clothing 16 years to men's sizes. Good undershirt or drawers 2.00 Good knit jacket 2.00 Good wool shirts 1.00 Good cotton socks 12 Doth covered folded end collars 12 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.

NEW STORE. B. B. LYONS & CO.

Have opened a store in BIRCHARDVILLE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, TRUNKS & SACHELS, PAPER HANGINGS, FLOUR & SALT, BOOTS & SHOES, RUBBERS, and most kinds of goods that are wanted.

Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines, &c. All are invited to call and see how well they can do by buying of J. WESLEY HUBBARD. Birchardville, Pa., Dec. 20, 1876.

CORRECTION!

Honor has it that having been elected County Treasurer for the ensuing three years, I am to discontinue my Insurance business. Said HONOR is UNTRUE, and without foundation, and while thanking you for kindness, and appreciation of good Insurance in the past, I ask a continuance of your patronage, promising that all business entrusted to me shall be promptly attended to. My Companies are all sound and reliable, as witnessed by who have met with losses during the past ten years at my Agency. Read the List!

North British and Mercantile, Capital \$10,000,000 Queens of London, " 2,000,000 Old Franklin, Philadelphia, Assets, 3,500,000 Old Continental, N. Y., " nearly 3,000,000 Old Phoenix of Hartford, " 2,000,000 Old Hanover, N. Y., " 1,000,000 Old Farmers, York, " 1,000,000

I also represent the New York Mutual Life Ins. Co. of over 30 years standing, and assets over \$30,000,000—Also the Masonic Mutual Benefit Association of Pennsylvania.

Get an Accidental Policy covering all accidents, in the Hartford Accident Ins. Co. Policies written from one day to one year. Only 25 cents for a \$5,000 Policy. Please call or send word, when you take a life. Very respectfully, HENRY C. TYLER. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 19 1876.—17

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