MONTROSE, PA., MAY 16, 1877.

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

- I saw him standing in the crowd-A comely youth and fair ! There was a brightness in his eye,
- A glory in his hair ! I saw his comrades gaze on him-His comrades standing by. I heard them whisper each to each: "He never told a lie!"
- I looked in wonder on that boy, As he stood there so young; To think that never an untruth Was uttered by his tongue. I thought of all the boys I'd known—
- Myself among the fry -And knew of none that one could say; "He never told a lie!"
- I gazed upon the youth with awe That did enchain me long; 1 had not seen a boy before So periect and so strong. And with a something of regret I wished that he was I, So they might look at me and say: "He never told a lie!"
- I thought of questions very hard For boys to answer right: "How did you tear those pantaloons !" "My son! what caused the fight?" "Who left the gate ajar last night?"
- "Who bit the pumpkin pic?"
 What boy could answer all of these. And never tell a lie?
- I proudly took him by the hand— My words with praise were rife; I blessed that boy who never told A falsehood in his life; I told him I was proud of him-
- A fellow standing by Informed me that that boy was dumb Who never told a lie!

THE FIRST CLOUD.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"TT was to meet such difficulties a L this that tontines—" "Bother!"

I wrote the first sitting at my desk, and said the last aloud, impatiently well, there, angrily—for Mattie had bounced into the room, run to the back of my chair, and clapped her hands over stay."

my eyes, exclaiming:
"O, Dick, what a shame! And you promised to come up and dress!"

"I do wish you would not be so childish!" I cried, snatching away her hands. "There's a blot you've made on my manu-

"Don't be so cross, sir!" she said, laughing, as she gave a waltz round the room, making her pretty silk dress whisk over one of the light chairs, which she merrily picked up, and then, coming to my writing table, she took a rose out of a basket of flowers, and began to arrange and was gone. it in her hair.

"I'm not cross," I said, coldly, "but engaged in a serious work of a mercantile and momentary nature. You seem to think men ought always to be butter-

"No, I don't, Dick, dear," she cried. "There, will that do?"

She held her head on one side for me to see the creamy rose nestling in her crisp dark hair; but, after a glance at it, I let my eyes fall upon my desk, and went angry self, as I feit that I was, asking on writing my pamphlet. I saw that she how I could let a feeling of annoyance was looking wistfully at me, but I paid no heed, and then she came and rested her hands upon 'my shoulders.'

"Are you cross with me. Dick?" she said, softly.

"Cross? no!" I jerked out, impatiently. "Only I thought I had married a

utes, only broken by the scratching of of the cosy fire, threw myself into it, "The calculations arrived at by the pro- glowing embers. jectors of tontines"-"Richard Marlow, wonderfully disposed to turn round, stayed." snatch the little graceful figure to my breast, and kiss away the tears that I knew were gathering in her eyes.

not do it—only went on glumly writing she would be. for I was cross, worried and annoyed. I had set myself a task that necessitated constant application, and I was not get- lieve it, and at last I sat there calling ting on as I could wish; so, like many myself ass, idiot, blind, madman, to plant more weak-minded individuals of the as I had, the first seeds of what might male sex, instead of asking for the com- grow into a very upas-tree of dissension, fort and advice of my wife, I visited my disappointment upon the first week object at hand, and that object was the lady

"Please, Dick, dear, don't be angry with me. I can't help feeling very young ly, and ask her forgiveness." and girlish, though I am your wife. I do try, Ol so hard, to be womanly; but said. "Will it not be weak?"

said, scornfully, just as if some sour to do than own one's self in the wrong. spirit were urging me on to say biting, Life's too short to blur it with petty sarcastic things, that I knew would pain quarrels. And suppose she were taken the poor girl; but, for the life of me, I ill to-night-my darling, whom I love could not help it.

There was no answer—only a little went too near the fire, and her dress sigh—and the hands were withdrawn. I went on writing—rubbish that I knew | Thank goodness, she is in silk, and not

I should have to cancel. · "Had you not better get ready, Dick?" I sat on, musing and musing, till sudsaid Mattie, softly. "You said you would denly there was a buzz outside the house,

Wilsons won't like it if we are late. "Hang the Wilsons!" I growled. There was another pause, filled up by there was a glow which lighted up the ing so weak?"

"Only to wait for you, Dick, dear," she

replied. "You need not wait. Go on. I shan't come. Say I've a headache—say any thing.

"Dick, are you unwell?" she said tenderly, as she came behind me once more, and rested her little hands on my shoulder.

"Yes—no. Pray, don't bother! Go on. Perhaps I'll come and fetch you. There was another pause.

"Dick, dear. I'd rather not go without you," she said, meekly, at last.

"And I'd rather you did go without me," I said, angrily. "The Wilsons are our best friends, and I won't have them slighted."

"Then why not come, Dick, dear?" said the little woman, and I could see that she was struggling bravely to keep down the tears.

"Because I've no time for such trivolity. There, you've wasted enough of

my time already, so go."

Scratch, scratch, went that exasperating pen, as I went on writing more stuff to cancel, and yet too weak and angry to leave off like a sensible man, run up and change my things, and accompany my little wife to the pleasant social gathering a few doors lower down our road.

She had been looking forward to the visit as a treat. So had I till that gloomy flt came over me; but as I had taken the steps already made, I felt that I could not retreat without looking foolish; so I acted with that usul wisdom displayed by man under such circumstances, and made matters worse.

"Did you hear me say that I wished you to go alone?" I said angrily.

"Yes, yes, Dick, dear, I'll go, if you wish," Mattie said, very meekly; "but, indeed, I'd far rather stay at home."

"You are desired to go; you have a rose in your hair," I said, satirically-O, what poor satire, when it was put there to please me — "and they expect yon; so now go—and enjoy-yourself," I added by way of a sting to my sensible speech. "I can't enjoy myself, Dick," she said, gently, "unless you come two. Let me

"I desire you to go!" I exclaimed, banging my fist down on the desk.

She looked at me with 'the great tears standing in her pitious eyes, and then, coming nearer, she bent over me and kissed my forehead.

"Will you come and fetch me, Dick?" she said, softly.

"Yes-no-perhaps-I don't know," I said, roughly, as I repelled her caresses; and then, looking wistfully at me, she went slowly to the door, glided out, the staircase through the flame and smoke, Lycoming of Mauncy, Pa.

from my seat, but more angry than ever. | nace. I was wroth with her now for obeying me so meekly, and I gently opened the door, to hear her call the maid and tell her to accompany her as far as the Wil-

Then I heard them go—heard the girl return, the door close, and I was alone. Alone? Well, not exactly; for, so to speak, I was having an interview with my act upon my better nature, and make me behave as I did to the sweet little girlish being who, during the six months we had been married, had never looked at me but with the eyes of love.

"Change your things and go after her," something seemed to say; but I repelled woman, and she has turned out to be a it, threw my writing aside, kicked off my boots, snatched my slippers out of the There was silence then for a few min- sideboard, thrust the easy-chair in front my pen. The little hands twitched a and then with my feet in the fender, and little as they lay upon my shoulder, and my hands in my pockets, I sat morose, I very nearly wrote down instead of bitter, and uncomfortable, gazing at the

"She had no business to go!" I exhow can you be such a disagreeable claimed. "She knew I was up all last wretch?" But, of course, I did not night, writing that abominable book, write it—only thought—and then I felt and was out of sorts, and ought to have

Then I reviewed the past half hour, and grew calmer as I leaned back, knowing as I did, and well, that I had forced Somehow, or another, though, I did her to go, poor child, and how miserable

"She'll forget it amongst all those people," 1 said, bitterly; but I did not beand blight the whole of our married

"Poor little darling!" I said, at last I'll wait up till she comes home, and then tell her how sorry I am for my fol-

"But, as a man, can I do that?" I "Never mind," I exclaimed, "I'll do Dick, dear, I'm only eighteen and a half." Never mind," I exclaimed, "I'll do "Thirteen and a half, I should say," I it. Surely, there can be no braver thing with all my heart? Or, suppose she

caught alight? There, how absurd!

in one of those fly-away muslins!" come when I went up stairs, and the and then the rush of feet. I fancied I heard the word "Fire!" repeated again and again, and, turning to the window.

the scratch, scratch, of one of the noisiest | whole place. the scratch, of one of the noisiest pens I ever used; and another little sigh.

Matthe was standing close behind me, but I did not look round, and at last she glided gently to a chair and sat down.

What are you going to do?" I said, round, the Wilsons.

Whole place.

I dashed down stairs, and out of the while they rested there, I made a vow I hope I shall have strength to keep; for and, to my horror, I had not taken a dozen steps before I found that it was at our friends, the Wilsons.

At last, when I was free, I took the Montrose, May 2, 1877.

A SSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

A. N. Bullard having assigned all his estate while they rested there, I made a vow I hope I shall have strength to keep; for indebted by book account or otherwise are requested to make immediate settlement, and all having claims invent the false.

At last, when I was free, I took the Montrose, May 2, 1877. our friends, the Wilsons.

the road.

It was quite time, for the house as I reached it was blazing furiously, the flames darted out in long firey tongues pamplet. from half the upper windows, while at several there were people crying piteously for help.

I fought my way through the crowd, and tried to run up to the house, but half a dozen officious people held me back; while the men with the fire-escape tried to rear it against the house; but it would not reach because of the garden in front, so they had to get the wheels of the escape over the iron-railings, and this caused great delay.

"Let me go!" I panted, to those who held me. "Let me go! Some one—some one in the house."

"You can't do any good, sir," said a policeman, roughly. "The escape men will do all they can."

But I struggled frantically, and got loose, feeling all the while a horrible, despairing sensation, as I knew that my poor darling was one of the shrieking suppliants for help at the upper windows. and that but for my folly I might have

As I freed myself from those who held me, and run to the escape, it was to find that the man who had ascended it had just been beaten back by the flames.

"It's no good," he said; " we must try the back." He was about to drag the machine

away, when I heard my name called. "Dick! Dick!" in pitious tones; and as I was once more seized, I shook myself free, rushed up the ladder, with the flames scorching and burning my face, and, panting and breathless. I reached a window where Mattie stood stretching out her hands.

I got astride of the sill, the flames being wafted away from me, and threw my arms around her; but as I did so, the ladder gave way, burned through by the flames that gushed furiously from the lower window, and I felt that I must either jump, or try and descend by the staircase.

There was no time for thinking; so I climed in, lifted Mattie in my arms, feelher dress crumble in my hands as I touched her, and the horrible odor of burnt hair rose in my nostrils, as I saw Capital Represented, \$100,000,000 her wild and blackened face turned to

"Dick!, Dick!" she gasped, "save me!" and then she fainted.

the house as in my own, and making for Ins. Co. of the State of Pennsylnd was gone.

I reached it in safety; but below me, was Lancaster of Lancaster, Newton of Newton, Home ins. Co., N.Y.,

I recoiled for a moment, but it was my Fairfield Fire Ins. Co. South only hope, and I recalled that the lower Atlas floor was yet untouched by the fire. it Royal Canadian, of Montreal, was the one beneath me that was blazing Liverpool, London & Globe, so furiously.

So, getting a good tight grip of my treasure, I rushed down the burning stairs, feeling them crackle and give way as I bounded from one to the other.

It was a fiery ordeal; but in a few seconds I was below the flames, and reached the hall, where, panting and suffocating, I struggled to the door, reashed it, and

If I could but open it, I knew we were saved. But I was exhausted, and the hot to strangle me. I raised my hand to the lock, but it fell back. I beat feebly at the door, but there was only the roar of flames to answer me; and as I made one more supreme effort, panting and struggling to reach the fastening, I was as it were dragged back by the weight of the burden I still clasped to my breast.

It was more than human endurance could bear, and I felt that the end was near; and to make my sufferings more poignant, Mattie seemed to revive, struggle with me for her life, as she kept repeating my name, and clung to me till— "Dick-dear Dick! wake; pray wake!

are you ill?" I started up to find Mattie clinging to me; and clasping her tightly to my heart, a great sob burst from my breast as I kiesed her again and again, hardly able to believe my senses.

"O, Dick," she panted, "you did frighten me so ! I couldn't stay to sup per at the Wilsons, dear; for I could do nothing but think about your sitting here, alone, and cross with me. So-so -so, I was so miserable, Dick, and I slipped away, and came home, to find you lying back here, panting and struggling; you wouldn't wake when I shook you. Were you ill.

"O, no; not at all," I said, as I kissed her again and again, feeling now for the first time sensible of a smarting pain in

"You've burnt yourself, too, Dick; look at your foot."

It was quite true; the toe of one slipper must have been in contact with the fire: and it was burned completely off. "But, Dick-dear Dick," she whis-

pered, nestling closer to me, "are you very very angry with your little wife for being such a girl?" I could not answer, only thank God

that my week fit of folly was past, as f clasped her closer and closer yet. "Mattie," I whispered, at last, in a very husky voice, "can you forgive me for be-

I could say no more for the hindrance

The state of the second of the

There was no engine, but a crowd of rose from where it nestled in her hair excited people, talking eagerly; and just and placed it in my pocket-book; while, then the fire escape came trundling along in answer to the enquiring eyes that were bent on mine, I merely said:

"For a memento of a dreadful dream." By the way, I never finished that

MONTROSE

MILI

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

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where will be kept constantly on hand. A full stock of

W HITE AND YELLOW PINE, HEMLOK, OAK, ASH, MAPLE AND BLACK WALNUT LUMBER,

which, with the aid of the most improved machiney 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.

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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.

BILLINGS STROUD.

GENERAL

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT

Montrose, Pa. DRY GOODS,

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Providence Washington, of
Providence, R. 1.,

Trade Ins. Co. Camden, N. J.

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> LIFE. Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co., Assetts

340,000

ACCIDENT. air caught me by the throat and seemed Travelers Ins. Co., Hart., Capital and Surplus \$3,000,000 Railway Passengers Theundersignedhasbeen we.lknowninthiscounty, for

the past 20 years, as an Insurance Agent. Losses sustained by his Compainies have always been promptly paid. Office of Wm. H. Cooper & Co., Turnpike street.

BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.

CHARLES H. SMITH, Office Managers. amos nichols,

Montrose. Jan. 5, 1876.

I. N. BULLARD, PROPRIETOR.

R. KENYON Druggist & Apothecary.

PATENT MEDICINE EMPORIUM

The undersigned would respectfullyaunounce to al

the people everywhere, that to his already extensiv-stock and variety of Merchandise in the Grocery, Pro-vision, and Hardware line. vision, 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 Physiciaus in this section of the county he would respectfully announce that he hassecured the services of R. Kenyon, as Druge is tand A not becary, whose long experience and 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 rustomers or new ones. Will make the Patent Mediness specialty. Also Domestic and Foreign Mineral Waters—an extensive stock. Also fine Groceries—

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

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-tf.

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TEN CENTS A POUND

are the prices of clothing now offered by Webster, the clothier of Binghamton.

The prices are much less than they were twenty years ago, and probably lower than they will be again alter this season.

Just see what a little money will buy. MEN'S CLOTHING.

Boys' Clothing—4 to 10 years. Cottonade suits \$ 1.50

Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years. Cottonade suits

Wool mixed suits
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Basket and diagonal suits For Boys—15 years to Men's sizes. The same kinds and styles as men's goods, at about 25 per cent. less in prices.

These prices are offered only as an inducement to cash buyers and those from a distance. It will pay you to come for. ty miles to buy your spring and summer clothing at these figures.

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C. H. WEBSTER, JR. 62 and 64 Court Street. Binghamton, N. Y. May 16, 1877.

NEW STORE.

Have opened a store in

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GROCERIES,

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PAPER HANGINGS. FLOUR & SALT,

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that are wanted. Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines, &c.

All are invited to call and see how well they can do by buying of

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Birchardville, Pa., Dec. 20, 1876tf. ORRECTION 1

Rumor has it that having been elected County Trest-ner for the ensuing three years. I am to discontinue my Insurance busines. Said RUMOR is UNTRUE, and without foundation, and while thanking you for kind-ness, and appreciation of good Insurance in the past, I

\$10,000,000 2,000,000 nearly 3,000,000 2,000,000 1,600,000

Montrose, Pa., Jan .19 1876.—tf

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COLORED ALPACAS, NEW STYLE OF PRINTS. SHAWLS, WATER-PROOFS, FLAN-NELS, BALMORAL, AND HOOP SKIRTS, VELVETS, HOSIERY,

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In great variety, and will be sold on the most favorable terms, and lowest prices. H. BURRITT. New Milford, May 1st, 1875.—tf.

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Old Phænix of Hartford, Old Farmers, York, I also represent the New York Mutual Life Insurance of over 30 years standing, and assets over \$30,000,000.—Also, the Masonic Mutual Benefit Association of Pens-S. LANGDON, Solicitor. TEW ARRANGEMENT!

The 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 \$3,000 Policy. Please call or send word, when you take a trip Very respectfully.

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