

HANS AND FRITZ.

Hans and Fritz were two Dutchers who lived side by side; Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride; With their pretzles and beer the spare moments were spent;

And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day.

And, lacking a part of the Geld—as they say—Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan;

To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,

And gave the required amount to his friend;

Remarking—his own simple language to quote—“Perhaps it was better we made us a note.”

The note was drawn up in their primitive way

“I Hans, gets from Fritz teenty tollars to-day”

When the question arose, the note being made,

“Vich von holds dot baper until it vos paid?”

“You geeps dot,” says Fritz, “und der you will know

You owes me dot money,” says Hans: “Dot ish so;

Dot makes me remember I haf dot to pay,

Und I prings you der note und der money some day.”

A month had expired when Hans, as agreed,

Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.

Says Fritz, “Now dot settles us.” Hans replies, “Yaw;

Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?”

“I keeps dot, now, ain't it?” says Fritz: “den you see

I always remembers you paid dot to me,”

Says Hans, “Dot ish so, it vos now shust so bluin

Dot I know vot to do ven I borrows again.”

BIRDIE'S LOVE.

BY JENNIE STERLING.

HERMAN Berthold's fine mansion overlooking the Hudson was as grand and stately as a palace. It was magnificently furnished with curiously-carved antique furniture, and its walls were hung with the portraits of the aristocratic Bertholds of past generations.

In the distance lay the village, with its one white spire tipped with sunshine, outlined by a blue line of hills.

On a fine summer's day it was a scene of picturesque beauty—the breezes whispered and the birds gossiped among the branches of the venerable oak trees—one majestic “lord of the woods” shaded the favorite sitting-room windows of the golden-haired beauty, Birdie Berthold.

And a very womanly, charming girl was Birdie, as she stood leaning over the balcony, shading her eyes with her jeweled hands. Presently hearing the sharp canter of a horse she passed quickly out through the hall into the room below, where an old man lay sleeping, then she ran around the piazza reaching the front just in time to meet a young man who was sauntering up the broad avenue.

“Winsome Birdie,” he whispered, “as she extended her hand in welcome, “you are not angry with me? I love you so, this is my excuse.”

“Grandfather is quietly sleeping, we will not disturb him. I will take you to my quiet nook, where you can enjoy a view of our beautiful Rhine,” she replied, leading the way to a quiet little summer house overlooking the river.

The young man seated himself beside her, and with an earnest face, with something more than beauty in his dark, gray eyes, looking tenderly at his companion.

“May I venture to speak to Mr. Berthold to-day? If I felt sure that you loved me I should be equal to anything—Oh, I love you, Birdie. Just say once that you love me,” said the young man, passionately, craving for that heart food for which the soul bankers.

“Yes, yes, I do,” she replied in low tones, then she laughed at the idea, and the sound was as soft and musical as the trill of a bird's song.

“Then to-morrow I may call upon your grandfather! Pray heaven he may grant my heart's desire—but I am poor, not rich in the world's goods; remember that, with nothing to boast of but a stainless name.”

“Philip, perhaps he will not say nay, but I fear that he has already planned my future,” she said, sadly.

An hour or more passed, yet they lingered, detained by the glamour and witchery of youthful love; at last taking her hand and slipping a plain gold circlet upon her finger, her lover said gayly:

“This looks poor beside its wealthy neighbors; but if your courage fail look upon it, and think of one who, whatever may come, will win you yet. Farewell, Birdie,” and soon the echo of his horse's hoofs was heard among the hills.

The girl sank back upon the rustic seat, and with an outburst of feeling, passionately cried out:

“Oh, my heart's love—I will be true—for what is all this pride and grandeur worth if I lose thee?”

Grandfather Berthold was a German, with a genealogy belonging to an aristocratic race. He came to America for political reasons, bringing the customs and prejudices of his native land, and this fair-haired daughter of an only son, the last scion but one of a proud family.

From early girlhood it had been instilled into her mind that she was destined to wed a husband of the old man's choosing, inherit his vast wealth and maintain the glories of the Bertholds.

But what training, diplomacy or foresight can regulate a youthful beauty's heart?

At Newport she met Philip Clayton. Handsome Philip Clayton might have had his pick and choice among a number

of beautiful women, rich in mind person and purse; but he did not know it, if he had 'twould have been all the same, for he, too, lost his heart at the very first sight of Birdie.

When the heiress of the Bertholds entered the house, she went at once to her grandfather's room.

“My child,” said the old man, as she lovingly kissed his cheek, and knelt beside him, “I fear that I shall not long remain with you.”

“Oh do not say that, grandfather,” she exclaimed, catching and caressing his withered hands, with sudden remorse at having deceived her best friend.

“Birdie I see you love me, and I know 'tis not a difficult task to please those whom we love; now listen. I expect your cousin, Ernest Berthold, to-morrow. It is my wish—nay, my command, that you two should be united, and together uphold our noble name, after my death. I have also sent for Madame Rheinhardt, my truest friend, for it is necessary that you should have agreeable company, as well as consult propriety.

“Birdie, remember! if you marry Ernest, my will constitutes you joint heir of millions; failing to do so, you are left but a small legacy. Now dear child, don your most becoming robes and facinate Ernest.”

“But I have never seen him, grandfather; he is an entire stranger to me—besides he may not fancy me.”

“Tut, tut, child; I'll engage he will—now little Birdie, go chirrup early to bed and rise with bright eyes—the ship has arrived—our gallant lover is in the city and will soon be up here in the Highlands.”

But there was no warbling or trilling that night—Birdie was unusually silent.

Sure enough the morning brought Madam Rheinhardt but no Ernest, as yet—what a respite—the last sound started the girl—she must see Philip, so she wandered down into the dell, out of sight of the house, thinking to intercept him, and thus spare him the humiliation of a refusal.

Sitting hidden in the shrubbery where she could command a view of the road after a little time she saw a boy looking cautiously around. Divining with love's intuition that he had a message for her, she walked slowly toward him.

“Be you Miss Berthold, marm?” said the boy, taking off his cap instinctively at sight of her pretty face.

“That's my name,” she replied.

“Please, marm, let me look at your hand.”

She smiled and extended a plump white hand, graced by sparkling jewels and a plain gold circlet.

“All right, here it is, marm,” said he, handing her a letter.

It was from Philip.

The small boy, on his way back, performed more antics and shouted out more “hi hi's” than a city Arab, jingling the silver coin in his pocket frantically ejaculating:

“Bully gal that. I knowed she'd come down handsome! but oh my eye! wasn't she green to show them ere diamonds?”

“Dear Birdie, my own love,” the letter ran, “I am so anxious, for it is rumored that the man whom your grandfather favors is already on his way to win my darling. By marrying him you will gain a princely fortune, together with Mr. Berthold's blessing. Do you love me well enough to forgo all this, and share my humble lot. Meet me at the old trysting place, before this cousin arrives, and confirm with your own sweet lips, the precious promise you gave me yesterday. Birdie, my best treasure, you see how exacting love is.”

A tear, borne of hope and love, trickled from her violet eyes, and fell upon the paper. Her first love letter. “Philip who loves me so dearly, or Ernest with his golden mine. Which shall it be?” was the uppermost thought in her mind during the day.

Toward evening Madame Rheinhardt knocked at Birdie's door.

“Miss Berthold, Mr. Berthold wishes you to hasten your toilet, as Mr. Ernest Berthold is momentarily expected.”

Birdie became pale. How unfortunate. Hastily she wrote the following:

“Dear Philip, I am wretched, and therefore cannot meet you to-night, but comfort yourself with these true words—I love you Philip with my whole heart, and thus loving you, am content to become your wife. Let nothing whatever cause you to doubt Birdie's promise.”

This consoling epistle, by some mysterious legerdemain known to love, secretly but surely reached its destination.

“I shall be more courageous now that my word is pledged to Philip,” she thought, kissing the token on her finger, “but, oh, how I hate this disagreeable, persistent cousin. I wonder how he will act, or what he will say when disappointed?”

Slowly and unwillingly she descended the stairs, after repeated summons, accompanied by Madame Rheinhardt, her heart beating rapidly, as her grandfather, meeting her in the hall, extended his arm with courtly gallantry, and said:

“Birdie, you are looking charmingly to-night, only a trifle paler than usual—Your lover has arrived and I think will restore the roses to your cheeks. Are you afraid that you start so violently?”

He is a splendid fellow, handsome, intellectual, all that a girl could desire, worthy even of you, my pet.”

She entered the spacious parlor with eyes cast down, in a pouting, defiant mood, ready to give wordy battle, if need be with this detested stranger.

“Ernest salute your Cousin Birdie,” she heard the old gentleman say, then became conscious of an advancing step,

slowly raising her eyes, she uttered a cry of astonishment, and fell into the extended arms of Philip Clayton.

“Birdie,” said the young man tenderly, “forgive my deception;” then turning to Mr. Berthold, he continued: “Grandfather allow me to explain, for you seem surprised, sir, at the sudden change of affairs.”

“Fearing that my beautiful cousin, would be sure to hate a man forced upon her as a husband, and also desiring to know if she possessed a loyal heart or a mercenary one, I entertained the idea of winning her by my merit alone, outside of all adventitious circumstances. The result has been satisfactory. As Phillip Clayton, a poor man, unknown to fame, I have fortunately gained her love and promise, and if she is now of the same mind, as Ernest Berthold I claim her as my promised wife.”

“Children, children, you have stolen a march upon me; but I suppose all is fair in love Birdie, what do you say? Shall we have a wedding?”

“Yes, grandfather.”

POPPING THE QUESTION.

One of the Danbury young men who has occasionally escorted a young lady home on Sunday evenings, and went in for his lunch, after performing both services last Sunday night, suddenly said to her: “Do you talk in your sleep?”

“Why, no,” she answered, in surprise. “Do you walk in your sleep?” he said.

“No, sir.”

He moved his chair an inch closer, and with increased interest asked: “Do you snore?”

“No,” she hastily replied, looking uneasily at him.

At this reply his eyes fairly sparkled. His lips eagerly parted, and as he gave his chair another hitch, he briskly inquired: “Do you throw the combings into the wash basin?”

“What's that?” she asked, with a blank face.

He repeated the question, although with increased nervousness.

“No, I don't,” she answered, in haste. Again his chair went forward, while his agitation grew so great that he could scarcely maintain his place upon it, as he further asked: “Do you clean out the comb when you are through?”

“Of course I do,” she said, staring at him with all her might.

In an instant he was on his knees before her, his eyes ablaze with flame, and his hands outstretched.

“Oh, my dear Miss, I love you,” he passionately cried. I give my whole heart up to you. Love me and I will be your slave. Love me as I love you, and I will do everything on earth for you—Oh, will you take me to be your lover, your husband, your protector, your everything?”

It was a critical moment for a young woman of her years, but she was equal to the emergency, as a woman generally is, and she scooped him in.—Danbury News.

Terrors of Russian Climate.

Mr. Wallace, in his new book entitled “Russia,” states how he nearly lost his nose through the rigors of the Russian winter.

He had started from Novgorod with the intention of visiting some friends at a cavalry barracks ten miles from town, and as the sun was shining brightly when we set out, he disregarded the injunctions of his travelling companion, and neglected to provide himself with a sufficient supply of wraps. The result is thus described:

“When we had driven about three-fourths of the way, we met a peasant woman who gesticulated violently, and shouted something to us as we passed. I did not hear what she said, but my friend turned to me in an alarming tone—“we had been talking German—“Mein Gott! Ihre Nass ist abgefrohren!”

Now, the word “abgefrohren,” as the reader will understand, seemed to indicate that my nose was frozen off, so I put my hand in some alarm to discover whether I had inadvertently lost the whole or part of the member referred to. So far from being lost or diminished in size, it was very much larger than usual, and at the same time as hard and insensible as a bit of wood.

“You may still save it,” said my companion, “if you get out at once and rub it vigorously with snow.”

“I got out as directed, but was too faint to do anything vigorously. My fur cloak flew open, the cold seemed to grasp me in the region of the heart, and I fell insensible.

“How long I remained unconscious I know not. When I awoke I found myself in a strange room, surrounded by dragon officers in uniform, and the first words I heard were, “He is out of danger now, but he will have a fever.”

“These words were spoken, as I afterward discovered, by a very competent surgeon; but the prophecy was not fulfilled. The fever never came. The only bad consequences were, that for some days my right hand remained stiff, and during about a fortnight I had to conceal my nose from public view. If this little incident justifies me in drawing a general conclusion, I should say that exposure to extreme cold is an almost painless form of death, but that the process of being reanimated is very painful indeed—so painful that the patient may be excused for momentarily regretting that officious people prevented the temporary insensibility from becoming ‘the sleep that knows no waking.’”

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

W 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. Examining our work before issuing your orders elsewhere. Repairing done promptly.

A. LATHROP.

Montrose, September 29th, 1876.

BILLINGS STROUD, GENERAL

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENT,

Montrose, Pa.

Capital Represented, \$100,000,000!

Table listing various insurance companies and their assets, including Fire Association of Phil., Capital & Assets, \$3,500,000; Insurance Co. of N. A., Phil., 5,000,000; Pennsylvania Fire, Phil., 1,700,000; Ins. Co. of the State of Pennsylvania, Phila. Pa., 700,000; Lycoming of Mauney, Pa., 6,000,000; Lancaster of Lancaster, 400,000; Home Ins. Co., N. Y., 150,000; National, 6,000,000; Commercial Fire, 450,000; Fairlie's Fire Ins. Co. South Norway, Conn., 325,000; Atlas, 500,000; Royal Canadian, of Montreal, 1,200,000; Liverpool, London & Globe, of Liverpool, Eng., 27,000,000; Providence Washington, N. J., 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 \$400,000,000; American Life, Phila., \$5,000,000.

ACCIDENT

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

The undersigned has been known in this county for the past 20 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.

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.

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.

Powder! Powder! Powder!

Blasting, Rifle and Shot Powder, Shot, Lead, Gun-Tubes, Caps, Pouches, Flasks, Fuse, &c., &c., for sale by I. N. BULLARD.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

A. N. Bullard having assigned all his estate to the undersigned in trust for his creditors, all persons indebted by book account or otherwise are requested to make immediate settlement, and all having claims against the estate will please present them to

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Patrick Cary, of Apacon, having made a general assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors, all persons indebted to said Cary, are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against him to present the same duly verified to

CHEAPER THAN BUTTER 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 after this season.

Just see what a little money will buy.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Table listing men's clothing items and prices: Good cotton pants \$1.75; Stout wool mixed pants 3.00; Stout working suits 8.50; All wool business suits 8.50; All wool plaid and striped suits 8.50; Basket worked suits 10.00; Gentile silk mixed suits 11.50; Harris casimer suits 13.00; Fine diagonal suits 15.00; Fine broadcloth coats, all wool 16.00; All wool doeklin pants 4.50; A good linen coat 4.50; A good apaca coat 1.75; A good duster 1.25.

Boys' Clothing—4 to 10 years.

Table listing boys' clothing items and prices: Cottonade suits \$1.50; Satinet suits 3.25; Wool mixed suits 4.50; Fine wool suits 4.50; French worsted suits 8.00.

Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years.

Table listing boys' clothing items and prices: Cottonade suits 3.00; Satinet suits 3.50; Wool mixed suits 6.00; Plaid and striped suits 7.00; Basket and diagonal suits 8.00.

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 forty miles to buy your spring and summer clothing at these figures.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THE OLD STORE.

C. H. WEBSTER, JR. Binghamton, N. Y. May 16, 1877.

NEW STORE.

B. R. 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. 30, 1876.

CORRECTION!

Rumor has it that having been elected County Treasurer for the ensuing three years, I am to discontinue my insurance business. Said RUMOR 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 all can testify 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, 2,500,000; Old Franklin, Philadelphia, Assets, 2,500,000; Old Continental, N. Y., nearly 4,000,000; Old Phoenix of Hartford, 2,000,000; Old Hanover, N. Y., 1,600,000; Old Farmers, York, 1,000,000.

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

HENRY C. TYLER. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 19 1876.—1f

H. BURRITT, FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

Now on sale, in new DRY GOODS

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, BLACK AND COLORED, ALPACAS, NEW STYLE OF PRINTS, SHAWLS, WATER-PROOFS, FLANNELS, BALMORAL, AND HOOP SKIRTS, VELVETS, HOSIERY, HEAVY WOOL GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, PAPER HANGINGS, BUFFALO AND LAP ROBES, FURS, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, IRON NAILS, STEEL, STOVES AND GROCERIES, ETC.

In great variety, and will be sold on the most favorable terms, and lowest prices.

H. BURRITT. New Milford, May 1st, 1876.—1f.

BINGHAMTON BOOK BINDERY

P. A. HOPKINS & SONS, PROPRIETORS. No. 41 Court Street, 2d Floor, Binghamton, N. Y.

ALL STYLES OF BINDING AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Binghamton, May 3d, 1876.—3-1f.

P. J. DONLEY, FURNISHING UNDER-TAKER.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y. The latest improved Coffins and Caskets on hand.—Hearse to order. Shrouds, etc. April 10, '76.