

# The Democrat.

MONTROSE, PA., MAY 30, 1877.

## Church Rules For Ladies.

Dress hard all morning, such is fate,  
Then enter church some minutes late.  
All eyes will then be turned on you,  
And will observe your bonnet new.  
Let humble modesty wreath your face,  
And take your seat with faultless grace.  
Let all your thoughts be fixed on high,  
And re-arrange your cardinal tie.  
Think how religion's prone to bless,  
And criticize your neighbor's dress.  
Let all your heart be filled with praise,  
And notice Mrs. M—lace.  
Put from your mind all thoughts of sin,  
And re-adjust your diamond pin.  
Think of how good religion proves,  
And then smooth out your buttoned gloves.  
Catch well the precepts as they fall,  
And smooth the wrinkles in your shawl.  
Think of the sinner's fearful fate,  
And notice if your bonnet's strait.  
Pray for the influence divine—  
That lady's pasque, mark the design.  
Let tender peace possess your mind,  
And criticize that hat behind.  
Reflect on Christian graces dear,  
And fix those curls beside your ear.  
Let your heart warm with silent prayer,  
And view that horrid green silk there.  
Reflect upon the wicked's ways:  
See if your gold chain's out of place.  
Think of the peace the good shall find,  
And wonder who are sitting behind.  
Think of the burdens Christians bear,  
And notice those strange ladies there.  
The last words hear with contrite heart,  
And fix your dull back when you start.

## A HARD MAN.

It was a poor room, scantily furnished, bearing poverty's signs in the miserable fire, the pinched air of every object, and in nothing more conspicuous than the haggard, care-worn face of its only occupant. She was a woman middle-aged, but with a face that needed only health and brightness to be beautiful. Her dress of close mourning was of coarse fabric, and had no pretty coquettish about it to save its meagre look. Her hair of golden brown, waved glossy and abundant, was gathered into a knot at the back of a small, shapely head, and was as yet untouched by age or trouble.

Although her sunken eyes and hollow cheeks spoke eloquently of overwork, she was not working, but listening. The snow struck against the glass as it fell with a sharp clink that told of bitter cold; but it was not for that Mrs. Burlington held her breath almost to listen, but for footsteps that came at last. She hoped the feet would spring up the staircase, light as a fairy's, and her eyes dilated with fear as they came slowly, heavily, as if under a burden.

"Something has happened!" she whispered. "Alma has met trouble!"

The door opened as she spoke, and a girl entered, a winsome copy of her beautiful mother, upon whose fair face trouble had not yet drawn its heaviest lines. But the face was very pale as she came in, and, putting her bundle upon a chair, looked at her mother with despairing eyes.

"You have brought the bundle back, Alma," Mrs. Burlington said, in a tone of absolute terror. "Did Mrs. Thornton find fault with the work?"

The girl paused before answering, as if her news were so heavy she dared not tell it. Then, in a husky voice, she said: "The cloak is ruined, mother, and they say we did it!"

"Ruined!" cried Mrs. Burlington, tearing open the package. "Oh, Alma! child! how did that happen?"

For she held up an infant's cloak of fine white merino, embroidered heavily in white silk, daintily lined and finished, a garment fit only for the child of wealth. But across the entire back was a stain of different colors, a great unsightly blotch, that made the exquisite garment utterly valueless.

"I cannot tell you how it happened, but they say we did it! I sent the parcel up to Mrs. Thornton and waited in the hall. I heard voices in the sitting-room, at the head of the stair-case, but I could not distinguish any words, till the servant told me to go up stairs. There I found Mrs. Thornton and her daughter holding up the cloak, with that stain upon it. They scolded me, and sent the cloak back!"

"How could that stain have come there unless you dropped it?"

"Into what? A dye vat would not have given all those bright colors. I cannot tell what it is! I—I went to Mr. Vaughn, and told him exactly what had happened, and he—mother, I know he did not believe me—he said I must not come again for materials till the last bill is paid."

"How can we ever pay it with the cloak thrown back upon our hands? Thirty dollars! Oh, Alma, how often I have spent four times that upon useless trifles, and never thought of it again! Child, we must starve!"

She spoke the last words with a despairing sob, and sat down, covering her face with her shaking hands.

"I told Mr. Vaughn so, mother, but he is a hard man, just and upright, but strict. He said if he once established such a precedent as to allow his bill to increase, he would have all the embroiderers asking similar favors. Don't sob so, mother! Some way will open. Perhaps we can clean the cloak, and get a

dollar or two, when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Mr. Vaughn. Mrs. Burlington shrank back into deeper shadow as he came into the room, but Alma stood up to greet him.

"Miss Burlington," he said, abruptly, "I have just learned the truth of your trouble this morning, and have come for the cloak. You must blame a careless boy for the mishap. What were you to receive?"

"Fifty dollars, sir, of which I owe you thirty."

"Yes—yes! That can wait till the next order. You need not hurry about that."

"Oh, mother!" the girl cried, almost hugging the crisp notes, how can we thank Mr. Vaughn! The gentleman turned to the corner where Mrs. Burlington sat, and in a second advanced hurriedly towards her.

"Am I mistaken?" he cried; "or is this Edith Leecompton?"

"That was my name long ago," was the answer, in a tone of quiet dignity.

"I know now why your daughter's face always seemed so familiar. May I set down?" Blushing deeply for her own omission of such an invitation, Alma placed a chair for her visitor, and in a little time, drawn out by this respectful kindness, Mrs. Burlington had told him of her father's death, her husband's failure in business, sickness and death, and their own struggles.

"And you did not let me know," Mr. Vaughn said, reproachfully, "or, perhaps, you did not know I had left the West and settled here?"

"I was not sure that you were my old friend," said she gently, "and I would not trouble you."

"But now—you will let me be your friend, now I have found you out?"

"You have proved so already," said Alma, impulsively. "Mamma, I must tell him. We have not one cent except this," and she held up the notes he had just given her, "and we have eaten nothing since breakfast—Now oh! you do not know how we can work now!"

"And you will come to me, will you not, if I can in any way serve you?" Mr. Vaughn asked eagerly.

"I will," Alma promised.

"Then I will say good-night. I have your daughter's promise!" said the visitor, cordially shaking Mrs. Burlington's hand. Then he added in a lower tone: "Surely Heaven guided my steps to-night, Edith."

He left her then, and Mrs. Burlington wept softly, thinking of their last parting, when he had asked her to share his life, and she, worshipping James Burlington's handsome face, refused the hand of this less favored lover. Twenty-two years ago! Pride had kept her from ever seeking her old admirer when she was sure from Alma's description that the Mr. Vaughn who supplied their materials was the same Dick Vaughn who had left his old Western home after she had refused to be his wife. She told Alma that he was only an old friend, smiling softly as the girl expressed her surprise at the change in one she had considered ever strict and stern.

"He was not a bit like himself, mama, she said. "His voice was as gentle as a woman's. I should never think of calling him a 'hard man' after this evening. I think I can find something to eat if you will keep up the fire, and then we will sleep."

"Don't go far, dear. It is late, said Mrs. Burlington; and Alma promised haste. But it was the last time the girl had to face storm and darkness for food.

Dick Vaughn, found that the wan, wasted face of Edith Burlington had the same power over his matured, but empty heart, as the blooming, happy Edith Leecompton had over his youthful one. Business excuses were framed to account for frequent visits to the poor rooms, lucrative orders were sent or carried, and the sad heart of the widow brightened under the delicate thoughtful attentions of her old friend. Every day some new proof of his care for her touched her gratitude and affections, till, when the long, weary winter was over, and he asked her if she could not at last reward the love that had never turned from her, she knew that she could answer it by the true love in her own heart.

There was no display at the wedding, only a quiet walk to church, and from there to the grand house to be desolate and lonely no longer. And Mrs. Thornton's deep vexation over the fact of her brother's marriage, was only equalled by her amazement when introduced to his step-daughter.

"I—surely I have seen you before?" she said, as gracefully as possible, for after all, it was better to keep on good terms with Dick.

"Yes," said her brother, dryly, "the last time that you saw Mrs. Burlington was the day when Jennie threw the baby's cloak, she had embroidered, upon Bob's wet school map." And Alma, biting the confusion and dismay upon Mrs. Thornton's face, added gently:—"Let us forget all that now! Will you come to my room, Jennie, and take off your hat? We are cousins, are we not, and good friends?" And Jennie complied; though to this day she assures her mother: "Uncle Dick has never been just the same to me since that horrid cloak business. I have found out now what people mean when they call him a 'hard man'."

"Do new preacher is mo' larnt dan Mistuh Boles was; but Lor' bless you, Sah! he ain't got de doleful sound like Mistuh Boles had. No, indeedy!"

## 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 HITE 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.

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, 1875.

## 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., " 1,700,000	
Ins. Co. of the State of Pennsylvania, Phil., Pa. " 700,000	
Lloyds of London, Pa. " 6,000,000	
Lancaster of Lancaster, " " 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, " 500,000	
Liverpool, London & Globe, of Liverpool, Eng., " 1,200,000	
Providence Washington, of Providence, R. I., " 27,000,000	
Trade Ins. Co. Camden, N. J., " 600,000	
Patterson Fire Ins. Co. Patterson, N. J., " 270,000	
LIFE	
Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co., Assets \$40,000,000	
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.

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—

LEBIGH'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, Fuses, Flasks, Fuse, &c., &c., for sale by

I. N. BULLARD.

Montrose, Sept. 9, 1874—4f.

## ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

A. N. Bullard having assigned all his estate to the undersigned in trust for his creditors, all persons indebted to said Bullard, are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the estate will please present them to

A. H. McCOLLUM, Assignee.

Montrose, May 2, 1877. 18—22

## ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Patrick Cary, of Apoclon, 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

M. E. RYAN, Assignee.

May 9, 1877. 19—23

## 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.

Good cotton pants	1.75
Stout wool mixed pants	1.75
Stout working suits	5.00
All wool business suits	9.50
All wool plaid and striped suits	9.50
Basket worsted suits	10.00
Genuine silk mixed suits	11.50
Harris cashmere suits	12.00
Fine diagonal suits	13.00
Fine broadcloth coats, all wool	9.50
All wool doeklin pants	4.50
A good linen coat	1.75
A good alpaca coat	1.75
A good duster	1.25

Boys' Clothing—4 to 10 years.

Cottonade suits	1.50
Satinet suits	3.25
Wool mixed suits	4.50
Fine wool suits	6.50
French worsted suits	8.00

Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years.

Cottonade suits	3.00
Satinet suits	4.50
Wool mixed suits	6.00
Plaid and striped suits	6.00
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., 62 and 64 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

May 16, 1877.

JOB WORK AT THIS OFFICE

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 certify 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.	3,000,000
Old Continental, N. Y., " nearly	3,000,000
Old Phoenix of Hartford, " "	2,000,000
Old Hanover, N. Y., " "	1,500,000
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 trip Very respectfully,

HENRY C. TYLER.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 19 1876.—4f

H. BURRITT, Would call attention to his New Stock of 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 HOOF 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, 1875.—4f.

## B 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 2d, 1876.—4f

## P. J. DONLEY, FURNISHING UNDER TAKER

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The latest improved Coffins and Caskets on hand—Hearse to order. Shrouds, etc.

April 19, '76.