

Town, County, and Variety.

—Blue
—Ribbon
—Is plenty.
—A legal holiday.
—Decoration Day.
—Snow blew last Thursday.
—The banks are closed to-day.
—A put up job—paper hanging.
—Will Summer beg-in to-morrow?
—Brothers-in-law—the Bar Association.
—A splendid display of Aurora Borealis last Monday night.
—“What’s in a name?” About twenty-seven letters, if it’s a Russian name.—*Boston Post.*
—Blank notes, one hundred in a book, for sale at this office. Also, blank notes in sheets.
—A. J. Brewster has just completed a fine stone walk along his premises on Chestnut street.
—The bottom of an empty flour barrel makes a war map that most people can understand.
—Mr. Abel Turrell is repainting his residence on Maple street. Mr. Geo. B. Smith is the artist.
—There are but few towns of the size that have the amount of fine stone walk that Montrose has.
—The new style of ladies’ hats are too sweet for anything. They resemble an old-fashioned soap bucket.
—A small band of Gipsies pitched their tents in the grove at the foot of Foundry street the first of the week.
—A valuable handkerchief pin, lost on Sunday last, is advertised in another column. The finder will be rewarded.
—It is estimated that 35,000 persons along the line of the Erie have recently signed the Murphy Temperance pledge.
—Weeks, McIlhenny & Co., advertise a new stock of goods in another column, and give figures that speak for themselves.
—“The romance of the carpet,” in another column of this page, will interest that portion of humanity who “know how it is themselves.”
—Hon. G. A. Grow made Montrose a visit on Friday last. We did not hear him say whether he was a candidate for Governor or not.
—Mum. Baldwin, of the Exchange Hotel, has a large owl, which he exhibits in front of the house, to the great amusement of persons on the street.
—The members of No. 2, Fire Company were out with their engine last Friday evening for exercise, and Rough & Ready on Monday evening of this week.
—The *Scranton Republican* says the summer style of hair-cutting is called the “hair-breath escape,” on account of the narrow escape of the wearer from having his head cut off.
—J. F. Bronson, jeweler and music dealer, Brick Block, inserts a new advertisement to-day. Mr. B well understands the value of advertising, and his name has become almost a household word.
—The “Auburn 4 Corners Items,” from our esteemed correspondent, “Betty Blue Stocking,” came a little too late for last week’s issue, but they have not spoiled by the delay. “Betty” always gives us something that will keep.
—The cut-worm or black grub is committing ravages in the fields of corn and among the beans and other similar crops. Two and three are found in each hill, and they eat off the stalk near the surface. Farmers are alarmed at the ravages of these pests. A good way to be bothered by them is to kill all the crows and other birds.—*Et.*
—Somebody suggests that instead of scattering cut flowers over the graves of the heroes, let all those who desire to honor the illustrious dead plant hardy flower stalks in the lots or on the graves where the soldiers lie. This would soon render the cemetery one of the grandest floral displays in the country, and serve more to do honor to the dead than the old custom.
—Some of our exchanges are wrestling with the old, old problem that has puzzled the heads of the steady-minded and virtuous for ages. They ask, “How is it that there is a class of young and old men in almost every village in this country, who toil not, neither do they saw wood, and yet drink more beer and wear better clothes than those who work six days in the week?”
—It is a loss to any town to have such people as Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Bullard leave it. They have taken up their residence in Wilkes-Barre. They were among our most quiet and unobtrusive people, yet they were “neighbors” in the full acceptance of the term. Such persons are missed in these days of sordid selfishness. Decoration day (to-day) will forcibly remind our people that the banks of beautiful flowers that Mrs. B. always kept, in order to honor drafts for decoration, not only of soldiers’ graves but for every other worthy purpose, will also be greatly missed.
—The widely known “Murphy Movement” is being organized in this place. J. H. Hardy, Esq., of Elmira, upon the solicitation of the Temperance Union, arrived in town last Friday, and addressed audiences at Temperance Hall both that and the following evenings. On Sunday morning he addressed the regular congregation at the M. E. Church and again at the same place in the afternoon. In the evening he spoke at the Presbyterian Church, assisted by Dr. Rankin, also of Elmira. On Monday evening Mr. Hardy addressed a meeting at the Baptist Church. A large number took the “Murphy Pledge”—seventy-three on Saturday evening—and others at the other meetings.

SAD INCIDENT.

The Binghamton *Republican* says that a few weeks ago a person giving his name as Henry Ward, got possession of a piece of goods worth \$50 in that city and attempted to run away without paying therefor. He was captured near the depot and placed in jail.
The true name of the offender is Clarence Wakely. He is a resident of Elmira, where he had lived for about four weeks previous to his advent in Binghamton. He moved to Elmira from Detroit, Michigan, in hopes of finding work. He is a surveyor, and has the carpenter’s trade to fall back upon. Just now there is nothing doing in surveying; and the carpenter trade to fall back on is without substance or shade of subsistence.
Wakely went to Binghamton in search of work, he says, as he heard there was a good deal of building going on there. He left his wife and three children with fifteen cents to subsist upon until he should return. He failed to get work, and he also failed to return to his destitute wife.
His operations there were his last desperate resort, and the last effort he has been allowed to make.
There is an interesting adventure (aside from this) and love and romance connected with Wakely’s history. He is now twenty-six years of age. When about twelve years of age he was attending school in New Haven. With out obtaining consent from parent or teacher, he enlisted as a drummer boy in a Connecticut volunteer regiment, then leaving New Haven for the front. He served during the remainder of the war, and was honorably discharged when his regiment, was mustered out. He was in the battle of Antietam, which was witnessed by many of the people of the neighborhood, among them a young girl, the daughter of a farmer who owned a portion of the land upon which the battle was fought. An acquaintance was formed between the brave drummer boy and bright, brave school girl, which ripened into marriage. They have since lived in Washington, Detroit and Manchester, Michigan. In those places, it is said by private letters received, since his arrest, he bore a good reputation.
The girl of Antietam, now the wife, and three little ones, (the oldest less than four years old,) with less than fifteen cents resources and no more in prospect, have possibly been the means of casting a well-meaning man into a relentless prison.
This is the story as told by the prisoner and his friends. The District Attorney may introduce an altogether different chapter, and one which will outweigh the romance of Antietam; but the destitute wife and children are real, indisputable evidences of the fact of so much of the story as relates to them.

PROGRAMME FOR DECORATION DAY.

Promptly at 2 o’clock, p. m., the procession will form at the Court House and march to the Cemetery in the following order:
1. Marshal and Aids.
2. Firing Squad, under command of Wm. H. McCracken.
3. Speakers and Chaplain.
4. Soldiers and Sailors of late war.
5. Montrose Drum Corps.
6. Fire Companies, Civic Societies, and Sabbath Schools.
7. Citizens.
ORDER OF EXERCISES AT CEMETERY.
1. Vocal Music.
2. Prayer by Dr. Cheshire.
3. Dirge by Band.
4. Eulogy on Capt. J. R. Lyons, by D. W. Searle, Esq.
5. Vocal Music.
6. Address by Rev. E. J. Morris.
7. Music by Band.
8. Benediction.
9. Procession will re-form and march back to the Court House and be dismissed.

DEDICATION AND UNVEILING OF THE SOLDIERS’ MONUMENT.

The Monument Association have been earnestly working for the early completion of the Monument. In March last they entered into a contract with Barnes Blanding & Co., to furnish the statue which, when placed in position, will complete the Monument proper. A contract has been recently made with Burnes & White of Tunkhannock to furnish the Tablets on which are to be carved the names of those who died or were killed in the service from each town. The present status of the work warrants the Association in making the announcement, that the monument will be dedicated and the statue unveiled on the 4th of July 1877. At its last meeting, the association appointed an Executive committee consisting of Messrs. Beardsley, Searle, Hawley Warner and Crocker to make the necessary arrangements, and as soon as said committee report, the association will announce the order of exercises &c., &c.
H. F. BEARDSLEY, Sec’y M. A.
—We find this mention of our amiable friend, Dr. Lathrop, in the Wilkes Barre department of the *Scranton Times*: Dr. Lathrop, of Susquehanna county, of the firm of Sherman & Lathrop, produce and commission merchants of Northampton street, is in town. This house is doing quite a large business in butter, eggs and farm produce generally, but it is evident from the appearance of the Dr. that not all the good things produced up in Susquehanna come to this market for sale; and then it is refreshing to meet with a good sound democrat hailing from that politically benighted region of Springville and beyond.
—There was a good audience at the lecture given by Thomas Dickson, Esq., on Friday evening, and the generosity of Mr. Dickson in delivering it for the benefit of the Monument Association is duly appreciated, both by the members and all interested. His lecture, “Around the World,” was a recital of what he saw and experienced in a twelve-month’s trip circumnavigating.
—The world’s memory is short. It will forget if we do not jog it frequently.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright notes danced in the balmy air.
And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant bloom on the apple-trees.
His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage-whip in his hand.
And he laughed as he doffed his bob-tail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.
And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she would tell him when to stop.
So he pounded away till the dinner-bell,
Gave him a little breathing spell.
But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn’t done.
But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And pounded like mad till the clock struck six.
And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.
Then all that day, and the next day, too,
The fuzz from the dirtiest carpet flew.
And she’d give it a look at eventide,
And say, “Now beat on the other side.”
And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his monthly rent.
And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.
Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.
Over the fence and down the street
Speeding away with loolstep feet.
And never again the morning sun
Smiled at him beating his carpet-drum.
And the villagers often said, with a yawn,
“Where has the carpet-martyr gone?”
* * * * *
Years twice twenty had come and past,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.
For never yet, since that bright spring-time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.
Over the fence a gray-haired man,
Cautiously climb, clime, clime, clime;
He found him a stick in the old wood-pile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.
A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.
And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.
And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.
She knew his face, she gasped, and sighed,
“A little more on the under side.”
Right down on the ground his stick he threw,
And he shivered and said, “Well, I am blowed!”
And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not none no more.
—*Hawkeye.*

OLD TIME CURES.

It would appear that nothing could be more absurd than the notions which prevailed in by-gone days—and not wholly now extinct—regarding cures. According to this, a ring made of the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps—which were also mitigated, too, by having a rusty sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven into an oak tree prevented the toothache. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal was an infallible remedy for headache, and this ailment was likewise equally dispelled by the moss growing on a human skull, dried and pulverized and taken as a cephalic snuff. A dead man’s hand could eradicate tumor or the glands by stroking the parts nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was more efficacious. So, too, the chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged would, when worn in a bag round the neck, cure the ague. Equally novel was the belief, at one time held by many persons, that a stone with a hole in it, suspended at the end of a bed, would effectually overcome the nightmare; hence it was called a hangstone, as it prevented the troublesome witches from sitting upon the sleeper’s stomach. Ricketty children were cured by being drawn through a cleft tree, which was afterwards bound up, and as the split wood subsequently went through the process of reuniting, so the child acquired its needed strength.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

The *Mauch Chunk Democrat* says; “Too good to be true. It appears after all that a grand future may be in store for us, for, unless those claiming to be posted in the matter are knaves or cemented, Carbon harbors within her bowels numerous and valuable deposits of gold. Along Beaver Run, particularly, the gold excitement is said to run high, and several on whose property the “dust” is supposed to exist, already hold their estates at fabulous prices. But then, why should they sell when fortunes untold are theirs! But having no axe to grind, we are somewhat disposed to be skeptical in the matter, and rather inclined to view the thing as it appears, either as a strange infatuation or the design of sharpers, as we have no faith in the existence of that precious metal in this region of the country. If however it should exist in paying quantities, we shall hail the fact as a dawning day of a brighter future, and promise to do our level best to acquaint the rest of mankind with the joyful news. But until then we prefer to be one of the doubting Thomases.
—Decoration Day has passed in some of the Southern States, and the following touching lines were called out as the graves were decorated at Vicksburgs, within the month, by Miss Hunt, known as the “Madge” of several Southern Journals:
Ours the fate of the vanquished,
Whose heartaches never cease;
Ours the tears,
Regrets and fears—
Theirs the eternal peace.
Anger they dropped forever
With the passing burden of breath;
The Blue and the Gray
Are alike to-day,
In the colorless land of Death.
And the living who wore the Blue
May bring to the sleepers flowers,
For the Blue and the Gray are friends
to-day
In a happier land than ours.
—When “I would not live always” was written, blue glass had not been discovered.

Correspondence.

AUBURN FOUR CORNERS ITEMS.

Many thanks for your classification of the products of correspondents.
It is far more prudent to launch out on “limited capital,” than unrestrainedly, then fall overboard.
Now one may know when he has reached the terminus of his wits, and his information. “Amusements”—are plentiful from an occasional lift from a graceless cow’s foot, to teaching dumb calves their A. B. C’s in drinking milk.
The grand orchestra of Nature’s songsters are out now in full force at early dawn, and their musical powers are truly wonderful and exhilarating.
It is also amusing to listen to Mrs. Pewee in the evening, as she, preparatory for bed, finds Phoebe absent with some thriftless lover, and sharply calls “Phoebe! Phoebe!! Come home!”
“Burglary”—The only case now under consideration is the stealing of young West’s pony near West Auburn. West is the stage driver on the Laceyville and Grangerville line. Oh yes! The harness of Rev. A. W. Wrigley was taken from his horse while he was at prayer meeting recently; but was luckily replaced by a new \$30.00 harness by a subscription of the generous people of Auburn Four Corners and vicinity. We are so wicked as to hope that there will be a number of just such thefts performed this year. Bro. Wrigley is just the man to serve in that way. He knows how to appreciate such works.
“Change in business firms”—E. L. Adams of Auburn Four Corners has traded his store to D. C. Titman for the Adam’s homestead, which makes a home for his son Arthur who has established a new firm in house keeping this spring.
Many have changed their residence, and many of our young friends have commenced house-keeping, but we will not tell of them; only wish them sweet prosperity.
“Crops”—are in a flourishing condition considering the drought but a few showers have made them still better and they will come on for “seed-time and harvest” is promised by the Great Giver, let us trust him and let the croakers do the complaining.
“Churches”—are in a highly prosperous condition both spiritually and financially.
We are proud to learn that Rev. Wrigley’s collection last year in Auburn exceeded nearly every other charge in Wyalusing District. Eld. Millard will baptize a number of candidates for immersion at Auburn Four Corners, June 3d.
“Schools”—Ida Gene Lacey teaches at white school house.
Sabbath school was organized at Shannon Hill May 6th, and Benjamin Low was appointed Superintendent and his wife assistant.
The Sabbath School of East Rush was organized May 6th, and Zephaniah Cornell was appointed Superintendent. Their school has commenced under favorable auspices, and their prospects for good are promising.
“Sickness”—Anderson Jones of East Rush, is dangerously ill. His limb is exceedingly painful, but he is too low to endure amputation.
“Building”—John B. Overfield of South Auburn is building a large barn. Daniel Ross of Auburn Four Corners has built a small addition to his house. Tom Bennett at Auburn Centre has a new house nearly ready, to replace the one which was burned April 9th.
Limits reached. Good bye!
BETTY BLUE STOCKING.

JUDGE BALCOM RESIGNS.

We learn that Judge Ransom Balcom of the Sixth District of N. Y. has resigned his office, and is no longer a Judge.
Judge Balcom was first elected Judge in the Fall of 1855, and entered upon the discharge of his duties on the first of January, 1856. He has been twice re-elected, the last time under the amended constitution for the term of fourteen years, which would have expired Dec. 31st, 1865. Thus he has been for upwards of twenty-one years, a Judge of that District, during which time, up to the commencement of his present illness, he has never missed a Circuit which he was appointed to hold.
His retirement is a painful one. Some two years since he was attacked with sun stroke, since which time he has never regained his health.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Ministerial Association of Wyalusing District will meet (D. V.) at the M. E. Church in Mes hoppen, Pa., Tuesday, June 12th, 1877 at 7:30 p. m.
S. Jay Austin, is expected to deliver the opening address, and S. W. Weiss, to preach Wednesday evening. D. C. BARNES Sec’y.
—An exchange suggests a sensible method to get rid of the potato bug. It is to cut up poor potatoes in thin slices and then sprinkle Paris green on them, after which the slices are distributed along the rows. The potato bugs eat and die, and it is well-known that the destruction of a single bug at this season of the year is equivalent to killing a quart measure full after the brood has been hatched out and have commenced feeding on the vines.
—The managers of the Erie Railway say that since the commencement of the Murphy movement most of the employes of the road have been attacked with a new disease—Eri-sip-iless.—*Bath Advocate.*
—Every married woman in Connecticut is to have control of her property.—*Detroit Free Press.* Now the question arises, is a husband property?—*Boston Times.*
—A fire in Honesdale on Monday night of last week destroyed the Allen House stables, Whitney’s livery stables, and the Kiple House stables.
—Don’t shoot the black-bird. He is death to worms that prey upon ripening grain.

PUBLICATIONS.

We have had a copy of the Cottage Cyclopaedia for some three or four years and we find it a very useful as well as interesting work. On one occasion we gained very desired information from it, which we could not find in any other. It is not, of course, intended to be as extensive as Chamber’s, neither is the price of it so extensive. Below we give the opinion of others who have perused it.
MONTROSE, May 26, 1877.
I cheerfully recommend “The Cottage Cyclopaedia” by E. M. Pierce as cheap and valuable to teachers and students and for use in the family.
W. C. TILDEN,
Co. Supt.
MONTROSE, May 26, 1877.
I have had the Cottage Cyclopaedia for some time and can most cheerfully recommend it as imparting much useful information.
LEONARD COLE.
MONTROSE, May 26, 1877.
I take pleasure in recommending “E. M. Pierce’s Cottage Cyclopaedia.” It very fully supplies a great want in families and schools where they cannot afford to purchase the more costly works of the kind, and indeed it is about all one needs in the shape of an encyclopedia.
W. W. WATSON.
MONTROSE, May 26, 1877.
I have examined the Prospectus of the “Cottage Cyclopaedia,” and cheerfully recommend it as a useful work to all who have not the more extensive works of the kind. Its price brings it within the means of all who desire such a work for their library.
W. H. JESSE.
MONTROSE, May 26, 1877.
Possessing both editions of the Appleton’s Encyclopedia, I do not need a work of the kind, but can recommend it in an especial manner to those who are not able to purchase Appleton’s work in *extenso*. I think this volume will be worth all the money it costs to those who desire to purchase it.
J. E. CHIZZSHIRE.

GLEANINGS.

Idleness is emptiness; the tree in which sap is stagnant remains fruitless.
Grateful men are like fruitful fields; they return what they have received tenfold.
They who do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.
He who talks only of himself is soon left without an audience.
When you assist the virtuous, you lay an obligation on the whole world.
A female friend will contribute more to a lover’s success in a month, than all his own labor and pains in a year without her.
Whether you attempt little or much, let every hour have its employment in business, study, social converse, or diversion.
Man’s actual knowledge may easily be measured. His ignorance is for him unfavorable; he is ignorant of the extent of his ignorance.
Since the generality of persons act from impulse more than principle, men are neither so good or so bad as we are apt to think them.
It is easy in the world to live after the world’s opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps his perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

FASHION NOTES.

Bonnets no longer match suits.
Black net veils are mask shaped.
Bangles are worn more than ever.
Large square pockets are on the new dresses.
Jet galloon is used for trimming bonnets of black chip.
New gloves for evening wear are laced instead of buttoned.
Ecu lace curtains are among the new importations in window furnishings.
Orange blossoms, for the decoration of bridal robes, are now made of perfumed wax.
Mushy ties, with ends of duchesse and empire lace, are the newest and most dainty neck-gere.
Striped stockings will be fashionable this year. The stripes, however, are narrower than formerly.
Batiste cloth handkerchiefs, with Chinese figures embroidered in one corner, and chain-stitched above the hem with colored silk, are cheap as well as pretty.
—Jack McDonald of this borough, died suddenly at the residence of his sister, on Sunday afternoon May 20. He had been suffering from consumption for several years, but up to a few hours previous to his death, was able to be about, and we are informed, attended church Sunday morning. His age was 23. The remains were taken to Silver Lake for interment on Tuesday.—*Susq’a Journal.*

SAD ACCIDENT.

May 16th, after returning from school in the afternoon, Johnnie Millard, aged 8 years, son of Henry B. Millard, of Rush, Corners fired a pistol to show it to his little sister, aged about 3 years, which went off, depositing a bullet under one of her eyes. Drs. Dunham and Durg were called, and pronounced it impossible to extricate the ball, without breaking the cheek bone under which the ball has glanced and lodged. The face is painfully swollen.

Marriages.

TYLER—MORRIS—In New Milford, May 1st, by Rev. A. Miller, Mr. Edward J. Tyler and Mrs. Susan Morris.
GLEASON—CAREY—At the house of Mr. Lyman P. Davis, May 13, by Rev. Wm. H. Gavitt, Mr. Daniel Gleason and Mrs. Esther Carey, both of Lenox, Pa.
SANFORD—CROW—At the home of the bride’s father, David Crow, May 8, by Rev. S. F. Wright, Mr. L. D. Sanford, of Preston, Pa., and Miss Malinda Crow, of Mount Pleasant, Wayne county, Pa.
SEXTON—MALLENSON—On Monday, May 14, by Rev. W. J. Judd, Mr. Charles Adelbert Sexton to Miss Mary Elizabeth Mallemsen, both of Susquehanna.
HIBBARD—HOWARD—At the residence of the bride’s father, Thursday May 24th, by Rev. M. Newkirk, Mr. Joseph F. Hibbard, to Miss Mary Howard, all of Philadelphia. No cards.
—Fold the little hands together, on the still white painless breast,
God has taken darling baby to that sweet land of rest.

Deaths.

LUDINGTON—Lyman son of Henry and Mary Ludington, died April 23, 1877, aged 5 months, and 1 day.
—Fold the little hands together, on the still white painless breast,
God has taken darling baby to that sweet land of rest.