

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

You're surprised that I ever should say so? Just wait till the reason I've given...

It was late in the autumn of '40. We had come from our far Eastern home just in season to build us a cabin...

So that our heads were scarce sheltered in under its roof, when our store of provisions was almost exhausted...

You see we'd but two or three neighbors, and the nearest was more than a mile, and we hadn't found time yet to know them...

Well husband just kissed me and started. I could scarcely suppress a deep groan at the thought of remaining with baby...

But I soothed my grief and my terror. Till husband was off in his ride, and then in my arms I took Josey...

And when the night came with its terrors, to hide every ray of light, I hung up a quilt by the window...

There I knelt until late in the evening, and scarcely an inch had I stirred, when suddenly, far in the distance...

And when I was sure 'twas a white man, I thought, were he coming for ill, he'd surely approach with more caution...

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching, then came a peculiar dull thump, as if some one was heavily striking...

There was either a question or answer, or either had time to speak, I just threw my glad arms around him...

"We saw your husband go eastward, and made up our minds where he'd gone, and I said to the rest of our people...

So, taking my axe on my shoulder, for fear that a savage might stray across my path and need scalping...

"And so here I am at your service, but if you don't want me to stay, why, all you need do is to say so...

And then I just sat there and told him how terribly frightened I'd been, how his face was to me the most welcome...

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder, since such a good reason I've given, why I shan't care for the music...

YOUNG AND OLD.

When we are young, our boys are sweet, they climb our knees, and lie at our feet; when we are old, they lie at our feet...

When we are young our days are bright, and full of hope from morn till night; when we are old, we sit alone...

TRUE TO HER WORD.

BY MARGARET BYTING.

LEONORA Lonsdale's most partial friend could not call her pretty. Her most impartial enemies—being possessed of much cleverness, strength of character...

For the benefit of the those who have never seen the young lady, and consequently belong to neither one side nor the other, I will describe her—beginning with what, none can deny, is the most prominent feature of the human face...

Nose of no particular order, neither aquiline, straight, pug turned-up, nor turned-down, but original and independent, and apparently in the right place...

Her head, heavy with a quantity of straight, black hair, was well shaped enough, and well set upon a slender neck...

And yet, notwithstanding her want of beauty—her many defects, I might say—there were men who had expressed a readiness to die for Leonora at need...

In fact, to those in whose nature she touched some sympathetic chord—those who loved-breezy hills, and clear lakes, and long stretches of grassy fields...

There was a wonderful atmosphere of freedom, of purity, of bravery about her. And Leonora was a worker. Much as she despised shams and hypocrisies she despised idleness...

No queen of the hive would she have consented to be, but one of the seeker-after and bringers-in of honey, and builders-of-cells and killers of drones...

"I hate indolence—sheer indolence," she would say. "Nature is never idle, though some poet or other declares that on midsummer days perfect idleness reigns upon the earth and above the earth..."

It was while thus occupied one afternoon, early in September, seated on the old-fashioned porch, shaded by a heavy grapevine, that Clifford Cameron sauntered in and threw himself in an arm-chair beside her...

He was a good-looking, sweet-tempered, generous lazy young fellow, with no end of money—Grandfather had died and left him money, and lately an old great-aunt, whom he had never seen, had departed this life, away off in some obscure corner of the globe, and left him more money...

"Not at all, Miss Lonsdale, you are mine. To-morrow I will take my place among the workers. It will be a humble one, but sufficient to prove to you that I am competent to earn the bread and butter of which I have spoken."

"Well Leo,"—clasping the bright face between her hands, and making her raise them again. "Are you sure—you know how you admire pretty women, and I'm not pretty?"

One Thursday afternoon, two days after the dialogue on the back porch, Miss Leonard Lonsdale, as she was wont on Thursday afternoons, being the executive ability of some charitable society that met on that day, stepped into a somewhat crowded street car, looking neither to the right or left, but straight before her, in her usual manner...

"Oh! you've come here to talk that way again," says the young lady, holding another small apron before her, her head on one side like a bird's, as she ponders on the effect of a bow of green ribbon she had sewn on the pocket.

"I'm not your darling, and I'll take that apron if you are quite done with it." "Deuce take the apron, I say. Stop sewing! I beg of you, Leo—it makes me quite tired to look at you."

"Clifford!" "Leonora!" "Arn't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Don't think I am—Ought I to be?" With decision—"You should. Were I a young man in good health, not maimed or crippled—blessed with the average quantity and quality of brains—"

"Thanks." "I'd do something besides lounging at watering places in the Summer, and club-houses in the winter—something in the shape of work—yes, if five hundred uncles, and grandfathers, and aunts—"

"Couldn't any way in the world, thank Heaven! my dear girl, have so many relations." "Left me five hundred fortunes. And if I fell in love with a girl, I'd prove to her before I proposed marriage, that I myself—"

"Myself! Behold me!" quoted Cliff, from Hiawatha. "Could, if an emergency arose, and life is full of them, support her, and that I was not entirely dependent upon the income flowing in from the coffers filled by my ancestors."

"Bravo! Leo! You're a splendid fellow! That last remark about the coffins of my ancestors was extremely fine. I'd like to have any one, in the glow of my present admiration for you, dare to hint that you were the truest speak cross-eyed. He or she'd repent in haste. But, most admirable of your sex, what would you do if you were a male fellow, so unfortunate as to know nothing useful, and wanted to propose to the girl you loved and all the rest of it?"

"I'd learn a trade, if I hadn't talent enough for a profession." "The average quantity and quality of brain is scarcely sufficient for a profession, and I'm too old to be taken as an apprentice. If I were not and could be converted into a shoe maker, brick layer—or—or—plumber, I think I'd prefer being a plumber, they only come and look at things and go away again. I couldn't give you a house like this, where you could sit on the porch with a peach tree in front of you and a nice grapevine over you, making clothes for horrid children around the corners."

"Nonsense! I don't mean that." "What do you mean then?" reaching up and plucking a grape from a low hanging branch.

"Cliff Cameron, you know what I mean as well as I do," and yet she explains with great slowness and emphasis. "I mean that a man should be able to support the woman he marries either by his head or hands whether he is ever obliged to or not. Go away, you are putting me out of temper!"

"Putting you out of temper!" "You're mistaken. I never saw your dimple so angelic in my life. But I say, Leo, he continued more seriously, "if I prove to you that on an emergency—that is, if you with your luxurious tastes and general extravagance should waste my substance in riotous living after we were married—if I prove to you that in that case I should be willing and able to give you bread with an occasionally bit of butter—would you name the day?"

"That emergency never could arise." "Well imagine any emergency you choose, only answer me, Would you name the day?" "What day?" "Leonora?"

"Yes, I would." "You would—fair and square now?" "I would. Isn't that enough?" "Quite enough. But it must be an early one."

"Must?" "Well, my blessed!" "Yes."

Cliff Cameron arose deliberately, took away the sewing, deftly converted it into a ball and tossed it up among the grapes, made both small hands, little gold tumbler and all, prisoners, and kissed her upon the dimple, under the left eye, and lastly upon the warm, red lips.

"Mr. Cameron, this is premature," said she, her cheeks glowing like two pink roses. "Not at all, Miss Lonsdale, you are mine. To-morrow I will take my place among the workers. It will be a humble one, but sufficient to prove to you that I am competent to earn the bread and butter of which I have spoken."

"But Cliff,"—dropping her eyes for the first time. "Well Leo,"—clasping the bright face between her hands, and making her raise them again.

"Are you sure—you know how you admire pretty women, and I'm not pretty?" "But you are good, and to me the loveliest and sweetest girl in the whole world."

One Thursday afternoon, two days after the dialogue on the back porch, Miss Leonard Lonsdale, as she was wont on Thursday afternoons, being the executive ability of some charitable society that met on that day, stepped into a somewhat crowded street car, looking neither to the right or left, but straight before her, in her usual manner...

Once seated, she abstracted her pocket-book from her satchel and took from it the inevitable five cents, when she became aware of a hand stretched out toward her—a man's hand, handsome and familiar. Her eyes rested on it an instant and then traveled up the arm to which it belonged until they met the face—half hidden by a slouched, broad brimmed hat—of the conductor, Cliff Cameron.

She demurely placed her fare in his hand and her enemies would have said, the cast of her eye beamed more impish than ever. "The day?" said the conductor in a low, firm business-like tone, not a gleam of intelligence lighting up his big blue eyes.

Six months' from date," replied Leo.

nor, in the same tone, as she dropped her pocket-book back in her satchel. And she kept her word.

MONTROSE PLANING MILL

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

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. Examine our work before leaving 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 capital assets, including Fire Association of Phil., Capital & Assets, \$3,500,000.

LIFE

Table listing life insurance companies and their assets, including Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co., Assets \$40,000,000.

ACCIDENT

Table listing accident insurance companies and their surplus, including Travelers Ins. Co., Hart., Capital and Surplus \$3,000,000.

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.

PATENT MEDICINE EMPORIUM!

The undersigned would respectfully announce to all the people everywhere, that he has already extensively stocked and ready of Merchandise in the Grocery, Provision, and Hardware line.

LEIGH'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. 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.

Montrose, Sept. 9, 1874—11.

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 A. H. McCOLLUM, Assignee.

Montrose, May 2, 1877.

NOTICE.—The firm of Mitchell & Curtis is this day dissolved my mutual consent.

The books and accounts are in my hands for collection. N. C. CURTIS, Gilboa, April 13th, 1877.

CHEAPER THAN BUTTER

TEN CENTS A POUND

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

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

Table listing men's clothing items and prices, including Good cotton pants, Stout wool mixed pants, Stout working suits, All-wool business suits, All-wool plaid and striped suits, Basket worsted suits, Genuine silk mixed suits, Harris casimer suits, Fine diagonal suits, Fine broadcloth coats, All wool dooskin pants, A good linen coat, A good alpaca coat, A good duster.

Boys' Clothing—4 to 10 years.

Table listing boys' clothing items and prices, including Cottonade suits, Sateen suits, Wool mixed suits, Plaid and striped suits, Fine wool suits, French worsted suits.

Boys' Clothing—9 to 15 years.

Table listing boys' clothing items and prices, including Cottonade suits, Sateen suits, Wool mixed suits, Plaid and striped suits, 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 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.

WORK AT THIS OFFICE

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!

Table listing insurance companies and their capital, including North British and Mercantile, Capital \$10,000,000; Queens of London, Capital 3,000,000; 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.

CORRECTION!

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.—11

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 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, 1875.—11

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.—11

P. J. DONLEY, FURNISHING

UNDER TAKER,

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The latest improved Coffins and Caskets on hand—Hearse to order. S. H. HOWE, etc. April 19, 76.