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MIRON DINGS, Editor and Prop'r.

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A BACHELOR'S GROWL.

I'm a grumpy old bachelor,
Grizzily and gray;
I'm seven-and-forty
If I am a day.
I am fussy and crusty,
And dry as a bone;
So, ladies, good ladies,
Just let me alone!

Go shake out your ringlets,
And beam out in smiles,
Go tinkle your trinkets,
And show off your wiles.
Bewitch and bewilder
Wherever you can;
But, pray—pray remember,
I am not the man!

I'm frozen to blushes,
I'm proof against eyes;
I'm hardened to simpers
And stony to sighs;
I'm tough to each dart
That young Cupid can lance;
I'm not in the market
To any advance.

I sew on my buttons,
I darn my own hose,
I keep my own counsel
And fold my own clothes,
I mind my own business,
And live my own life;
I won't no, the dickens—
Be plagued with a wife.

And yet there's nine spinsters
Who believe me their fate;
There's two dozen widows
Who'd change their estate.
There's silly young maidens
Who blush at my bow;
All-all bent on marrying me,
No matter how!

I walk forth in trembling;
I come home in dread;
I don't fear my heart,
But I do fear my head!
My civillest speech
Is a growl and a nod;
And that heaven save me!
Is "charmingly odd!"

So, ladies dear ladies—
Just hear me, I pray;
I speak to you all
In the pluralist way.
My logic is simple.
As logic can be—
If I won't marry you,
Pray—don't marry me!

JAKE MUGGINS' COURTSHIP.

"Whew, but it's hot!" ejaculated Jacob Muggins as he threw down the turnip hoe and commenced mopping his face with a huge bandanna handkerchief, one sultry day in early autumn.

"I do wish this patch of turnips was dug, and safely housed in the old granary," he continued, gazing around upon the immense piles of green top vegetables, "or else the weather would cool down so that a fellow could get something done in a day. Here I've been hard at work all day, and am not half through with my job yet; and what's more, it will take me 'till plumb noon to-morrow to finish if I keep on this way." And with this muttered soliloquy Jake resumed his hoe, commenced digging vigorously that one might suppose he stood in dread of being called a sluggard if he failed to perform two day's work during one revolution of the diurnal axis.

The truth was, however, he had already accomplished a good day's work, although it was not more than three o'clock in the afternoon, and the shadows of the trees in the grove hard by had not yet taken that long, peculiar slant which marks the declination of the sun to the western horizon.

Jacob Muggins was a tall, brawny son of the soil, with hands and feet just a little too large to be termed classic, and a handsome, though sunburned countenance which could assume a very comical expression when its master willed. To-day he was arrayed in a coarse homespun garb of pale, richly colored blue, with rough cowhide shoes and a broad palm-leaf hat, around the crown of which was tied a bright green ribbon—tied there by two fairy hands that Jack would have given worlds to call his own.

How Jacob ever came to fall in love with Jenny Weatherby, the wealthy squire's pretty daughter, Jacob did not know. But the thing had been done; and although Jenny had done nothing to discourage his shy approaches, he had never summoned sufficient resolution to make a proposal for her hand. On several occasions he had, as he thought, scraped up his courage to the sticking point, but, each time, upon being ushered into the presence of the fair charmer, his resolution gave way literally, as he afterward expressed it, "eked out at his fingers' ends," so that he could only stammer a few commonplace remarks concerning the weather and crops.

Worse than all, a certain dashing young cousin of the Weatherby's had been down from the city the past few weeks, and had been making himself quite plentiful about

the squire's walking, rowing and fishing with Jenny almost every day, while he was compelled to be at work in the field. This was gall and wormwood to poor Jacob, not because he minded the work, but inasmuch as his rival was of clever address and polished manner, he stood in great danger of being displaced in the affection of Jenny, by the fascinating allurements of the city fop, and in consideration of this impending calamity, Jacob determined to press his suit upon the very first opportunity.

Financially, Jake was quite prepared to enter into a state of matrimony. His motto had always been, "work and win," and, in consequence of strictly adhering to this rule of honesty, he had by diligence and industry accumulated the sum of five hundred dollars, earned by teaching the village school winters and working on the farm summers.

The possession of this sum very naturally elevated him in the opinion of the country folks, who looked upon him as a capitalist, and of course he was considered quite a catch by the match-making mammas of the district.

Already he had begun to look around in search of a suitable investment for his money, and he decided in favor of a little white cottage situated in the valley, over whose low, thatched roof the woodbine and morning glories grew in profusion. This could be had for the five hundred and the marriage portion which Jenny would receive from her father, would be sufficient to purchase a small farm adjoining the cottage, which would enable them to commence life in quite comfortable circumstances.

But, as has been before stated, the great difficulty with Jacob was to conquer his untoward bashfulness, which he termed hereditary, and secure the wished-for promise; in consequence of which failing he was placed in quite a quandary.

"Whew, but it's hot!" and again Jake threw down his hoe, and commenced mopping his face with the red handkerchief.

"I would give anything for a good cool draught from the spring, and a pocket full of the squire's best apples," he soliloquized, glancing wistfully in the direction of the orchard, bent down with its load of ripe, red and yellow fruit, "and as the distance is not far, I believe I'll run over for a few moments, anyhow." And with this he started off, and having allayed his thirst at the spring which bubbled out below the orchard, he mounted the fence and betook himself of the favorite family tree, whose huge gnarled trunk supported a leafy canon of interlacing limbs and branches, so dense as to preclude all possibility of the sun's rays penetrating through them.

Into this delightful shade, Jake threw himself, and for a moment forgot his toils and troubles. The sky was so light, the grass so green, the luscious fruit and gay flowers so fragrant that he could not help but feel their benignant influence. The dull droning of a beetle and the hoarse cawing of some crows in a distant cornfield, mingled with the ripple of the water over the stones by the roadside, lent enchantment to the scene; and poor Jake could not help but think how sweet life must be to those who have nothing to do but while away their time in pleasant places, in the shadow of green trees and overhanging boughs.

Thus he mused, helping himself to the fruit in the meantime, until, before he was conscious of the fact, he had fallen off into a light doze from which he was suddenly awakened by hearing voices approaching from the direction of the house. In an instant he was on his feet, and peering through the trees who should he see but Jenny and Mr. Eldridge, the dandified city cousin, leisurely approaching the tree under which he stood.

Here was a dilemma, indeed, to be caught trespassing would be disgraceful in the extreme, and besides Jake could not bear the thought of facing his lady-love in his old, faded, homespun frock, especially before the critical eyes of Mr. Eldridge.

What was to be done? For a moment a wild thought of flight took possession of him but he immediately realized that should he adopt that mode of escape his discovery would be certain, inasmuch as they were already nearly upon him. Poor Jake was all in a tremble. What could he do? If he could only find a safe place in which to hide until they should pass by! He glanced around, nervously, but nothing presented itself that could afford him a secreting place. The voices approached nearer; something must be done, quickly! He cast his eye up into the tree, and wondered if its thick branches and dense foliage would not protect him from the eyes of a casual observer.

Yes, he would try it at any rate; better avail himself of their proffered covert than be found standing there like a trembling culprit. And without taking a second thought Jake scrambled up the tree, and stowed himself away in the remotest part, amid a thick cluster of green boughs.

A moment after he regretted the act, for he realized that should he be discovered in his present position, his situation would be even more ridiculous than before.

But it was now too late to indulge in vain regrets—or, rather, in any hope of altering his situation, for Jenny and her escort now advanced to the tree, and to Jake's intense chagrin and mortification, seated themselves directly under the spot where he was concealed.

"A pretty pickle you're into, Jake Muggins," muttered Jacob, as with flushed face he viewed the couple below, and wondered if they couldn't hear his heart beat; for it was bounding so convulsively that he was fearful lest it should knock all the apples from off the limb upon which he sat.

And then he thought what a beauty Jenny was as she sat there with her dark hair gathered into a graceful coil, her sweet, expressive eyes containing such a depth of tenderness, and cheeks like a pink rose-buds, and wondered if it were possible for such a fairy creature to ever think of loving a great, ungainly, awkward chap like himself.

In the meantime Jenny and Mr. Eldridge were enjoying themselves beneath, little dreaming of the close proximity of a third party. Mr. Eldridge had opened and commenced reading from a small volume of Tennyson, which Jacob recognized from the binding.

After some time had been consumed in this way the two proceeded to partake of the fruit with which the ground was strewn, conversing meanwhile and amusing themselves by spelling out the supposed name of each one's lover upon the seeds of the respective apples of each.

By some strange perchance, Mr. Eldridge caused the seeds from Jenny's apple to spell the name of Jacob Muggins himself, almost every time. This seemed to afford the city cousin great pleasure, for he laughed incessantly, and asked Jenny if she ever hoped to be able to capture such a shy creature as Jacob Muggins.

Although Mr. Eldridge was very much amused over the coincidence of the seeds, Jenny seemed to look upon the matter quite seriously, and when her cousin jokingly inquired if she did really love this faint-hearted country man, she replied with a defiant toss of the head and a perceptible deepening of the rose-tint on her cheeks, that she "liked him quite as well as any of her other acquaintances!"

And poor Jack, who can describe his feelings upon hearing this frank avowal? For if his face had been red before, it was now almost purple in hue, while his heart beat ten times faster than before. Yet he managed to hold on to his seat, and watch the progress of events down below, for Mr. Eldridge, who had listened to Jenny's declaration quite seriously, had seated himself by her side, and was apparently about to propose on the spot. But just at that moment Bounce, the big watch-dog, came running down from the house and with hoarse growls commenced smelling suspiciously around the base of the tree, all the while casting furtive glances into the branches where Jacob was seated in mortal dread lest the dog should disclose his position to the couple below.

The strange actions of the dog could not help but attract the attention of Jenny and her cousin, who were at first unable to assign any reason as to the cause of it. Presently Mr. Eldridge suggested that there was a squirrel in the tree, and to investigate the matter more closely he arose and peered up into the dark foliage.

"I imagine that I see something seated up there among the branches," he at length replied, shading his eyes with his hand and gazing intently at the tree, but as to whether it is man or beast I cannot say. However, just to satisfy Bounce, I'll run up to the house and bring the gun, and perhaps we may succeed in having some sport with the creature, whatever it may be. And with these words he started off in the direction of the house, leaving Jenny to her own reflections and bounce to claw away at the bottom of the tree.

And now, what was Jacob to do? Should he sit still and be shot like a thief or a wild beast, or should he take advantage of his rival's absence, come down like a man and confess his love for Jenny on the spot. He must take one of the two alternatives,

and must choose quick. For a moment he faltered, not knowing what apology to offer for his awkward position; but he determined to do the best he could, and quietly commenced the descent, thinking it better at any time to face his lady-love than a loaded rifle.

No sooner did the dog recognize in Jacob an old friend and benefactor than he relapsed into silence and quickly permitted him to land; and Jake did not fail to notice that Jenny was much less surprised at his sudden appearance than he had expected she would be.

How he ever did it Jacob could never tell. But he went down on his knees before Jenny, and in such language as had never before been heard to flow from his lips poured forth his love into the willing ear of his adored, while Bounce wagged his tail and looked on apparently well pleased with the turn events had taken. And, although the newly betrothed lovers remained in the shade of the old apple tree until the sun had sank to rest behind the western horizon, yet Mr. Eldridge did not put in an appearance with the gun—an event which Jacob had been momentarily expecting.

It was not until some time after the marriage festivities had been celebrated that Jenny disclosed to Jacob the artifice that had been employed to bring about a declaration of his love.

He then learned that the flirtation between Jenny and Mr. Eldridge was all a hoax, gotten up by the artful cousin for the purpose of bringing the tardy lover to a proposal. On the day in the orchard they had seen him when he first climbed into the tree, and were aware of his presence all the time they were seated beneath.

Eldridge's seeming intention of proposing for Jenn's hand, as well as the device of going in search of the gun, were only continuations of the conspiracy against them.

Jacob's opinion of his wife's cousin has now been vastly improved, and he has quite forgiven the hard things which he said, in regard to him on that memorable day under the apple tree. Jacob, now looks upon him as his greatest benefactor, who helped him to acquire the most valuable treasure in his possession.

Taking The Census.

"Sam, you know I always tell you my secrets."

Yes, you do, Julius, and by this I should think you had none left.

"Yes, I have, though."

"Julius, let me hear it. It must be good for the keeping so long."

"No, Sam, somewhat split; but I'll tell you if you want tell nobody else."

Certainly not.

"Well, Sam, I was out taking de census de oder day, an I cum 'cross a house what had a nice scent ob broiled ham a comin out ob de chimneys ob de shutters; so I stepped up to de house an axed—"

"What, asked the house?"

"No, a young lady dat came to de door as I was takin de statistical census ob manufactures an products—if dere was ary produce raised here last year."

What did she say?

"She sed, Yes sir; I've one bout six months old!"

"What did she mean, Julius?"

Go 'long wid yer.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Golly! I left."

"Why?"

"Cause 'twas time."

—A little boy being asked what the chief end of man was, replied: "The end what's got the head on."

—Many a man who wears precious stones in this world will have to be contented with brimstone in the next.

—"Can that good little boy at the end of the class tell what were the dark ages of the world?" "Yeth, shir, they were the ages before candles and thepactacles were invented."

—At an evening party a lady was called upon for a song, and began: "I'll strike my tune-ful lyre." Her husband was seen to start hurriedly from the room, remarking, "Not if I know it, she won't."

—A little Waterloo Sunday-school miss was asked by her teacher: "What must people do in order to go to Heaven?" "Die, I suppose," replied the little one. The teacher didn't question her any further.

—While a man was singing, the other day, "There's a Good Time Coming," another man rose and said, "Would you kindly fix the date?"

The Gilboa Monitor.

GILBOA, Schoharie County, N. Y.

Thursday, FEB. 19th, 1886.

MIRON DINGS, Editor.

HOW IT GOES.

The editor of an exchange who has probably had a little experience, says: "If an editor omits anything he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he smooths down the rough points—he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does he is a rattle head—lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong he is a good fellow; but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injustice go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackleg, if he does not his paper is dull and insipid." And if he is fitted for his profession he will go right ahead, doing as near the correct thing as possible, and let the grumblers grumble and amuse themselves by writing anonymous letters.

—So successful has been Seth Green's experiments in the propagation of California trout in New York State waters that he has determined to stock the Hudson river for some distance above the State dam with the new species. He proposes to put the McCloud river trout in the Hudson, and says they grow to five or six pounds in weight, are much harder than the brook and river trout found in this vicinity, can live in water 80° temperature, and hatch early in the Spring, thus affording good fishing all the year except in the winter. The McCloud river trout are said to be full as palatable as our brook trout, and as gamey a fish to catch as black bass.

—Secretary Sherman bought on Wednesday \$11,000,000 of the bonds of 1881, and will not issue others to take their place. This process, which is going on in States and cities as well as at Washington, in flooding the country with money which must now seek other investments, as no new loans suitable for trust funds are being put on the market. Consequently there is an increasing demand for first-class mortgages, and money is abundant at five per cent.

—The New York Herald is doing an excellent work for the starving people of Ireland. Some days ago it announced that it would receive funds for their relief, and its proprietor headed the list of subscriptions with the princely gift of one hundred thousand dollars. Each day for the past week six or more columns of the paper have been filled with the names of donors and their gifts. The subscriptions range from 25 cents to 10,000 dollars—excepting Mr. Bennett's as above given. The amount contributed to this date is nearly two hundred thousand dollars.—But the wants of the suffering still far exceed the sums contributed. Donations for this object can be addressed to the "Herald Irish Relief Fund," New York.

—Thurlow Weed calls attention to the fact that a bill has been introduced in the State Senate for the virtual repeal of the usury law. The best reason we know of for opposing this persistent crusade of the capitalist class is the false pretense with which each effort is heralded. Those who follow the business of lending money are generally in favor of abolishing the usury law, and all unite in the chorus that it will "make money cheaper and reduce the rate of interest." If that would be the effect, and they desire to see the rate of interest come down, there is no law that prevents their consenting to take less than six per cent, now. It requires little knowledge of human nature to see that most of those who are trying to abolish the usury law do so with the belief that it will result in higher rates of interest and better opportunities for driving sharp bargains.

NEWS ITEMS.

Chickens are selling at four cents apiece in Florida.

The Oberlin foundry, Oak Hill, employs about 50 hands.

The slave trade in Turkey is to be suppressed.

Cock fighting is of almost nightly occurrence at Newburgh.

Orange, fig, plum and peach trees are in bloom in New Orleans.

A new iron bridge is being built across the Susquehanna at Clintonville.

It is estimated that 25,000 tons of Lake Geneva, Ill., ice will avert Chicago's threatened ice famine.

There are in the Government vaults in Washington 35,000,000 worth of silver dollars and \$20,000,000 worth of smaller silver coins.

A Middletown man has just recovered a violin that is over a century old. A hundred-year violin is worth a great deal more than a man of that age.

A tramp who was turned out of a gentleman's barn at Fishkill village on Friday night last, afterward returned and for revenge cut out the horse's tongue.

A man, unmarried and fifty years of age, named Boullens, and living in Rhinecliff, has tried to commit suicide in half a dozen ways within the last week because he had a game leg.

In many parts of New Jersey trailing arbutus and dandelions were in bloom last week, ferns were sprouting in the woods, myrtle buds bursting, and early fruit trees were as advanced as in May.

The New York Herald says the police have a clue which they expect will lead to the recovery of Charley Ross and the arrest of his abductors. The clue is one furnished by a colored man arrested in Philadelphia four years ago.

A big crack has been discovered in the ceiling of the new capitol, and it is supposed the foundation is settling. It is hardly to be wondered at, for that building has to bear up the biggest load of sin in the State.

A couple of men started from Bradford, Pa., on Monday morning for a sleigh ride, with a 100-pound can of nitro-glycerine as a companion. About four miles from Bradford the sleigh upset. One of the men jumped, but too late; for the can exploded and threw him fifty feet from the scene, where he was found dead. A large hole of 20 by 15 feet was torn in the road-bed, and covered with the debris, the other man was found badly wounded. Buildings five rods away were completely demolished.

A lady residing at Cow Island, in Louisiana, and wishing to "set" a hen, went into the field adjoining her residence, where some of her chickens had been "laying," and produced some seventeen eggs and placed them under the hen. When in the course of "human events," the chickens were hatched, lo, and behold, there came forth four small-sized alligators. It is supposed that alligators from an adjoining marsh had deposited their eggs in the field, and she not knowing the difference placed them under the hen. And what is more strange, the young alligators follow the mother hen around the premises as happy as a Colorado beetle in a potato patch.

Last Thursday evening, Miles Stanley, a well-to-do and respected old gentleman, residing about a quarter of a mile from this village, came to town in apparently good health, on an errand. After transacting his business he returned home and proceeded to his barn; having told his wife he had not finished his chores. His wife, after waiting until nine o'clock, mistrusted something wrong, and went to D. G. Hickok's residence for him. Not finding him there, Mr. H. accompanied her to the barn, where Mr. Stanley was found lying on the floor, on his back, dead. It is supposed he died of apoplexy. He was about sixty-three years of age, and his funeral took place last Saturday.—*Stamford Mirror.*

Last Spring the five children of M. B. Corbin, of Colorado, promised to earn money enough to pay for an organ if their father would buy them one. The bargain was made, and, as a capital, three dozen chickens and an acre of arable land were given to them. The ground was planted with onions, and yielded the remarkable crop of three tons, for which \$145 was received. The net receipts from the chickens was \$55, making the total receipts \$200. The organ cost \$118, leaving a balance of \$82 still in the children's treasury. The children are from 6 to 15 years of age, and worked throughout the season with great energy and perseverance, and hence deserved their success.

Five years ago a man at Hartford, Conn., fell and became insensible. A surgeon then found a slight wound in his body, close by the heart, and thought the man had been either stabbed or shot. A few days later, however, small pieces of black lead began to come out of the wound, and it was then concluded that, in falling, the point of a lead pencil which the man had in his vest pocket had penetrated the body. Probing later, brought out a little wood. On Monday of last week the surgeons used the knife, and, to their astonishment, a whole lead pencil, which had been sharpened but once, was extracted. It was 7½ inches long and the wood was split in two. It had been completely imbedded below the chest and not a half an inch from the heart. The man is very weak, but it is thought he will recover.

Desperate Fight With A Wild Cat.

A letter from Hainesville, N. J., to a N. Y. paper says: Wilhelmus Westfall, a farmer, accompanied by his son Alexander, went fox-hunting a few days ago in the woods along the New Jersey bank of the Delaware river. While passing through the woods, the hunters separated. Wilhelmus accompanied by a hound, kept close to the river. Having gone a short distance, the dog was heard barking fiercely. Wilhelmus thought he had come upon a fox track, and was in close pursuit. He went in the direction of the barking, and soon came upon the dog, which was engaged in a fierce encounter with a monster wild cat. He took his rifle from his shoulder, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. The cap exploded but the gun failed to discharge. He placed another cap on the tube, and again pulled the trigger, with the same result; the gun would not go off. By this time the dog was badly whipped, and whining and limping it made its escape from its antagonist into the thicket. The cat then sneaked slowly through the bushes toward the river.

Wilhelmus was determined to capture the animal, and thought he could conquer it by beating out its brains with the butt of his gun. He started in pursuit, and soon overtook the animal, which stooped when the hunter had approached within a few feet of it. The plucky hunter cautiously took one step after another, when suddenly, and with eyes glaring like balls of fire, the animal turned, and made a spring, landing upon the shoulders of the hunter, and soon inflicted several ghastly wounds upon his face. His body was also lacerated in a terrible manner, and his clothes were torn into shreds. After a fierce struggle, the old man succeeded in loosening the cat's hold, when his son, who had heard his father's cries, arrived. Seeing that his father was in great danger of being killed by the animal, Alexander took deliberate aim, and discharged his rifle. The ball had the desired effect, for the animal gave an upward spring and fell to the ground dead. The ball pierced the animal's heart, and missed the wounded hunter by only a few inches. The animal measured nearly six feet in length and it weighed fifty pounds. It was the only one that had been killed in this region in several years.

A Wicked Letter-Carrier.

In Boston, a rich story has come to light. A prominent business man, who resides in one of the most aristocratic residences on the Highlands, received an anonymous letter telling him to watch a gay young letter carrier who was in the habit of making daily calls at his house during his absence. After a careful investigation he found that there was something decidedly wrong at his home. In order to make assurance doubly sure, he started for his place of business as usual one morning after bidding his wife an affectionate good-bye, and then stealthily re turning, hid himself in the cellar to await developments. He did not have long to wait. The front door was soon opened smartly, and a man's heavy step was heard proceeding to his wife's room. Cautiously making his way through the kitchen, he crept up stairs.

What he saw is not positively known, nor the scene that followed very accurately described; but a short time afterward the injured husband was seen by his neighbors, coming down the front steps with a United States mail-bag in one hand and the mail-carriers pantaloons in the other.

The articles were safely deposited in the post-office, and the postmaster was informed that the owner of the articles, and the pants in particular, was to be found in the informant's house, and in fact in his own room.

There is a vacancy in the letter carrying department of that postal district, and the courts and public will shortly be regaled with the particulars of another Boston divorce suit.

The Fate of Aaron Burr's Daughter.

A Western paper tells the story of the death of Theodosia Burr Alston, the only daughter of Aaron Burr, who sailed from Charleston, S. C., December 30th, 1812, on a voyage to New York, the vessel, the Patriot, never being heard from afterward. An old sailor, Benjamin Burdick, lately deceased in a poorhouse at Cassopolis, Mich., confessed on his death bed to having been one of a piratical crew who overtook the Patriot. The captain, crew and passengers were made to walk the plank. Mrs. Alston was among them. She arrayed herself in white and made the fatal walk with a bible in her hand and without a tremor. It was the dying sailor's lot to pull the plank from beneath her. Her face haunted him ever afterward.

Don't.—Don't speak angrily to a child. Don't kick a dog when he is asleep. Don't go back on the friends of your parents. Don't often visit your neighbors at meal time. Don't neglect a cough thinking it will cure itself. (Thousands die of consumption by so doing.) Don't forget Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for it cures a cough or cold in one half the time required by any other medicine, and is the only medicine known that positively cures consumption in its early stages. Sold by all druggists.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost—I know it." A WORKINGMAN.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at very reasonable terms his Store, House and lot, and fourteen acres of land, situated in the pleasant village of Huntersland, Scho. Co., N. Y. The buildings are in good repair, has good fences and an abundance of all kinds of fruit. A desirable property and a good opening for a harness maker. Terms low. Address, Truman Dings, HUNTERSLAND, N. Y. 1-t-f

THE MONITOR

6 Weeks for 10 cents.

PAINTING.

Alex. McLaury, located at North Blenheim is prepared to do all kinds of Carriage Sleigh and House Painting. All work warranted to stand the test of time, and will bear close inspection. Thankful for past Patronage of the surrounding country, I hope by substantial work and fair deals to solicit a continuance of the same. Carriage painting a speciality. 29-1-7 A. McLAURY.

FARM FOR SALE!

The Heirs of HENRY TIBBITS (deceased) will sell on reasonable terms, the Dairy Farm of said deceased, situated at Broome Centre,

Schoharie County, New York, containing 270 Acres of Land

upon which are Farm Buildings, Hotel, Store, Three Tenant Houses, and other buildings in good condition. Portions of said property will be sold to suit the purchaser. A reasonable portion of the purchase money may remain on Bond and Mortgage.

Inquire of E. F. TIBBITS, Middleburgh, Schoharie County, N. Y., or Wm. W. Wing, Greenfield Centre, Saratoga Co., New York, Att'ys for the Heirs. 24

FLOUR! FLOUR!

CHEAP FOR CASH AT THE GILBOA GRIST MILLS.

The undersigned would inform the people of Gilboa and vicinity that he will keep constantly on hand a stock of all kinds of FRESH GROUND FLOUR. He also will keep on hand, and sell at THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, a large stock of all kinds of MEAL, FEED AND GRAIN.

As this mill has been thoroughly remodeled, has new machinery, &c., he respectfully solicits farmers to give him a trial at CUSTOM GRINDING.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. A. HAVERLY, Pro.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE! SAHLER & REYNOLDS, DEALERS IN IRON, STEEL, NAILS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, HORSE SHOES, BUILDERS' & SADDLERS' HARDWARE, AND IN FACT EVERYTHING FOUND IN A WELL REGULAR HARDWARE STORE. AT SUCH PRICES AS TO DEFY ALL COMPETITION. Agent for DUPONT'S celebrated SHOOTING and BLASTING POWDER. Thankful for our very liberal patronage, we hope to merit its continuance. SAHLER & REYNOLDS, Kingston, N. Y. 43-7

The Poor Man's Store

ALL NEW GOODS.

As I buy for cash, I can sell as cheap as the cheapest. It will pay you to call and examine my stock before buying elsewhere. Highest price paid for Eggs and Maple Sugar.

Terms.—Cash and Barter. H. S. HAMMOND, WEST CONESVILLE.

F. & A. HAGADORN,

DEALER IN DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, CROCKERY, NOTIONS ETC. ETC. GILBOA, N. Y.

GILBOA FOUNDRY,

GILBOA, N. Y.

ALL KINDS OF CASTING AT

PANIC PRICES,

SUCH AS

PLOWS,

Scrapers, Box Stoves,

One Barrel and Two Barrel Kettles,

Sleigh Shoes, &c.

Highest Price Paid for Old Iron.

A. M. GILBERTS & Co..

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION!

1500 People Nearly Killed

—WITH JOY—

By meeting their friends alive and well, trading at ZELIE & STRYKER'S, where every thing usually found in a country store is kept and sold at the very Lowest Possible Prices. Dont fail to call and examine their immense stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere.

ZELIE & STRYKER, GILBOA.

GILBOA

Saw & Planing Mills,

H. A. ROBINSON, Proprietor.

Sawing, Planing, Matching, Turning

SCROLL SAWING,

etc, etc, etc.

ALL KINDS OF

SAW GUMMING

At Prices to Suit the Times.

—ALSO—

Builder & Contractor.

All Kind of Job Work done at Short Notice.

H. A. ROBINSON,

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DEALERS IN

GENERAL

HARDWARE.

Call and See our full Stock

OF

HOLIDAY GOODS,

Lamps, and all kinds of Glassware,

Buffalo Robes, Whips, bought

Before The Rise,

and are very cheap. Besides a full counter

of 5c., & 10c., useful article

The Gilboa Monitor.

Miron Dings, Editor and Publisher.

GILBOA, SCHOHARIE CO., N. Y.

Thursday, Feb. 19th, 1880.

TERMS, PER YEAR, \$1.00. IN ADVANCE

Correspondents on matters of general or local interest solicited from all sections. Deaths and marriages, society and lodges, church and charitable notices inserted free. A copy of the paper mailed free to the getter-up of a club of ten. Local notices, eight cents per line for first insertion, and five cents for each additional insertion. A four line card free, whose bill amounts to \$25 or upwards. All communications must be addressed, MONITOR OFFICE, Gilboa, Schoharie county, N. Y.

U. & D. Railroad.

GOING EAST.
Leav. Moresville, Ar. at Rondout.
7:38 A. M. 11:35 A. M.
GOING WEST.
Leav. Rondout, Ar. at Moresville.
2:45 P. M. 6:55 P. M.
SUNDAY.—Going East Leaves Moresville 9:26 A. M.
Going West Arrives at Moresville 5:2 P. M.

MIDDLEBURGH AND GILBOA STAGE LINE.

Stage leaves Gilboa every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 A. M., and arrives at Middleburgh at 11:00 A. M. Returning, leaves Middleburgh every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11:00 A. M., and arrives at Gilboa at 4:30 P. M.

E. D. ATCHINSON, PROPRIETOR.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock, Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., every Sunday.

M. E. CHURCH.

REV. G. A. MARTIN, Pastor.
Services every Sunday, one Sunday at 2 o'clock, the next at 7 o'clock P. M.

GILBOA
No. 630, F. & A. M.
Regular communications first and third Saturday evenings of each month.
K. CROSWELL, W. M.
G. C. SHALER, Secy.

Home and Vicinity.

—A pleasant call on Tuesday, from H. A. Robinson, of Prattville.

—Misses Katie and Lessie Searls, of Prattville, were in town this week.

—Mrs. Peter Snyder an aged lady, of West Conesville, died Tuesday.

—If you want to buy goods cheap, call on Bassler & Cornell, Middleburgh.

—“Farm.” Brandow, of Coxsackie, is buying straw in this and Delaware counties.

—Chas. Zelle has purchased the Horace Griffin place in this village. Consideration \$1,000.

—Mr. Nelson Best, who has been visiting friends in this place, has returned to his home in Kalamazoo, Mich.

—Charles Face left for Delhi yesterday, where he has accepted a position in the Express office as an apprentice.

—Geo. Wetherwax, of Lawyersville, is visiting at Geo. C. Shaler's, waiting for Venor to order another snow storm.

—The people of Prattville will please accept the thanks of the Gilboa Dramatic Club for their hospitable reception, and kind patronage.

—Stephen Witte has a hog and two pigs which he has not fed since last September, they having lived in the woods all winter on beach-nuts.

—Wm. West, of Broome Centre, who got a walnut meat in one of the bronchial tubes, has, after thirteen weeks of suffering, coughed it out. Mr. West has been in a very critical state of health during this time, and his recovery is now doubtful.

For Cost.—Bassler and Cornell of Middleburgh, are selling the following goods at cost. Boys' and Mens' Overcoats, Ladies' and Gents' Undershirts and Drawers, Cardigan Jackets, Leggings, Nubias, Arctic Over-shoes, and Shawls. An excellent chance to get these goods cheap.

—George Muller informs us that the indictments that were found against him and Dr. J. T. Benham, in Schoharie county, were NOLLE PROSEQUIED on motion of the district attorney, at the recent term of the county court held at Schoharie. If this is true it is a refutation of the serious charge that was laid against them.—Del. Times.

—Henry Dewell, who was indicted five years ago for burning a barn belonging to L. A. Kingsley, was to be tried at the Schoharie court last week, but was dismissed by the Judge, on consideration that the indictment was made out wrong, being for burning a barn in Conesville, instead of Gilboa, where the barn was burned. Dewell was arrested again, however, before he left the Court House.

—Town meeting passed off very quiet. Both parties had good men in the field, and worked hard to elect them. The canvass resulted as follows: For Supervisor, A. G. Baldwin, Rep., 5 maj.; For Town Clerk, Edgar Jackson, Rep., 27maj.; For Justice of the Peace, Joseph H. Decker, Dem., 5 maj.; For Commissioner of Highways, H. DeSilva, Dem., 32 maj.; For Assessor, Liberty P. More, Dem., 9 maj.; For Overseers of the Poor, Dan E. Griffin, Dem., 25 maj.; and Geo. Decker, Rep., 5 maj.; For Collector, Wm. Hall, Rep., 15 maj.; For Constables, Wm. Long, Dem., 49 maj.; Gloomier More, Dem., 20 maj.; Robert Conro, Rep., 20 maj.; Inspectors of Election, Rep.; Town House, Club Room; Excise Commissioner, Wm. Selleck.

Middleburgh Items.

—G. N. Vroman enjoyed the pleasures of Unadilla last week.

—Mr. Chas. Earls was the Republican candidate for Supervisor.

—The Rev. J. S. Harkey preached to a full house, at Huntersland, Sabbath, the 8.

—The season of Lent is being duly observed at the Episcopal Church in this village.

—Stringham's suit against the town of Broome is now in progress in the city of Albany.

—W. E. Bassler was the Republican temperance candidate for Excise Commissioner.

—A new telephone line, we are informed, will soon be constructed between this place and Schoharie.

—Ernest Frisbie, who has been visiting friends in Gilboa and vicinity, returned to Middleburgh, Saturday.

—The Methodist Sunday School has bought a beautiful new library. The books are from D. K. Niver's, of Albany.

—The Temperance lecture delivered by Miss Ellen E. Eldred, of Lawrens, at Good Templars Hall, Monday eve., was largely attended.

—The donation held for the benefit of the Rev. H. E. C. Costello, at Sheldon's Hall, Friday eve., Feb. 6th, was largely attended, and netted over \$100.

—A donation visit will be paid to the Rev. J. S. Harkey, at the Freemyer House, on the evening of February 19th, instead of the 11th, as previously stated. The public are cordially invited to attend.

—Quite a number of the Middleburghers attended the dedicatory services of the P. M. Church at Franklinton, last Saturday, Feb. 7th. The dedicatory sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. S. Harkey.

—At the election of officers, of the Excelsior Cold Water Temple, No. 50, Thursday eve., Jan. 29th, the following officers were elected, for the ensuing quarter ending April 29, Charles E. Becker, C. T.; Mary Bishop, V. T.; George Lawyer, Secy.; William Blodgett, F. Secy.; W. E. Bassler, Treas.; Irvin Koney, Chap.; George D. Frisbie, M.; Maria Vroman, I. G.; Osban Hess, O. G.; Minnie Bouck, R. S.; Kittie Fredrick's, L. S.

Oak Hill Items.

—Miss Ella Cheritree has had the scarlet fever.

—A. Utter's dwelling house is nearly completed.

—Sam. Graham, of Catskill, was in town Sunday.

—Levi Rockerfellow is in town visiting friends.

—Wm. Cowles of Durham, is quite low with fever.

—F. J. Donnelly has sold his horse to A. Goodfellow.

—Jno. Avery's vendue of furniture, took place Feb. 10th.

—C. H. Bogardus and wife have returned from their wedding tour.

—A variety wedding was held at Peter Vroman's, Wednesday eve.

—Mrs. Adams and daughter Jennie, have returned home to Pittsburgh, Pa.

—Catherine Wright, had her house broken into recently, and quite a sum of money stolen.

—Miss Fannie Banks and Miss Frankie Stryker of Gilboa, accompanied by Mr. Peter Stryker, were in town last week.

—Our merchants, Hollenbeck, Ford and Isaac Tripp, are doing a rushing business, which is a sign that hard cash is more abundant than of old.

—Prof. Van Dyck, teacher of our district school has had a serious attack of black eyes. There was not much hope of his recovery for five weeks, but by the thorough treatment of Dr. Conklin, he has gained so as to venture to his home in Coxsackie, where he will stay until able to commence his school again. P. S. Kenyon fills his place as teacher.

The "Aurora" Goes to Prattville.

—Dark and muddy.

—Admission 15 cents.

—Receipts eighteen dollars.

—Total expenses eighteen dollars.

—An extra oyster supper at Miller's Hotel.

—Started for Gilboa about 11 o'clock p. m., with eight wagons in procession.

—An axletree broken and a grand "spill" near the Devasego House, but no one hurt, as Alonzo was at the "helm."

—Paige says, I can, if it is really necessary, carry one more in my wagon, but I awfully dislike to. Tick says, its no laughing matter. Orva says, have a cubey?

—Carrie says, am I all here? Will somebody please take a census of me? Doc says, when shall we go to Breakabeen? They all say, "Home! Sweet Home!"

—The unfortunates found passage in the different vehicles, and once more started on their homeward way, rejoicing, and feeling exceedingly happy.

—Arrived at Gilboa, about 1 o'clock a. m. presenting the appearance of a midnight funeral procession. One pair of rubbers, and a robe reported as being among the missing.

—The different members made their appearance the next morning about 11 o'clock A. M., with the exception of a young lady on Church Hill, who didn't present herself until the sun stood at M.

—Not a man lost.

Conesville Items.

—A. A. Hoagland has moved to Strykersville.

—Wm. Smith intends to build a house this summer.

—Frank Allen, of Freehold, has been visiting friends in this place.

—Most of the people about here have been filling ice houses, the past week.

—A spelling school at the Four Corners, on Wednesday eve., held by Frank Mackey.

—Dance at Thomas Roger's, on last Tuesday night. A good time and lots of extra h—g.

—The dance at the Mattice House was a success for all. As some tried to break it up, but were stopped by Mr. Mattice, as he is a man that runs his own house. The supper was as good as could be expected, as there was no money spent in getting it up.

—Some young ladies in these parts have become so aristocratic that they can not bear to see a young man eat sour apples, for fear that he might become drunk, but had just as soon as not that they would set and practice lolly-gagging. The young men of this place do not ask any odds of that class, as they intend to eat all the sour apples that they want.

—The town meeting in Conesville, was closely and warmly contested, and resulted as follows:—For Supervisor, D. Thorp, Rep. and P. Couchman Dem., tie; For Town Clerk, Wm. Miller, Dem. 58 maj.; for Justice of the Peace, E. Morse, Rep., 21 maj.; for Assessor, N. M. Young, Dem. 41 maj.; for Com. of Highways, R. Brandow, Rep. 47 maj.; for Overseer of Poor, I. Parker Rep. 55 maj. The rest of the officers are Democratic. The question, who will be supervisor? will have to be decided by the justices of the peace, or a new election will be called by the Town Clerk. If the justices decide the matter, Mr. Couchman will probably be chosen supervisor.

Blenheim News.

—Miss Ella C. Best is visiting friends here.

—Elisha Borst has quit boarding at the hotel.

—Rev. G. G. Tousley's donation Monday evening, at the Empire House, was a success in every particular, especially the financial part. Net receipts were \$75.

—Nelson Best started for Kalamazoo, Michigan, Tuesday morning, after having a pleasant visit with friends here and at Gilboa. Joy and prosperity attend him.

Notice.—There will be a Donation Visit given to Rev. E. Miller by the congregation of the Reformed Church of North Blenheim at the house of Wellington Harris, on Wednesday Evening, February 25th, 1880. All are invited to attend.

By order of Committee.

South Gilboa Items.

—Go it Charley, it only costs a treat.

—Jay and Frank, have gone into the hen business.

—District No. 14, is the boss place for spelling schools.

—Geo. Mabey has left for Jno. Mitchell's, near Hobart, where he is trying to earn his "grub," and something more. If he does not succeed, he is to give his clothes for his board, in the fall.

—Your correspondent had the pleasure of attending a donation, near Stamford, Monday evening, Feb. 9th, for the benefit of Rev. Father Canane, of Hunter. Receipts, \$150.

SETH.

Auction Sales.

—Bryant Phelps, will sell at his residence in Conesville, Feb. 28th, two cows, 300 feet of birch lumber, and a large quantity of household goods.

—Stephen Hitchcock, will sell on the Badgley premises in the town of Blenheim, March 3d, sixteen cows, 35 sheep, and all the farming and dairy utensils on said farm.

—D. N. Patrie and P. Richtmyer, will sell at D. N. Patrie's residence in Conesville, March 2d, six cows, 3 horses, wagons, and a large quantity of farming tools, Grain, &c.

—Have your auction bills printed at this office, and get a free advertisement in the Monitor.

THREE THINGS. A thoughtful man once said that two things settled the question of our happiness or misery, viz.: Our relations to our Creator and to women. There is one more—our relations with our own blood in our veins. Impure blood will produce tumors. It did so in the case of Mrs. Walter Hinckley, of Cotuit, Mass. The doctors could do nothing for her. A neighbor brought from Dr. David Kennedy, of Roundout, N. Y., a bottle of his Favorite Remedy. She tried it and became better. "No woman," writes Mrs. H., "can afford to be without Favorite Remedy." It will cost you only One Dollar to make the experiment. The good result is sure.

—This is to certify that I have used "Donovan's Rheumatic Cure" for Rheumatism, with which I have been severely afflicted, and found it to be a wonderfully effective medicine for that disease. Three bottles effected an entire cure in my case. I cheerfully recommend the medicine to all persons similarly afflicted. WILLIAM BENSON Kingston, N. Y.

Here and There.

—Catskill estimates the cost of her water-works at \$75,000.

—S. G. Gregory, of Albany, has on exhibition the model of a vessel for navigating the air, with which he proposes to fly to Europe in four days, starting next July.

—On Monday George Evener, who resided upon a farm about mid-way between Hyndsville and Jaynesville, in the town of Seward, committed suicide by shooting himself with an army musket.—Index.

—Henry Moett, who has been on trial at Hudson, for the murder of his wife and her paramour, at Taghanic, Columbia Co., Sept. 12th, 1879, has been convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 19th of March.

—Mr. Perry Gifford has at his house a double calla. The inner flower is as perfect though much smaller than the outer and there is still within the beginning a third floral spathe. It is very curious.—Rensselaerville Press.

—Essie, the nine-year-old daughter of Mrs. Boniat, of Cherry Valley, met with a horrible and fatal accident a few days ago. She was standing near a wood pile watching a hired man who was chopping wood. In some way the ax in his hand slipped and struck the little girl in such a way as to nearly cut her head from her body.

—On Thursday evening of last week, Henry Kimmey, of Seward, was seriously kicked by a colt. Mr. Kimmey was bedding a team of colts, when he slapped one of them on the haunch. The colt kicked and struck Mr. Kimmey with both feet, inflicting terrible blows. One foot struck Mr. Kimmey in the left side, and from this he is suffering severely.—Index.

—North river steamboats are "fixing up" this winter recess at a tremendous rate. The splendid steamer St. John is to be reconstructed from the keel upward, in her timbers, joiner-work, engines, boilers, etc., making a complete job. In fact, she will be practically a new boat, as substantial and handsome as on the day she was launched. The St. John, the Hudson Republican calls attention, will be remembered as the largest steamer on the Hudson, measuring no less than 420 feet on deck, or 407 feet on the keel.

—Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

—The March number of this popular and pleasing magazine has for the leading illustrated article a most timely and interesting sketch of Bermuda, by the author of "Running the Blockade," and so forth; and then there are other articles of domestic nature, such as a picture of Mammoth Cave, and a description by the distinguished Boston lecturer, George W. Allen, Esq., who has made a study of cave, and given the public some new facts regarding it. In fact, the contents of the magazine are worthy of attention, and not the least worthy of all is a story by Captain George H. Coomer, called "The 'Grayback' on the Coast," a thrilling tale of the sea, which should be read by all. The wit and fun in this number bubbles all over with jollity. The January and February numbers of *Ballou's Monthly Magazine* will be sent to any address, as samples, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents; then, if you wish to continue, it will only be necessary to remit \$1.25 for the rest of the year.

NOTICE.—N. S. Burlingame, expert mechanic and repairer.

Agent for the "Crown," which has fifteen improvements and is the crowning conception of the machine world. It is nickle plated and self threading. Ask for it and take no other. It costs no more and is the best of all, and in fact a grand combination of all. Also the Avery which will make 1600 perfect stitches per minute, price same as Crown. Will sell the genuine N. Y. Singer for \$25 cash; and will put any machine in No. 1 order for a small consideration. Orders left at this office will receive prompt attention. 2w*

Feels Young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time with neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines done her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family. —[A lady Providence, R. I.]

AGENTS Make quick Sales and the best profits on our New Book, Golden thoughts on MONEY, HOME AND HEAVEN in prose and poetry by 300 Best Authors. Elegantly Illustrated. Pleases everybody. \$2.75; also 5,000 "CURIOSITIES OF THE BEAST," \$2.75. A single canvasser has actually sold 7,000 copies. "MOODY'S AUTHORIZED SERMONS," \$2.00. Mailed on receipt of price. E. B. TRENT, PUBLISHER, No. 505 Broadway, N. Y.

FARMERS AND FARMERS' SONS WANTED \$50 to \$100 PER MONTH during the Winter and Spring. For particulars, address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Phila., Pa.

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Mens Rubber Boots,	3.00
Womens Grained, Lace Shoes,	1.00
" " Button " "	1.25
" Surge Congress " "	.75
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BEATTY'S Pianos, grand square and upright, are pronounced by the press and the people as the most beautiful and sweetest toned Pianos ever manufactured. On test trial and AND pronounced the best in the world. Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, equal them. They possess power, depth, brilliancy and sympathetic effects, and the only beautiful, exqu岸sely NEW JERSEY. A vast action ever in be disarranged by use. The bellows capacity is so great that but little effort is required with the feet to supply all the air necessary. Best made and most elegant cases in the market. All solid wood ornaments. Every instrument fully warranted for 5 years as strictly first class, and sent on from 5 to 15 days' test trial. Illustrated Newspaper sent free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, United States of America.

ORGANS, BEATTY PIANOS.
The public are particularly cautioned against bogus instruments which are being palmed off as genuine Beatty celebrated Pianos and Organs, and particularly from parties in the West and South-West, where this detestable trickery has been extensively practiced on the reputation I have gained; also beware of anonymous circulars with false quotations from certain trade journals. Write for explanation sent to Beatty's Illustrated Piano and Organ Advertiser, containing testimonials from millionaires, bankers, merchants, lawyers, clergymen, and thousands of purchasers throughout the length and breadth of the land, with full particulars of the great Piano and Organ war against high prices. Newspaper free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, United States of America.

