

# Miscellaneous.

## Something to Die for.

PRENT was sick, single, and singular. It was of no use to do any for him; he was going to die; that is, he was coming to his end. Of what? Will you have the answer of last month, or last year? It's quite important to me which. Last week he was dying of consumption; last month of apoplexy; last year before he had been an aneurism as a palsy. But he thought of dying, and had thought of it off and on (generally on) for three years. Three years—till finally he reduced it to a certainty (he feared) and himself to a shadow; a pretty distinct shadow, it's true.

He looked at his hand one day; there was a little blue spot on it. Mortifying, no doubt—very. What would become of his penmanship? Off-hand, at least. Four-and-twenty relieved him: all right; only a stain. He walked in a pepsiration of delight to the open window; but where was his happiness, when two minutes after he put his hand upon his brow and felt cold drops standing there! Oh! where was it! Going in a consumption; last stage—hasty at that; named in two words, cough and coffin.

Bed, blood root and a blister. Prent was a whig and a wag, and both together sometimes—unsteady. "Not so much my feelings as my friends," said Prent, feebly; "nor my pains as my principles, I grieve for. What'll become of the party? not that which comes to—" (tea he was about to say, but growing short of breath got out "tu" instead; which was just as well), but which goes to the polls. "I'm going, and my friends know it; it's expectation with me, but not with them."

"No, no, said his friend Prattle, the lawyer; "don't give way to such feelings. Cheer up."

"Cheer up!" said Prent; "on what? Spirits of nire?"—poor cheer, I take it. He did; "and as for giving way, there's no help for it nor from it. I tell you my friend I'm a gone coon!" He smiled feebly. "I've felt it ever since the last election."

"Stuff!" said Prattle, "stuff!" "Which?" asked Prent; "my medicine or my meals? I have n't eaten any thing so large as a cracker since yesterday. I'm an unsound liver, though not bilious."

"Well," said Prattle, "if you really think so, I'll send for the doctor; and," suggested he, "perhaps I'd better make out your will."

"The best thing you can do," said Prattle, "and give me your testament," said Prent.

"Won't you just sign this petition?" said Prattle; "it dates a week back, and you can sign it at the head."

"Weak back," said Prent, "contains a complaint does it? Well, yes; I'll sign the petition and say my prayers. But, look here; don't send for the doctor, it's no use."

"Yes," said Prattle imploringly.

"No," said Prent, decidedly, and coughed. Coughing loudly, for a sick man, he frightened Prattle into making out his will immediately, for there was some danger of its shaking his intention.

"The will was drawn up in due form, and without ceremony."

As Prattle sat by the bed, he thought during intervals between Prent's remarks, and when Prent said, "I feel easier now," he thought "so do I."

"In my mind," said Prent.

"It'll lengthen my life full twelve hours," said Prent.

"And my purse full twelve shillings," thought Prattle.

After half an hour Mr. Prattle went away and after him went a week from that date.

Not so Prent; he got better. He got so he could "sit up and take things"—so that he could stand. "It leaves me with a rheumatism," said Prent; "I wish it had left me alone." "Ah!" continued he, "I'm only twenty-five, but I've a presentment that I shan't live long. I'm a single man, too, nothing to mar my happiness. Why should I die? I have n't done any thing very bad, save that last painting." "Well," thought Prent, "if I've got to die, I'll get married and have something to die for; I will."

And he would have done it directly, only that the rheumatism attacked him just then; but at the first opportunity, that is, as soon as he could, he took the steps to a three-story house.

"Mr. Prent!" said the waiter.

"That's me," said Prent, walking into the parlor.

"How is Miss Bachelor?"

Miss Bachelor was a young lady of about thirty, with a very fresh countenance and a very red nose—exceedingly red; she bore the appearance of one having the influenza all her life, and never using anything for it but her pocket-handkerchief.

Miss Bachelor was "Pretty well as common thanks," and "Miss Latelle," said Prent to a very pretty niece of Miss Bachelor's, "How are you?"

"Very well," she warbled.

Prent was the only gentleman present. He sat himself down, and in five minutes thereafter was "in town," as the saying goes.

He felt happy and he looked happy.

He thought perhaps he would have some difficulty in getting Miss Latelle, but even that produced a pleasurable excitement. The reasons for his belief were good too. He was not handsome, and Miss Latelle had refused three already. But she was the first girl of his acquaintance, and he determined to commence at "A No. 1," and try down to "etc.," with no number.

To his surprise he advanced rapidly; from the weather to love in a single leap; to matrimony in one more. "How well I feel!" thought Prent.

He was about proposing when Miss Bachelor said, in a voice to which a coffee-mill would have been music: "I declare, I feel quite chilly." "There was no doubting her veracity, but it was, Prent thought, awkward to say so at that moment. Supposing she was?—it wasn't his fault. He wished her in the south of France, or the kitchen stove, rather than there."

"It is rather chilly," said Prent.

Miss Bachelor was troubled with teeth. Prent knew it. "I'm told," said he, "that a slight chill in the air is worse than really cold weather for the teeth. Have you heard it?"

"Dear me! No," said Miss B.— "I must n't stay here, then."

She ascended the stairs with rapidity, and they heard no more of her for the evening.

Mr. Prent wasted no time, but proposed without delay. Miss Latelle accepted—all comfortably. Now it puzzled Prent to know how to act. It struck him rather forcibly that he ought to say something sentimental. But what? He was new to the business and felt awkwardly. He had heard that "actions speak louder than words," and he acted; acted admirably: on the supposition that she must be love-sick he kissed her, and repeated the dose at intervals; but it had no visible effect; and after the very last, she said: "Oh!"

Ten o'clock Prent was almost ready to leave. Half-past—the same. Eleven ditto; half-past—one more kiss. Well then—Oh! "Twelve. A desperate effort; and two kisses. "Oh! oh!" gone.

"My dear fellow," said Prattle; "you don't mean to say you are to be married?"

"Of course I do," said Prent.

"Married, eh?" Hadn't Prattle eaten suppers with him all for his pleasure, regularly and as regularly told him, the next day, it was unhealthy, but humored him by helping him to eat another every evening; drank with him smoked with him, and performed various like interested services? He had. Well, then, there could be no doubt of his friendship and he told Mr. Prent it was a foolish idea.

"And your object is to have something to die for?"

"It is," said Prent.

"If you believed you were destined to live twenty years, don't you think you would be better off single?"

"I think I should," said Prent. He answered this, as Prattle asked it, in view of late hours and champagne suppers.

"Hum!" said Prattle, and straightway went to a doctor friend of his. "It lies in the stomach; take this note and say I sent you. He's rich and his names Bill: foot it."

"It's of no use, doctor," said Prent; "it's destined."

"What are the symptoms?" asked Physic.

"Various," answered Prent.

"Instance," said Physic; "cold sweat; pain in the chest," etc., said Prent.

"Let me try to remove them," said Physic, "its eating that does it."

"No," said Prent; "I've experimented on that."

"Drinking, perhaps?" suggested Physic.

"I thought it might be," said Prent, and left off beer and drank nothing but brandy and water. No use, tried it for a week. Took to beer again and dropped alcoholics. It wouldn't do. No, no; the fact is, it's constitutional. I wish it wasn't. I'd have it before the judge in less than a week."

"Do you think you have a standing complaint?" asked Physic.

"No; I rather think it's seated said Prent."

"Try me one month," said Physic, "and I will cure you."

"I've no objection to trying anything," said Prent.

"Well, one blue pill every night for a week; seidlitz powder in the morning, diet, crackers and cold water."

"Stop! stop! doctor; I could not live so."

"Only for a month," said Physic.

"Say one potatoe and a half a glass of wine at dinner."

"You'd better not," said Physic; "but you may alternate days, commencing to-morrow."

"I'd rather commence every day," said Prent.

"Won't do?" said Physic.

It is strange, but Prent stood it "like a man" for a month. It was much stranger to him, that at the end of that time his arms, hands, legs, feet, all seemed to be sound. He breathed more freely and did not wake up o' nights and hear strange sounds and his fingers were less inclined to travel round every article he endeavored to handle.

"What was the matter with me?" asked Prent of the doctor.

"You injured the coat of your stomach," said Physic.

"And it could not make a shift to use its shirt-sleeves?" muttered Prent.

"You are not well yet, said Physic. "But the month is up," said Prent.

"So it is," said Physic; but live moderately or you will bring it on again; and by-and-by there will be no curing you. Air, exercise, and temperance, or hypochondria, those are the tickets."

And the last shall not receive my suffrage, said Prent.

"That night he drank a glass or two on the strength of it; then one or two more temperately."

"I am sorry," said Prent, "that I will have to marry—hiccup."

"You can break it said Prattle.

"Supposing she sues for breach," said Prent.

"Supposing she does?" said Prattle; "better try the breeches before marriage than after. She cannot prove it."

"Well, I'll—"

"I will see you (hiccup) to-morrow."

To-morrow Mr. Prent felt the symptoms gain.

"I guess I will take a wife," said Prent.

"Better take a blue pill," said Prattle.

But this, and all he could say, did not turn Prent one hair's breadth. He married. What was better, he got well; sacrificed his suppers and wasn't at all sorry. Instead of dying, he lived. Lived as a man, having something to live for—a fire-side and a home.

A TRUSTY SERVANT.—A young gentleman, who had an appointment with a lady for the evening, found himself after dining with some friends forced to make up a party at a loo; he therefore called his servant, and dispatched him to make his excuse to the fair one, enjoining him at the same time, to bring back the answer as if it came from a gentleman.

The servant fulfilled his mission, and on his return his master asked him, "If the gentleman was at home?"

The servant replied that "he was."

"And what did he say?" questioned the master.

"That he was very well; and hoped to see you to-morrow evening," replied John.

"What was he doing when you entered?" again interrogated the master.

"Putting on his bonnet and shawl," coolly replied the simple John.

A QUEER PARTY.—A paper published at Akron, Ohio, states that some time since a party of gentlemen and their ladies, from that village, visited a place of refreshment in Middleburgh, where passed a short time, and after they departed, a boy about the house, who who had occasion to enter the room several times during their stay, remarked that "they were the queerest gals he ever seed, cause when there were chairs enough in the room for them to sit on, the ternal critters would sit on the boys' laps."

FAMILY RECONCILING.—Two Irishmen lately met who had not seen each other since their arrival from Dublin's fair city. Pat exclaimed:

"How are you my honey; how is Biddy Sullivan, Judy O'Connell, and Daniel O'Keefe."

"Oh! my jewel," answered the other, "Biddy has got so many children that she will soon be a grandfather; Judy has six, but they have no father at all. And as for Daniel, he's grown so thin, that he is as thin as us both put together."

CHRONOMETRY.—A big boy, who displayed a long dangling watch-chain, was asked:

"What's the time, Josiah?"

He drew his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it awhile referred to another, and asked, "Is this figury nine or figury seven?"

He was told that it was "figury seven."

"Well then," said Josiah, "it lacks jest about half an inch of eight."

A SALT RIVER CHAP.—One of those two fisted backwoodsman, half alligator and a little touched with the snapping turtle, went lately to see a caravan of beasts.—After giving them a careful examination, he offered to bet the owner that he could whip his lion in an open ring and he might throw in all his monkeys, and let the zebra kick him occasionally during the fight.

GOOD ADVICE.—When you are in want of money, make believe that you are full of cash, and say that money is no object. In that case every body will offer to lend you any amount. Refuse until you are over persuaded, and then, sooner than to be obstinate, you may oblige you kind friends by accepting favors.

THE HAPPY MAN.—An eastern capliph, being sorely afflicted with ennui, was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man that was perfectly happy would cure him. After a long search he discovered such a happy fellow had no shirt!

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.—Reader, go to balls in thin slippers on a wet night, go to the deuce if you please, but don't go in debt. If you do, strawberries will taste like pickles, loose shoes will pinch and the kiss of your wife or sweetheart will be like an electric shock.

## NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

### BOOT & SHOE MAKING.

WILCOX & SAGE have associated themselves in the Boot and Shoe Making business, in the borough of Towanda, one door west of the Claremont House, and solicit a share of public patronage. They intend, by a careful selection of stock, and by attention to the interests of their customers, to make as neat and durable work as can be manufactured in this portion of the country.

They keep constantly on hand, and will manufacture to order, morocco, calf and coarse boots and shoes; Ladies' Gaiters, shoes and slippers; children's do.; gent's gaiters and pumps, &c., &c.

JOHN W. WILCOX, PHILANDER SAGE, Towanda, May 6, 1844.

### BOOT & SHOE MAKING.

On my own books again!

STEPHEN HATHAWAY informs the public generally that he is still prepared to manufacture, of the best material, and in the most substantial and elegant manner, all descriptions of Boots and Shoes.

Morocco, Calf and Coarse Boots and Shoes Ladies' shoes and gaiters; youth's do.

All work made by me will be warranted to be well made. Call and try.

Country Produce taken in payment for work Towanda, February 27th, 1844.

### Wright's Vegetable Indian Pills.

IF, during the continuance of Storms and Floods, the channels of

our night rivers become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be

OVERWHELMED WITH THE FLOOD.

In a like manner with the human body—if the Skin, Kidneys, and Bowels, (the natural outlets for

USELESS AND CORRUPT HUMORS) become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS; we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be

OVERWHELMED WITH DISEASE.

As in the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all the Natural Drains of the body.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, Of the North American College of Health, will be found one of the best if not the very

BEST MEDICINES IN THE WORLD for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory; because they completely cleanse the Stomach and Bowels from all Bilious Humors and other impurity, and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the Lungs, Skin, and Kidneys; consequently, as all the Natural Drains are opened,

Disease of every name is literally driven from the Body.

Caution—As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, county agents and storekeepers will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all authorized agents are provided a Certificate of Agency, signed by WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills and cannot show a Certificate, as above described, will be known as impostors.

The following highly respectable Store-keepers have been appointed Agents for the sale of

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, and of whom it is confidently believed the genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained: BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.

J. D. & E. D. Montanye, Towanda.

D. Brink, P. M., Hornbrook.

S. W. & D. F. Pomeroy, Troy.

Lyman Durfee, Smithfield.

J. J. & C. Warford, Monroeton.

Wm. Gibson, Ulster.

Ulysses Moody, Asylum.

John Horton Jr., Terrytown.

Coryell & Gee, Burlington corners.

Benjamin Coolbaugh, Canton.

L. S. Ellsworth & Co., Athens.

Allen & Storrs, Sheshequin.

Guy Tracy, Milan.

A. R. Soper, Columbia Falls.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, 228 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and 169 Race street, Philadelphia.

BWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one F. O. Falek, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. [no. 1.6m]

### SADDLE, HARNESS & TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

HE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his old friends and the public generally that he is now carrying on the above business in all its various branches, in the north part of the building occupied by B. Thomas, as a Hat shop, on Main street, nearly opposite Mercer's store, where he will be happy to accommodate old and new customers.

SADDLES, BRIDLES, MARTINGALS, HARNESS, WHIPS & C., & C.

CARPET BAGS, VALISES, TRUNKS, COLLARS, & C.

of the latest fashion and best materials will be made to order on moderate terms for ready pay. Most kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for work.

JERE CULP.

April 17, 1844.

COT YARN and Carpet Warp, Colored and White this day received at No. 13, Brick Row.

## DRUG AND GROCERY STORE.

Keep it before the People.

WHAT the Old Drug Store, west side of the Public Square, is now receiving the largest assortment of Drugs and Medicines ever offered in this market, among which are the following, viz:

- |  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| Sulph. Morphine,                           | Blue Mass,        |
| do. Quinine,                               | Nit. Silver,      |
| Eng. Calomel,                              | Quick do. J       |
| Liquid Potassa,                            | Peperine,         |
| Red Precipitate,                           | Ipecac,           |
| White do.                                  | Tart. Antimony,   |
| Strychnin,                                 | Iodine,           |
| Elixerius,                                 | Valerian Root,    |
| Kressol,                                   | Seneca do.        |
| Pulv. Jalap,                               | Serpentaria do.   |
| Ert. do.                                   | Genlion do.       |
| Ert. Colyinth,                             | Colombo do.       |
| do. Gentian,                               | Pink do.          |
| do. Cicuta,                                | Senna,            |
| do. Hyocymus,                              | Adhesive Plaster, |
| do. Turaxicum,                             | Cantharides,      |
| Spring and Thumb Lancets, Lancet cases &c. |                   |

The attention of PHYSICIANS is particularly invited to the above articles, they being just received from one of the most respectable houses in New York and will therefore be warranted pure and free from adulteration in all cases, and disposed of at very low prices.

OILS AND ESSENCES.

Wintergreen, Cinnamon, Peppermint, Rosemary, Wormseed, Hemlock, Sassafras, Lemon, Lavender, Bergamot, Aniseed, Cloves, Juniper, Amber, Cajuput, Caraway, Monard, Fennel, Almond, Origanum, Cedar, Amber, &c., &c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in payment for work Towanda, February 27th, 1844.

### PATENT MEDICINES.

The most popular of the day, such as Dr. rayne's Expectant, Wistar's Balsam Wild Cherry, Sande Sarasapilla, Dr. Jayne's Carminative, Balsam Horehound, Turtington's Pink Expectant Syrup, Bateman's Drops, Andersons do., Lamott's Cough do., Liquid Opodeldoc, Balsam Honey, Preston Salts, Mrs. Gardner's Balsam Liverwort and Horehound, Dr. Spoon's Digestive Elixer, Dr. Munns Elixer of Opium, Dr. Benjamin Godfrey's Cordial, Dr. Weaver's Worm Tea, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Balm of Columbia, Butler's Magnesian Apapient, Henry's do., Dr. Thompson's Eye Water, British Oil, Harlem do., Macassar do., Bear's do., Grave's Hair do., Croton do., together with many others to numerous to mention.

PILLS.

Compound Cathartic, Gregory's Hoopers Female, German, Lees Windham, Billions, Miles' Tomato, Brandreth's, Wright's Indian Vegetable, Dr. Phinney's, Webster's, Moffats and Bitters, Alebasia, Bishops, &c., &c.

PAINTS, OIL & DYE STUFFS.

White, Red and Black Lead, Chrome Green, Chloro me Yellow, Yellow Ochre, Prussian Blue, Rose Pink, Sugar Lead, Litharge, Blue Smalts, Venetian Red, Vermilion, Turmeric, Annatto, Indigo, Coppers, Allum, Crude, Tartar, Cochineal, Solution of Tin, Verdigris, Blue Vitrol, Glass 7 by 8, 8 by 10, and 10 by 12, Putty, Linseed Oil, &c., &c.

A. D. MONTANYE, DRUGGIST. Towanda, Oct. 25, 1844.

COLOGNE WATER by the ounce, pint, quart, or gallon in fancy bottles or otherwise to suit the Ladies, at

MONTANYE'S DRUG STORE.

PAINT, Hair, Shaving, Tooth and Nail Brushes at

MONTANYE'S DRUG STORE.

Information Wanted.

OF MICHAEL CUMMINGS, who left my house about the middle of October last, and when last heard of was seen in the vicinity of Wyandusing. He was about 13 years of age, rather large for one of his age, of a sandy complexion, with fair hair. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received. Address the subscriber at Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa.

STEPHEN CUMMINGS. Asylum, February 17, 1845. (Patrol insert and charge this office.)

CANDIES, Raisins, Liqueur, &c., for the boys and girls, at