

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square of (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

C. B. KELLER,
DEALER IN
**Boots, Shoes, Leather,
AND FINDINGS,**
STROUDSBURG, PA.
March 28, 1867.

S. HOLMES, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL
CLAIM AGENT,
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Office with S. S. Dreher, Esq.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE. —
August 2, 1866.

DR. A. REEVES JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Begs leave to announce that, in order to prevent disappointment, he will hereafter devote THURSDAY and SATURDAY of each week exclusively to CONSULTATIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS at his office.—Parties from a distance who desire to consult him, can do so, therefore, on those days. Stroudsburg, May 31, 1866.—t.

Furniture! Furniture!

McCarty's New Furniture Store,
DREHER'S NEW BUILDING, two doors below the Post-office, Stroudsburg, Pa. He is selling his Furniture 10 per cent. less than Easton or Washington prices, to say nothing about freight or breakage. [May 17, 1866.—t.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD MELODEON, from one of the best makers in the United States, solid Rosewood Case, warranted 5 years, call at McCarty's, he would especially invite all who are good judges of Music to come and test them. He will sell you from any maker you wish, \$10 less than those who sell on commission. The reason is he buys for cash and sells for the same, with less than one-half the usual per centage that agents want. J. H. McCARTY. May 17, 1866.—t.

UNdertaking in ALL ITS BRANCHES. Particular attention will be given to this branch of the subscriber's business. He will always study to please and consult the wants and wishes of those who employ him. From the number of years experience he has had in this branch of business he cannot and will not be excelled either in city or country. Prices one-third less than is usually charged, from 50 to 75 finished Coffins always on hand. Trimmings to suit the best Hearses in the country. Funerals attended at one hour's notice. J. H. McCARTY. May 17, 1866.—t.

Saddle and Harness Manufactory.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced the above business in Fowler's building, on Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to furnish any article in his line of business, at short notice. On hand at all times, a large stock of
Harness, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Bells, Saddles, Oil Cloths, &c.
Carriage Trimming promptly attended to.
JOHN O. SAYLOR.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

Gothic Hall Drug Store.

William Hollinshead,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand and for sale cheap for CASH, a fresh supply of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, Kerosene Oil, Perfumery and Fancy Goods; also
Sash, blinds and Doors.
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purpose.
P. S.—Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Stroudsburg, July 7, 1864.

TIN SHOP!

The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened a TIN SHOP, on Main street, near the Stroudsburg Mills, opposite Troch & Walton's, formerly R. S. Staples' Store, where he is prepared to manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, all kinds of
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron-Ware.
ALSO,
Stoves, Stove Pipe and Eibows.
Old and second hand Stoves bought and sold, at cash rates.
CASH paid for Old Lead, Copper and Brass.
Roofing, Spouting and Repairing promptly attended to and warranted to give satisfaction. Call and see for yourselves.
WILLIAM KEISER.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

MONEY WANTED.

THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECTFULLY requests all persons indebted to him to pay up without delay. The money due him is absolutely wanted. A word to the wise, &c.
Feb. 21, '67.] NICHOLAS RUSTER.

COMMON CHAIRS of all kinds,

Canoe, Flag and Wood Seats; Dining, Bar-Room and Office Chairs, with or without Cushions, Rocking-Chairs of every description at McCARTY'S Ware-Rooms.
May 17, 1866.—t.

NEW STORE

NEW GOODS

REDUCED PRICES!

DARIUS DREHER, begs leave to announce to his friends and to the public generally, that he has just received a general assortment of
Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Trimmings,
AND
MILLINERY GOODS
consisting, in part of the following desirable articles, viz.:
Calicoes,
Laucons,
French Chintzes,
Children's Dress Goods,
Worked Edgings,
Parasols, Zephers,
Shetland Woools,
Shetland Wool Shawls,
Delaines,
Muslins,
White Dress Goods,
Insertings,
Lady's and Children's Sacks
Flannel and Cloth,
Lady's, Misses and Men's Hoes,
Gloves and Collars,
Mourning Goods,
Shroudings, &c., &c.,
Goods shown with pleasure. "Quicks sales and small profits" at the old and well known Millinery Stand of F. A. DREHER. The Millinery business will be carried on as usual by MRS. DREHER. Patronage respectfully solicited.
DARIUS DREHER.
April 26, 1866.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!

Death to High Prices!

Up Town in a Blaze!

METZGAR & STORM, respectfully inform the public that the days of imposition prices have gone by in Stroudsburg, for the proof of which they invite their friends, from both town and county, to call at their new Store, on Elizabeth Street, in Stroudsburg, one door below the Indian Queen Hotel, examine their goods and learn how low they sell them.
We have DRY GOODS in almost endless variety,
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
Calicoes, Delains and Muslins,
Trimmings and Notions,
and everything in that line.
We have GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS,
SPICES, FISH, PORK,
and a full assortment in that line.
We have *Crockery Ware, Wooden Ware, Willow Ware, Hardware,* a general assortment.
TOBACCO of all kinds,
BOOTS AND SHOES, and in fact almost everything that can be called for in a completely stocked Store.
Call and see for yourselves. We take pleasure in showing goods without price, and can sell you calicoes from 12 1/2 cents to 25 cents per yard, and everything else proportionately low.
We feel duly thankful for the many evidences of already received appreciation of our efforts to knock down war prices, and can assure the public that there is still room for a few more evidences of the same sort. Don't forget the place and give us a call.
J. P. METZGAR,
MARCH 29, 1866. JEROME STORM.

Good News for the Million.

The subscriber hastens to lay the important intelligence before the public, that he has added largely to his already large stock of fashionable and seasonable
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.
which he will make up to order on short notice, in a manner satisfactory to all. His shelves, literally groan beneath the
Ready Made Clothing
with which they are loaded.
Coats, Overcoats, Pants and Vests made of the best material, and in the most fashionable manner, at prices to suit all.
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
&c. &c. &c.
and indeed every thing with which he has heretofore supplied the public, will be found ready for inspection and sale at prices which defy competition.
Thankful for favors heretofore received he hopes to merit a continuance of public favor at the old stand.
NICHOLAS RUSTER.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

LOOK THIS WAY!

READ! READ!

Chas. Schaefer & Co.
FRENCH & GERMAN
STEAM DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
EASTON, PENNA.

Will dye Woolen, Silk and Cotton Goods of Every Description, in any Color desired.
Orders can be left with H. S. WAGNER, STROUDSBURG, PA.
June 21, 1866.—lyr.

Money Wanted.

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May 17, 1866.—t.

Things that don't Hitch Together Somehow.

FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN.
Landlord.
Ten dollars for a cask of beer!
What can the brewer mean!
If things go so, I greatly fear
We'll all be ruined clean.
Customer.
Five cents for such a thimblefull,
And that more foam than beer!
The landlord squeezes me too tight,
He goes too far—that's clear.
Brewer.
Barley gets dearer every day,
And now it's sixty cents;
What can the farmer be about?
Where can I find the pence?
Farmer.
Cotton is thirty cents a yard,
And nothing seems to fall;
The storekeepers are getting rich—
The devil take them all!
Storekeeper.
Four dollars for just one day's work,
At whitewashing—oh, me!
The walls half-smear'd—just look at them!
We all shall ruined be.
Workman.
Each week I twenty dollars earn,
And not a cent beside;
And have to pay the printer too;
No—that I can't abide.
Editor.
Hard times, good people, don't you know,
Bear hardest down on me;
But, as St. Matthew counsels us,
Let's all right merry be;
Don't curse each other—don't be cross—
Fault-finding is but folly.
The world is round—the world must spin—
So spin away your trouble,
The sun shines brightly after rain,
With rainbows in life's bubble.
Easy Lessons in Geography.

THE EARTH.

The earth is an old subject—we don't know how old. Wise men have endeavored to ascertain its age in various ways, and succeeded very well, only differing in their calculations a few thousand centuries or so.
We have several reasons for writing upon the earth, the principal one being the imperfect facilities afforded for getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the sun or moon, except the difficulty of getting there.
The earth is the third planet in order from the sun, and the largest within the belt of the planetoids. We have wondered, sometimes why the earth did not have a belt all to herself, being the Champion of the Universe?
The ancients looked upon the earth as a flat disc, swimming upon the water like a piece of toast in a basin of milk. Once upon a time a lot of adventurous young ancients started out to find the jumping off place, and continued on a straight line; they were astonished to find themselves on the very spot whence they started.—They informed their parents of the circumstance, and they, after about a century of painful and laborious thought upon the subject, came to the conclusion that the earth must be round, "because if it ain't," triumphantly asked an old ancients, "how could the boys have gone around it?" There was no getting around that, and the earth has been of a spherical form ever since.
It is estimated that about two-thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures slake their thirst daily, the quantity of water has not materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction of whiskey shops, which prove a great saving of water, and are therefore of immense benefit to navigation.
The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 miles, and at the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 miles could be effected, if a railroad should ever connect the two planets, by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running and reduce the expenses very materially. Any railroad man will tell you that.
The mean distance from the earth to the sun is 95,000,000 miles, which is no mean distance either, when you try to walk it.
The earth moves round the sun from west to east, consuming 365 days and six hours in every revolution, traveling nights and Sundays. Joshua, it will be remembered by some of our oldest citizens, once commanded the sun to stand still, and he is standing still. It ain't every fool of a planet that can get around the sun. The earth does it however.—She could get around most anything.
The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day. The earth and her axes were thick as peas together at one time, but one day the earth got down on her axis and turned on it.
It is the revolution of the earth that makes night and day to everybody but printers and editors who work on morning papers—it is all day with them.
After digging a certain depth into the bowels of the earth the temperature becomes warm, and it grows warmer as you warm to your work, so at the depth of thirty miles (as we are informed by a

The Fallen.

A Few words of Compassion for the Unfortunate—Let Him Who Has no Sin Cast the First Stone.
Scarcely a day passes but that he who goes upon the streets will come in contact with one or more of the abandoned class of females, and whenever he does the lip is curled scornfully, a withering glance is bestowed, and he passes by, like the Levite, on the other side. It is perhaps, well not to countenance them, not to speak to them, but is it well to frown upon them? Ah, reader little do you know of the struggle to maintain a proper standing in society, which has torn their very natures asunder, and left them but mere wrecks, with but little or no principle to guide them on life's stormy sea. Think you that the gay laugh you sometimes hear is the token of a light heart? If you only knew one-half the wretchedness that is hid beneath it, your eyes would stream with pity, and instead of frowning you would lend a helping hand to lift them from their degradation, and assist to place them once more upon a firm foundation. "Let him who has no sin cast the first stone." Were this doctrine followed out, few persons there would be found who could hurl the stone of derision at their first mis-steps, but when the erring one was clinging to Hope, and striving to gain virtue's level they would not continue to pelt them until at last discouraged, forsaken, and God only knows how miserable, they sink beneath the tide of public opinion, and are lost in the maelstrom of despair. But so it is always. Mankind are ever ready to condemn sin in others, while, perhaps, a mote is in their own eyes which will not allow them to look inward and so discover their own failings. A word, a look, may be the means of reclaiming more than one of these miserable beings, and why should they be suffered to go at large without an attempt to reclaim them? The influence is pernicious, their associations baneful, and their lives full of wretchedness.—They are objects of pity rather than contempt, and
As they go through the long, long day,
Uncheering the sun with its piercing ray;
Uncheering the scorn that their glances greet,
In the hard, cold eyes of all they meet;
Uncheering—ah, not for the passer-by
May often catch a quick drawn sigh,
That pleads like a voice for a little pity
From the narrow hearts in the great wide city.
Who cares! who cares!
Yes, who cares? Not one of the busy throng who so coldly pass them by. Up and down, to and fro they wander, wearing out their miserable existence, and vainly waiting for death to relieve them of a heavy burden. Are they not proper subjects for charity? Then have more feeling and look more kindly upon the fallen ones, for their hearts are so weary, and their paths so rugged. Think of the time when she was a pure child in her mother's arms, protected by her from all harm, but who has been more sinned against than sinning, until she has become the being she is. Remember that while
"Men falsely won, and falsely win—
Pure women, pardon the petty sin
In them; they will feast and flatter
The girl that's lost in a trifling matter."
She may have gone, perchance, to some den where she will change her name and her life, or with a broken heart which is never to be lightened with hope, has sought the bosom of the silently flowing river "neath which she has lushed her woe and blotted out her shame. "One more unfortunate" tells the tale, the busy throng moves on and the poor girl with her sorrows is soon forgotten. A gentle word, a pitying look might have saved, withheld, and she has rashly sought destruction to hide her fall. Curl not your lips so scornfully, nor bestow such a withering glance upon the poor creature that is passing by. Her life is full of dark spots which stand out in bold relief, and stamp her avocation upon her face. Seek rather to reclaim her, for by so doing, when you are called from earthly things you may have the consciousness of knowing that you have at least done your utmost to practice the Golden Rule.

Trade is a Little Dull.

We find the following spicy but truthful little sketch in the Boston Commercial Bulletin. It forcibly illustrates the fact that "trade is a little dull," and also that that portion of the community known as "drummers," or commercial travelers, despite their almost inexhaustible resources and inventions, are often obliged to yield to the pressure of the stagnant times. The Bulletin says:
"One of these gentlemen who has recently returned from a trip for Thistle Bros. & Co., of this city, did not show a very large exhibit of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm, and Mr. Thistle, after having looked over his returns, said:
"Mr. Rataplan, I am afraid you do not approach the dealers in right the way. I used to be very successful in this line.—Now just suppose me to be Mr. Bigger, of Selout, Ill., and show me the way you introduce the house."
Accordingly Rataplan stepped out of the counting house and re entered, hat in hand, inquiring, "is Mr. Bigger in?"
"That is my name," said Thistle, urbanely.
"My name is Rataplan, sir; I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co., of Boston." Thistle, in his character of Western merchant here rose, offered the salesman a chair, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him.
"I am stopping with Overhang at the Stickem House, and have a fine unbroken lot of samples, which I should like to show you; think we can offer you some special advantages," &c. And Rataplan delivered himself of a neat speech in professional style.
"Very well, very well," said Thistle; "I don't see but that you understand the way to get at customers."
"Excuse me, Mr. Thistle," said Rataplan; "I am afraid you do not understand the Western merchants just now; suppose you exchange places with me and we repeat this rehearsal."
"Certainly," said Thistle, and picking up his hat, he stepped out. Returning, he found Rataplan with his chair tilted back, had cooked fiercely over his right eye, his heels planted on Thistle's polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth.
Thistle looked a little staggered, but nevertheless he commenced—
"Is Mr. Bigger in?"
"Yes, he is," responded Rataplan, blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistle's eyes, "Who in— are you?"
"I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co.," said the astonished employer, coughing about a quart of smoke from his throat.
"The blazes you do, are you one of that concern?"
"No, sir, I am not," said Thistle.
"Well, its d—d lucky for you that you are not, for I've had two drummers to one customer in my store for the last two months, and if I could get hold of one of the blasted fools that send 'em out here at this time, I'm durned if I wouldn't boot him clean out of the town of Selout."
"That'll do, that'll do, Mr. Rataplan," said Thistle; "I have no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade is a little dull!"

A Clergyman's Retort.

A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and as usual, after the lecture, the pledge was passed around for signatures.
"Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing to a gang of bloated and red nosed loafers near the door. "Pass it along—perhaps some of these persons would like to join our cause."
"We don't bite a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies.
"Well," replied the clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers, that do not bite."

Two of 'em.

A young fellow, whose better-half had presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended church one Sunday.—During the discourse, the clergyman looked right at our innocent friend, and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence: "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The newly-fledged dad, supposing that the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience, by exclaiming: "Yes, two of 'em."

A Georgian writes from Thomsville;

"I saw a sign in this vicinity, a few days since, and thought you might give it a place in your columns:"
OLD CAIN SEADE CHAIRS
RE-BODEM'T.

The Origin of "Yankee Doodle."

Mr. Bryant, who is writing from Spain to the Evening Post, in his last letter has the following in relation to the origin of "Yankee Doodle":
I have mentioned the Basques, and I have an incident to relate which connects them, curiously enough, with our own country. Some time since, when Mr. Perry, Secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, was in one of the Basque provinces, he heard a band playing their old national airs. The Basques have preserved whatever is peculiar to them—their language, their customs, and many of their political rights, from the earliest period in which they are known to history. Their national music is claimed to be of the same antiquity. After the band had played several other airs, it struck up "Yankee Doodle," the very tune, in every note, which is so familiar to American ears. Mr. Perry immediately claimed it as our national air. "It is one of our old tunes," said a gentleman to whom he spoke, "and I can convince you of the fact. For hundreds of years it has been a popular air among us." The gentleman afterwards made good his assertion by showing Mr. Perry a manuscript of great antiquity which contained the identical musical notes of "Yankee Doodle."

How to Cleanse a Cistern.

A simple thing I have accidentally learned, and, if not generally known, ought to be, relating to stagnant odorous water in cisterns. Many persons know how annoying this sometimes becomes.—After frequent cleaning and other experiments, all to no permanent utility, I was advised to put, say, two pounds caustic soda in the water, and it purified it in a few hours. Since then when I tried what is called concentrated lye I had quite a good result. One or both of these articles can be obtained at any druggist's.—
Exchange.

The Most Independent Man.

There is no man more independent than the owner of a well cultivated farm. He is less beholden to popular sentiment than any other calling. He has always a sure support before him without consulting the opinions or relying upon the custom of any one. There is a constant market for all the surplus he can produce, and he obtains for it the current price without any one demanding to know of him his religious or political faith.

A Toothless Animal.

A short time ago, at a school in Newark, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question:
"Can any boy name to me an animal of the order enata—that is, a front tooth toothless animal?"
A boy whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied: "I can."
"Well, what is the animal?"
"My grandmother!"

Among the new devices of the day

are paper pantslets for ladies. The Lewis-town Journal says that a company has been organized at Mechanic Falls, called the Ferlong Paper Pantslet Company, to manufacture pantslets for ladies' drawers and children's pantslets—an ornamental appendage to be buttoned to the garment, which may be readily replaced when soiled. If such inventions as these can put a stop to the great waste of time, &c., now made in embroidery, the more of them the better.

A Wisconsin woman lately tried to collect

five thousand dollars of life insurance money on a log of wood, which she had placed in a coffin and buried as her husband, but the trick was discovered.

A Sharper and his Victim.

The N. Y. Times indulges in the subjected anecdote.
"A few evenings since while a party of gentlemen were dining at an up-town mansion, the host, who is a prominent merchant, was called from the table at the request of a young man who said he had pressing business. The man called himself the son of well known Boston merchant with whom our New-York friend dealt largely, and added that he was on his way to Washington with his mother and other ladies, but had been on business to Brooklyn, and in coming over the Fulton ferry had his pocket picked of his railroad tickets and money. Remembering the New York merchant's name as among his father's correspondents, he made bold to state his case, and ask the loan of forty or fifty dollars, just enough to get to Washington. The New Yorker not only assented, but forced the stranger to take a hundred dollars instead of fifty, and would have made it five hundred if that amount had been in his pocket. On relating the incident at the table he was greeted with such well-understood phrases as 'done brown,' 'sold,' 'ect., accompanied by 'nods' and becks and wretched smiles' of the most provoking kind.—He was sure that all was right; but next day, merely in order to silence his tormentors, he telegraphed to the alleged father of the 'nice young man,' asking what time his son left Boston? The answer was that the true young man had not been out of Boston for a month."

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