



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

"To Speak his Thoughts is Every Freeman's Right."

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NO. 2.

Wyoming Democrat.

A Democratic weekly paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.



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R. R. & W. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Toga Street Tunkhannock Pa.

W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Stark's Brick Block Toga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Center, Luzerne County Pa.

O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co. Pa.

J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. May be found at his Office at the Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

DENTISTRY.



DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens.
Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Gillman.
v6030f.

PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

By W. TUGER, Artist.
Rooms over the Wyoming National Bank, in Stark's Brick Block,
TUNKHANNOCK, PA.
Life-size Portraits painted from Ambrotypes or Photographs—Photographs Painted in Oil Colors—All orders for paintings executed according to order, or no charge made.
Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art.
Tunk., July 31, '67 - v6050-4f.

NEW TAILORING SHOP

The Subscriber having had a sixteen years practical experience in cutting and making clothing now offers his services in this line to the citizens of TUNKHANNOCK and vicinity.
Those wishing to get fits will find his shop the place to get them.
JOS. R. SMITH
-v50-6mos

BOLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA.
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.
A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.
T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor: Tunkhannock, September 11, 1867.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPEEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r
H. V. H. resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.
June, 3rd, 1863

MEANS' HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS' HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for all.
v 9, 22, 1y.

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S COLUMN

A LARGE

STOCK OF

SPRING

GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED AND

For Sale

CHEAP,

ALL KINDS OF

Produce

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

FOR GOODS

AT

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S

Tunkhannock, Pa.

Poetry.

LONGFELLOW'S PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life's real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts thro' stout and brave
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb-driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE BEAUTIES OF BIBLE LANGUAGE.

If we need higher illustrations not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that we find the highest conceivable beauty, we would appeal at once to the Bible.—Those most opposed to its teachings have acknowledged the beauty of its language, and this is due mainly to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustration. It does indeed draw from every field. But when the emotional nature was to be appealed to, the reference was at once to natural objects, and throughout all its books, the stars, and flowers and gems, are prominent as illustrations of the beauties of religion and the glories of the church.

"The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."
"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fire tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree."

The power and beauty of the same objects appear in the Saviour's teachings. The fig and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field, give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they were used to illustrate.

The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time, and place, and mental culture, but throughout the whole nature is exalted as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to, to arouse the emotions to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where references to nature can be made. One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which nature is ever made to proclaim the character and perfection of God. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in nature and its forces, as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind. No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever exposed than when our Saviour said of the lilies of the field, "I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;" and adds, "If God so clothe the grass of the field"—ascribing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power.

About ninety one years ago a Democratic convention met at Philadelphia, and they laid down a platform which they called, "The Declaration of Independence," and resolved to fight it out on that line if it took all the summer.

The Declaration is rather out of date now—it was superseded by the Black Republican platform of 1860.

Still it contains some good things, and is worth reading along with the so-called Reconstruction act and the proceedings of the Rump Junta.

It says all men are born free and equal. This was supposed for a long time to mean whitemen; but it has lately been discovered to be a mistake it meant negroes.

Our ancestors made a good many mistakes—they were not so wise in their generation as we are.

The Declaration is a very severe on George the third.

It calls George a good many hard names and accuses him of imposing internal revenue taxes, tariff on tea, setting up military authority, and various games of that sort, which our ancestors weren't used to, and wouldn't stand.

George was an old lunk head. He didn't know how to manage these things.

LOVED AND LOST.

Loved and lost! 'Tis a wail that is going up daily, aye hourly. "Unto Him that sits on the great white throne," from be-reaved hearts, heavy with their burden of sorrow, too grievous for human hearts to bear.

Loved and lost! From your heart, oh, stricken widow, as you stand by the cold form of your once strong protector, goes up that bitter cry. He who ever shielded you with his protecting arm—whose tender voice never addressed you save in love, he who ever stood between you and the great cold world, breathing all its storms and cares with his own manly bosom, that they harmed you not, is gone forever; and you kneeling beside his lifeless remains, with your fatherless children clinging around you, realize more and more your utter helplessness and the great loss you have sustained, while your pale lips burst the mournful cry, "Loved and lost!"

And you, too, mourning husband who have laid your fair girl wife asleep in the embrace of mother earth. She went from you ere yet her bloom faded, with the tiny babe (her child and yours) that but opened his eyes on earth to close them in death—clashed close to her girlish bosom, mother and child, rose and bud, are sleeping together under one coffin lid; one grave holds them both now, while your house has grown strangely desolate since she, whose light footstep ever sprang to welcome your return to the house which she presided over like a queen—has gone from it to her last earthly home.

The grave is not so lonely in your eyes since she is among its silent inhabitants. You go to her lonely grave and kneel beside it, and while you water with your tears the lilies (fit emblems of her purity) that bloom over the grassy mound that holds all you held dear on earth, you feel the full significance of those dreary words, "Loved and lost!"

Loved and lost! On your bowed head, oh, aged mother! who gave your only son and stay in your old age, unto your country; on your head these words rest like a funeral pall. You read his name among the list of the dead who fell on the battle field, and the terrible truth that you were now childless, came home to your heart with crushing truth, you too echoed the bitter wail going up from so many hearts, "Loved and lost!"

Loved and lost! Who that has arrived at years of discretion has not echoed these sad, sad words, that tell plainer the greatest flood of tears, of hopes crushed and bruised beneath the coffin-lid—of broken hearts and blasted lives gone forevermore. Loved and lost! Since the terrible flood of war rolled over our dear land, we have learned the full meaning of those bitter words, "Loved and lost!" All over the land there is mourning; mothers for their sons are weeping; wives for husbands, children for fathers; maidens for lovers.

Loved and lost. The same cry that went up from Israel's plain centuries ago, is being echoed and re-echoed throughout the world. For, from the rising of the sun till its setting, death is ever abroad; busily gathering up his harvest; and not until all things shall end will that weary cry cease. Then all shall meet in the Spirit Land, the loved and lost shall be found!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION

---HOW A YOUNG MAN GOES TO BED.

Having already told our readers how a beautiful and accomplished young lady retires to pleasant dreams," we copy from the Indianapolis Herald the following "pen picture," representing the other side of the question:

A few days ago we published an extract from a story in the "Land we Love," written by Miss Fannie Downing. It was entitled, "How a young lady goes to bed," and although not an entire stranger to a lady's boudoir, we cannot assure the less enlightened of our sex of the fidelity or truthfulness of Miss Fannie's sketch. Doubtless it afforded great satisfaction to the majority of male readers; it did to us, we know, and as a slight return we intend to disclose to her sex the manner in which a young man goes to bed, and shall cite as an example one of our own acquaintances. For convenience we adopt the same style in which the other is written, and use the past tense.

Dismissing his fuddled companion of the evening at the street door, Master George performed the task of ascending the two flights of stairs leading to his own room, as noiselessly as the weakness of his knees would admit, and without other assistance than that of his own unsteady fingers grasping along the walls. Upon reaching the room the coat was removed and flung at the back of the nearest chair; the vest was handled more carefully, as the pocket contained his watch, but the pantloons came off with a jerk.

After filling and lighting his pipe he proceeded with the preliminaries. Some recent purchases were taken from a coat pocket and part placed upon the mantle and the balance stowed away in the trunk to be used as circumstances might require.

With much tugging growing and swearing the boots were removed, and the last one being unusually troublesome received an impetus from the foot that sent it flying to the furthest corner. Removing then a pair of socks (that should have been in the washwoman's tub) an earnest and protracted inspection of the feet ensued, the young man indulging in speculations as to whether or not those blasted corns would prevent his appearing in "them new boots" at that "little gathering to-morrow night."

The delicate paper collar (size immaterial) was hastily torn off and being soiled on both sides from turning, was disdainfully tossed toward the fire-place, and the necktie flung on the foot of the bed.

The usual slow progress of removing the shirt was ignored on this occasion; several impatient jerks, and then with a sudden stretch upward with the bony arms, off went buttons up went muslin, and the angular shoulders of the wearer rose in unrestricted freedom. The "snowy" night shirt was then drawn over the head and its delicate—cotton tape binding and graceful folds of brown cotton flannel left to accommodate themselves to circumstances. "A puff of fragrant breath" redolent of bad gin and lemon from a pair of tobacco stained lips, and out went the light, and down went the pipe on the table. Not being so fortunate as to have any "Sallie" for a room mate, and the household domestics being aged and discrete he did not leave the door unbolled, but with a growl at the bachelor solitude of his couch, jerked down the "kiver," plunged within, and after several moments of twining, turning and grumbling, settled on his back and a fierce attack of snoring ensued, which closes the scene.

Imagine such a domestic existence as this linked to the ethereal, dainty and refined "Miss Preston." Enjoy your little maidenly privileges and arrangements while you can, "Miss Charlie," for we fear that a variety of circumstances in wedded life would ruthlessly interfere with the systematic course ascribed you in preparing for a night's rest.

A LADY MASON.

It is a principle of the Masonic Order that women can not be admitted as members. The only exception to the practice of this principle was in the admission of Lady Aldworth, of England. In an address, delivered some years ago Bro. Payne thus alludes to the ladies, and the manner in which Lady Aldworth was made a Mason:

But ladies, whatever might be our feelings or desires with regard to your admission, there is one single word that prevents it. And the ladies best know the withering, blighting influence of that little word—CANT. We simply can't do it.—Our land-marks are not so arranged, and although we are the only losers, we must submit.

But let me let you into a little secret.—While we cannot admit you, perhaps you can admit yourselves. Try it. Our tyrants are but men. Once in, perhaps you are safe. There was once a female Mason, and here is her portrait, (showing the portrait of Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, of England, in Masonic Regalia) Eliza St. Leger, afterwards Lady Aldworth, of England, was conducted through the awful and mysterious ceremonies of Masonry. Young and beautiful, yet with that fortitude for which her sex is remarkable, she passed with interposition those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, and constituted a member that reflected a lustre on the annals of Masonry. Her father, Lord Donnell, by virtue of warrant No. 150, occasionally opened Lodge at his own house, his son and intimate friends in the neighborhood assisting. Upon one occasion, she innocently hid herself in the tapestry of the room used for lodge purposes, and actually witnessed the successive steps of initiation. But towards the conclusion, fear took possession of her mind, and, brethren, if at that point the stoutest hearts quail in the lodge room, what must have been the feelings of that young girl when unlawfully beholding the ceremony!

With light but trembling steps and almost suspended breath she glided along, unobserved by the members of the lodge who were busily occupied with their work.—But horror of horrors! before her stood a grim and surly Tyler, with his long rusty sword. Her shrieks alarmed the lodge, who all rushed to the door, and learned that she had been in the room during the whole ceremony. Here was a case setting at defiance all precedent. A consultation was held, and she was made a Mason.—She often presided as W. M. of her lodge, and esteemed it an honor to move in Masonic processions, on which occasions it was her custom to precede her lodge in an open phaeton.

The "Fat Contributor" writes from Jackson to the Cincinnati Times of a joke played on some delegates to the Good Templar's Convention held there recently. They got into an omnibus at the depot, and told the driver to drive them to a temperance house. "All right," said he, and away he drove. He gave them a pretty long ride, and hauled off finally in front of an immense stone structure, surrounded by a high wall.—"What hotel is this?" inquired a delegate, "saying the premises in a bewildered manner. Michigan State Prison," said the driver, "the only temperance house in Jackson!" They concluded not to put up there; not if they could help it.

ALAS! HOW TRUE.—There is more truth than poetry in the following paragraph, which we clip from an exchange, on the inconsistency of charity sermons from ministers who draw large salaries and manage in some manner—certainly not in exercising Christ-like charity—to get rich in a few years. The charity of some of our clergymen is all precept and no practice:

"It don't look well, it don't sound well, and it is not well for a \$5,000 a year preacher, or who lives in a brown stone front and indulges in luxuries every day, to preach self-denial to a poor man, or to beg from poor little children to send to the heathen."

HUNTING WITH THE LASSO.

The following amusing adventure from Col. Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life on the border":

A naval officer many years ago made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officers had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that upon his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with his lasso properly coiled and ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of his guide, he resolved to show that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose directly around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he had anticipated, very deliberately sat upon his haunches, facing his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it was something he could not comprehend.

In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rowels to his sides most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death, and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance.—The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so much that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several slaps, first with one paw and then with the other, as this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws, and commenced pulling it hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spurs; but it was all of no avail—he had evidently "caught a Tartar," and in spite of all the efforts of his horse, he recoiled rather than advanced.

In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance at the bear and to his horror, found himself steadily backing towards the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending forth the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded, promptly rode up, cut the lasso, and extracted the amateur gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and in reply to the inquiry of the guide, as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was so late that he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day.

INTRODUCTION OF TOMATOES.—In relation to this valuable, healthy, and indispensable vegetable, we see it stated, that during the autumn of 1818 a sea captain, paying a visit to a friend in the interior of this State, found in a garden a lot of tomatoes, then denominated "love apples," and not used for food because they were supposed to be poisonous. The captain, however, averred the contrary and soon produced a dish which he denominated a Catalonian Salad. It was found to be very palatable, and thereafter the tomato became a favorite, its reputation spreading rapidly over the country.

At a recent wedding in Detroit, the bridegroom was called on for a song. He cheerfully promised to comply, and said he would give his friends a new version of "Hunkadori." On taking the paper from his vest pocket, it proved to be—not a slip from a newspaper, as he had calculated, but a greenback which he had intended for the clergyman's fee. Imagine the bridegroom's consternation at the trick he had unwittingly played on the clergyman; and imagine also the indignant surprise of the latter when he found only a new version of "Hunkadori," when he wanted some money for marketing next day! It is a well-known rule of etiquette for the marriage fee to be given and received quietly without examination.

Who, having lost a mother by death cannot appreciate the following beautiful sentiment, which we find floating about on the vast sea of newspaperdom:

The Memory of a Mother.—When temptations assail you, and when you are almost persuaded to do wrong, how often a dear mother's word of warning will call to mind vows that are rarely broken! Yes, the memory of a mother has saved many a poor wretch from going astray. Tall grass may be grown over the hell hallowed spot where her earthly remains repose; the dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over them, or the white mantle of winter may cover them from sight; yet her spirit appears when he walks in the right path, and gently, softly, mournfully calls for him when wandering off into the ways of error.

Wise and Otherwise.

YE LOVERS.

They were sitting side by side,
And she sighed and then he sighed!
Said he, "my darling idol,"
And he idled and then she idled;
"You are creation's belle!"
And she bellowed and then he bellowed;
"On my soul there's such a weight;
And he waited and then she waited;
"Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown,"
And she growled and then he growled;
"You shall have a private gig,"
And she giggled and then he giggled;
Said she, "my dearest Luke,"
And he looked and then she looked;
"Shan't we," and they shanted;
"I'll have thee if thou wilt,"
And he whited and then she whited.

A western editor has placed over his marriages a cut representing a large trap, sprung with this motto—"The trap down—another ninnhammer caught!"

A teacher in Springfield, Massachusetts while conducting an examination, asked among other questions, the following: "Why 'is the pronoun 'she' applied to a ship." To which one of the boys rendered the following answer: "Because the rigging costs more than the hull."

A wag of a boarder complained to the mistress that the sun must have gone under a cloud, when the shadow of the chicken fell in to the pot where her broth was made.

A cool specimen of humanity stepped into a printing office out West to beg a paper, "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are too stingy to take one."

A poet intended to say, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire," instead of which the printer made him say, "see the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

From what tree was mother Eve prompted to pick the apple? Devil-tree.

Jones has been telling Robinson (a poor victim of fashion) one of his spitting stories Robinson—"Yaas—it is very funny!" Jones—"Then why the deuce don't you laugh Robinson—"My dear fellow, I would with pleasure, but I don't display any emotion—these trousers are so tremendously tight!"

The young ladies of Pensacola, Florida have organized a base ball club. One of the rules is, that whenever any member gets tangled in her steel wire and she falls she is to be immediately expelled from the club.

Smythe spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to the conundrum, "Why is an egg underneath like one overdone?" He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution—because both are hardly done.

Like Marval says a country house without a porch is like a man without an eyebrow.

In China the physician who kills a patient has to support his family.

A sharp talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," responded the wife, "it is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

Never chew your words. Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked, "Can virtue, fortitude, gratitude, or quietude, dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectitude?" The words here are badly chewed.

A mad princess of the house of Bourbon on being asked why the reign of queens were in general more prosperous than the reign of kings, replied: "Because, under kings women govern; under queens, men."

Hearts, the best card in the chance game of matrimony; sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner and then cut altogether.

Andy industrious blacksmith and an idle dandy once traded a pretty girl, who hesitated which to take. Finally she said she would marry whichever of them could show the whitest hand. With a sneer at the Blacksmith the dandy held out his palms, white from idleness. The poor blacksmith hid his brawny hands in his pockets; then drawing them forth full of bright silver coins, he declared them over his dusky finger. The girl decided that his hands were whitest.

A late writer wishes to know what more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a gentleman's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corns lots and fourteen three story houses? We give it up. We know of nothing half so touching, or, in other words, anything that most people would sooner "touch."

The New York religious call each other "lying rasks," "desecrators," "crochety heretics," and "squirts."