



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2.00 Per ANNUM, in Advance.

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NO. 11.

Wyoming Democrat,

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

Terms—1 copy 1 year, in advance \$2.00; if not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. No paper will be discontinued, until all arrears are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FEW LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE. One square one of three insertions..... \$1.50 Every subsequent insertion less than \$1.00. REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon. PATENT MEDICINES and other advertisements of the following: One column, 1 year..... \$50 Half column, 1 year..... 25 Third column, 1 year..... 25 Fourth column, 1 year..... 20 Business Cards of one square or less, per year, each paper, 85

EDITORIAL or LOCAL ITEMS advertising—without advertisement—15 cents per line. Liberal terms made with permanent advertisers.

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Advertisements must be handed in by Tuesday Noon, to insure insertion the same week.

JOB WORK

of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times. ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.

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

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

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Residence, Luzerne County, Pa.

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

J. W. BRADY, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa.

DENTISTRY.

DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock, Pa., and respectfully tenders his professional services to his citizens. Office on Second Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Hines. v63030f.

PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

By W. RUGER, 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 to charge made.

Instruction given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art. Tunk, July 31, '67. v63030f.

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. J. R. SMITH. -n50-6mos

BOLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA. The undersigned having lately purchased the "BEEHIVE 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.

MEANS' HOTEL.

OWANDA, PA. D. B. BARTLET, Proprietor. (Late of the "BRANDYARD HOUSE," ELmira, N. Y.) The MEANS HOTEL, one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—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 3, 21, 17.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL.

MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r. HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts under the house as agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT. Penn, Oct, 1867

Medical.

THE peculiar taint or infection which we call SCROFULA lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay.



The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filthy and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The disease it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These, all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz., purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is compounded from the most effectual and best medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil, or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Conghus from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness, and indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be heard the testimony of those who have heard the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. These cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to someone who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence, it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adapted to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. It purges out the foul corruptans that rot and fester in the blood, purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or trust out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proved by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists every where.

For sale by B. Small & Bonny, and Lyman & Wells, Tunkhannock, Sterling & Son, Meshoppen, Stevens & Ackley, Luzerne, Frear, Don & Co., Factoryville, and all druggists and Dealers in medicines, everywhere.

NEW MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MRS. BARDWELL is now receiving a splendid stock of SPRING & SUMMER Goods of all the newest SHAPES of FELT and VELVET HATS for LADIES and CHILDREN. AL. BONNETS, VELVET RIBBONS, FLOWERS, and FEATHERS, and a full assortment of FANCY GOODS, at prices to defy competition.

All the latest styles of paper patterns, SLEEVES, CLOAKS, JACKETS, &c., &c.

from MADAME DEMOLESEZ.

Dresses made, cut and based at the shortest notice.

MRS. BARDWELL. Tunkhannock, May, 22, 1867. -v641-6.

Poetry.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

BY MRS. SARAH F. BOLTON.

Voyager upon Life's sea, To yourself be true, And where'er your lot may be, Paddle your own canoe.

Never, though the winds may rave, Falter nor look back, But upon the darkest wave Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm, Stem the hardest gale, Brave of heart and strong of arm You will never fail.

Keep as the wind-igold and dark, When an aim in view, And toward the beacon mark Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on To the silent shore, From its sunny nook has gone To return no more.

Then let not an hour's delay, Cheat you of your due, But, while it is called to-day, Paddle your own canoe.

If your birthed destiny wealth, Lofly state and power, Honest fame and hardy health, Are a better dower;

But if these will not suffice, Golden gain pursue, And to win the glittering prize, Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of Fame From the hand of Fate: Would you write a destined name, With the good and great;

Would you bless your fellow men, Heart and soul imbue, With the joyous and then Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong, In the world's free fight, With a spirit brave and strong, Battle for the Right;

And to break the chain that bind The many to the few— To enfranchise slavish mind, Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won, Nothing new is lost— Every good deed, nobly done, Will repay the cost.

Leave to Heaven in humble trust, All you will to do, But, if you succeed, you must Paddle your own canoe.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A romantic little incident has just come to my knowledge. The facts are given to me as follows. Two years ago Hugh Crawford Pollock, a young gentleman then about twenty years old, suddenly disappeared from his home in Scotland, much to the dismay of his relatives and acquaintances. It subsequently became known that he had come to this country with five hundred pounds in his pocket. He sported about New York and other cities until his funds commenced to run short, when, in a fit of desperation, he enlisted in the Fifth United States cavalry as a private soldier, and in this humble capacity struggled against hardships and deprivations to which he had been wholly unused. In the meantime his father died some four months ago, leaving Hugh heir to a baronetcy and a snug little income of five thousand pounds per annum, or about \$25,000 in gold. The young baronet was duly sought for, and, after an expenditure of \$800 in advertising, it was ascertained that he was stationed at Camp Verde, Texas, discharging the duties of a farrier—Colonel William S. Hillyer, of New York, who became interested in the case, induced Sir Frederick Bruce to procure the discharge of Pollock, which was promptly acceded to by General Grant. The young Sir Hugh Crawford Pollock has, therefore, been telegraphed for, and has given up the occupation of shoer and carrier of horses, to enter upon a Scotch baronetcy and five thousand pounds a year. Such is life. —Correspondence N. Y. Herald.

PLAIN SAKON SPEECH UNDERSTOOD.

A good story is told of a certain Colonel, in the late war. The Colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage coach, with several other passengers, when he accidentally dropped his hat outside of the coach. Putting his head out of the window, he exclaimed in a senatorial voice, "Charioter, pause! I have lost my chapeau." The driver paid no heed to the demand. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spoke—"Charioter, pause! I have lost my chapeau." No attention being paid by the driver to this last command, a plain, blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow traveler's silliness and pomposity put his head out of the window, and said, "Driver, hold on! this D—d fool has lost his hat." This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, expetive and all, and the hat was secured.

The ripest fruit first falls.—Shakspeare.

THE HORRID LITTLE FRIGHT.

"So you have told your father you will not marry your cousin Cora?"

Yes, I have made up my mind that I would rather lose my grandfather's money than marry that horrid little prig!"

The first speaker was a fine-looking young man of some three and twenty years. His companion, Elliott Grantley, was about the same age, tall and extremely handsome, with rich, clustering, chestnut curls, large black eyes, full of fire and intelligence, fine features, and a very beautiful mouth filled with white, even teeth, and shaded by a dark moustache. His figure was moulded in the perfection of a manly symmetry.

"You never saw her, Arnold," said he, leaning over the table, and speaking earnestly; "you never saw her, but I went down some eight or nine years ago to pay a visit to my intended wife. Fancy to yourself a tall, thin child ten years old, yellow as an orange, with pinched features, and a close, white cap put on to conceal the loss of her hair, which was shaved off after an illness. When I was introduced to her she dropped a little awkward courtesy, and put her finger in her mouth, and after staring at me in silence for a few minutes she began to giggle, and finally ran away."

"A fascinating picture, truly."

"Cousin Cora is coming to pay a visit to Lucy Maxwell next week, and I suppose I must do the agreeable, but I will never marry that horrid little fright—Come, Arnold, suppose we go down to see Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth."

"Agreed."

And the two strolled away.

They had hardly gone when the window curtains were drawn aside, and a tiny, fairy-like girl stepped in from the balcony. She was young, about fifteen, with bright, golden hair and blue eyes.

"Now ain't it a shame or Elliott to talk so about Cousin Cora?"—"olligued the intruder; I didn't mean to listen, but I couldn't come in before Arnold in this dress," and she glanced at the pretty chintz wrapper.

"Wouldn't it be fun if he fell in love with Cousin Cora, after all? I wonder if she is so ugly?" She writes beautiful letters to me, but I have never seen her. I mean to write to her what Elliott says, so she won't fall in love with him. He's so handsome I don't believe she can help it if she don't know," and the fairy tripped away.

Two young ladies, some days later, were standing in a brilliantly lighted parlor before a pier glass. Everything indicated that there were visitors expected. The room was beautifully decorated, and the ladies were in full dress. One of them, Miss Lucy Maxwell, had a very sweet face and a pleasant, winning smile. She was dressed in white. The other was tall and stately, with beautiful features, clear, white complexion, with a rich, warm color, and large black eyes. Her hair, which was wreathed like a coronet round her small, classically shaped head, was as black as a raven's wing, and the diamonds among its braids added to her regal appearance. Her dress was of garnet-colored silk, flounced with black lace, and her beautiful white arms and shoulders gleamed out in a strong contrast against the dark dress.

"Do I look well, Lucy?"

"You never looked more beautiful. I think diamonds suit you exactly. Your necklace and bracelets are divine. But what can detain Elliott? He promised to come early to meet his Cousin Cora before the others arrived."

"Poor fellow? How disappointed he will be."

"Yes, Miss Stanley," said Lucy, laughing. "There is a ring. Ah, here he is."

"I am very sorry that Cora was unable to pay me her promised visit," said Miss Maxwell, meeting her guest; "but I have another guest. Dora, allow me to introduce Mr. Grantley, our dear friend Cora Grantley's cousin and betrothed."

Elliott's low bow and glance of intense admiration did not look much like disappointment.

Other guests arrived. Miss Stanley, with her magnificent beauty and queenly bearing, was the belle of the evening, and none were more devoted than Elliott Grantley. Did she dance, he was her partner more than half the time. Was she fatigued, he handed her a chair and fanned her.

Day after day passed, and Elliott was constantly at Mr. Maxwell's. Miss Stanley while she was deluged with attention from every quarter, showed him special favor. She rode with him, sang with him, danced with him, wore the flowers he selected.

"Well, dear," said Lucy, coming one day to her room, "I think you have made a complete conquest of Elliott. He raves about you and last evening he confided to me his intention of honoring you by an offer of his hand and heart."

"Won't," cried Miss Stanley, rising and stepping to the glass. "Won't I will refuse him!"

"But I thought you confessed to me a certain liking for the gentleman,"

"I will repay the obligation. No, Lucy, I resolved if I could win his love no pains should be spared. Now I feel humiliated to think that I have ever stooped to gain it. I do love him; but nevertheless I will refuse him."

"And how will you bear it?"

"Perhaps he will turn to his cousin Cora for consolation; if not, I can easily bring him to my feet again."

The next day Mr. Grantley, to his profound astonishment, was refused by Miss

Stanley. He could not understand it—Full of indignation at what he termed coquetry, he determined to visit his cousin Cora, and, if he found her improved, marry her to show that he did not care for his rejection. Full of this idea, he started for his uncle's. A long journey somewhat cooled his disappointment, and he had resolved to pay a flying visit to his relative and then return once more to attack Miss Stanley's heart long before he reached his uncle's house.

"Cora, my dear, your cousin Elliott is in the parlor."

"I knew he would come," said the person addressed, as she shook out the folds of her rich dark silk dress, and then went to the parlor. The room was dark, for it was late in the afternoon, and yet too early for candles.

"Good afternoon, Cousin."

Elliott could hardly believe his ears—Truly he had somewhere heard that voice before.

"We have expected you for some weeks," continued the mysterious voice,— "It is very dull here in this season, and I quite longed for your promised visit.— However I was very happy to hear from Lucy that your time was more agreeably employed. How is Miss Stanley?"

"I think—that is—I was—"

"Ah, I am delighted to hear that she is so well. Of course you are engaged by this time? It was not treating me fairly, but I forgive you. Do you know I have some thoughts of marrying our dancing master, Mons. La Prouette?"

"Do you? Thank you."

At that moment lights were brought in. Cora was standing with her face concealed by a window curtain, but as the servant left the room she dropped the screen. In an instant Elliott was by her side.

"Dora!"

"Alter the first letter."

"Dora—Cora,—I mean—oh, I—"

"Stop! stop, Mr. Grantley; surely, you would not marry such a horrid little fright?"

"Forgive me!"

"Well, reader, we will retire. There was a wedding a few months later, and Elliott married that "Horrid Little Fright!"

SPEAK DISTINCTLY.

No nation excels our own in the talking faculty, not even the voluble Frenchman, and among no other people can so many persons be found who think themselves qualified, and who really possess some, to "speak in meeting." We have a large number than any other people of those who can speak in public intelligently.—But the great deficiency with the majority of them is that they do not speak intelligibly. They do not articulate distinctly or make themselves heard as they should, nor as they intend. How often is the listener annoyed by the habit which ministers, lawyers, and stump orators have, of either suddenly dropping the voice near or at the close of a sentence, so that the final utterance becomes quite impossible of apprehension. You want to hear what the man is going to say, but you fail, because he don't say it—at least for your ear. It is one of the most provoking things in the world—and gives one much the same sensation, as it would to lose a choice morsel, the best of the feast, by having it slip away from your lips just as your mouth was all made up for it. Public speakers should correct this vicious trick of suddenly reducing their intelligible utterances to inarticulate sounds.—Some evidently resort to the practice with the idea of giving added force, solemnity or emphasis to what they say, but they exert it so completely as to destroy the effect of all that has preceded the attempt to give an effective finish.

Another habit, even worse, is that of mumbling instead of articulating, slurring over words, giving the vowels only half their requisite volume and time and ending in a confused rumble of consonant sounds. This is peculiarly a fault of English orators. Not a dozen of the talking members of Parliament speak with such distinctness as to be heard by a person at a distance of fifty feet. Speaking of this the Pall Mall Gazette says: "The ordinary English orator cannot be understood simply because he mumbles instead of articulating his syllables distinctly. Having got a language overflowing with consonants he intensifies the evil by cultivating a habit of not opening or closing his lips with that decision and completeness without which no language whatever can be properly spoken. Our American public speakers are amenable to the same criticism. It is a fault that might be easily corrected, and for the comfort of the hearers, and the effectiveness of the speech it should be. It is the same thing that makes the majority of men such poor readers of their own language. The first, second and final exhortation, which we would give to children learning to read aloud, would be—"articulate, articulate distinctly." This is not as some suppose incompatible with rapidity of speech.—Some of the most rapid of public speakers are those whose speech is most distinctly audible and most easily understood.—We have heard Rufus Choate utter as many words per minute as most orators would be able to speak in three minutes, and continue this rapid speech for hours, yet not a word or syllable would be lost. Every one was completely articulated and reached the ear without difficulty. Nothing would lead more directly and positively to improve the character of American public speaking, than for orators to be constantly mindful of the rule—speak plainly, articulate fully and distinctly.— Jersey City Journal.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

"Mrs. Government," the lovely, amiable and refined relict of the "late lamented" is out in a series of letters, bemoaning the insufficiency of her income from what remains of the accumulations of the Presidential office to support her. She scolds like a termanag, berating the Black Republican party in general, and some of her office beneficiaries in particular, for ingratitude and want of respect for her deceased husband. She says the revenue from what remains of Mr. Lincoln's estate is but about \$1,700, which is altogether inadequate to support her and her family, which consists of herself and two boys, one of whom is 21 years old, and the other well along in his teens. One would suppose that the boys being big enough to earn their own livings, she might, by skimming manage to live on the little matter of \$5 a day, especially if she can remember how she managed a few years ago, when her husband was unknown to fame, and worked as a common field hand on a farm, before he "took up" lawyering in the inferior courts, from which his earnings were but little increased until the freak of fortune that threw him to the top of the bubbling cauldron. But she must have forgotten how she managed in those good old days, and therefore advertises a few trifles of her personal wardrobe for sale, as follows:

1 blk centre camel's hair shawl, long \$1,500

1 white centre do do do 1,200

1 black centre do do do 400

1 red centre do do square 350

2 small shawls, square 50

1 white Paisley shawl, long 75

1 white Paisley shawl, square 50

3 superfine point black lace shawls, \$1,500, \$500, \$300

2 superfine point black lace shawls \$50, \$40

1 white point lace shawl, long 2,000

1 do do dress, unmade 4,000

1 do do do, 150

1 do do do, 250

1 do do do, 80

1 Russian sable cape 1,500

1 do do do 1,200

Also many other articles, including diamonds, rings, &c. &c.

Let us hope that the "loyal" will buy up these old clothes and things at such prices as to enable the amiable widow to weather the winter at least, in hopes that something may meanwhile "turn up."—These articles are on sale at the rooms of Mr. Brady, 609 Broadway, and we cheerfully contribute this advertisement, as our share of the debt deemed due from the country by this model of womanly refinement, whose name, honored and courted by ungrateful office seekers as "Mrs. Government." Where's "Flora McFlimsy?"

VALUABLE RECIPES.

To remove freckles, cut them out with a razor, and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a moustache, tie to it a strong chord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing iron, and throw the latter from a fourth story window.

To procure a fair complexion, go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first gale you get into, your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas, to preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.

To avoid corpulence, quit eating.

To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.

To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you.

To keep your name up, write it frequently on the dome of the Capital, the State House steeple, and other high places.

To become a competent book keeper, borrow all the books you can, and never return them.

To "raise the stamps," say a funny thing on the stage.

To keep your doors from being broken open by burglars, don't close them.

To keep out of a fight, stay by yourself. To gain time, steal a watch.

To keep from stuttering, don't talk.

To destroy rats, catch them one by one, and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.

To kill cockroaches, get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them in a barrel, and then get in and dance.

To kill bedbugs, chain their hind legs to a tree, then go round in front and make mouths at them.

To catch mice, on going to bed put crumbs of cheese into your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

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