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TUNKHANNOCK, WYCMING CO., PA.-WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1868.

Myoming Democrat.

A Democratic weekly



Terms-1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2,00; if NO paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrearages re paid; unless at the option of publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

REAL ESTATE. PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon,

PATENT MEDICINES and other advertisements by

 One column, 1 year,
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nterest, one half the regular rates.

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

Busines Notices.

R R. & W. E LITTLE ATTORNEYS AT H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

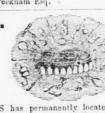
O. D. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock Wyoming Co. Pa.

WM. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW OF nannock, Pa.

T. J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL LOR AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pae Especial attention given to settlement of dec. dent's estates

Nicholson, Pa. Dec. 5, 1867—v7n19y1

I W. RHOADS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEO N J. will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. May be found at his Office at the Drug Store, or at his residence on Putman Sreet, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.



OR, L. T. BURNS has permanently located in

PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE,

GRNAMENTAL By W. RUGER, Artist.

Rooms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark's

TUNKHANNOCK, PA. 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,
Tinstructions given in Drawing, Sketching,
Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water
Colors, and in all branches of the art,
Tunk, July 31, '67-v6n50-tf.

BOLTON HOUSE. HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER 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 refpectfully solicited. GEO. J. BOLTON.

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

THIS establishment has recently been refitted an 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:
Funkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above A Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.

June, 3rd, 1963 MEANS' HOTEL.

D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country-It and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country-II is fitted up in the most modern and improved style and no pains are spared to make it a pleasantand, agreeablestoppngi place for all, 211yv3-u.

MELODEON FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale, VERY CHEAP, an almost new Piano France SIX OCTAVE MELODEON.

Also, a lot of Household Furniture at very low Prices
For particulars inquire at the house now occurred by the subrcriber, formerly occupied by Henry Stark.

A. G. STARK.

Tunkhannock, Jan. 20th, 1868n24w4

THE peculiar taint or infection which we call Scrofula lurks either produces or is produced by an en-feebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein nat fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their

vigorous action, and leaves the system to The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, fith and fithy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by 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 diseases it originates take tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and be-come ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, cruptive and cutaneous affections. These, all having the same origin, require the

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 anti-dotes that medical science has discovered for rior 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 Giandular Swellings, Turnors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses, 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 drugg for gratuitous distribution, wherein may learned the directions for its use, and so that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from Radiant garlands deftly wreathing waits the gifted

vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a regnedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of Ayen's Sarsaparilla, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its wild year way reguler years of from the veller. out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood, purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. Ey its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lunk within the system or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived

We know the public have reen accessed by many compounds of Servaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the alleging allegaces it is intended to reach. different medicine from any other which ha available to them.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Con-sumption, and for the relief

of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. This has been so long used and so uni-

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.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists
Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists every where.

For sale by Bunnell & Bannatyne, and Lyman & Whils, Tunkhannock, Sterling & Son, Meshoppen, Stevens & Ackley, Laceyville, Frear, Dsan & Co, Factoryville, and all Druggists and Deulsts in med-

THE HEALING POOL,

AND HOUSE OF MERCY. Howard Association Reports, for YOUNG MEN on the CRIME OF SOLITUDE, and the ERRORS, ABUSES and DISEASES which destroy the manly powers, and create impediments to MARRIAGE, with sure means of relief. Sent in sealed letter, envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLEN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE UNION STRAW CUTTER.

MANUFACTURED BY William Flickner, At TUNKHANNOCK, Penn'a.

Who has the exclusive right for Wyoming county, Who has the exclusive age for would gut Hay. Straw. Stalks, &c., better than the old fashioned Cutting boxes, used by our grandfathers.

Those who value time and labor: and would avoid a needless loss of both; in feeding their stock, should get one of these improved Cutters.

No man ever found anything better; or ever went

A Supply Constantly on Hand

Tunkhannock, Dec. 2, 1877v7n18tf.

WM. FLICKNER.

Doetry.

[From the Scranton City Journal.] THE SOUL'S REPLY.

BY STELLA, OF LACKAWANNA.

I have questioned I have queried, Soul of mine till I am wearied :-Pondered many a day, and wondered, with

As the stately suns sank slowly to their couch of fire,-And the tardy twilights lingured till the midnight moons climbed higher,

If the gods-with gifts o'erflowing-In their rich and rare bestowing, Should but offer, should but proffer one among the magic three,

Love, or Fame, or Gold, unstinted, which of all thy choice should be? Which could rouse thee into waking

From the dumb and dreary aching-From the sorrow of to-morrow, or the grieving of to From the stupor and the torpor, wearing thy sweet

life away; Love, or Fame, or Gold, oh answer, which the courted guerdon, say ?

Gold! a wondrous wizard, surely, Shining in the dark so purely,willing souls to madness, with its glamour, with its glare

Clasping gemmed and jeweled boubles 'round each skeleton of care, Till their ghastliness break lightly into beauty ev-

erywhere: Gold the tempter ! oh the treasurers It should buy thee, and the ple asurers;— Delicate and dainty offerings from a hundred spicy

Adulation from the many, and bewilderment of

Dreams too beautiful should woo thee-Should pursue, perchance undo thee; Every star should glow a promise, every bud or flower, and tree,

lush with hope's unspoken splendor, fleeting, cheating, though it be:
Deign response, oh soul of silence, which the tempt ing gift for thee !

Or if gold yet lack the power To beguile life's little hour-

What the werld's great thousands toil for, moil for . to the last a slave, Till the wild unrest sink breathless to an

plaining grave.
Yonder, like a fire-fly dancing, Now retreating, now advancing, In and out the hazy shadows with a grace 'twer

goddess-Fame ; Many a soul hath drained the chalice Foaming in her glittering palace-Many another knelt in rapture but to press her gar

or to grasp the pearl dissevered from her peerless but she's taken a foolish liking to ye, and diadem :-Love, or Fame, or Gold, unmeasured, soul of sad-

ness, which of them ? Yet no flutter, yet no waking

From the dumb and dreary aching-From the sorrow of to-morrow, or the grieving of to From the stupor and the torpor, wearing thy swe

life away, What shall rouse thee, what shall save thee from this wasting slumber, pray ? Love it must be-thought hath guessed it,

For a sigh of thine expressed it, And a stirful throbbing creepeth through each limp and languid vein,

Till the ruddy life-tide leapeth swiftly on its course

Though thy pride so silent made thee, Love's .weet mention hath betrayed thee Gold may dash thy sky with rainbows where its be he rich or poor, ought to have some ocmeteors flash and fall Fame may hold thee and enfold thee in her fascinat

But 'tis love's magnetic mystery that enslaves thee more than all.

MY. BIRD. BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky, A birdling sought my Indian nest, Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge, In winsome helplessness she lies, Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe, Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind. a lovlier bird ; Broad earth owns not a happier nest; Oh. God, theu hast a fountain stirred, Whose waters never more shall rest :

This seeming visitant from heaven, This bird with the immortal wing,

To me -to me, Thy hand has given. The pulse first caught its tiny stroke, The blood its crimson hue, from mine, This life, which I have dared invoke, Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room-I tremble with delicious fear ; The future, with its light and gloom, Time and Eternity are here

Hear, Oh my God ! one earnest prayer Room for my bird in Paradise, And give her angel plumage there

INFANTILE INNOCENCE .- "Papa, didn't you "Yes, my dear; you hurt him very much. "Molly!" said Mr. Blivens, thrusting his head into the kitchen door. whip me once for biting little Toniny ?"

"Well, then, Papa, you ought to whip sister's music master, too; be bit sister yester- round, white arms were bared above the day afternoon right on the mouth, and I elbow, and bore traces of the flour she right of a woman to vote, but there can be know it burt bur, because she put her arms had been sifting. Her dress was a neat no question as to her right to a husband, ed up, dar you is! but if you gets blowed up around his neck and tried to choke him."

EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blivens, re-moving the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his edncation, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and easily moved from his self pos session; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—referred me to you."

The old man's face softened. "Molly is a good girl, a very good girl, he said, stroking his chin, with a thought-ful air, "and she deserves a good husband.

What can you do ?" The young man looked rather blank a this abrupt inquiry.
"If you refer to my ability to support

wife, I can assure you—"
"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan; but I take it for granted you ask my girl to marry you, not your property .-What guarantee can you give me, in case sands of instances-that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains-do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speak-

"I believe you managed to get through college-have you any profession?"

" No. sir: I thought-" Have you any trade?" " No, sir; my father thought that, with

he wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."
"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a hilling; it might have been the making As it is, what are you fit for ?-Here you are a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought

to be ashamed of yourself." " And you want to marry my daughter, resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose I could keep more than one servant, but I don't no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, right-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; I'll tell ye what I'll do; go to work and prove yourself to be a man; perfect your-self in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me, and if

the girl is willing, she is yours." As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against than Edwards, an American. one of the pillars of the porch where he was standing, tucked it into his vest pock-

et, and went into the house Pretty Mary Bliven was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is about

right, for it seems to me that every man, cupation." Then, as she noticed her lover's grave

look, she added softly:
"Never mind, I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunt, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you,

One pleasant sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Blivens was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted, with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast with his former easy, liesurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blivens, I under stood that you wanted to buy some buttertubs and cider-barrels. I think I have some that will suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as opening the gate he passed by the wagon. "Mine," replied Luke, with an air of

pardonable pride; " and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them." Mr. Blivens examined them critically,

one by one.
"Thev'll do, he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?" "What I asked you for six months ago

to-day-your daughter, sir." The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, lad-come

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

Molly tripped out into the entry. gingham, over which was tied a blue if she can get one,

checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she a ways did wherever she She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke,

and then turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for

moment with a quizzical look. "Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make-a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and

hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make your father will ratify." As Mr. Blivens said this, he consider ately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of a bargain the young people made can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding which followed."

A. Lady's Opinion of a Lady's Man.

Mrs. Stephens, in her monthly magazine, gives a certain class of men, the like it should be swept away—as it is in thon- of whom are seen in every community, the benefit of her opinion as follows:

> Our own private opinion on the "lady's man" is, that he is thoroughly contempti-ble—a sort of a life hardly worth thinking about-a nut shell with the kernel withered up-a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life-something not altogether unpleasant to the fancy, but of no earthly use. A woman of sense would as soon be put to sea in a man-of-war made of shingles, or take up her residence in a cardhouse, as dream of attaching herself to a lady-killer. Women worth the name are seldom deceived into thinking our lady's man the choicest specimen of his sex .-Whatever their ignorance may be, woman ly intuition must tell that the men who live for a great object, and whose spirits are so firmly knit that they are able to encounter the storms of life-men whose depth and warmth of feeling resemble the powerful current of a mighty river, and not the bubbles on its surface-who, if they love, are never smitten by mere beauty of form or features-that these men are more worthy even of occupying their thoughts in idle moments than the fops and men about town, with whose attentions they amuse themselves. If we were to tell him this he would only laugh; he has no pride about him, although full of vanity, and it matters not to him what we broadly affirm or quietly insinuate. Soft and delicate though he be, he as impervious to ridicule as a hod-carrier, and as regardless of honest contempt as a city-alderman. Were you to hand him this article, he would take it to some social party and read it aloud. in the most melliftuous voice, as a homage to his own attractions.

Men of America.

The greatest man, "ake him for all in all," of the last hundred years, was George Washington, an American. The greatest metaphysician was Jona-

The greatest natural phi Benjamin Franklin, an American The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram

Powers, an American. The greatest writer on law, in the English language for the present century, was Judge Story, an American,

The greatest orators ever lived were Clay Calhoun, and Webster, all Americans. The greatest of living historians are George Bancroft, and Wm. M. Prescott,

both Americans. The greatest ornithologist is John James Audubon, an American. There has been no English writer in the

present age whose works have been mark ed with more humor, more refinement, or more grace, than those of Washington Ir-The greatest lexicographer and philolo

gist, since the time of Johnston, was Noah Webster, an American. The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of happiness to mankind in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton, and Whitney, all

Americans.

Leap Year.

The Almanac makers inform us that the year 1868 is especially set apart for the adies-the unmarried portion we meanwho, by time-honored custom and concession, are entitled to do a good many things this year, that they are denied on any other. They have the right to ask their " feller" to take a sleigh ride, go to a concert, or to church; they have the right to draw "their weasel" and pay the bills; and more, they have the right to do the courting, to put their arms around a piece of

corduroy, and even " pop the question." This is nice, it is pleasant to hear the idol of your heart in tremulous tones, say, "Dear Augustus, adored of my heart, the bright star of my future life, the sun-beam of my waking hours, say, oh! say, wilt thou be mine, be all thine own dear Penne lope Ann's?" And then to hear the bash ful swain, holding his cambric, scented with the flavor of a thousand flowers, or a skunk's cabbage, simper out " Ask par and

Shaw! we can't do the subject justice, in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade and will let Corry O'Lanus speak for us, he knows all about such things, and he's just got married.

> It is leap year. Of which fact I wish to remind the la-

There is a division of opinion as to the

Now is her time.

But I would advise young ladies not to Although it is leap year, you had better

look before you leap.

Because if you get a husband, and he don't suit you, you can't change him for a better one, at least, without going to Chi-

There are several considerations to be observed in the selection of a husband. Looks are a matter of taste :- size, com plexion and color of whiskers may be left tremens after biting Chicago citizens.

to individual taste.

They are of less consequence than disposition or pecuniary resources.

Particularly the resources. I wouldn't advise any young woman to marry a man who would expect her to support them.

It is not a fair thing on the old gentleman, who has been looking forward to the marriage of his daughter as a happy release from milliner's bills.

Never disappoint your parents. Young ladies need not inquire too particularly whether the man of their choice belongs to a lodge, which meets four nights

She will find that out after they are mar

Husbands, like other domestic animals, when eaught young can sometimes be trained to do a good many useful things. They have even been known to get up in the morning and light the fire when the

girl has gone away.

There are some professions not advisable to marry into. Such as editors for they never get rich.

Or politicians who are not satisfied with one wife, but are always getting wedded to their country, and like most bigamists abuse both their wives. But as the great object is to get a hus-

band, and as the supply is limited, it may

not do to be too particular. WHO ARE YOUR COMPANY ?- " He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.' It is said to be a property of the treefrog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn, it is commonly a dark green. If found on white oak, it has the color peculiar to that tree. Just so dalizing others, might as well sit down on a it is with a man, Tell me whom you chosen as your companions, and I will tell who you are. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are like them in your sentiments. Do you seek the society of the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool, and probably a very stupid one too. Do you love to seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest place among them than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be wise and good, You may have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be dispised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for your

itself and wise in eternity. It is a curious fact, that if a man is lost in the woods and continues walking, he will invariably go round in a circle, constantly veering to the left hand. It is because the right side of every human body (except in the case of lett-handed people s more developed than the left. Conse quently the muscles on that side are strongest, and tend gradaully throw the whole body round, unlesss the aim is directed to some particular point.

REMOVING A TIGHT FINGER RING .- It is

seldom necessary to file off a ring which is too tight to readily pass the joint of the finger. If the finger is swollen apply cold water to reduce the inflammation, then wrap a small rag wet in hot water around the ring to expand the metal, and soap the finger. A needle threaded with strong silk can then be passed between the ring and the finger, and a person holding the two ends and pulling the silk while slowly sliding it around the periphery of the ring may readily remove the ring. If the ring is a plain hoop this process is easy; if it has a setting or protuberance more care will be required. Another method is to pass a piece of sewing silk under the ring and wind the thread, in pretty close spirals and snugly around the finger to the end. Then take the lower end-that below the ring-and begin unwinding. The ring is certain to be removed unless the silk is very weak. The winding compresses the finger and renders the operation less diffi-

NEWSPAPER SPONGERS-An exchange

makes the following sensible remarks: "There are many people in the world who make it a business to sponge the reading of their county paper without any ex-pense to themselves. This has often been noticed and commented upon. They are found where ever the paper is left—in a der, and sung in a kind of operatic vois as folshop, office, store or barber shop-and of- lers, impromtos tu wit: ten borrow it before the owner has an opportunity of raising it from the table. This is done by very many who are abundantly able, and whose dnty would seem to be to sustain their county paper by subscribing and 'paying for the same.'

Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat burst up for this reason : " If you gets off and smashon the boat, whar is you?"

Wise und Atherwise.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming : "Don't be so unspeakably hap-

So much whisky is drunk in Chicago that thousands of mosquitos have died of delerium

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first bars, when a policeman came up and hit him

The following notice might have been seen some time ago, stuck up in a corset maker's show-window in Glasgow : "All sorts of la-

hearts in such wretched verse that it is no wonder so many of them are jilted. Grey hairs, like honest friends, are pluck-

Rhyming lovers generally woo their sweet

out and cast aside for telling unpleasant Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a mad so slowly

fore he knows it. Throw a piece of meat among bears, and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave the most outrageously-the men or the

and imperceptibly, that he is bound tight be-

A quaker makes pleasure of his business and then for relaxation makes a business of

An Arkansas traveler says he knew a young fellow down South, who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

wheel barrow, and undertake to wheel him-A wag, on being asked what he had for dinner, replied, "A lean wife, and the ruin of

son who undertakes to raise himself by scan-

spare-rid of pork and apple sauce. Why is the clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its

hands and runs down its own works,

a man for sauce." His dinner consisted of a

"Mother," said a little square-built boy, about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes ? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis ?"cabin or deck?" "Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana, "I live in a cabe in at home ; give me the best you've got."

Another relic of the classic age has been

found in St. Louis, being a dog's collar, sup-

posed to have belong to Julius Cæsar, from the fact of having his name engraved on it ! A SENSIBLE WIFE .- "Pray, tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?" "Oh, such disgrace ! I have opened one of your letters spuppsing it to be addressed to

mysely. Certainly it looks more like Mrs. than Mr. "Is that all ? What harm man there be in a wife's opening a husband's letter ?"

"But the contents !- Such disgrace ?"

"What! has any one dared to write me a etter unfit for my wife to read ?" "Oh, no-it is couched in the most chaste language. But the disgrace !"

"Disgrace !" Here the husband caught up the letter, and commenced reading the epistle that had given so much uneasiness to his

Readers, you could not guess the cause in a coon's age. It was no other than a bill from a printer for nine years' subscription. The "disgrace" was wiped out almost im-

Artemus Ward was out late one night .-

Here is his account of his return home. "It was late when I returned home. The children and my wife were all abed. But a candle - a candle made from taller of my own rasin'-gleamed in Betsy's room. It gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was shinin' brite, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doins! I felt a sentimental mood still so gently o'er me

> Wake, Betsy, wake, My sweet galoot ? Rise up fair lady,

While I toot my lute ! The Winder-I regret to say that the winder went up with a violent crash, and a form in spotless white exclaimed, "Cum into the house you old fool. To-morrer you'll be goin' round complainin' about your liver."

No wonder that Weston is a good walker. It turns out that he used to be collector for a