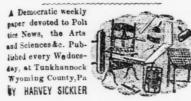
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VOL. VII.

TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.-WEDNSDAY, FEB. 19,

Myoming Democrat.

A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Poli



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

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PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE, ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

By W. RUGER, Artist. oms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark's

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To Instructions given in Drawing. Sketching,
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Colors, and in all branches of the art,
Tunk, July 31, '67 -v6n50-tf.

BOL TON HOUSE. HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the The undersigned nating interly purchased the BUBHLER 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, TU NKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS establishment has recently been refitted as I 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, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the abo 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.

MEANS' HOTEL. P. B. BARTLET,

Late of t. PBRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N PROPRIETOR. The MEANS HOTEL, i one of the LARGEST

is fitted up in the most modern and improved style and no pains are spared to make it a pleasantand, agreeablestoppngi place for all, 211ya3-u.

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

Also, a lot of Household Furniture at very low For particulars inquire at the honse now occuried by the subreriber, formerly occupied by Henry Stark.

Teakbannock, Jan. 20th, 1969p24w4

SARSAPARILLA,

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of On-ford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPA-RILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ul-

been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your Sarsaparalitia. My daughter, agod ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to care until we tried your Sarsaparalitia. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and muchestemed halp of Dennisrille, Cape Mry Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous cruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your Sarsaparalitia. A, which soon completely cared her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely known Gage, Marray & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashaa, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost every thing a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your Sarsaparalitia. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as any body's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your Sarsaparalitia."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Erysipelas - General Debility - Purify the

Erysipelas—General Dobility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Honston St., New York.

DR. Ayer. I seldom fail to remove Ecaptions and Serofadous Sores by the persevering use of your Sarsaparellal. A, and I have just now eured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alterative we possess equals the Sarsaparellal you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Waleman, Ohio.

"For twelve years, I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celobrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars worth of medicines. The ulsers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your Sarsaparella. Took two bottles, and some of your Pills. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as any body. Being in a public place, my case is known to every body in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

all." From Hon. Henry Monro, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parlianent.
I have used your SARSAPARILIA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted.)

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harrey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Trankhamock Democrat, Temospheania.

Our only child, about three years of ago, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually binaded his eyes for some days. A skilled physician applied nitrate of silver and other renedles, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing clse we had any hope frem, we began giving your Sansarkhulla, and applying the bodie of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's cyclashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Moreurial Disease.

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lucrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"DR. AYER. My dear Sir: I have found your Suphitis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstimate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alterative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSARAILA, relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoa, Whites, Female Weakness,

Leucorrhea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scroplulus ULceration, and are very often cured by the alterative effect of this Sansapamilla. Some cases require, however, in aid of the Sansapamilla, the skihul application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your Sansapamilla an excellent alterative in diseases of females. Many cases of Irregularity, Leucorrhea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scropions diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lary, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhea of long standing, by two bottles of your SAISAPARILLA." Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S

CATHARTIC PILLS possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been, and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lovell, Mag., and sold by

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THE HEALING POOL, AND HOUSE OF MERCY.

Howard Association Reports, for YOUNG MEN on the CRIME OF SOLITUDE, and the ER-RORS, ABUSES and DISEASES which destroy the manly powers, and create impediments to MAR-RIAGE, with sure means of relief. Sent in sea ed letter, envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLEN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Publadelphia Pa.

THE UNION STRAW CUTTER,

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

Who has the exclusive right for Wyoming county, i one of the very few Machines that will cut 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 neelless loss of both, in feeding their stock, should get one of these improved Cutters.

No man ever found anything better; or ever went

back to the old machine after a trial of it A Supply Constantly on Hand

WM FLICKNER.

Tankhannock, Dec. 2, 1877v7n18ef.

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY STELLA, OF LACKAWANNA. Two lovers -- (I peeped through the keyhole,-Hope 'twas a commendable peep ;)

Sat breathing sweet nothings by moonlight, When sensible folks were asleep: They said -but why should I repeat it ? 'Twas whispered. you know-nothing more, While the roun! moon laughed in at the window,
And I—through the hole in the door.

Two hands were clasped fondly together, Two faces were radiant with joy, And I spied 'mong the frolicsome moonbeams The arch-eyed and mischievous boy; And the fair cheek grew crimson with blushes. When hin ed they soon should be wed, While the round moon laughed in at the window

And I- through the keyhole instead. The years had whirled swiftly their changes, White moons had lit many a sky,

I peeped through the keyhole to spy ? Were they building their fabulous castles. With hand clasped in hand as before ? When the round moon laughed in at the window And I-through the hole in the door.

At last in my roamings I found them, Sitting glum in a summer day's glare. And I waited in vain to discover One loverly look in the pair. Ab. me ! and I sighed to remember The vision that met me before,

When the round moon laughed in at the window And I -- through the hole in the door. "Small editions in calf" ranged the parlor, With knots in their carroty hair, Each bent on appalling gymnastics O'er sofa and table and chair; And I said to myself very softly,

Return, oh sweet romance of yore

When the round moon laughed in at the window And I-through the hole in the door, I glanced at the trail little figure, Bent low over some unfinished seams, Then sidelong, the while, at the master, That bewitched the blest hours with their magi In the sweet time ere they two were wed,

When the round moon laughed in at the window And I- through the keyhole instead ! TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

George D PRENTICE - himself one of the most poetess can surpass the gracefulness and beauty of the following lines from the muse of AMELIA. They

Pale star, that with thy soft sad light Came out upon my bri-lal eve, I have a song to sing to-night, Before thou tak'st thy mournful leave. Since then so softly time hath stirr'd, That months have almost seemed like hours, And I am like a little bird

That slept too long among the flowers' Soft singing 'mid the shades of even ; But oh with sadder heart I sing-I sing of one who dwells in heaven

And tenderest thought my heart beguiles, As, floating up through mist and dew, The pale young moon comes out and smiles; And to the green resounding shore

In silvery troops the ripples crowd, Till all the ocean dimpled o'er, Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud; And star on star, all soft and calm, Floats up you arch serenely blue; And, lost to earth and steeped in balm, My spirit floats in ether too.

Loved one ! though lost to human sight, I feel thy spirit lingering near. As softly as I feel the light That trembles through the atmosphere;

As in some temple's holy shades, Though mute the hymn and hush'd the prayer, A solemn awe the soul pervades.

Which tells that worship has been there-A breath of incense, left alone Where many a censer swung around, Will thrill the wanderer, like a tone, Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul, from worlds of bliss That stoops awhile to dwell with me, Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this, That I at last might dwell with thec. I hear a murmur from the seas. That thrills me like thy spirit's sigh's ; I hear a voice on every breeze,

That makes to mine its low replies-A voice all low and sweet like thine ; It gives an answer to my prayer, And brings my soul from heaven a sign That I hall know and meet thee there

I'll know thee there by that sweet face, Round which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace

That made thee lovely all thy days, By that sweet smile that o'er it shed A beauty like the light of even, Whose soft expression never fled, Even when its soul had flown to heaven,

I'll know thee by the starry crown That glitters in thy raven hair ; th! by these blessed signs alone
I'll know thee there—I'll know thee there.

For ah ! thine eye, within whose sphere The sweets of youth and beauty met,
That swam in love and softness here.
Must saim in love and softness yet,
For ah! its dark and liquid beams,
Though saddened by a thousand sighs,
Were holier than the light that streams

Down from the gates of Paradise-Were I right and radiant like the morn, Yet soft and dewy as the eve, Too sad for eyes where smiles are born,
Too young for eyes that learn to greeve

I wonder if this cool sweet breeze Hath touched thy lips and fam'd thy brow.

For all my spirit hears and sees

Recall thee too my my memory now;

For every hour we breathe apart,

Will but increase, if that can be,

The love that fills this little heart,

The love that mis this inter heart,
Already filled so full of thee,
Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,
And many a sin must be longiven.
Ere these pare lids shall sink to sleep—
Ere thou and I shall meet in heaven

TRIED AND TEMPTED.

Five o'clock of a piercing February night, and so dark already that the weari-ed young workmen in Madame Tournay's "Fashionable Dress-Making Establishment" moved more closely to the window to catch the last fading beams of light. It was a small, ill ventilated apartment, shabbily furnished and over-crowded with pale, tired-looking girls-but what then? Madame her-if rolled in a claret-colored coupe, and kept liveried servants to wait upon her door; and who never paused to think how

her money was made.
"Oh dear," said Grace Hooper, with a sigh, "this Greek pattern is so puzzling, and my head does ache so hard. I don't see why Mrs. Wharton wants a dress altered that she has worn but once. Fine ladies are full of caprices."
"Give it to me, Grace," said Kate Sel-

wyn authoritatively; "I'll finish it, and you go home to bed, unless you want to be laid up with a brain fever.

" But what is to become of your work, "Ob, I'll take care of that-it's but an

hour or two's extra work, when sll's said Grace Hooper hesitated a moment-she knew from sad experience how trying was an "hour or two's extra work" when brain, back and fingers were alike wearied out. But the pain in her head was increasing too rapidly for much remonstrance

"It's very good for you, Katie," she said meekly, "and perhaps I had better go

Kate Selwyn nodded a pleasant good bye to the pale sewing girl, and began to work on Mrs. Wharton's wine-colored silk

dress with busy, skillful fingers.

She was a tall, slightly made young woman of two or three and twenty, with rich brown hair, wound round and round the back of her head in heavy lustrous coils, and large black eyes. There was but little color in her red cheek; Madame Tournay's work room had stolen her roses away long ago, but her lips were red as cut coral, and there was an arch dimple in her rounded chin that spoke of mirthful temperament and unwearying cheerfulness. Poor Katie! it needed all her courage to meet the stern realities of life, for even now she was pondering within herself how it might be possible to meet the landlord's demand for

rent, already overdue. "I cannot pay him any way in the world," thought poor Katie; "but oh, it would be very hard to be turned out of doors such weather as this. Why, what makes the pocket so full? Surely Mrs. Wharton must have left something in it." Kate Selwyn drew from the pocket of

the wine-colored silk dress an embroidered handkerchief; but there was something still remaining—a ten dollar bill! The room was comparatively dark-no one was observing the young seamstress,

and it was the instinct of a moment to slip the money into her bosom. while her cheeks burned and her heart throbbed with

ver sh color, and hands that would tremble, in spite of herself.
"Wey, Kate, how soon you have finished it!" said one of her companions, as she hurriedly folded it up, and laid it on a pile

of completed dresses. "Grace Hooper would have been two hours about it!" "It was late when Katie tied on her worsted hood and went home, through the chill and frozen streets, the ten-dollar bill hidden away in her bosom ! Home--it was but a narrow room without fire or

light, but it was all Katie had! She undressed hurriedly and crept into her little bed -- somehow she could not say her prayers that night. Was it the tendollar bill that stood between her and the gates of Heaven!

Ten dollars--it was a year since Katie Selwyn had possessed so much money at one time, To her it seemed almost untold wealth--and several times during the night she started up, half faneying buiglars in the room, trying to abstract the precious prize, Such a long, troubled, fever stricken night! And when at length she arose, unrested and unrefreshed, the gray dawn was peeping through the one window of the

"I can endure it no longer," thought Katie Selwyn. "I would rather beg my bread from door to door, and sieep upon a bench in the market place, than bear the brand of a thief upon my own conscience! I will take the money back as soon as possible, and try to forget last night, as we

forget hideous dreams!" She flitted through the streets, shivering, your new life begins." as the chill breath of early dawn smote up on her forehead, and nervously avoiding the passing footsteps of the few pedestrians who were abroad at so unusual an

Madame Tournay's sleepy footman came to the work bell in a red worsted jacket and a dingy cotton handkerchief tied around his ambrosial curls. "'l'ears to me you're uncommon early

this morning, young woman," said he dis-"Yes," said Kate, trembling lest John should read the secret of her mission. "I JUDGED," want to finish something that should have

been done last night,"

Mrs. Wharton's dress lay on the pile of first place, make up your mind to accomfinished work, and it was but the action of plish whatever you undertake, decide upon an instant to slip the ten-dollar bill back some particular employment and persevere

handkerchief! lifted from her over-weighted shoulders. "I can breathe more freely now!" she murmured. "Oh, Father! I never before understood the full force of my daily pray-

er: 'Lead me not into temptation!'

. Ten years had passed away, and you would not have known Katie Sel wyn in the fair, matronly presence of Mrs. St. George. early. The sleeping fox catches no poultry Katie had made what the world calls "a good match." Mr. St. George had seen the pretty seamstress at his sister's house

"I really can't tell what has become of that money," said Mrs. St. George, tho't-fully, as she sat warming one velvet-slip-pered foot before the fire. "I left it on my dressing bureau this morning; of that I am certain, and the children have not been at home to scatter things around." "I know where it is, mamma," said

Harry, a pretty boy of eight years old .-Was it in two bills?" "Yes--what do you know of it my boy?"

lar bill. all folded up,"

honesty, and yet in a moment of sudden and where she is remembered by many old

She was a pretty young Irish girl of sixteen or seventeen years old, with large vio where the soft crimson glowed through a slightly freekled surface.

"I thought you rang, ma'am," said Norab, with her eyes fixed on the floor and a tell tale flush on her forehead. Mrs. St George fixed her clear glance

on the girl's face. "No, Norah, you thought no such thing," she said calmly. "Go down to the nur-sery—this is no time for me to say what I

North retired, but she did not go down to the nursery, according to Mrs. St. George's orders. She crept up stairs, instead, to her own room, trembling so that she could hardly walk. For Norah, from the adjoining room, had heard the whole conversation, and knew that this, her first There are but few indeed, among the vast

theft, was discovered. "Sure, what will she do with me-it's quick irregular pulsings.

"Some kind fate has sent it to me," thought Kate Selwyn. Mrs. Wharton will never miss the money—she has an abundnever miss the money—she has an abundSure. what will she do with me—it's not the slaves or, subjects of it. Even the true and faithful believer, whose faith has pictured to him unutterabe transports and happiness in that world beyond the grave, such as the converged of the grave. never miss the money—she has an abund-ance without it, and to me it is home— Sure, I wish I was only dead and at trembles at the approach of the grim mesrest in the old graveyard in the County So Kate Selwyn worked away with fee Kerry! It's the landanum I got for my

The vial was close at her tremulous lips when there was a soft rustle of silken skirts in the room, and a light hand was laid upon the nurse-girl's arm.

" Norah, stop !" The laudanum bottle fell from Norah's unnerved hand--she uttered a slight cry. delights of heaven. " Mrs. St. George?"

And the fair young matron drew the Irish girl close to her arms. "Norah, you have done very wrong but it is not too late to repent My child,

begin lite over again from to-day." Norah took the money from its hidingplace and gave it to her mistress with hysteric eagerness. "Sure; ma'ma, an' its'slike the angels of Heaven you are I'll never do the like again, and I don't know what evil spirit tempted

"No Norah. I shall still retain you in my service, and trust you implicity as beforethat is if you choose to remain. Norah began to sob, on her knees at her

me! But you'll discharge me, ma'ma?

mistress's feet. "Oh ma'ma, if you hadn't come in just then I should be standin' at the bar of of Heaven now, with my soul b acker than darkness. I was wild, ma'ma-it seemed as if I couldn't live to have mother and Uncle Patrick know I was a-a-thief!"

Mrs. St. George looked pityingly into the girl's face. "Go down now, Norah. You are forgiv.

vant's room, her hands clasped, and her stayed with her very late, and in the mean- iner cooly raised his stick and gave him a eyes gazing wistfully into vacancy.

"Am I so kind?" she murmured to her his foot-marks would expose him to dan"What he meant by being out of his grave self. "Nay, it is but human justice! It ger. At length the princess resolved to at so late an hour?" seems but yesterdcy that I, too, passed carry him on her back to a eighboring

than God was to me?" And so the bitter of temptation and trial

into its place beneath the embroidered in it. all difficulties are overcome by dilligence and assiduity. Be not afraid to Then she drew a long breath of relief—
it was as if some heavy burden had been A "cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who that she was too young to have a nuff asked goes and comes. Attend to your own indignantly : "Am I too little to be cold ?" business, never trust to another. that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled." Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of

for dead men's shoes may have to go a long

time barefoot." "He who runs after a shad-

themselves." Be absteminous. Who dainties love shall beggars prove. Rise Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep. Treat every one with respect and civility, that his golden wedding will come off just one night, and straightway fell in love and married her. So, from want and penury, Katie stepped into a luxurious home, and a husband's warm, true heart.

every one with respect and civility, that his golden wedning will come on just the true golden wedning will come on just the true golden wedning will come on just that his golden wedning will be place dependence upon becoming the possessors of an inheritance. "He who waits

never dispair. "God is where He was"-He helps those who truly trust in Him. Miss Letitia Christian Tyler,born in the Presidential Mansion at Washington, "I saw Norah hiding something away the beautiful and accomplished grand-under her work-box up stairs, and I was daughter of Robert Tyler, so distinguished curious to see what it was, mamma, so I for his zeal and elequence, and a trusted went and looked, after she had gone down leader of the old Democratic party before that start that chills the heart, as if with ice stairs, and there was a five and a two-dol- the war, is now engaged in type setting, incrusted? Ah do not blame sweet Sarah in the employment of the Advertiser news- Jane, two hair pins she has trusted, but "My boy, you are mistaken," said Mr. paper, Montgomery, Alabama. This brave hear her shriek or rather speak; "My wa-St. George, promptly. "Norah is the very soul of honesty."

"Yes, but Bruce," said his wife, in a low, earnest tone, "she may be the soul of county, where her father and family resided, and where he is removed by many old. frienes. We think she does herself credit

spunk. - Doylestown Democrat. FEAR OF DEATH .- It matters not when our own chamber, or by some sudden calamity amid the storms and bustle of life, you get into your cradle. we should make up our mind to meet it with coolness and reserve which should characterize intelligent, immortal beings .-We have continued evidence before us of the perishable nature of all things , and should neither fear nor shrink from that which is inevitable. As our fathers prodence, died before us, we must ourselves go down Always come in when it rains; and if a to the grave, sooner or later. There is rattle snake bites you in the leg, cut it off, neither hope, nor reason, nor apprehension that we ever can escape the sad ordeal.-Yet, notwithstanding this certainty, of our ultimate dissolution, the fear of death is almost universal throughout the world .multitude that people the carth, who are not the slaves or, subjects of it. Even the happiness in that world beyond the grave, given to the poor, is re-corded above, senger, without whose intervention this toothache that'll save me from disgrace, tasted There is a positive weakness in heart. th's, which is alike strange and unaccountable. That the momentary pang the parting struggle and the closing of our eyes forthis life, should inspire so much dread, is truly remarkable, when we know that they are all that separate us from the joys and

It seems to most persons, a fearful thing to die; to go down into the cold grave and form companionship with worms; to sleep the last sleep and be insensible as the dust upon which the head is pillowed. But the apostles and prophets have gone that road before us; the noble army of martyrs, who now tune their harps among the redeemed. passed through the trying ordeal; and the Saviour of mankind trod the weary way,

with bleeding feet and with dusty sandals. All the wealth of the world cannot purchase for one single human being an ex emption from death and the grave. Why then should we shrink back with fear and shudder at the approaching doom, when we know it is fixed and unchangeable ?-Rather let us meet it like men, hoping and trusting upon the promises, which have inspired ns with confidence and given us faith in the life which is to come.

A CURIOUS LOVE STORY. - A very curious love story is told by several of the ancient writers respecting Egivard, a secretary to Charlemange, and a daughter of en; and remember that from this moment the Emperor. The secretary fell in love our new life begins."

With the princess, who at length allowed behind a tombetone, and approached him him to visit her. One winter's night he with menacing gesturing. The ancient martime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, crack over the side of the head, asking, him through the ordeal that has so tried poor house, which she did, It happened, how Norah. I was a thief, and I repented .- ever, that from the window of his bed-Shall I be less merciful to this poor child room the king saw her.

blossomed into fruit Mrs. St. George had were presented, he asked what ought to sheech. He proceeded to acknowledge the learned to "JUDGE NOT LEST SHE BE be done to the man who compelled the honor in very handsome terms, and added king's daughter to carry him on her shoul-One of the richest specimens of a real ders through frost and snow, in the middle Irish bull which has ever fallen under onr of a winter's night? The lovers were "There's no fire in the work room yet."

"No matter—it will soon be lighted."

And Katie ran up stairs to the chilly, deserted room, where clippings of silk and the silk and worsted lay on the floor, and the chairs still stood around the work-table, just where I hope you will stop there,"

"you ever come within a mile of my house, lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God and love one another.

Wise and Otherwise.

The worst wheel of a cart siways makes

A little three year old girl on being told

"How well he plays for one so voing ?"__ said Mrs. Partington as the organ boy performed with a monkey before the door ;-"and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure !"

A man in the Nutmeg State atinounces

"Mister, I say, I suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you ?" The answer was, "yes, I don't."

ow has a wearisome race." above all things, POETIC. - 'Twas Sunday night .-- The moon shone bright, and all was cool and shady, when a gay young gent, down High street went a walking with a lady. They talked of love ; he called her dove ; he told of his affection. She heaved a sigh and turned her terfall has busted !"

RULES OF HEALTH, - Never hang yourself out of an open window when you go to bed. In cold weather always wear thick warm She stopped short. North herself had in turning her hand to an honorable occu- clothing about your body. If you haven't entered the room, with a feather duster in pation in advertise times. We like her money enough to buy it, attend an unextinguishable conflagration in the vicinity of a first class clothing store.

If you are quite a small baby, be careful or where death comes to us, whether on the that there are no pins in your clothes, and battle field or on the ocean, in the quiet of always take a drink of milk punch out of a bottle with a gum thing on the nezzle before In eating raw oysters always peel the

shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and apt to lie on the stomach. Never travel on the railroad trains. Many

unless you wear false calves or a wooden leg. In that case just untie and take it off. I don' say that those who follow these instructions will never die and let their friends enjoy a ride to the cemetery, but they won't get choked off in the bloom of their youth

and beauty. Somebody says, that every cord of wood

transport and happiness could never be good act, reveals his own wickedness at

The wise carry their knowledge, as they

do their watches-not for display; but for their own use. Description of a scoundrel : "That scoundrel, sir, why he would sharpen a knife upon

his father's tombstone to slay his mother !" "So there's another corruption of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down her specs. "The paper tells us about burning leather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got afire."

In a Sunday School, not many miles from this place, a youth was questioned by his teacher if his father took any religious papers. "Yes," replied young hopeful, "the New York Clipper and the Illustrated Police News, every week,"

A cotemporary paper says : "If you wo'd keep your children in health, give them plenty of fresh air." This is all well enough; but, now-a-days, children put on so many airs of their own that it is almost impossible to give them a fresh one every day.

A philosophic and self possessed ship captain was passing through a church yard at midnight, when a "sheeted ghost, " rose up

A good many years ago, a Massachusette man was elected to the office of Lieutenant-In the assembly of his lords the follow- Governor. When the fact of his election was ing day, when Egivard and his daughter announced he was called upon to make a that he had no doubt he should make a very good Lieutenant-Governor, as that was the office he had always held in his own house.

> How to Ask a Favor .- The humble man requests a favor as though he were unworthy to receive it; but the proud man asks a favor in the same tone as if he were granting one.