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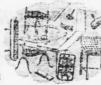
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# TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.-WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11, 1868.

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# PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE,

ORNAMENTAL By W. RUGER, Artist. ms over the Wyoming National bank, in Stark'

TUNKHANNOCK, PA.

fe-size Portraits painted from Ambrotypes or
ographs - Photographs Painted in Oil Cors.—
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7 Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching,
rait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water
rs, and in all branches of the art,
ok. July 31 27 exposed.

## NKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

ok. July 31. '67 -ven50-tf.

en refitted and furnished in the latest style, attention will be given to the comfort and inne of those who patronize the House.

H. HUFFORD. Proprietor.

BOLTON HOUSE. ARRISBURG, PENNA.

undersigned having lately purchased the EHLER HOUSE " property, has already comthis old and popular House equal, if not supe-any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. tinuance of the public patronage is refpect-

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

establishment has recently been refitted an aished in the latest style. Every attention ven to the comfort and convenience of those mize the House. T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.

#### MEANS' HOTEL. TOWANDA, PA.

D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.

p in the most modern and improved style ins are spared to make it a pleasant and e stopping place for all,

want Boots or Shoes and the full value for manufacturing and challenges competition

AN'S initiation French Calf Dress Boots eficial to customers. to \$6,50 are a neat, stylish and durable Nothing like them inthis market.

## Latest News.

Late arrival of New Goods. Great Bargains at the New Store of

C. Detrick.

# and one of the lorgest and richest assortments ever offered in this community. Consisting of

RICH AND FANCY COL'RD DRESS SILKS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH MERINOS,

EMPRESS AND PRINCESS CLOTHS,
POPLINS, PAREMETTOS,
ELACK AND COLORED
ALPACCAS WOOL, ARMURE, PEKIN
AND MOUSELIEU DELAINS, INPORTED
AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufactures and Latest Styles,

Ladies Cloths and Sacqueings, Cloths, Jeans,
Drills,
Ticks, Checks,
Stripes, Stripes,
Sheetings
Bleached

Sontags, Hoods.
Furs, Ladies' Reticules, Shopping Bags and Baskets
TRUNKS, VALISES, and TRAVELING BAGS, Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread, Cotton

Gloves, Hosiery, Notions, Toilet and Fancy GOODS. FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY,

Black and Colored Velvets, Frills,
Fringes,
Braids,

Beads, Ball and Bugle Trimmings

A Large quantity of BEST STYLE HOOP SKIRTS and CORSETTS, select from Manufacturers, at

FLANNELS all Colors and Qualities

#### READY MADE Clothing,

Furnishing Goods. HATS AND CAS

CALE KIP and SEAVY BOOTS & SHOES Ladies', Misses', and Children's Kid Prunelle Mo-Curtains, & Curtain Fix-tures, Carpets & Oil-Cloths. China, Glass, and Stone Ware,

Tinware, - made expressly for this
Trade, and warranied to give satisfaction,
20 per cent. Cheaper than the usual rates in
section,

ikes,
Iron.
Steel.
Horse Shoes.
Horso Shoe Nails,
Nail Rods,
Paints,
Paint Oils,
P a int

Material, Putty, Window Glass, Kerosene Oi Hall, Parlor, Stand, and Hand Lamps, Lanterns, Lamp Chimnies, Shades, and Burners.

# COAL,

ASHTON,

FLOUR,
FEED,
MEAL,
CHEESE,
LARD,
PORK,
HAMS,

WOOD & WILLOW WARE,

PAILS, WASH BOARDS.

BRUSHES, of all kinds, and DYES, and DYES SWEEPERS.

PATENT MEDICINES. DRUGS, and FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c., &c.

These goods have been selected with great care to suit the wants of by that time, his face was purple with this community, and will be sold as s water-proof Boots are warranted a this community, and will be sold as rage, all except his nose, which glowed perfect remedy, and this warrant heretofore, at the lowest living rates like a ball of fire Leaning his ponderous for each or exchanged for country figure far over the har, and raising his for cash or exchanged for country figure far over the bar, and raising his for the past liberal patronage, I shall he fairly roared: endeavor by strict attention to my the Imported French Calf Boots, man-thy Eastman for \$10, are superior to the same, and will try to make the future still more attractive and ben-

C. DETRICK.

#### YOUR OWN BABY.

Out of all the little people Out of all the little people
That you know,
Great 'olks' children, poor folks' bables,
High or low;
Big or little, blondes, brunettes,
Dark haired beauties, blue-eyes pets;
Or the ugliest of aborations,
With pug noses for their portions—
Noses pugs for facial handles;
Hair that curls like pounds of candles—
Out of all the little people
You can bring,
Nine miles round, from any steeple,
In a ring—

In a ring—
Did you ever see a darling
Whom its "ma," like Hotspur's starling,
Didn't say beat all creation
Into bits? No, ma'm—no, sir—miss, or master— Never came such sad disaster To maternal bosom tender— No! one horrid doubt would send her Into fits.

Don't you pity Mrs. Snivens?
Don't you feel for Mrs. Rivens?
Snivens's baby has red hair.
Rivens's squints, I do declare.
Did you ever?
But my baby—oh, the precious!
Ain't he perfectly delicious?
Papa's nose, and mama's eyes;
And so good; he never cries—
Never, never!

(and with it who dare to quarrel?)
Bables are to woman given
By the special grace of Heaven,
And that alone;
By devine interposition,
To compel from her admission
That one perfert thing there may be,
Yes, a baby! Hum! what baby?
Wreteh! her own.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT

Snyder kept a beer saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a that God was on earth, would say that he ponderous Tenton, of very irascible tem- would be better off dead; that he was no per-sudden and quick in quarrel-get use in the world; that he was a brute, and mad in a minute. Nevertheless his sapartly because of the excellence of his that having light they are so in darkness on him like a terrible curse. As he rience had taught them that he wouldn't

beer" that day, that he had gone out fishing mit ter boys." The next day one of the fallen man, lying there; his torn hat by the boys who was particularly fond of his side, his ragged clothes wet with dew, roasting old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snider's breat, and his head pillowed on the grass, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it

ooked like a dead ripe tomato. 's said the caller. "I have been out fishing mit ter boys," eplied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis, "de sun it pese hot like ash der tifel, unt I purns my nose.—

little mirror back of his bar, It entered den fear quickened his movements. half a dozen of his comrades, with whom stones coming hard and thick upon him, more the saloon one after another and ask Sny-der "what's the matter with that nose?" man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves, calland the new comer exclaimed as he saw him: "Snider what's the matter with

"I vust deli vou friend here I peen out 'em-zwi lager-den cents all right."

in though, Here Snyder, bring me a glass of lager beer and a pret-(appears to catch a glimpse of Snider's nose, looks wonderfully a moment, and then bursts the man. out laughing) - ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder, - ha! hal-what's the matter

with that nose?" Snyder of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose, or having it laughed at, and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic: "I've been out fishing mit ter boys unt de sun yust so hot like ash der tifel, and I

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder" says he, "fill up the boys glasses and take a drink yourself-ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, what's the matter with that?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner-"I peen out fishin' mit ter poys on der leetle Miami The sun pese ash hail, unt I purnt my bugle. Now, dat is more vot I don't got to say : Vot gind of pesens? That ish all right: I purnt my

own nose, don't it?" "Burn your nose-burn all the hair off your head for what I care; you needn't get mad about it "

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose, for he was tramping about behind his bar and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another of his tormenters walked in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, but Snyder you can give me one of your best cigars-Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ho! ho! he! he! ha ha-ha! Why-why Snyder what's the matter with that nose? Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold

rage, all except his nose, which glowed

"I've peen out fishing mit ter poys -The suu it pese hot like as hail-tamnation. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take dose nose unt wr-wrwr-wring your tam American finger wit em! That's the kind of man vot I am! And Snyder was right.

#### BOB HUNTER.

he had lain there by the roadside-dead! dead and lost ! dead to the sweet June that danced and swung in the pleasant sunsmiled down from the soft sky above and light. sang her song in the trees that shadowed him; dead to her work everywhere-the green of the meadows and hills; the blossoms that send up their fragrance above him, and the sweet breezes that played over his burning cheek and lifted his matted uncombed hair. Dead to the worldto his own heart-lost to his strength and

It was no new thing, alas! for Bob Hunter to sleep by the roadside; no new sight for the villagers to see him as they passed along the streets, lying under the hedge lost, it was no wonder to those who had known him from his childhood even, to sleep which knows no waking. tomed to serve its own in the great cause child's tender face, and said: of humanity, that would say, either in pure pity for tenderness, "Bob Hunter was drunk by the roadside this morning!"

It would have been quite as well to inebriate that sent the little fair faced girl have affirmed that Mount Monadnock was closer to his side? It would have been quite as well west of the village, or that in the north as far as one could see, the spear-like pines pricked the blue sky. True, some would venture to say that he was a disturned upon his own human heart.

But I have to tell of this one bright. One day Snyder was missing, and itwas cherry morning that Bob Hunter slept by to him? She answered him softly, still explained by his "frau," who "jerked the the wayside. It was a pitiable sight indeed, a wretched picture that he made, listen to her? ose, which was a big one at any time, so near a neighboring garden that a stray rose glistening with tears looked down upon him from the low fence where it had "Why Snyder what's the matter with crept to blossom. Poor man! if he could only have taken the lesson the dewy

flower taught into his sodden heart! At last, when the bold sunlight full in his face, he started up and drew his baby hands. Was it the caress or the hand across his dim and bloodshot eyes. Nice nose, dont it?" And Snyder view- He thought he was quite sure that he ed it with a look of comical sadness in the heard a step close beside him, and the sudat once into the head of the mischievous asleep and drunk as he was, he had a bloated and tear stained as they werefellow in front of the bar to play a joke faint remembrance of what had happened upon Snyder, so he went out and called during his sleeping hours in times past—of

he arranged that they should drop in at like huge hail stones, arousing him from he tried, he wondered. He had thought he cast about him. Everything was still, he could not turn away from her or from only the birds sang in the trees, and a lit- the storm within him. tle brook gurgled along from the opposite

fishing mit ter boys, unt de san he burnt side, yet he grasped his torn hat, and half and then staggering again from very weakstaggered to his feet, looked searchingly ness to the ground. Another boy rushes in. "Hallo, boys about him. Just then a little pink and you're head of me this time." 'spose I am white face, fair as the rose beside it, ap-looking up into her face. peared above the garden fence and a pair ingly after the half recumbent figure of come in?"

"What d've want?" growed out Bob Hunter, turning his face from the steady gaze of the child, which somehow sobered

is well as annoved him. "Are you sick, Mr?" she asked, without needing his question.
"Sick? O yes, ha!—I'm sick or drunk!

"Drunk!" she replied after him, clasping her little dimpled hands over her face 'Aunt Lucy says it's terrible to be drunk." "Does, eh? Well, she's mistaken; the terrible is right the other way."

Again the child looked wonderingly to the flushed face of the inebriate. "I want to go over there; will you hurt

"Come and see," Promise - Bob Hunter promise! he her Uncle. aughed to himself at the idea. Whatwould his promise be worth to the child, as soberly as he could:

"Come along, I won't hurt you," and over again with her great and won- asking for work.

dering eves. "What are you tooking at ?"asked Bob. "You look sick, just as papa did when the garden with he had the fever, and that's what makes water all day." me live here with aunt Lucy. Ain't you dry? Don't you want some water?" "Water, child? what should I do with

"But I've got a little pail just over the

produce at market prices. Thankful arms aloft to emphasize his word with it, had drank water from a tin cup at a road- that God himself must have spoken to side spring.
"Drink, please sir, it will not hurt you."

She was at this side again, holding, the brimming vessel to his parched lips. Drink-he, Bob Hunter drink cold wahand with "Please drink sir."

the cup from his lips till it was emptied, in love and truth, "as little children," they, while the child clapped her hands, and too, could work out more perfectly the Poor Bob Hunter !- all the morning while the child clapped her hands, and since the night first broke up from the east, shook her head till her hair, half in curl and half in wave upon her shoulders,

"Do you fee! better?"

The man smiled a strange, pitiful smile, as though his sodden heart was trying to look out into his dim eyes. "O yes, better !"

Poor sinning Bob Hunter, that was no

"Have you any little girls like me?" Again he smiled as if his heart was trying to speak from his eyes, but had forgotten its language. Heaven pity him, but Bob Hunter had neither kith nor kin in the great proud world that would own row, his poor clothing damp with dew, his head resting upon the ground. Indeed once, and he remembered away back in had he so long been an out cast -so long the past, a sweet mother who had loved him-but she had long since slept that see him thus, not a tongue, however accus- he had no friends,-He looked into the

> "No, no, I have nothing, nothing. What was there in the reldened visage, or hesitating speech of the bleered-eyed

> "May I be your little girl ?" She asked it with both hands clasped in his; so near him that her sweet breath was

"I'm poor Bob Hunter, what d'ye want to be mine for?"

He hid his face in his hands while he spoke. Out from the world as he was, he was no stranger to its cruel rebuffs. In loon was a great resort for the boys -- had died out in his soul. Alas for them, this sober moment of his life they came upbeer and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder" as they called him; came between him and his God; between her purity he beheld his heart in all its rottenness. He was Bob Hunter! knowing this would the little creature still cling clasping her hand in his. Did all heaven

"I want to be yours because you hav'nt anybody to love you."

"But I'm wicked and don't deserve any His whole heart gave way as he spoke, and the words came from his lips in gasps

and sobs. will you, if I'll be your little girl?" Now she put back the damp hair from

is fore head and temples, with her soft words that quivered his poor lips? "I can't be good," he said, "I get drunk,

"But you won't any more." She had a hand on either cheek now. coaxing him with gentle touch, her sweet his slumbers, and of ice water that had of it before, but no one seemed to care been thrown over him by some thrifty which way he went. But now his weak to see how long he would stand it. The handed housewife, when he had ventured heart trembled and throbed in the battle! How his poor head sank lower and lower But now, neither sudden shower nor upon his breast, as if he would bide his ed for beer. Snyder brought it to them, stones answered the look of inquiry that face in very shame from the child. But heard at the fireside.

> "No, God helping me I will not get are grown up they make their hearts ache. side of the road: he could hear nothing be- drunk again," he said, starting to his feet

"Who are you, little child?" he asked, "I am Elsie Haynes. I live with aunt f wondering blue eyes glanced question- Lucy in the next house, Won't you

"No," he answered, shuddering. "Where do you live?" "I live? Anywhere. I sleep in barns,

by the roadside, and under fences," "O, dear, dear! Aunt Lucy shall fix you a bed, I know she will. Ain't you sick?" image of a lovely and confiding woman,
He shook his head, and said he was who cheerfully undertakes, to contribute used to such care. He did not work and to your happiness, to partake with you

he could not do better. "But won't you work for Uncle Haynes?"

inside the garden gate, and then tried to is condemned by fate's severe decree to pull him up the smoothe path to the house. trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage But no, he would not go, he said no. He wouldn't want him. But still the child pled with him, and at last he walked by her side up to the piazza, and seated him-self upon the steps, while Elsie went for hopeful men, those who make life easier "Promise first that you won't hurt me." self upon the steps, while Elsie went for

There was a strange expression of won der and surprise on the face of good Mr. if he gave it? But nevertheless he said Haynes, when little Elsie presented to him In early life the brain, though abounding her protege. Bob Hunter asking for work! What did it mean? He would to injury—and this to such a degree, that That was crough. The next moment not have been more surprised to have seen she was beside him, looking his face over the dean of a score of years at his door not have been more surprised to have seen a comparatively brief and moderate indul-

"What can he do Elsie?" he asked "O, anything, I guess. He can work in the garden with you, and I'll carry you

For a moment Mr Havnes hesitated. then he said putting his hand out to Bob: "You may try, and as long as you will work, you may have work !" There was no small amount of wonder

fence, and I know where there is a cool in the village when it was rumored that spring right here by the road. Shan't I Bob Hunter was at work for Mr. Haynes. And when weeks after, he crept silily He did not say no this time, but stared among his fellow man, well clad and sober, half blankly at the child. Perhaps the avoiding steadily the places where his ruin faintest shadow of a memory fell across his had well nigh been wrought, some said darkened heart. Perhaps, when a boy, he that a great miracle had been wrought, Bob Hunter, or he would not have changed from darkness to light.

Ah, a miracle it was, indeed, wrought Father! His spirit breathed from the lips ter! He raised his hand to dash the clear of one little child brought about the refordraught from him, but the child caught his mation that none had ever hoped to that, "He says what the deuce did you send for And so people wondered, forgetting see him for ?"

And he drank long and deeply nor put if they kept their hearts sweet and fresh ways of God.

And so little Elsie worked on, and Bob her more and more as day by day he grew stronger and better. Again, I repeat it, that it seemed like a miracle to the villagers, the reformation of the poor inebriate. They did not know how faithfully, like a sorry

weak child, he had been watched and tended. If they saw Elsie running to and fro from the field a dozen times a day with a pail of sweet spring water, they did not think why it was so. Or going up into the plain neat chamber of Bob Hunter, and seeing always there, the freshest flowers the garden afforded and the glass of cool water beside them on He had proud brothers and sisters the little table, they would not have yet? heeded so small a sign, because to them it did not appear likely that God worked with such humble means.

She is little more than a child now, Elsie Haynes. Sometimes as I see her walking about with Bob Hunter, by side at church listening attentively to his slightest wish; when I see him a man once more, the bestial look of the inebriate all gone from his face, standing up strong and brave and true among his fellows, and know now that he was saved. I say to myself that no woman need ask for a richer fame than that which God and the angels hold for her. And I wonder, too, sometimes, if when she is a woman, beautiful as she is and must always be, there can ever be a con-

quest so great and good as this. Ah! yes; "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

OLD PROVERBS,-Cheer up man; God

still where he was. God is at the end when we think He is furthest off. He counts very unskillfully who leaves

God out of his reckoning.
God's mill grinds slow but sure God is always opening His hands to us. God has often a great share in a little onse, and but little share in a great one,

is, without a bell. Prayer brings down the first blessing and praise the second. The worst of crosses is never to have had

Begin your wed, and God will supply ou with the thread. At the end of life La Gloria is sung.

Fly the pleasure that will bite to-mo ow. The devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the devil.

Always refuse the advice which passion He who will stop every man's mouth

oust have a great deal of meal. In silence there is many a good moral, 'Tis a bad house that has not an old man in it.

The child saith nothing but what is When children are little they make their parents' head ache and when they Time is the rider that breaks youth.

No man's head aches while he comforts another.

War is death's feast. WIFE,-There is no combination letters in the English language which excites more pleasing associations in the mind of man than wife. There is magie in this little cheerful companion, disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and a faithful and ev er affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely and confiding woman, the cup, whether of weal or woe, which destiny may offer. This word wife is synonymous with the greatest earthly bles Come up and see."

She held fast to his hand, coaxed him ing; and we pity the unfortunate man who

> without one. THE ADVANTAGES OF A PURE LIFE. or nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth. in vigor, is sensitive and very suscept.ble gence iu vicious pleasures appears to lower he tone and impair both the delicacy and the efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, boys-it is simple truth of science .- James Parton, in Packard's

To CATCH YOUR OWN SHADOW .- To do this trick well you must drink two people are in too great a hurry in this pints of whisky on a moonlight night, then start for home, observing your shadow at full length before you drop flat on your face, letting your nose go two inches in the ground, so as to make the shadow secure.— Lie there till placed on a wheel-barrow by a policeman, who feels it his duty to take you home.

A clergyman was sent for the other day. The man was rather deaf to whom he was called. "What induced you Ah, a miracle it was, indeed, wrought to send for me?" pompously said the ship to inveit by the dear merciful hand of the one God. clergyman. "Eh?" "What induced you," ever small. he repeated, "to send for me?" "What does he say?" said the man to his wife. poses.

Wait a moment young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask Hunter looked up to the angel, blessing yourself if twenty-five cents can not be etter invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take our word for it, you will not be

Wait, madam - think twice before you decide on that hundred dollar shawl. A hundred dollars is a great deal of money: one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish, in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be to you

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast-pin you are surveying so carnestly through the jeweler's plate-glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wed-ding-ring made to fit a rosy finger sthat you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed and stockings darned like lace work, are bet-ter than guilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't offord to marry? You mean, you can't afford not, to marry ?-Wait and think the matter over

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the chubby rogue who has torn his apron and soiled his white Marseilles jack et. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread and soapsnds will repair all damages now; but if you conce, teach him to shrink from his mother, and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired:

Wait, husband, before you wonder andibly, why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities, "as your mother did." She is doing her best-and no woman care endure that best to be slighted. Remember the nights she sat up with the little babe that died: remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that long fit of illness! Do you think she is made of castiron? Wait-wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back in her God comes to see us, or to look upon

eyes, the old light of the old days! Wait wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary, and all "ont of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled hand to hand, with Care, and Selfishness, and Greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet,

and perfect love. Wait, bright young girls, before you arch your pretty eyebrows, and whisper "old maid" as the quiet figure steals by, with silver in its hair and crow's-feet round the eyes. It is hard enough to loose life's gladness and elasticity-it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You lo not know what she has endured: never can know until experience teaches you, so wait, before you speer at the Old

room to your nouse, and buy the fast horse that Black and White and all the rest of "the fellows" covet. Wait and think whether you can afford it-whether your outstanding bills are paid and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of lite duly provided for. Wait, and ask yourself how you would like ten years from now, to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want-stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on round corner groceries and one-horse gambling saloons .-You think it impossible; do you remember what Hazael said to the seer of old: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do

Wait, merchant, before you tell that pale-faced boy from the country "that you can do nothing for him." You can do something for him; you can give him a word of encouragement, a word of advice. There was a time once when you were young, and poor and friendless! Have you forgetten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie; wait before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. til you ascertain "for sure and for certain" as the children say, that the cigar, and the wine-bottle, and the card-table are not to be your rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him whatever he may say-

just see if it will.

And wait, my friend in the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she be kind to your old mother, and gentle to your little sisters, and a true loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny side of Broadway as sec-ond only to Elysium. As a general thing world, we say wait, WAIT!

topi becutdyli bu-How to BE A MILLIONIARE. - Be a very able man, as nearly all millioniares are. Devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.

Eat the bread of carefulness, and you must rise early and lie down late. Care little or nothing about other men's wants and disappointments.

Never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans how-Abandon all other ambitions or pur-

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