



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

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### Wyoming Democrat.

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THE LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.  
One square one or three insertions \$1.50  
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REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon.  
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Solicitors neatly executed and at prices to suit the times.  
ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

**Business Notices.**  
R. & W. E. LITTLE ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Tioga Street, Tunkhannock, Pa.  
H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County, Pa.  
O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa.  
W. M. D. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.  
T. J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL OFFICE AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa. Special attention given to settlement of decedent's estates.  
Nicholson, Pa. Dec. 5, 1867—v19191  
J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Col. lecting and Real Estate Agent. Iowa Lands for sale. Scranton, Pa. 2811.  
J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, 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 Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

**DENTISTRY.**  
DR. L. T. BRASS has permanent office in Tunkhannock Borough and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens.  
Office on second floor of NEW JEWELRY STORE, on Tioga St.

**PACIFIC HOTEL,**  
123, 124 & 125 Greenway Street (ONE DOOR ABOVE CORNHILL STREET, NEW YORK.)  
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and patrons that from this date, the charge of the Pacific will be \$2.50 PER DAY.  
Being sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore free from the too common objection of an "Inordinate rent," he is fully able to meet the demands of the market at prices without any falling off of service.  
It will now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain unimpaired the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best of travelers' hotels.  
THE TABLE will be beautifully supplied with every delicacy of the season.  
THE ATTENDANCE will be found efficient and obliging.  
THE LOCATION will be found convenient for business and pleasure, and the lower part of the city, and of ready access to all Rail Road and Steamboat Lines.  
JOHN PATTEN, Proprietor.  
Oct. 19th 1868.

**HUFFORD HOUSE,**  
TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.  
THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS RECENTLY been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.  
H. HUFFORD, Proprietor.  
Tunkhannock, Pa., June 17, 1865—v1614.

**BOLTON HOUSE,**  
HARRISBURG, PENNA.  
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUCKLE HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render it as 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, Proprietor.  
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

**WALL'S HOTEL,**  
LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,  
TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.  
THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.  
T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.  
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

**MEANS' HOTEL,**  
TOWAND, P. O. B. BARTLET,  
[Late of "BRANDEN HOUSE, NEWYORK, N.Y. PROPRIETOR.]  
The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED HOUSES in the country—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for all.  
v1621-3.

FASTMAN gives his customers the benefit of his manufacturing facilities, and saves to them the profits usually paid to Jobbers, Middlemen and Wholesale Dealers.

### Latest News.

Late arrival of New Goods.  
Great Bargains at the New Store of  
**C. Detrick,**  
in S. Stark's Brick Block,  
AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENNA.  
Having just returned from the City, I am now opening an entire New Stock of  
**FALL GOODS,**  
and one of the largest and richest assortments ever offered in this community. Consisting of  
RICH AND FANCY COLORED DRESS SILKS,  
FRENCH AND ENGLISH MERINOS, EMPRESS AND PRINCESS CLOTHS, POPLINS, PAREMETTES, BLACK AND COLORED ALPACAS WOOL, AHMURE, PEKIN AND MOSELLETT DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufactures and Latest Styles.

Ladies Cloths and Sacqueings, Cloths, Vestings, Cottonades, Shawls, Hoods, Trunks, Valises, and TRAVELING BAGS,  
Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread, Cotton Gloves, Hosiery, Notions, Toilet and Fancy GOODS,  
FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY, &c., &c., &c.

Black and Colored Velvets, Ribbons, Frills, Braids, Beads, Ball and Bugle Trimmings,  
A Large quantity of BEST STYLE HOOP SKIRTS and COLLSETS, selected from Manufacturers, at greatly reduced prices.  
FLANNELS all Colors and Qualities.  
**READY MADE Clothing, AND GENTS' Furnishing Goods.**

HATS AND CAPS of Latest Styles,  
CALF, KIP, and AVY, BOOTS & SHOES, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Kid, Prunelle Morocco and Gait Garters, Shoes, and Slippers, Wall and Window Paper, Window Curtains, and Curtain Fixtures, Carpets & Oil Cloths, China, Glass, and Stone Ware, Tinware,—made expressly for this Trade, and warranted to give satisfaction, 20 per cent. Cheaper than the usual rates in this section.

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

**COAL,**  
ASHTON, TURK ISLAND, & BBL. SALT FLOUR,  
MEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, PORK, HAMS, and FISH, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, SYRUP, & MOLASSES, WOOD & WILLOW WARE,  
ROPE, CORDAGE, BASKETS, BROOMS, PAIRS, TUBS, WASH BOARDS, CARPET SWEEPERS,  
BRUSHES, of all kinds, PATENT MEDICINES, DRUGS, and DYES, FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c., &c.

These goods have been selected with great care to suit the wants of this community, and will be sold as heretofore, at the lowest living rates for cash or exchanged for country produce at market prices. Thankful for the past liberal patronage, I shall endeavor by strict attention to my business, to merit a continuance of the same, and will try to make the future still more attractive and beneficial to customers.  
C. DETRICK.

### Poetry.

#### THE SUICIDAL CAT. AN UNFORTUNATE GRECIAN BEND.

BY JOHN QUILL.  
There was a man named Ferguson,  
He lived on Market Street,  
He had a speckled Thomas Cat,  
That couldn't well be beat;  
He'd catch more rats and mice and such  
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room  
And climb up on a chair,  
And there he'd sit and lick himself  
And purr so awful queer,  
That Ferguson would yell at him;  
But still he'd purr-severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlight fence,  
And loaf around and yowl,  
And spit, and claw another cat  
Alongside of the jowl.  
And then they both would shake their tails,  
And jump around and howl.

Oh this here cat of Ferguson's  
Was fearful then to see;  
He'd yell precisely like he was  
In awful agony;  
You'd think a first class stomach-ache  
Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,  
Waked by the horrid din,  
Would rise right up and search their babies,  
To find some worry'n pin;  
And still this vigorous cat would keep  
A hollerin' like sin.

And for Mr. Ferguson  
'Twas more than he could bear,  
And so he hurried his boot-jack out,  
Right through the midnight air;  
But this vociferous Thomas cat,  
Not one cent did he care.

For still he yowled and kept his fur  
A standin' up on end,  
And his old spine a doblin' up  
'Just like a Grecian bend.  
As if his hopes of happiness  
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine  
And waitin' to attack  
A cat upon the other fence,  
There came a awful crack;  
And this here speckled Thomas cat  
Was busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,  
There lay his old fellow,  
And not a life was left in him,  
Although he had had nine,  
"All this here comin' said Ferguson,  
"Of curvin' of his spine."

Now all ye men whose tender hearts  
This painful tale does reach,  
Just take this moral to yourselves,  
All of you, white and black;  
Don't ever go, like this here cat,  
To gettin' up your back!

**A ROUNDELAY.**  
Come sit beneath the hawthorne tree,  
And press thy lips to mine;  
I have a merry song for thee,  
Will cheer thy heart like wine.  
O well the bonny leaf may smile,  
The lark sing clear above;  
For we will love a little while,  
Though all in vain we love.

And green the leaves should be overhead,  
The hawthorn bloom for crack;  
For, oh, that thou and I lay dead  
Upon the bonny heath!

**MEN WITHOUT HEARTS.**—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that indulgence in any affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unattractive sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love.

### SUCH PRETTY FEET.

BY \* \* \*  
Two gentlemen were lounging on Broadway, one fine spring afternoon. Suddenly one of them to his companion and exclaimed:  
"Egad! Hall, look there! Who is she?"

"Be still, she'll hear you."  
"And Dick Hall gave his friend an impromptu dig with his elbow, as an enjoinder for silence.  
A lady was approaching them—a slender, coquettish little figure—clad in a gray walking suit, cut sufficiently short to expose a pair of feet Cinderella herself might have envied; a black beaver hat and a blue veil concealed her head and face. And she actually carried her hands in her pockets.

"Whew!" ejaculated Dick. "I admire her audacity!"  
The wind played hide and seek with the veil, and at last, after several unsuccessful attempts, bore it proudly aloft, and it disappeared from view in the distance.  
"What pretty feet!" muttered Tom Gramme, unconsciously aloud.

The owners of the objects of his admiration turned her face towards him, and flashed an indignant glance from her dark gray eyes, and her face reddened to the roots of her hair.  
"There, stupid!" cried Dick, angrily. "You've put your foot in it now."  
"It was altogether too late to repent now. She had evidently heard the remark, for she walked haughtily past them, her head erect, her eyes blazing, and the 'pretty feet' coming down upon the pavement with an indignant ring.

Tom drew himself up to his full height, and exclaimed:  
"Hereafter, Dick Hall, please to remember that at home, I am Thomas Gramme, and I am decidedly averse to pet names. You will address me by that cognomen!"  
"The dence!" was the cool reply.  
"Do you know who she is?" queried Tom.

"A visitor at the Adams, I believe; a sort of country cousin."  
"And decidedly the prettiest, sanest piece of dry goods imaginable?" cried Tom, enthusiastically.  
"Can't you get me introduced by some means or other?"  
Dick shook his head dubiously, and replied:  
"I think it would be impossible. The family here the town this week. I understood they were going to sail for Europe, Thursday, in the Sea Hawk."

"Brother!" ejaculated Tom.  
"And, linking his arm through that of his friend, they sauntered back to his hotel.  
A few weeks after that, and Tom had departed for Fairfield, a little country village, wherein resides a maiden aunt, who had declared him to be her heir prospective.

After the first greetings were over between Tom and his worthy aunt, she asked:  
"Ain't married yet?"  
"Wasn't the last accounts I had," was the doubtful reply.  
"Any signs?" queried the inquisitive spinster.

"I don't know what you mean by signs. If you mean that I gaze at the moon, sigh dolefully, and make a general fool of myself, why I think not."  
Tom set his foot maliciously on the tail of an unoffending kitten, then calmly sleeping on the rug before the fire.  
"You adonious boy!" shrieked his aunt grasping the injured feline and seizing the poker.

"There I'll stop. I never meant to hurt her," then sotto voce.  
"I'll wring her neck the first opportunity."  
After some apologies on the part of Tom and more soothing on the part of the maid applied to the cat, they at last down again in comparative quietness. Presently the spinster began again:  
"There is the nicest girl over the way—"

"Don't want any nice girl," he interrupted.  
"Don't, eh?"  
"No, ma'am—not any!" emphatically replied he.  
"Boys don't know what they want."  
"Men do."  
"Bah!" I tell you there's the pretty girl—"

"Confound the whole tribe of females, old and young."  
His aunt lifted her finger warningly, in desperation, Tom seized his hat and left the room.  
He strolled down towards the creek, which ran close by his aunt's residence. As he neared the grove through which it passed, he thought he heard cries for help.

Directly before him, fast in the mud, was a female, her face beplastered with the precious article, her hands vainly grasping at the roots of trees which grew on the bank, endeavoring to extricate herself from her painful and ludicrous position. To assure her of his assistance was one thing; to give it was another. Grasping with one hand a bush, he extended the other to her. She succeeded in touching the end of his fingers, Tom forgot himself, and swore a big oath; but that did not mend the matter in the least.

After many attempts he at last grasped her arm, and after the most unparalleled exertions, landed her on the bank.  
Tom glanced at his pantaloons which had been so immaculate in their purity

that morning, in dismay. There was mud on his clothes, mud on his face, and mud mud on his hands. He looked at his companion, and then, despite his good breeding, burst into an uproarious burst of laughter. She did not appear to be all pleased with his mirth, and turned up her muddy little nose in contempt.

"Tom saw her displeasure, and attempted to apologise.  
"I suppose I ought to let you laugh to your heart's content, after rescuing me from that predicament," said she, a little crossly.  
"Oh, not by means, miss. I assure you I haven't the least desire to do such a thing," answered Tom, soothing his mirth as best he could.

She eyed him suspiciously.  
"I expect so. I think the best thing we can do is to go home," she mused.  
"In of your opinion," said the imperturbable Tom.

She gathered up her soiled dress in one hand, and, turning, hesitating said:  
"I would be pleased to know the name of the gentleman who so kindly assisted me. My own is Kate Neville, and I reside in that white house you see yonder."  
She pointed toward a stately dwelling, plainly discernable above the low hills in the distance.

"Ah! I beg pardon. I am called Tom Gramme. I am present visiting an aunt, Miss Rivers, of Fairfield."  
"Allow me to bid you good morning?" said Kate, turning from her companion.  
"Miss Neville," called Tom determinedly, "shall I have the honor of calling on you?"  
"I shall be pleased to see you."

He raised his hat gallantly, and strode home to his amiable aunt.  
To that estimable lady he would give no explanation for the soiled state of his garments, telling her plainly that "it was none of her business."  
The next day he got himself up in the most fascinating manner, and sallied out to call on Miss Neville. The servant showed him into the parlor, and Kate rose to meet him. She offered him her hand, which Tom took with all the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"Where have I seen her? She is decidedly pretty," he muttered to himself.  
A pair of sparkling dark eyes were making sad havoc under his left vest pocket. She sang for him, and played the most delicious airs, and talked so charmingly, that Tom found the morning far advanced before he took his departure.

This one visit was the preface to many that followed, and Tom found that existence was impossible unless he could call Kate his own. So, the last time he called on her, he stated his case, and Kate doctored him—that is, she answered him "yes," to a question he asked her, and a few weeks later they were married.

When Miss Rivers was informed of the engagement she remarked dully:  
"Tom don't like girls!"  
"I swear I do. I adore the whole sex—old maids, cats and all," cried Tom, triumphantly.  
Miss Rivers laughed long and merrily. A few weeks after their marriage, Kate said to her liege lord:  
"Tom, do you know where you first saw me?"  
"Certainly I do. I adore the whole sex—old maids, cats and all," cried Tom, triumphantly.

"No indeed. It was one morning last spring, on Broadway."  
"Tom sprang excitedly to his feet."  
"You were stopping at Adams," and I tried to get introduced because—"  
"Because I had such pretty feet!" interrupted his wife, smiling and blushing.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—A bachelor uncle, to whom his niece applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one of whom was rich and the other poor—the latter, of course being the most ardent as well as the favorite lover—sententiously replied:—"My dear, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your choice simply lies between love and beef. Now love is an idea, and beef is a reality. Love you can get along without, but beef you must have. Therefore make sure of your beef."

**RICH EDITOR.**—Somebody says editors are poor, whereupon an exchange remarks:  
"Humbug!" Here we are, editor of a country newspaper, fairly in rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a paste pot, a double-barrelled gun, two suits of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup two gold watches, thirteen day and two night shirts, carpet on our floors, a pretty wife, one corner lot, have ninety cents in cash, out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy it is a pity."

**HOW SHE KNEW.**—Two young misses discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus:  
"Well, I like Charlie, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard."

### POPPING INTO THE WRONG BED.

Last week an interesting event occurred at one of the hotels in Pittsburg, Pa. A young lady from a neighboring town went to the city for the purpose of meeting her betrothed, getting married, and going to the West to settle there. She was accompanied by her brother, who was to act as groomsmen, and her lover's sister, who was to be bridesmaid. The intended husband not arriving in time, the young ladies arranged that they should occupy the same bed in the room adjoining that of the bride's brother. Having traveled all the night before, the bride and her brother, being worn out, retired at an early hour, with instructions to their companion, whom they left reading in the ladies' parlor, not to make a noise when she came to bed, as they did not want to be awakened out of their sleep. The young lady getting interested in her book, sat to a late hour. At last getting drowsy, she slipped off as noiselessly as possible to her room, and quietly retired, as she supposed, to the bed occupied by her intended sister-in-law, and nesting close up alongside under the blankets, was soon sound asleep. Happening to awaken before her companion, she put her arms around, as she supposed, the bride's neck, commenced kissing her and calling her sweet sister and other endearing names peculiar to the softer sex. In a moment her kisses were paid back with interest, and she found two stalwart arms encircling her fair form, and instead of the bride's she was in the bride's brother's arms. She had mistaken the room. Here was a dilemma, and not knowing how to explain, she commenced sobbing as if her heart would break, which awakened the bride who came to her rescue. The young man, however, refused to let her go, saying that fortunate accident had given him a prize and he was determined not to lose it, and on one condition only would he release the young lady from his grasp and that was that she would put her arms around his neck and kiss him, and promise to be his wife at the same time his sister became the wife of her brother. He said that he had long loved her, and intended to ask her that day for her hand, and thanks to an accident, he had now a better opportunity than he could ever hope for again. The young lady, seeing no alternative, finally surrendered, threw her arms around the man's neck, and sealed the bargain with a kiss, when the young man covered up his head, and she retired to his sister's room a promised bride. She enjoined secrecy upon the brother and sister, but the thing was too good to keep. Immediately after they got dressed, the groom arrived, and after getting breakfast, dispatched the landlord for a minister, who soon came and made the indissoluble knot. As soon as the minister got through, the groomsmen and bridesmaid astonished the company by taking the place of their brother and sister, and requested the minister to repeat the performance, which he did in less time than it takes to tell it. His new made wife, now smiling all over, related to the whole company the incidents of the past night. Groom No. 2, said it was all right; he didn't care how many stories his sister told; that he was the happiest man alive, and that if his wife had shed tears that morning, they were the last she should shed, unless a tear of joy; if he could prevent it, and she looked up at her husband, said she would never cry again, when he put his arms around her, for now he was her own darling husband. The afternoon train, instead of one, carried two happy couples to homes in the West, where we hope that year after year they will be coupled by blessed.—DEM. PRESS.

**JOHNNY SHRIMP'S COMPOSITION.**  
ON MA AND AUNT JERUSHA.  
Ma is my mother. I am her son. Ma's is Mrs. Shrimp, she is the wife of Mr. Shrimp, and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp.—Therefore pa's name is Shrimp too; and so is ma's. My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to my pa. My pa says that mother-in-laws ought to be vetoed. I like my grandma better than pa does. She brings me ten cent stamps and bolivers. She don't bring any to pa. Maybe that's why he don't like her.

Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she was his little sister. I like little sisters. Dicky Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha don't like her. She calls her "that Mopps girl." I think Aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself.

Aunt Jerusha is a very pious woman. She never wants us to talk about on Sundays, and says we ought to have cold dinners. She hears me say the catechism, and knows it all without the book. She says that Susan Jane is spoiling that boy. Susan Jane is ma, and that boy is ME.—She says she hopes that the baby will show a change of heart. If a change of heart would make baby stop crying, I wish so too.

Aunt Jerusha lives with us. Sometimes I think ma would rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she didn't marry somebody and set up for herself. She said that many and many a man had wanted to marry her, but while her poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving? Besides, she said, what would become of your poor pa?

Aunt Jerusha has a state of health too.

On Washing-days she has the headache, and does her head up in brown paper and vinegar, and I have to make toast for her at the kitchen fire. I make some for myself too.

Aunt Jerusha says that nobody knows what she has done for that boy. That boy is me, again. I told Pa what she said. He said it was just so. Nobody else knows. Ma says that Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she's pa's dear sister. I don't see why that's any reason she should scold me when I eat cabbage with a knife.—N. Y. Commonwealth.

**THE BLACKBIRD.**—When a blackbird once learns a tune he never forgets it or any part of it once knew a bird that could whistle "Polly Hopkins" with a wonderful accuracy. His owner sold him, at the same time making his purchaser acquainted with the bird's favorite tune. As soon as he got him home, he at once hung up the blackbird, and on going to the piano struck up "Polly Hopkins." The bird's master, however, introduced parts into the tune he had never heard before; so, after listening a while, he began hissing, fluttering his wings, and otherwise signifying his dis-taste of the whole performance.

Much surprised, the gentleman left off playing, and then the blackbird opened his throat, and favored his new master with his version of "Polly Hopkins," nor would he ever listen with any patience to any other version. This same blackbird, after staying in the service of the above mentioned gentleman for two years, was adopted by a serious family, where "Polly Hopkins," and all such profanity, were sedulously avoided. Whenever poor "Joe" (the blackbird's name) attempted to strike up the old tune, a cloth was thrown over the cage and he was silenced. The family consisted of an old lady and her two daughters, and every night, at 7 o'clock, prayers were read, and the "Evening Hymn," sung; and Joe, who was an obedient bird, and anxious to conform with the habits of the house, speedily learned the tune, and regularly whistled it while the old woman and her daughters sang it. This went on for six or seven years, when the mother died and the daughters separated, and Joe, now an aged blackbird, fell into new hands; but to his dying day he never gave up the "Evening Hymn."

(Actual, as the clock struck seven, he tumbled up and went straight through with it with the gravity of a parish clerk.—*Digton's Home Pets.*

**THE NUMBER SEVEN.**  
This number is frequently used in the Bible. On the 7th day God ended his work; the 7th month Noah's ark touched the ground, and in 7 days a dove was sent out.

Abraham pleaded 7 times for Sodom, Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, mourned 7 days for Joseph, and was pursued a 7 days' journey by Laban.

A plenty of 7 years, and a famine of 7 years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream, by 7 fat and 7 lean beasis, and 7 ears of full and 7 ears of blasted corn.

On the 7th days of the 7th month the children of Israel fasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents.

Every 7 years the land rested; every 7th year all bondmen were free, and the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jerico, 7 priests bore 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th day they surrounded the walls 7 times; and at the end of the 7th round the walls fell.

Solon was 7 years building the temple, and fasted 7 days at the dedication. In the tabernacle were 7 lamps, and the golden candlestick had 7 branches. Naaman washed 7 times in Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams in atonement.

Our Savior spoke 7 times from the cross, on which he hung 7 hours, and after his resurrection appeared 7 times.

In the Lord's prayer are 7 petitions containing 7 times 7 words.

In the Revelations we read of 7 churches, 7 candlesticks, 7 stars, 7 trumpets, 7 plagues, 7 thunders, 7 vials, 7 angels, and a 7 headed monster.

**A REMARKABLE SETT.**  
Old farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples, which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and calling at the top of his lungs for one of his boys to lend a helping hand, but in vain.

When he had, after an infinite amount of sweating and puffing, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, the "boys" made their appearance.

"Where have you been, and what have you been about. I'd like to know, that you couldn't hear my call?" inquired the farmer in an angry tone, and addressing the eldest.

"Out in the shop setting the saw," replied the youth.

"And you Dick?"  
"Out in the barn settin the hen."  
"And you sir?"  
"Up in Granny's room settin the clock."  
"And your young man?"  
"Up in the garret settin the trap."  
"And now master Fred, where were you settin?" asked the old farmer to his youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by this amusing category of answers. "Come, tell me!"

"On the door step, settin still," replied the young hopeful seriously.

"A remarkable set I must confess," added the amused sire, dispersin the grinning group with a wave of his hand.