Wyoming Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher. "To Speak his Thoughts is Every Freeman's Right." TERMS, $2.00 Per. ANNUM, in Advance.

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BY HARVEY SICKLER

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T. J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa Especial attention given to settlement of decedent's estates
Nicholson, Pa. Dec. 5. 1867—v7n19y1

M. J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Collecting and Real Estate Agent. Iowa Lands for sale. Scranton, Pa. 38tf.

OSTERHOUT & DEWITT, Attorneys at Law—Office, opposite the Bank, Tunkhannock, Pa.
P. M. OSTERHOUT. G. B. DEWITT

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

DENTISTRY.

DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens.

Office on second floor of NEW JEWELRY STORE, on TIOGA ST. v8-n18-6m.

PACIFIC HOTEL,
170, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwich Street.
(ONE DOOR ABOVE CORTLANDT 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 exaction of an inordinate rent, he is fully able to meet the downward tendency of prices without any falling off of service.

It will now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain unblemished 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 bountifully supplied with every delicacy of the season.

THE ATTENDANCE will be found efficient and obliging.

THE LOCATION will be found convenient for those whose business calls them in the lower part of the city, and of ready access to all Rail Road and Steamboat Lines.

JOHN PATTEN.
Oct 10th 1868. n18-6m.

HUFFORD HOUSE.
TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., P

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, 1868.—v7n44.

BOLTON HOUSE.
HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.

A continuance of the public patronage is refpectfully solicited.

GEO. J. BOLTON.

WALL'S HOTEL,
LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,
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.
TOWANDA, PA
D. B. BARTLET,
late of the "BRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, 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. v8n21-1y.

Latest News.

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

C. Detrick,

in S. Stark's Brick Block

AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENN'A.

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 COL'RD DRESS SILKS.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH MERINOS,
EMPRESS AND PRINCESS CLOTHS,
POPLINS, PAREMETTOS,
BLACK AND COLORED
ALPACCAS WOOL, ARMURE, PEKIN
AND MOUSELIEU DELAINS, INPORTED
AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS
of Best Manufactures and Latest Styles,

:o:

Ladies Cloths and Sacqueings, Cloths,
Cassimeres, Vestings
Satenetts, Tweeds,
Jeans, Cottonades.
Drills, Denims,
Ticks, Checks,
Stripes,
Sheetings
Shirtings, Bleached
& Brown. Shawls,
Sontags, Hoods.
Furs, Ladies' Reticules, Shopping Bags and Baskets.
TRUNKS, VALISES, and TRAVELING BAGS,

:o:

Latest Styles,
Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread, Cotton Gloves, Hosiery, Notions,
Toilet and Fancy GOODS,
FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY,
&c., &c., &.

:o:

Black and Colored Velvets,
Ribbons,
Ruffles,
Frills,
Fringes,
Braids,
Beads, Ball and Bugle Trimmings

:o:

A Large quantity of BEST STYLE HOOP SKIRTS and CORSETTS, 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,

:o:

CALF, KIP, and HEAVY, BOOTS & SHOES.
Ladies', Misses', and Children's Kid Prunelle Morocco and Calf Gaiters, Shoes, and Slippers,
Wall and Window Pape Window Curtains & 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,

Nails,
Spikes,
Iron.
Steel.
Horse Shoes
Horse Shoe Nails,
Nail Rods,
Paints,
Paint Oils,
Painters' Material, Putty, Window Glass, Kerosene Oil
Hall, Parlor, Stand, and Hand Lamps,
Lanterns, Lamp Chimnies, Shades, and Burners.

COAL.

ASHTON, TURK ISLAND, & BBL SALT
FLOUR,
FEED,
MEAL,
BUTTER,
CHEESE,
LARD,
PORK,
HAMS,
and FISH.
SUGAR,
TEA,
COFFEE
SPICES,
SYRUP, & MOLASSES,

WOOD & WILLOW WARE,

ROPES,
CORDAGE,
BASKETS,
BROOMS,
PAILS,
TUBS,
WASH BOARDS,
CARPET SWEEPERS,
BRUSHES, of all kinds,
PATENT MEDICINES, DRUGS, and DYES
FLAVORING EXTRACTS, &c., &c.

:o:

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 shal 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.

A BACHELOR'S ODE TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

I would I were a Mormon,
With four-and-twenty wives,
With twice a hundred children,
And twice ten human lives;
I'd raise me up a kingdom,
All of my kith and kin,
And make a little paradise,
For all that dwelt within.

And is it well, O, Brigham Young,
Or is it rightly done,
That you have over forty wives,
And I have nary one;
And is it well your children count
About five score and three,
And not a single child can trace
His virtues down from me?

You're but an ordinary man,
Your merits are but small,
And what a fractional poor part
To each your children fall!
While I perchance on two or three,
My genious could bestow,
And might thus prove a parent to
A Newton—or a Poe!

No sewing buttons on for you,
No rents are wanting stitches,
You have a spouse for everything,
One for each pair of breeches!
And then, when weary day is o'er,
Each evening of your life,
You have a house to visit, and
A new and blooming wife.

My love is boundless as a sea,
As certain to endure,
Enough for four loving wives,
I'm feeling very sure!
Then what a shame, O, Brigham Young,
You've one for every day,
While I in single, sad estate,
Must mourn my life away.

I'LL NEVER FLIRT AGAIN

I once was really pretty
(That is, they told me so),
And everywhere I wandered
I always had a beau.
At all the balls and parties
I held the highest rein,
But now—ah, well! no matter;
I'll never flirt again.

I'd lovers then in plenty
Who whispered in gentle words,
And with them I would linger
Among the flowers and birds.
And often they would beg me
To quell their bosom's pain,
But I would—well, no matter;
I'll never flirt again.

The years were swiftly gliding,
But still I did not care;
My heart was gay and happy,
I yet was young and fair.
And still my lovers sought me,
Though they were on the wane;
I'm sorry now, but really
I'll never flirt again.

At last all my admirers
Dropped from me, one by one;
My glass told me the reason:
The merry race was run.
My rivals called me "fickle,"
And said I was "insane;"
I laughed then; but believe me,
I'll never flirt again.

I'm not so bad I'm sure, now,
For sense has come with years,
And all my youthful follies
Are paid for with my tears.
An "old maid" now they call me;
It gives me grief and pain;
What shall I do? What shall I?
I'll never flirt again.

LIFE LENGTHENED.

Cultivate an equal temper; many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.

Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and nothing between meals.

Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the day time, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.

Work always by the day, and not by the job.

Stop working before you are 'fagged out.'

Cultivate a generous and accommodating temper.

Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty.

Never cross a bridge before you come to it, for this will save half the trouble of life.

Let your appetite always come uninvited.

Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness, and save millions of lives a year.

Never resist a call of nature for a single minute.

Never allow yourself to be chilled through and through; it is this which destroys so many every year, in a few days sickness, from pneumonia, called by some lung fever, or in flammation of the lungs.

Whoever drinks no liquids at his meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks, the former are most pernicious; drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment; and it is excess of eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.

After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary persons after forty, should eat but twice a day—in the morning and about four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to a seven hours interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest; for every organ without adequate rest must give out prematurely.

Begin early to live under the benign influences of the Christain religion, for it "has the promise of life that now is, and of that which is to come."

THE "BEGGARS' KING" OF LONDON.

Everybody in London knows Billy Bottom. Four times up an four times down does he make and has he made for Six-and-twenty years, his daily circuit of Regent St., starting from the Piccadilly Circus and turning to retrace his steps at the southeast corner of Oxford St; and though constantly under the feet of the vast crowd that forever flows through the thoroughfare, or threading his way among the thousands of carriages that, from 2 P. M. to 6 of every day of the season, make it the gayest concourse in Europe, he has never but once been injured, and then not seriously. Billy is a strong built man, with brawny chest and muscular arms, his head phrenologically good, and his face fresh as an Englishman's should be in that equable climate at the age of forty-six; but he stands, or rather, for he was born without legs, only twenty-seven and a half inches high. Strapped to a square board just large enough for a seat (and which is part of himself) by means of two clamps, one in each hand, he secures the means of safe, if not rapid, locomotion. He is as much a part of Regent St., as is the lion of Northumberland House, or the monument on Fish Street Hill.

Billy is rich. Of that there is no doubt. And then is the beggars' king. Once every year, on the fourth day of Christmas, or the 29th of December—for then, if ever, what with Christmas boxes, what with annual savings, the street-sweeps, tramps, vagrants, cadgers and prigs, are all well-to-do at the great gathering at the "Crossed Stockings," St. Giles', where a meeting is held of the merchants fraternity within the metropolis for the adoption of rules to govern begging for the succeeding year, which meeting is followed by a dinner—Mr. William Bottom presides, makes the introductory speech after the cloth is removed, keeps strictest order and thanks the persons who are to respond to various toasts.

Billy has held this position since 1837, when Sam Sloane, his predecessor, the Charing Cross crossing-sweeper, was killed by a runaway fire engine team, leaving to his heirs, as his will at Doctors Commons shows, between £7,000 and £8,000. Sam had been beggars' king for thirty years. Billy succeeded him, not so much for reputed wealth as for an address in the profession, which achieves wonderful success, and which furnishes a store of anecdote for the usual weekly gatherings of the beggars' club. He has just met a gentleman and lady among the thousands hurrying past. They are Americans. He has just caught the lady's eye. She stops to ask him a question. His point is gained. He has read her sympathies at once. And whether they are moved by philanthrophy or piety, or sorrow or Christain charity, he interprets them instantly, and becomes to his almoner the exponent of just what her gentle nature needs. He never plays the role of Canning's "Needy Knife Grinder"—

Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir,

but has at hand a character and a tale so suited to the occasion that the unwary never detect the imposure. Besides, he is the most courteous of petitioners for alms, never importunate, and from the 'Thank you,' for ha'pence, "Thank you, much obliged to you," for sixpence, to the "Thank you, sir! Much obliged to you, sir! God repay you, sir!" for a shilling, is the best bred of beggars.

I have introduced Billy Bottom because he stands the acknowledged head of more than sixty thousand professed beggars in London. He is wise. He does not drink. He assumes no disguise. He has a wife and family whom he supports respectably. In fact, he is not unlike, save in the misfortune of being born without legs, his great predecessor, John Yardily Vernon, who died many years ago in Broad street. Vernon left more than a £100,000. But he made it by speculating with the proceeds of his begging. Though never appearing in public, save in rags, he left several sons who took care of his gains.—*Gidney.*

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the rusty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshhold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat and drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation.—Young people must have fun, relaxation, somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all the little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. An hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight blots out the remembrance of many a care during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

A man named Freeley, was murdered in his house, at Carbondale, Ills., on the 13th. His wife says it was done by five negroes, who threatened to kill the whole family.

MR. AND MRS. BLAIR AS THEY RIDE INTO WASHINGTON.

A friend describes to us the appearance of old Mr. and Mrs. Blair as they ride into Washington City. He is now seventy-eight years old, and his wife is seventy-six—They live six miles from Washington, at a country seat in Maryland, known as Silver Springs. Nearly every day they both ride into Washington on horseback; and wehn they do not come to Washington, they ride as far in the opposite direction Mr. Blair wears a broad-brimmed slouched hat, and looks like the relic of a century ago. He is very thin; his legs are hardly larger than a common man's wrist; and, by the time he gets into the city, his trowsers have slipped half way up to his knees. Mrs. Blair, who is a robust, fine-looking old lady, wears a broad Quaker sun-bonnet, made of paste board slips, so that she can gather it all up in her hand, and a white dimity short dress.

Mr. Blair always rides about a length and a half of the horse ahead of her. He rides up to the steps in front of Montgomery Blair's house, throws the reins down on the horse's neck, dismounts, and proceeds directly up the steps. The horse drops his head and stands still. Directly Mrs. Blair rides up, switches her husband's horse away, gets off her horse, and follows her husband into the house.

One end of this house is occupied by Montgomery Blair, Mr. Blair's eldest son, a graduate of West Point, once a Judge in Missouri, an office-holder under Buchanan, Post-master General under Lincoln, a friendly man, a firstrate hater, and a very virulent politician and stump speaker; and the other end is occupied by Rear Admiral Lee, who married the only daughter of old Mr. Blair, and made ninety thousand dollars prize money before he stopped the rebels from running the blockade at Wilmington during the late war.

The mansion where Montgomery Blair lives, and where old Mr and Mrs. Blair alight as they ride into Washington, is the one in which Senator Benton formerly lived. It is situated across the street, in front of the White House and nearly opposite the War Department.

Old Mr. Blair was originally engaged in banking in Kentucky. He was brought to Washington by Gen. Jackson, between whom and himself a warm and life-long friendship subsisted. The old *Globe*, edited by him, and published by Blair and Rives, was the great organ of the Democratic party in the days of Gen. Jackson, and was a power in the land. The Blairs and the Fremonts were strong friends until the separation which took place between them at St. Louis during the war and which proved injurious to both parties.

Probably there is no other man living who has held so many important interviews with Presidents in the White House as Francis P. Blair, Sr. It was he who looked out at the request of Gen. Jackson, a suitable place in which to interline in one of Old Hickory's messages the following words:

"I take the responsibility."

Old Mr. Blair has certainly a remarkable career as a politician. He has been a friend, faithful, bold, and powerful, as an emeny, malignant, chivalric and formidable.

"The Vulture's Feast."

The New York *Tribune* heads an article, announcing the meeting of the Radical Congress, with these significant words—"The Vulture's Feast." In the next Congress the Democratic minority will be sufficiently large to break down the two-thirds majority, by which so much unwise and unconstitutional legislation has been pushed through, and under the sheltering wing of which such extravagance and corruption has been fostered. If General Grant desires to check the extravagance which has been fostered by Congress, the Democratic minority will sustain his veto, and prevent him from being overruled as Andrew Johnson has constantly been. But the present session will afford the Radical vultures a chance to gorge their greedy maws, and they may be expected to make the most of their opportunity. Railroad and steamboat subsidies, land grants, bogus claims and plunder, schemes of every description will be pushed with the energy of desperation; and these, with deficiency bills, embracing appropriations left over from the last session, to make a show of economy before the election, will add at least a hundred millions to the debt, and leave the National Treasury "a beggarly account of empty boxes" by the 4th of March. Radicalism is a luxury for which the people must pay dearly, and the taxpayers who have voted another four years of it will doubtless enjoy the spectacle of "the feast of vultures" which began with the opening of Congress!—*Allentown Democrat.*

The United States contains the following singularly named postoffices Marrow Bones Sorrel Horses, Ti Ti, To To, Why Not, Alone, Backbone, Carryall, Fame, Time, Stony man, Sal Soda, Newborn, Yankee Jim,s' Rough and Ready, Pipe Stem, Shickshinny, Over alls, Snowshoe, Miracle Run, Simmer, Lookout, Paint, Last Chance, Memory, Tally Ho, Tired Creek, and Our Town.

WATCH!

Already three bills have been introduced in Congress for the amendment, or rather the abolition of the naturalization laws.—This is clearly evinces the purpose of the radical tricksters to shut out immigrants from foreign lands, from the privileges of American citizenship. It is the avowed purpose of these scheming rascals to re-introduce into politics the old exclusive ideas of Know-nothingism, and to that end Congress is to be made the principal instrument.

Are the liberal, Democratic people of America prepared to accept this narrow-minded and aristocratic programme? Are we at last to retrograde to that political level from which the lowest in the scale of civilized nations, China and Japan, are even now about to emerge? Is this land of the free to be walled in with laws which will exclude from the broad shelters of our Constitution, the oppressed people of other lands? What do we not owe to the hardy and thrifty toilers, who have come over the sea to clear out forests, to delve in our mines and build railroads? Nay, who are we ourselves, but the sons and grand-sons of foreigners who came here to be American citizens just as others are coming to-day? And it is proposed that we erect a barrier in the way of these men who seek our shores that they may enjoy the rights and immunities of a free people! It is proposed that we make them travel the longest possible road to reach the privileges of citizenship! It is proposed that we hamper with adverse legislation, the refugee from foreign persecution, who as he first stands upon American soil, Columbus-like, stoops to kiss the earth, not, indeed, because he has found a new world, but because, under the generous spirit of our Constitution and laws, he hopes soon to call himself an American citizen! Can it be that so illiberal, so contracted a proposition as this is to be seriously entertained by the representatives of this great, noble and generous people? Yes! radical demagogues are ready to perpetrate any iniquity, no matter how infamous, which, in their judgment, looks to securing them in place and power. It is even so-Congress is about to attempt to make another Japan out of this country. High tariffs to exclude the cheap goods manufactured abroad, and anti-naturalization laws to exclude foreign-born people from citizenship, are to do the work.

Therefore, we say unto all people of liberal principles, "Watch!" Therefore, we say to the German, the Irishman, the Englishman, the Welshman, the Scotchman, foreign-born citizens of every nationality, "Watch!" In your veins, in ours, flow the blood of the men who are to be tabooed under the new Know-nothing regime. They who are to be prescribed are your kinsmen and ours. Shall we sit with folded hands whilst a policy looking to the exclusion of your kindred and ours from the rights which we enjoy, is about to be established in this boasted land of freedom? Never, never! We repeat it then, WATCH, and especially, WATCH THE RADICAL LEADERS IN CONGRESS!—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Expenses of the Electoral College.

The Radical Electoral College of this State was in session a couple of hours. They appointed three Secretaries, not members of the body, and voted them $50 a piece out of the State Treasury. Beside these three Secretaries the twenty-six Electors were attended during their brief session by a Sergeant-at-Arms, an Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, a Messenger, two Doorkeepers, two Incidentals (whatever they may have been) and three Pages, to all of whom liberal pay was voted out of the State Treasury. In little as in big things the Radicals show their extravagance and disposition to squander the public money. Three clerks at fifty dollars for two hours work, is the way the Republicans propose to save the people's money.

Grant's Cabinet.

There are various speculations as to the cabinet which is to surround the junior member of the firm of BOGGS & GRANT, pawnbrokers, of St. Louis, in his new position as President of the North American Mongrelism. But it is almost certain to comprise the WASHBURNE family and that old fool, JESSE GANT, *pere.* It will probably stand thus: Secretary of State, WASHBURNE; Secretary of War, a WASHBURNE; Secrrtary of the Interior, a WASHBURNE; Secretary of the Treasury, a WASHBURNE; Attorney-General, JESSE GRANT; Post Master General, BONNER'S DEXTER. It won't make a particle of difference which is which, so they all get places from which they can steal the people's money, and sink the country into everlasting perdition.

☞ The following was many years ago a Margate advertisement by an ass-lender, whose donkeys were alternately employed by ladies and smugglers:

"Asses here to let, for all purposes right.
To bear angels by day, and spirits by night."

The Mongrels of Chilicothe, Ohio, have a pleasant sensation—a negro deserted his wife to elope with a white girl. It is considered a sign of negro equality.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

"Evelyn," the New Orleans Correpondent of the Mobile *Sunday Times*, writes:

Something like two years ago young M——, the son of one of the wealthiest men in Louisiana, fell deeply in love with a young lady of a neighboring parish. His love was returned with warmth, and they were engaged. But now an obstacle came in the way. M's father opposed the match. For some time he kept this a secret from his FIANCEE, and meanwhile she was making preparations for the wedding. She was an orphan, but had been left a small property which, valuable before the war, brought her but little over $3,000. This she expended upon her trousseau, feeling that as her intended husband was rich, she had no necessity for saving, and that she would make an appearance worthy of their station. As the time drew near when they were to be united, M—— seemed to change toward her, and grew cool and serious. In vain she tried, with all the arts which love could suggest, to learn the secret of the change, but he did not confide in her, and she could only wait and wonder. At last the time fixed for the ceremony came. M—— was forced to make a confession. He said his father forbade the match, that he had supposed her an heiress when he engaged himself to her, and now he could not marry her against his dear father's will. The shock which this gave the young girl can be imagined. Naturally, one would say that she should have despised him, and feel herself fortunate in making her escape, but on the contrary, it was then only that she felt how much she loved him. She had given herself without reserve, and, as far as she was concerned, she was his forever. For the next year and a half she was in a convent, entirely excluded from the world; but some two months ago she was persuaded to come to this city, and remained here for some two or three weeks. One day she received a letter which seemed to disturb her, and on going to her room later, a friend found her on her knees praying for the man who had deserted her. He was very sick in the country, and begged her to come to him. On that very day M——'s father died, and the funeral notice was handed to her as she stepped into the carriage to go to the cars. For a week nothing was heard from her, but soon we got the finale of the romance. The girl had gone immediately to M——'s bedside, and found him very ill, attended by his two sisters. He told her that he was dying, and now that his father was gone, wished to make her his wife.—They were married. A will was made by him giving her one half of his large fortune, the other half to his two sisters, and the next day he followed his father from earth. Contrary to the advice of her friends, the young maiden widow declared her intention of retiring to a convent for life.

Radical Love for the Negro.

The "*Herald*" calls attention to the coldness with which the negro Congressman from Louisana is received by the Radicals in the House. The editor says:

"At first, for a long, uncomfortable time, he was left severely alone upon one of the sofas in the rear of the hall. The poor fellow, annoyed at the social ostracism to which his Radical colleagues from the Northern States most illogically condemned him, arose and sought in vain for an opportunity to secure a desk. Everywhere the Radicals turned up their noses as he approached, and at length he felt compelled to leave the floor of the House in disgust and to seek refuge in the gallery behind the great clock, where a hundred or more of his own race, were congregated and kept him in countenance."

THE EDITORIAL TREDMILL.—Very few of our readerse are aware of the exacting duties incumbent upon those who are connected with the editing of a newspaper. The *Home Journal* in describing the burdens of Newspaper life, truthfully states, that it is one of the hardships of the profession, that the mind and body are not allowed to lag for sickness, or to stop for calamity or sorrow. "The Judge may adjourn his court, the school and work shops may close shutters, the mourner may veil his features and turn friends and strangers from the door; but the journalist must forget to-morrow the sorrow of to-day, and must write gaily and freshly as a newsmonger on the trifles of the hour, whatever burden has been laid upon that same hour, by Providence.

TRUE.—The pen is said to mightier than the sword. So is ink mightier than the pen. People who sling printers' ink are the mightiest of all—the monarchs of mankind. He who understands this art in all its ramifications, travels the shortness and best route to the head and understanding of human nature. Printers' ink has made more fames and fortunes than any other—perhaps all other—things put together.

TO CURE SORE THROAT.—An exchange says, take the whites of two eggs, and beat them with two spoonsful of white sugar, grate in a little nutmeg and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate cases of horseness in a short time.