

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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Wyoming Democrat.
A Democratic weekly paper devoted to the interests of the State, published every Wednesday at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. by HARVEY SICKLER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.
One square one or three insertions \$1.50
Each subsequent insertion less than \$1.00
REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon.
PATENT MEDICINES and other advertisements by the column:
One column, 1 year, \$60
Half column, 1 year, \$35
Third column, 1 year, \$25
Fourth column, 1 year, \$20
Business Cards of one square or less, per year with paper, 50

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS and AUDITORS' NOTICES.—of the usual length, \$2.50
NOTICES—exceeding ten lines, each RELIABLE and LITERARY NOTES, not of general interest, one half the regular rates.
Advertisements must be handed in by Tuesday at Noon, to insure insertion the same week.

JOB WORK
Printings neatly executed and at prices to suit the times.
TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.

LITTLE & SUTHER, ATTORNEYS, Office at Warren Street Tunkhannock Pa. J. A. SUTHER, J. L. LITTLE.
W. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.
J. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co. Pa.
W. M. PLATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Stark's Brick & Block Bldg. St. Tunkhannock, Pa.
J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL 142 BR. AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa. Special attention given to settlement of decedent's estates. No. 5, 1867—v1n19y1
M. J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Col. Settling and Real Estate Agent. Iowa Lands Office, Scranton, Pa.

OSTERHOUT & DEWITT, Attorneys at Law—Office opposite the Bank, Tunkhannock, Pa. F. M. OSTERHOUT. G. B. DEWITT
W. W. BROADS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at his residence on Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

DENTISTRY.
DR. L. T. BERNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens.
Office on second floor of NEW JEWELRY STORE, on TOWN ST.

PACIFIC HOTEL,
170, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwich Street
(OPPOSITE ABOVE CORRELAND 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.

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—v1n144.

BOLTON HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PENNA.
The undersigned having lately purchased the BOLTON HOUSE property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render the 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,
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, PROPRIETOR.
The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country. It is situated in the most modern and improved style. The house is fitted up with all the latest and most desirable furniture and fixtures, and is a pleasant and comfortable place for all.

The new Broom still new!
AND WITH THE NEW YEAR,
Will be used with more sweeping effect than heretofore, by large additions from time to time, of Choice and desirable GOODS, at the

New Store
OF
C DETRICK,
in S. Stark's Brick Block
AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENNA.

Where can be found, at all times, one of the Largest and Richest assortments ever offered in this vicinity, Consisting of
BLACK AND FANCY COLORED DRESS SILKS,
FRENCH, ENGLISH and AMERICAN MERINOS, EMPRESS AND PRINCESS CLOTHS, POPLINS, SERGES, and FARETTES, BLACK LUSHE AND COLORED ALPACAS WOL, ALMURE, PEKIN AND MOUSSELEU DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufacturers.

Ladies Cloths and Sacqueings, FURS, SHAWLS, FANCY WOOLEN GOODS, & C., LADIES RETICULES, SHOPPING BAGS and BASKETS, TRUNKS, VALISES, and TRAVELING BAGS,

Hosiery and Gloves, Ladies' Vests, White Goods, and Yankee notions in endless variety.

HOOPSKIRTS & CORSETTS, direct from the manufacturers, at greatly reduced prices.

FLANNELS all Colors and Qualities.

KNIT GOODS, Cashmeres, Vestings, Cottonades, Sheetings, Shirts, Drills, Denims,

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Curtains, Curtain Fixtures, Carpets, Oil-Cloths, Crockery, Glass and Stoneware.

Tinware, Made expressly for this trade, and warranted to give Satisfaction, at 20 per cent. cheaper than the usual rates in this section.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY, of all kinds,
SILVER PLATED WARE,

Paints, Oils, and Painters Materials, Putty, Window Glass, &c.

KEROSENE OIL, Chandeliers, Lamps, Lanterns, Lantern Glasses, Lamp Chimneys, Shades and Curriers.

COAL, ASHTON, & BELL SALT

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, PORK, HAMS, and FISH, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, SPICES, SYRUP, & MOLASSES.

WOOD & WILLOW WARE, ROPES, 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 WAY IT'S DONE.

We have another new sensation, Quite a funny demonstration, To be in fashion some insist, You must place yourself all a twist, To teach the different ways its done, The task I'll undertake for fun, So please attention to me lend, And learn to do the "Grecian Bend."

There's nothing in the shape so hateful, That is stylish much less tasteful, Oh, may the fashion not extend, But be short lived, this Grecian Bend, Though if you still require of me, Instructions in deformity, I'll teach you right you may depend, The way to do the Grecian Bend— CHOICES.

THE EXQUISITE.

His coat is of the latest style, His boots with polish shine, And in full dress he always thinks He looks "so very fine." And then his long and titled name, So foreign like and grand— Is Count Alonzo Frederick Augustus Ferdinand.

He smells of musk and bergamot, And puts on "killing airs," At every well dressed belle he meets He impudently stares; He says "dem me" to everything, And tries to ape Beau Nash, He wears a long "sugar" and sports A love of a moustache.

And silly girls, to trap him, oft Will take a deal of pains, Preferring an exquisite To a man of real brains; Ambitions for a title, they "Cannot the chance forego, Of being lady "Talgumbob," Or Countess "So and So."

Discarding men of real worth, And merit, for a shape, Got up in style, but very like A monkey or an ape, They often when it is too late, Discover to their shame, The folly of a great mistake In worshipping a name.

LATEST OUTRAGE UPON THE FASHION.

A newly inducted policeman in New Orleans recently had a singular adventure with a fashionable dressed lady whom he met coming out of a dry goods store. He had heard of shoplifters who carried off the most costly silks in a sack disposed about their person. He was ambitious of distinction, and here was a chance for the coveted fame. The lady was evidently carrying a heavy load—she must be a shoplifter. There could be no doubt of it—he would arrest her.

"You are my prisoner," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder.
"What do you mean?" demanded the insulted lady.
"What's that you've got on your back—stolen goods?"
"Heaven I never was so insulted. No sir, it's not stolen goods."
"I mean no offense, madam, but my duty compels me to examine it."
"Sir—villain—that's my—my Grecian bend!"

A young minister went into the country to preach, and observed during his discourse a poor woman who seemed to be much affected. After the service he resolved to pay her a visit, and see what were the impressions on her mind. "Well," said the woman, "I'll tell you. About six years ago me and husband removed to this place and all the property we had was a donkey. Husband he died, and then poor donkey was left alone. At last donkey he died; and to tell you the truth, your voice put me so much in mind of that dear critter, that I couldn't help taking about it."

A dandy, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and turning to the looking glass, said:
"Landlord, how do these become me?—Don't you think they improve my looks?"
"I think they do," replied the landlord, "they hide a part of your face."

In a recent case in Indiana a justice complained remarked, in summing up the testimony:
"Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are incredible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

"BEVIS."

A TALE OF A DOG.

The Lyons diligence was just going to start from Geneva. I climbed on the roof, and chose my place next the driver; there was still a vacant seat, and the porter called "Monsieur Derman!"

A tall young man with a German style of countenance advanced, folding in his arms a large black greyhound, which he vainly endeavored to place on the roof. "Monsieur," said he, addressing me, "will you have the kindness to take my dog?"

Reading over, I took hold of the animal, and placed him on the straw at my feet. I observed that he wore a handsome silver collar, on which the following words were tastefully engraved: "Bevis. I belong to Sir Arthur Burnley, given him by Miss Clara."

His owner was, therefore, an Englishman, yet my fellow traveler, who had now taken his place by my side, was evidently either a Swiss or a German, and his name was Derman. Trifling as was the mystery, it excited my curiosity, and after two or three hours' pleasant conversation had established a sort of intimacy between us, I ventured to ask my companion for an explanation.

"It does not surprise me," he answered, "that this collar should puzzle you; and I have great pleasure in telling you the story of its wearer. Bevis belongs to me, but it is not many years since he owned another master whose name is on his collar. You will see why he still wears it. Here, Bevis! speak to this gentleman."

The dog raised his head, opened his bright eyes, and laying back his long ears, uttered a sound which might well pass for a salutation.

Mr. Derman placed the animal's head on his knees and began to unfasten the collar.

Instantly Bevis drew back his head with a violent jerk, and darted toward the luggage on the hind part of the roof. There, growling fiercely, he lay down, while his muscles were stiffened, and his eyes glowed with fury.

"You see, monsieur, how determined he is to guard his collar. I should not like to be the man who would try to rob him of it. Here, Bevis," said he, in a soft, caressing tone. "I won't touch it again, poor fellow—Come and make friends!"

The greyhound hesitated, still growling. At length he returned slowly towards his master, and began to lick his hands. His muscles gradually relaxed, and he trembled like a leaf.

"There, boy, there," said Mr. Derman, caressing him. "We won't do it again.—Lie down now, and be quiet."

The dog nestled between his master's feet and went to sleep. My fellow traveler then turning towards me, began:
"I am a native of Suabia, but I live in a little village of the Sheraland, at the foot of the Grimsel. My father keeps an inn for the reception of travelers going to St. Gothard. About two years since there arrived at our house one evening a young Englishman, with a pale, sad countenance. He traveled on foot, and was followed by a large greyhound, this Bevis, whom you see. He declined taking any refreshments, and asked to be shown to his sleeping room. We gave him one over the common hall, where we were all seated around the fire.—Presently we heard him pacing rapidly up and down, from time to time uttering broken words, addressed no doubt to his dog, for the animal moaned occasionally, as if replying to, and sympathizing with his master."

"At length we heard the Englishman stop, and apparently strike the dog a blow, for the poor beast gave a loud howl of agony, and seemed as if he ran to take refuge under the bed. Then his master growled aloud. Soon afterwards he lay down, and all was quiet for the night.—Early next morning he came down, looking still more pale than on the previous evening, and having paid for his lodging, he took his knapsack and resumed his journey, followed by the greyhound, who had eaten nothing since their arrival, and whose master seemed to take no further notice of him than to frown when the creature ventured to creep him."

"About noon I happened to be standing at the door, looking toward the direction which the Englishman had taken, when I heard howls of distress, proceeding from a wounded dog that was dragging himself toward me."

"I ran to him, and recognized the Englishman's greyhound. His head was torn, evidently by a bullet, and one of his paws broken. I raised him in my arms and carried him into the house. When I crossed the threshold he made evident efforts to escape, so I placed him on the ground. Then in spite of the torture he was suffering, which caused him to stagger every moment, he scratched at the door of the room where his master had slept, moaning at the same time so piteously that I could scarcely help weeping myself. I opened the door, and with a great effort he got into the room, looked about, and not finding whom he sought, he fell down motionless. I called my father, and perceiving that

the dog was not dead, we gave him all possible assistance, taking indeed, as much care of him as though he had been a child, so much did we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed us much affection. We found it, however, impossible to take off his collar, even for the purpose of banding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk, he would often go toward the mountain, and be absent for hours.—The second time this occurred, we followed him. He proceeded as far as a part of the road where a narrow defile borders a precipice. There he continued for a long time smelling and scratching about. We conjectured that the Englishman might have been attacked by robbers on this spot, and his dog wounded in defending him. However, no event of this kind had occurred in the country, and after the strictest search, no corpse was discovered. Recollecting, therefore, the manner in which the traveler had treated his dog, I came to the conclusion that he had tried to kill the faithful creature. But wherefore? This was a mystery which I could not solve.

"Bevis remained with us, testifying the utmost gratitude for our kindness. His intelligence and good humor attracted the attention of strangers who frequented our inn, while the inscription on his collar and the tale we had told of him failed not to excite their curiosity. One morning in autumn I had been out to take a walk, accompanied by Bevis. When I returned, I found seated by the fire, in the common hall, a newly arrived passenger, who looked around as I entered. As soon as he perceived Bevis, he started and called him.—The dog immediately darted toward him with frantic demonstrations of joy. He ran around him smelling his clothes, and uttered the sort of salutation with which he honored you just now, and finally placing his fore-paws on the traveler's knee, began to lick his face.

"Where is your master, Bevis? Where is Sir Arthur?" said the stranger, in English.

"The noble dog howled piteously, and lay down at the traveler's feet. Then the latter begged us to explain his presence. I did so; and as he listened, I saw a tear fall on the beautiful head of the greyhound, who he leant over to caress."

"Monsieur," said he, addressing me, "from what you tell me, I venture to hope that Sir Arthur still lives. We have been friends from childhood. About three years since he married a rich heiress, and this dog was presented to him by her. Bevis was highly cherished for his fidelity, a quality which unluckily was not possessed by his mistress. She left her fond and loving husband, and eloped with another man. Sir Arthur sued for a divorce and obtained it; then, having arranged his affairs in England he set out for the Continent, followed only by his dog. His friends new not whether he went. Doubtless, the presence of Bevis, evermore recalling the memory of her who had so cruelly wronged him must have torn his heart, and at length impelled him to destroy the faithful creature. But the shot not having been mortal the dog I imagine, when he recovered consciousness, was led by instinct to seek the house where his master slept. Now, monsieur, he is yours, and I heartily thank you for the kindness you have shown him."

"About ten o'clock, the stranger retired to his room, after having caressed Bevis, who escorted him to his door, and then returned to his accustomed place before the fire. My parents and the servants had retired to rest, and I prepared to follow their example—my bed being placed at one end of the common hall. While I was undressing, I heard a storm rising in the mountains. Just then there came a knocking at the door, and Bevis began to growl. I asked who was there? A voice replied—
"Two travelers, who want a night's lodging. I opened a small chink of the door to look out, and perceived two ragged men, each leaning on a large club. I did not like their looks; and knowing that several robberies had been committed in the neighborhood, I refused them admission, telling them, in the next village they would readily find shelter. They approached the door as though they meant to force their way in; but Bevis made his voice heard in so formidable a manner that they judged it prudent to retire. I bolted the door, and went to bed. Bevis, according to his custom, lay down near the threshold, but neither of us felt inclined to sleep.

"A quarter of an hour passed, when suddenly above the wailing of the wind, came the loud, shrill cry of a human being in distress.

"Bevis rushed against the door with a fearful howl; at the same moment came the report of a gun, followed by another cry. Two minutes afterward I was on the road, armed with a carbine and holding a dark lantern; my father and the stranger armed, and accompanied me. As for Bevis, he had darted out the house and disappeared.

"We approached the defile which I mentioned before, at the moment when a flash of lightning illumined the scene. A hundred yards in advance we saw Bevis grasping a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him; for two men, whom I recognized as those who had sought admittance at our inn, lay dead, strangled by his powerful jaws. Further on, we discovered another man, whose bloody wounds the noble dog was licking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry: It was Sir Arthur—the master of Bevis.

Here M. Derman paused; the recollection seemed to overcome him; and he stopped to caress the sleeping greyhound; in order to hide his emotion. After awhile he finished his recital in a few words.

"Sir Arthur was mortally wounded, but he lived long enough to recognize his dog and to confess that in a moment of desperation, he had tried to kill the faithful creature who now avenged his death, by slaying the robbers who attacked him. He appointed the stranger his executor, and settled a large pension on Bevis, to revert to the family of the inn-keeper, wishing thus to testify his repentant love toward his dog, and his gratitude to those who had succeeded him. The grief of Bevis was excessive; he watched by his master's couch, covering his dead body with caresses, and for a long time lay stretched on his grave, refusing to take nourishment; and was not until after the lapse of many months that the affection of his new master seemed to console him for the death of Sir Arthur."

As my fellow-traveler finished the recital, the diligence stopped to change horses at the little town of Mantua. Here M. Derman's journey ended, and having taken down his luggage, he asked me to assist the descent of his dog. I shook hands with him cordially, and then called Bevis, who seeing me on such good terms with his master, placed his large paws on my breast and uttered a low friendly bark.—Shortly afterward they both disappeared from my sight, but not from my memory, as this little narrative has proved.

EXPRESSION IN THE EYEBROWS.

The eyebrows are a part of the face comparatively but little noticed, though in disclosing the real sentiments of the mind scarcely any other features of the face can come into competition. In vain the most prudent female imposes silence on her tongue; in vain she tries to compose her face and eyes; a single movement of the eyebrows instantly discloses what is passing in her soul. Placed upon the skin, and attached to muscles which move them in every direction, the eyebrows are obedient, in consequence of their extreme mobility, to the slightest internal impulses. Their majesty, pride, vanity, severity, kindness, the dull and gloomy passions, and the passions soft and gay, are alternately depicted.

"The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expression of the character." "Part of the soul," says Pliny the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says "that the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the heart and of the affections of the soul."

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—Charles Lamb tells us his experience as a warning to young men in the following language: "The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or entertaining as some newly discovered paradise, look into my dissolution and be made to feel what a dreary thing when he can feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will to his destruction, and have no human power to stop it, and feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see the goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; bear the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could see my fevered eye, fevered with last night's drinking and feverishly looking tonight's repeating folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, in all the pride of its vanishing temptation."

THE RED SEA.

The Red Sea is said to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about sixty miles in that sea is steamy and sticky. Everything in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red Sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful. Yet navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red Sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs; and counter winds prevail which produce dangerous currents. There are three light-houses in the sea, which must be kept by salamander like men, since the thermometer runs up to one hundred and twenty degrees in July, and approaches ninety in early spring.

A poor Scotchman put a crown piece into "the plate" in an Edinburgh church, on a late Sunday morning, by mistake, instead of a penny and asked to have it back, but was refused. In consequence, he was refused. "Awel, awel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven."
"Na, na," said the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gi'."

A REMARKABLE STORY.

A WIDOW MARRIED TO HER OWN BROTHER, WHOM SHE HAD NEVER SEEN IN HIS YOUTH.

(From the Detroit (Mich.) Free Press, Nov. 24.)
There passed through this city yesterday, en route to Chicago, a lady whose history is one of the most remarkable ever brought to public notice. For reasons which all will see the propriety of, we withhold her name, merely relating to the facts as they were communicated to our reporter by one who had heard the "strange true story" from her own lips. In 1838 her parents emigrated to this country from England, leaving behind them an only son some ten years of age, who had engaged as a cabin-boy on a merchant vessel in the East India trade—they landed in New York, where, a few months later, the subject of this sketch was born. While she was yet a helpless infant, both her parents died, and she was sent to the Foundling Home, where she remained some time, when she was finally adopted by a lady and gentleman who then resided in Elmira, N. Y. Of course she knew nothing of her sailor brother, and she grew up in belief that she was really the child of her foster parents. At the age of eighteen she married an industrious young mechanic, and set out for the West. After traveling in various States, she finally settled in Missouri, where they continued prosperous and happy until the storm of war burst upon the country. Then her husband, in common with the thousands of his countrymen, enlisted in the service of the rebellion, and was assigned to General Price's army. He served faithfully during the first eighteen months of the war, but was finally killed in one of the South-western engagements. From the breaking out of the war, the lady of whom we write had lost all trace of her foster parents, owing to the distracted condition of that part of the country in which she resided, and after her husband's death she removed to St. Louis, where she sought to maintain herself by sewing. In 1863, she again married, and her husband embarked in business in St. Louis. This last marriage was a thoroughly happy one, and in the course of time two children were born unto them. The husband gradually extended his business operations, so that much of his time was necessarily spent in travelling about the country and during one of his business tours he visited Chicago, where he became acquainted with a lady and gentleman who, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, he ascertained were the long lost foster parents of his wife. Delighted at the discovery he had made, no doubt, with anticipations of the joyful surprise he should give his wife, the husband at once concluded his business with the intention of returning to St. Louis, and bringing her to Chicago for the purpose of reuniting her with her friends, without having first prepared either party for such an event. On the night of his contemplated departure for home, while conversing with Mr. and Mrs. ———, it happened that he was led into a recital of his adventures about the world, and before his narrative was finished, his listeners knew that their adopted daughter had married her own brother, who, before she was born, had sailed for East India. Horrified beyond expression, the wretched man fled from the house, and from that hour no tidings of him have ever reached his friends. This was in March last, and a few weeks later the wretched sister-wife was rendered comparatively puerile by the destruction of a large portion of the property left in her hands, by fire. Although written to by her stricken friends, their letters never reached her, and a few weeks since she started for Elmira, her early home. Upon her arrival here she learned the address of her foster parents, with whom she at once communicated, giving them full details of her experience since she first bade them farewell, upon setting out for her western home. Their answer to her letter contained a statement of the terrible discovery of the identity of her husband and brother, together with an affectionate invitation to come to them with her children and share their home. Heart-broken and nearly crazed by the strange denouement of her happy married life, the wretched woman hastened to accept the offer, and this morning will doubtless see her reunited to her earliest and dearest friend.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Don't scream unless you are frightened. A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.
It is fine silks that knows no turning. Practice (on the piano) makes perfect. The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting ten minutes for his dinner.
Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or young man. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your faint, but be not above suspicion.

The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

A geological student being asked the other day where arsenic was found, replied that it was very often found in the stomachs of dead women.