

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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O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock Wyoming Co. Pa.

W. M. D. PLATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Stark's Brick Block Toga 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, 1868—71131

J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Col. Meeting and Real Estate Agent. Iowa lands for sale. Scranton, Pa. 35th.

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J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Will attend young, day or night, 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.

D. R. L. T. BEANS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough and respectfully tenders his professional services to his citizens.

Office on second floor of NEW JEWELRY STORE, on Toga St.

PACIFIC HOTEL.

179, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwich Street
(ONE DOOR ABOVE CORTLAND 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., PA.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS RECENTLY been refitted and improved 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—71744

BOLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BEHLER 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. Assurance 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.
G. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

MEANS HOTEL.

TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET,
Proprietor.

THE MEANS HOTEL, one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—It is situated in the most beautiful and approved style. Rooms are prepared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for all.

The new Broom still new!

AND WITH THE NEW YEAR, Will be used with more accepting 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 PAREMINTOS, BLACK LISIE AND COLORED ALPACCA WOLLS, ARMURE, PEKIN AND MOUSSELU DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufacturers.

Ladies Cloths and Sacquings, FURS, SHAWLS, FANCY WOOLEN GOODS, &c., LADIES RETI-CULES, 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,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cottonades, Sheetings, Shirtings, Drills, Denims, Ticks, Stripes, &c.

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

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, Patty, Window Glass, &c.

KEROSENE OIL,

Chandeliers, Lamps, Lanterns, Lantern Globes, Lamp Chimneys, Shades and Curcers.

COAL,

ASHTON, & BBL. SALT

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

WOOD & WILLOW WARE, CORDAGE, 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.

[Written for the Wyoming Democrat.]
THE GRECIAN BEARD.

BY J. W. SCOTTEN.

In ancient times the people say,
That ladies did not dress so gay;
For then they learned to wash and mend,
And did not have much time to bend.

But in these times it is not so,
For they not having much to do;
And if they had, they would pretend
To be quite stiff with the Grecian Bend.

In modern times they do not wish,
To even see or wash a dish;
Most of their time they useless spend,
In making the thing called Grecian Bend.

When hoops came round the fashions were,
To be well hooped they did stir;
Since that time they've worn the ball,
That bears the name of waterfall.

They've passed thro' all the Falls and Crooks,
And greatly changed their forms and looks;
But none so much to be condemned,
As the ugly thing called Grecian Bend.

Don't say too much when you are near
The laughing ones who dress so queer,
For fear that you might offend,
By speaking of their Grecian Bend.

The Grecian Bend, Oh what a crook!
That women wear and how they look!
Very like a peevish with his pack
That's strapped upon his crooked back.

When you see their puffed up clothes,
Or see them walking on their toes,
Then you'll begin to comprehend,
They've got a touch of the Grecian Bend.

Dear ladies, surely let me say,
That if you follow fashion's way;
You'll soon begin to apprehend,
There's nothing nice in a Grecian Bend.

ETHAN ALLEN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

"She was a lovely, pious, young woman whose mother, then long in the spirit-land, had instructed her in the truths of the Bible. When she was about to die, she called her father to her bedside, and turning upon him her pale face, lighted by lustrous blue eyes, she said, with a sweet voice:

"Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions, or to the teachings of dear mother?" These words, like a keen arrow, pierced the recesses of his most truthful emotions. "Trust to your mother!" said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child."—*Harper's Monthly for November.*

"The lamp of my breath are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow,
The past with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future that is vast
My feeble eye discerns;
When'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above mine own,
I've heard these words of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That cluster round the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith!
How fondly do I trace
Through many a weary year long past
That calm and saintly face!
How often do I call to mind,
Now she is 'neath the sod,
The place—the hour—in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!

"Twas then she took this sacred book,
And from its burning page
Read low its truths support the soul
In youth and falling age;
And bade me in its precepts live,
And by its precepts die,
That I might share a home of love
In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,
And heed thy warning voice,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or beyond the Being who hath blessed
This embosomed path of mine;
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior-brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek,
That downward fell that day,
Not—'not mine'—with choking voice
The skeptic made reply,
But in my mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die!" C. C. Cox.

UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.

An Eastern proverb, which declares that there are no ungrateful children, is nearer the truth than it appears. It is but another version of the Bible maxim: "Train up the child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will never depart from it." The parent who does really train up a child in the way it should go, is the parent who truly deserves the gratitude of his child and he is the only parent who can hope to receive in full measure. How many parents there are, who, after indulging their children's desires, are sincerely astonished to see them making no return of love and gratitude. Gratitude! For what should they be grateful? For an impaired digestion? For a mind empty? For hands unskilled? For a childhood wasted? For the chance of forming a noble character lost? These are poor claims upon the gratitude of a child. Bring up your child so that, at mature age, he has a sound constitution, healthy desires and an honest heart, a well formed mind, good manners, and a useful calling, and you may rely upon his making such a rich return of grateful affection, as shall a thousand times repay you for the toil and self-denial which such training cost.

THE HEROINE OF THE SIERRA

MORENA.

The superiority which man assumes over woman on account of his strength, talents and courage, is very equivocal indeed. In all ages we read of instances where female courage or presence of mind has not only appeared predominant over that of the other sex, but has been the means of saving and securing life and liberty, when man has shrunk from the daring task. Women were once the law-givers of Israel, and Zenobia, the Palmyrene, set at defiance all the hosts of Rome. In later days we have had brilliant examples of female heroism. Joan of Arc, whose spirit, tinged with superstition and roused to enthusiasm, drove the English from France and crowned a fugitive king in Rheims, can never be forgotten; nor will all the laurels a Talbot won ever redeem his character from the stain of putting her to death as a witch, who put them to defeat, as a woman endowed with a manly spirit.

In later times we have had the "Maid of Saragossa," who stood at the cannon's mouth and led the citizens on to victory, when even hope had fled from the hearts of men; and reposing in a female bosom, changed the tide of battle, and poured a deluge on the foe, that in three months drove him from the whole of Spain, south of the Pyrenees.

We know none more striking, though less noticed, than that of the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who, on the morning of the execution, putting her hand to her neck, said, "They tell me the executioner is very expert, and I have but a little neck, so my trouble will soon be over." But presence of mind and fortitude of virtue were never more strikingly displayed than in the following instance, which occurred where the Sierra Morena rears its head above dark rolling clouds; and where also nature, in her rudest form, displays to the weary traveler a wide and dreary prospect of barren wilds, dark, precipitous rocks, falling torrents, gloomy forests of pines, opening chasms, and all the dark variety that makes nature terrible, without a single gleam of sunshine to scatter, as it were, the hope of heaven over the gulf of despair. On this spot, far above the haunts of civilized men, where the wild winds whistle and the tempest roars, stands the chateau of Count de Ronda, who, the narrow path leads the traveler round the mountain's summit, and where the long-practiced mule carries its burthen in security, though the deviation of an inch would precipitate head and rider over a precipice three hundred feet high. On this spot, perched like an eagle's nest, is the seat of hospitality to be found.

The Count, who is lord of the valley below, chose here to fix his abode. He is fond of field sports and mountain scenery; to bring down the hawk and falcon, to wind the thicket after the wolf and the fox, and to spring from rock to rock with giant bound and the fleet chamois, constituted his amusement of the day. At evening's close, to open his door to the way-worn traveler, to rouse the fire on the hearth and spread the table with plenty, were his predominant delights. Thousands have tasted his liberality, and whenever he visited the smiling fields below, the lisping of childhood and the benedictions of the aged proclaimed his presence.

He had passed his life without ostentation, and had not a male servant in his retinue. A young girl, a native of Estremadura, aged nineteen, was selected to attend upon his own person, and he treated her as his own child. One evening he had been out late, and on his return he threw himself upon a couch and sank into repose.

Dorothea, aware that he would not require her assistance any more, retired to rest, and so did all the servants. About one in the morning a party of banditti, at the head of whom was Randolph Vasca, so long the terror of Spain, thundered at the gates of the chateau, and soon burst them open. They tore the menials from their beds, and with horrid imprecations made them disclose where their little treasures were deposited, and some they put to instant death. The noise awakened the Count, who rushed unarmed into the hall. Randolph Vasca seized him by the throat, and was on the point of stabbing him, when Dorothea, the little maid of Estremadura, entered, bearing a candle. The robber started at seeing her, refrained from his blow, and loosened his grasp. The fine form of Dorothea, robbed in night attire, appeared as a beautiful vision, or a specter from another and a better world. The work of death was going on at the extremity of the hall, and over the marble floor streams of blood flowed in torrents.

"Stop," she cried, "the work of death, and follow me. You want money, and I will conduct you where it is to be had."

"What pledge have I for the truth?" said Randolph Vasca, leaving his hold of the Count.

"The pledge of blood—the tie of nature. I am thy only sister."

It was so. Randolph, with commanding voice, ordered his band to desist from murder and to retire, while he compelled the Count to sit down under a pledge not to rise till he bade him.

"Recollect," said he, "my sister, for such thou art, (however earnest thou here), I know no ties but those that connect me with my followers. I have checked the stream of death only to open the mine of gold."

"Follow me," said Dorothea, "and you shall have wealth beyond your hopes and wishes."

Slowly they wended up the gothic staircase; the moon shone sickly through the arched and ivy covered windows; no sound was heard save that of the whispering wind of the night that appeared to mourn for those whose lives had recently passed away. They reached the summit of the eastern tower.

"I hear," said Randolph, "the murmuring of my band, who are awaiting my arrival with the booty."

"They shall not long wait thy arrival," said Dorothea, and at that moment they were at the edge of the turret. She dashed her light to the earth, and seizing Randolph by the skirt of his calabra or tunic, hurled him from the battlements. He fell amidst his followers, and expired on the spot. Amazement seized them all. Dorothea hastily rang the alarm bell that communicated with the convent below, and fired off the signal gun. The band fled in all directions, imagining a force was concealed in the chateau; and Dorothea, rushing down, raised the Count in her arms, with whom she ever after lived a loved and loving wife. Randolph was indeed her brother, but had long been a detestable murderer. She therefore abhorred his deeds, and on this perilous occasion she sacrificed him on the shrine of duty.

This chateau still stands; the Count and Countess still exist and distribute their hospitality more generously than before; and the traveler, as he passes over the dreary heights of the "Sierra Morena," shuddering, murmurs the name of Rodolph Vasca, and blesses that of Dorothea de Ronda.

ONE KISS, MARIA.

The following is contributed by the "Eat Contributor" of the Cincinnati Times:

"There was a funny little episode on the car that helped to amuse us. At Montana a young man and a young woman came on board of the sleeping car, and the former said: 'See here, Mr. Conductor, I want one of your best bunks for this young woman and one for myself individually. One will do for us when we get to Bluffs, hey, Maria? (a playful and affectionate poke at Maria, with his elbow, to which she replied, 'now, John be quit' for you see we're going to get married at Maria's uncle's when we get there. We might've been married at Montana, but we took a habit to wait till we got to the Bluffs,')' Maria's uncle is a minister, and they change a gold-fred price for hitchin' folks at Montana.' Maria was assigned to one of the 'best bunks,' and John was given one not far away. After a time the inmates of the car were all stowed away in their berths to go through the inevitable alternations of sweating and freezing.

"During the stoppage of the train at one station the voice of John was heard, raised in pleading accents, all unconscious that the train had stopped, and that tones which the noise of the rattling wheels had drowned while the cars were moving, could be distinctly heard by all when they had stopped.

"Now, Maria, you might give a feller jest' one kiss."

"John, you quit, or I'll git right out here and hoof it back to Montana in the snow storm."

"Only one little kiss, Maria, and I'll go; hope to see 'I don't."

"John—"

"Just at that interesting moment a gray head protruded from a berth at the other end of the car, and old man cried out so that all could hear: 'Maria, for God's sake give John one kiss, so that we can go to sleep some time to-night.'

"It is needless to remark that a peal of laughter rang from one end of the car to the other, under cover of which John slunk back to the solitary seclusion of his 'bunk,' leaving Maria to the undisturbed possessions of her marriage license, which she interpreted to permit no license to John until accompanied by the proper certificate. And 'Maria' was right."

The following conversation is reported as having taken place in the barber shop attached to one of our principal hotels, the other day:

First man and brother (reading a newspaper)—I see dis Mr. Roschilds, what jes' died, was worth fo' hundred million dollars.

Second man and brother (scrapping a razor)—ho?

First m. and b.—Mr. Roschilds.

Second do. How much was he worth, did you say?

First—Fo' hundred million dollars.

Second—Gosh-amighty! He nuss' had a good district.

First—Good district! What do you mean?

Second—I mean a good district; dat's what I mean. I suppose he was a whiskey inspector, else how could he make so much money? (Execut Reporter.)

A Good Story.—A well-known newspaper correspondent in an adjoining town furnishes us with the following story. It is a genuine one, and will be recognized by many who are familiar with the facts.—There was a certain man, whom we shall call Smith, because that wasn't his name, and he courted a girl or rather wanted to, whose name we will call Brown.

Smith wasn't so smart in things matrimonial as he might have been, and a fellow named Jones "sailed in" and cut him out. Jones married the girl and in due course of time Mrs. J. presented her husband with a nice little daughter. About fifteen years afterwards, Smith was strolling around in the neighborhood where his former sweetheart used to perambulate. Meeting Jones' daughter returning from school, Smith thought he could detect in her countenance the well-known and fondly remembered features of her mother. Wishing to engage in conversation, he confronted the damsel, when the following dialogue took place:

Smith—(who lisped a little). "Ain't your name Jonesth?"

Miss Jones—"Yes sir."

Smith—"Ain't you Mister Thom Jonesth daughter?"

Miss Jones—"Yes sir."

Smith—"Well, Miss Jonesth, I came plaguy near being your father month!"

It is needless to say that "Miss Jonesth traveled."—*Ex.*

LANGUAGE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF.

"The handkerchief, the handkerchief!" ejaculated the jealous Moor, Othello, and killed his loving Desdemona because she failed to respond. Fans and flowers have each their language, and why not the handkerchief? No reason having been discovered, it has transpired that handkerchief flirtations are rapidly coming into fashion. As yet, the "code of signals" is confined to a select few, but we do not intend that they shall enjoy the monopoly any longer, and accordingly publish the key. Our informant says that it may be used at the opera, theatre, balls, and such places, but never in church; and we hope that this restriction will be observed, and are quite sure that it won't.

Drawing across the lips—Desirous of an acquaintance.

Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.

Taking it by the centre—You are too willing.

Dropping—We will be friends.

Twirling in both hands—Indifference.

Drawing it across the cheek—I love you.

Drawing it through the hands—I hate you.

Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.

Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.

Twirling it in the left hand—I love another.

Twirling it in the right hand—I wish to be rid of you.

Folding it—I wish to speak with you.

Over the shoulder—Follow me.

Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.

Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.

Placing on the right ear—You have changed.

Letting it remain on your eyes—You are cruel.

Winding around the forefinger—I am engaged.

Winding around the third finger—I am married.

Putting it in the pocket—No more at present.

At a Paris theatre they were playing a sensational drama. The whole audience listened anxiously and breathlessly. A youth saved his mother, who was about to tumble headlong down a precipice, which caused a general emotion, and sobs innumerable. Just then the attention of the whole house was directed to the gallery, where sat a mother and her son, the former of whom administered to the boy a sound cuff which was followed by an irrepressible bawl, "why didn't you do as much for me, booby, when your sot of a father tried to throw me out of the window?"

An old fellow of the ultra inquisitive order asked a little girl on board the train, who was sitting by her mother, as to her name, destination, etc! After learning she was going to Philadelphia, he asked, "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?"

"I believe they call it the Locomotive, sir," was the innocent reply.

The "intrusive stranger," was extinguished.

A gentleman was completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared and innocently inquired: "Grandpa which horse you goin' to sell—that one you built a fire under yesterday to make him draw?" The bargain was at an end.

"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had encountered him. "I don't know, sir; ma's age varies from about forty-three to forty-five," was the artless reply; and the bachelor was disenchanted.

Wise & Otherwise.

"I'll give that girl a piece of my mind," exclaimed a young fellow, "I wouldn't," replied his uncle, "you have none to spare."

"Patrick, do you know the fate of the drunkard?" "Fate? Don't I stand on the most beautiful pair you have ever seen?"

Mrs. Partington asks indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much diffidence in passing them.

A coxcomb told a lady that he knew her thoughts by her eye.

"Do you?" she said; then I am sure you will keep them a secret, for they are by no means to your advantage."

A little boy was miming a bit of ginger-bread, his mother asked who gave it to him.

"Miss Johnson gave it to me," And did you thank her for it? "Yes I did, but I didn't tell her so," was the reply.

A revivalist encountered a large sized African, and asked him, "My good man, have you found the Lord?" To which Sambo replied in a surprised manner: "Golly, massa, am de Lord lost?"

A man in Boston, who advertised for a wife "for a man of means," received nearly one thousand photographs of women who wanted him. He is about to start a foot's gallery.

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father, the other day, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied he, "I can wait."

SEEN—A crowded horse car. First passenger (sturdy laborer standing in front of him). "I say there, I've got toes!" Second passenger—"Dees" (a gleam of intelligence lighting up his face). "I feel 'em."

A very modest young lady who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said sprung out of her berth, and jumped overboard on hearing a captain, during a storm order the mate to "haul down the sheets."

A young Irishman, who had married when he was about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be old as Methusalem.

PERPETUITY AGREEMENT.—The landlord of a hotel said to a boarder:

"Look 'ere! I want you to pay your board bill, and you must. I have asked you for it often enough; and I tell you now that you don't leave this house until you have paid it."

"Gool!" said the lodger. "I'll stay with you as long as I live."

A lady asked a very silly Scotchman how it happened that the Scots, who came out of their own country, were generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remained at home. "O, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, and for the honor of the country no one is permitted to leave it, who is not a man of understanding."

"Then," said she, "I suppose you were snuggled."

PRIVATE DOX.—Mr. H.—is a prominent man about town, and has a large monied interest in one of the theatres. He is, also, a well-behaved man, and has a pew in St. —, which he has never honored with his presence, though his family are always in their pews on Sundays. The clergyman, meeting him one day, felt called upon to remonstrate with him for his absence.

"Well, I am coming," said Mr. H.—, but to tell you the truth, I don't know which is his box."

The clergyman gravely told him if he would call on the sexton he would point out his box.

A negro at Natchez, Mississippi, bought his goods at the store of a Jacobin, and purchased, among other things, ten pounds of sugar, because it was sold one cent per pound less than at other stores. He afterwards boasted how cheap he had bought the sugar of another merchant, who asked him to bring to him the ten pounds of sugar, which being done, it was found to weigh scant eight pounds, whereupon the crowd commenced to laugh at the negro for allowing himself to be cheated. The negro studied for a moment and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat dis child much, for while he was getting dis sugar I stole two pairs of dese shoes," and he brought them forth from his pocket.