



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2.00 Per. ANNUM, in Advance.

VOL. VIII.

TUNKHANNOCK WYOMING CO., PA. - WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3, 1869.

NO. 26.

Wyoming Democrat.
A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.
For sale—1 copy 1 year, in advance \$2.00; if not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. No paper will be discontinued, until all arrears are paid, unless on the option of publisher.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.
The square one or three insertions—\$1.50
Every subsequent insertion less than \$1.00—50
REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon.
PATENT MEDICINES and other advertisements of the column:
Our column, 1 year,.....\$60
Half column, 1 year,.....25
Third column, 1 year,.....15
Fourth column, 1 year,.....20
Business cards of one square or less, per year with paper, 25.
EDUCATIONAL LOCAL ITEM ADVERTISING—without charges—15 cents per line. Liberal terms made with prominent advertisers.
EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS and AUDITORS' NOTICES, of the usual length,.....\$2.50
OBITUARIES—expressing ten lines, each; RELIQUIES and LITERARY NOTICES, put of general interest, one half the regular rates.
Advertisements must be handed in by Tuesday Noon, to insure insertion the same week.
JOB WORK.
All kinds neatly executed and at prices to suit the times.
NEAREST ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.
LITTLE & SUTNER, ATTORNEYS, Office 141 Water Street, Tunkhannock, Pa.
S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, 107 North Centre, Luzerne County, Pa.
O. L. 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, Toga, St., Tunkhannock, Pa.
J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa. Special attention given to settlement of decedent's estates. Jan. 5, 1867—71/191
M. J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at the Court House, Luzerne County, Pa. Real Estate Agent. Iowa Lands for sale. Scranton, Pa. 3rd.
STERHOUT & DEWITT, Attorneys at Law—Office, opposite the Bank, Tunkhannock, Pa. P. M. OSTERHOUT. G. B. DEWITT
J. W. RHODES, 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 Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

Prof. J. Berlinghof.
Fashionable Barber & Hair-Cutter, at TUNKHANNOCK, PA.
HAIR Washed and Braided, for Styles for Curled, and Waterfalls of every size and style, manufactured to order.
The highest market prices paid for Ladies' Hair. All the approved kinds of Hair Restorers and Dressing constantly kept on hand and sold at Manufacturers retail prices.
Hair and Whiskers colored to every natural shade.
JACOB BERLINGHOF, Tunk. Pa. Jan. 5, '69—32/24-11.
PACIFIC HOTEL,
170, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwich Street (ONE DOOR ABOVE CORLETT 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 involuntarily being, he is fully able to meet the downward tendency of prices without any falling off of service.
He will, as heretofore, be his aim, to maintain undiminished the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best of travellers' hotels.
THE TABLE will be bountifully supplied with every delicacy of the season.
THE ATTENDANCE will be found efficient and obliging.
THE LIVERY 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, Proprietor. 115-62.

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, 1868—67/14.

BOLTON HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PENNA.
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BOLTON 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 respectfully solicited.
GEO. J. BOLTON, Proprietor.

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 fitted up in the most modern and improved style and is open to the public for a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for all.
71/21-15.

The new Broom still new!
AND WITH THE NEW YEAR.
Will be used with more exceeding 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 COL'D DRESS SILKS.
FRENCH ENGLISH and AMERICAN MERINOS, EMPRESS and PRINCESS CLOTHS, POPLINS, SERGES, and PAREMETTOS, BLACK LISHE and COLORED ALPACAS WOOL, ARMY and PERKIN AND MOUSSELIEU DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufacturers.

Ladies Cloths and Saquoings, FURS, SHAWLS, FANCY WOOLEN GOODS, AND LADIES RETICLES, SHOPPING BAGS and BASKETS, TRUNKS, VALISES, and TRAVELING BAGS.

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

HOOPSKIRTS & CORSETS, direct from the manufacturers, at greatly reduced prices.
FLANNELS all Colors and Qualities.

KNIT GOODS, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cottonades, Shertings, Drills, Denims, Ticks, Stripes, &c.

Every Description of **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 Glazes, Lamp Chimneys, Shades and CurVERS.

COAL, ASHTON & BBL. SALT
FLOUR, FEED, MRAL, 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.
THE SKATER.
When winter days are grim and cold,
And bears with frost turn gray and old,
Who leaves the wind so cold,
And tries 'on ice' his way to hold?
The Skater.
Who buckles tight with care each strap,
To guard against the mad mishap
Of falling down and getting a rap
On the empty skull inside his cap?
The Skater.
Who tries to "get up," but tumbles down,
Just when he is "doing the thing up brown,"
And smashes his nose and cracks his crown,
And gets himself laughed at by half the town?
The Skater.
Who tries to set up, while his head goes round,
And he sees stars all over the ground,
While his ears are ringing a thundering sound,
Like a million hammers that pound and pound!
The Skater.
Who sees the girl snicker he had hoped to win,
While the boys pretend pity and try not to grin,
And asks if he's hurt him without or within,
And tell him to "get up and try it again"
The Skater.
Who slides on a spot where the ice is thin,
And it cracks and breaks, and lets him in,
And he scrambles out wet cold to the skin,
With a bloody nose and a broken chin!
The Skater.
Who scrambles home to his mother's door,
With his hat all smashed and his trousers sore,
And covered with mud behind and before,
And raised forever the suit he wore,
And every bone in his body sore,
And winter pinching at every pore,
Disgusted and sad to the very core,
And throws his skates down across the floor,
And vows he "won't wear skates no more"
The Skater.

THE POOR RELATION'S GIFT.
BY ETHEL LYNN.
On clouds softly flying
A sunbeam was lying,
In the clear, fragrant ether of May;
But peeping in wonder,
To see the other under,
He slipped, and went glancing away.
No word did he utter,
But straight through a shutter,
By the shadow he faintly resisted,
He danced in delight,
Like a urbane waltz,
Till his rays were all broken and twisted.
About, every side
Lay gifts for a bride,
Silver melted, tormented and riven,
Till the groove of the mine,
In its bravery fine,
Would know not the thing he had given.
Soft mist-woven laces,
Mosaics and vases,
Pictures, jewels, a fortune each one;
Stunning, pale and cold,
Cunning meshes of gold,
All laughed in the light of the sun.
A meek poor relation,
In some trepidation,
Sent a Bible, with love and his prayers;
On a table it laid,
Quite alone in the shade,
Not a home among glittering wares.
Sun-Beam kept his way
O'er the gorgeous array,
Shining metal and jewels so bright;
Yet sadly he turned,
As the sun lower burned,
And faced him towards fast coming night.
"No token find I,
Worth a child of the sky,
No home where at last I may sleep;
No heart comfort here,
For the fast-falling tear,
When the bride sorrow's vigil shall keep."
In the gathering gloom
Of the gift-crowded room,
Seeking peace, Sun-Beam found it at last;
For 't is the Old Story
Lay lacking in glory,
Till the life of the Sun-Beam had passed
But twelve moons had died,
When the gay, girlish bride,
Holding sorrow close-clasped by the hand,
Came meekly to know
How a sterner might go
On the way to a heavenly land.
Then lucid and bright
Shone out the lost light,
On the way leading up to salvation,
While a soft echo fell,
Like a heavenly spell—
'T was the prayer of the bride's poor relation.

A STRANGE INHERITANCE.
A ROMANTIC FRENCH STORY.
"Is she dead then?"
"Yes, madam," replied the gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.
"And her will?"
"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."
"Shall we inherit anything?"
"It must be supposed so; we have a claim."
"Who is the miserable dressed personage who intrudes herself there?"
"Oh, she," said the little man, sneeringly, "she won't have much in the will. She is a sister to the deceased."
"What, that Annie, who wedded a man of nothing, an officer?"
"Precisely so."
"She must have no small amount of impediments to present herself here before a respectable family."
"The more so, as sister Egerie, of noble birth, has never forgiven her that messalliance."
Annie moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale; her fine black eyes were filled with precocious wrinkles.
"What do you come here for?" said with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who had inherited with her.
"Madame," the poor lady replied, with humanity, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I am come solely to see M. Dubois, my sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me in her last hours."
"What do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—a soldier who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte's."
"Madame, my husband, though a child of the people, was a brave man, and what is better, an honest man," observed Annie.
At this moment a venerable looking personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.
"Cease," said he, "to approach Annie with a union which her sister has long forgiven her. Annie loved a brave, generous and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than poverty, and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as well as I knew him—I, his old friend—Annie would be at this time happy and respected."
"But why is this woman here?"
"Because it is her place to be here," replied the notary gravely, "I myself requested her to attend."
M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will.
"I being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damening, retired as a boarder in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament:
"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes and furniture, and also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.
"In the convent, where I have been residing, there will only be found my book, HEURS DE LA VIERGE, a holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration.
"I desire that these objects be divided into three lots.
"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs.
"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels.
"The third lot, my book, HEURS DE LA VIERGE.
"I have pardoned my sister Annie the grief she has caused us, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had but known sooner of her return to France. I compensate her in my will.
"Madame de Villebois, my beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.
"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.
"Annie will take the remaining lot."
"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "sister Egerie was a good one; that was rather clever on her part."
"Annie will only have the prayer book," exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing. The notary interrupted her joyfully.
"Madame," said he, "what lot do you choose?"
"The two hundred thousand francs in money."
"Have you fully made up your mind?"
"Perfectly so."
The man of law addressing himself to the good feelings of the lady, said: "Madame you are rich, and Annie has nothing. Couldn't you leave this lot and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots?"
"You must be joking, M. Dubois," exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must be very dull not to see the intention of sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin knew very well that her book of prayers would fall well into the hands of the poor."

would fall to the lot of Annie who has the last choice."
"And what do you conclude from that?" said the notary.
"I conclude that she intends to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer was the only help she had to expect in this world."
As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.
"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give at least a portion of yours to Annie, who wants it so much."
"Thanks for your advice, dear sir," replied Vetry, "the mansion is situated on the very confines of the woods, and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egerie, they are reminiscences which I ought never to part with."
"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Annie, here's a prayer-book that remains to you."
Annie, attended by her son, a handsome boy, with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer book, and making her son kiss it after her, said:
"Hector, kiss this book which belonged to your Aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well, had she known you. When you have learned to read you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good and happier than your unfortunate mother."
The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve a feeling of indifference.
The child embraced the old prayer-book with boyish fervor, and opened it, exclaiming:
"Oh! mamma, look what pretty pictures."
"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.
"Yes, the good Virgin in a red dress, holding the infant in her arms. But why, mamma has silk paper been put upon the pictures."
"So that they may not be injured by dear."
"But, mamma, why there are ten silk papers to each engraving?"
The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:
"Leave her alone; it won't be much—People don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, "give me the prayer book, you'll tear the engravings."
The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Annie's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Annie and her son, exceedingly well but not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a two horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Annie had recently purchased a mansion for one hundred thousand francs, and was giving a first-rate education to her son.
The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. Vetry hastened to the notary for explanation. The good Dubois was working at his desk.
"Perhaps we are disturbing you," said the arrogant lady.
"No matter; I was in the act of setting a purchase in the state fund for Madame Annie."
"What! after purchasing a house and equipage, has she still money to invest?"
"Undoubtedly so."
"But where did the money come from?"
"What! did you not see?"
"When?"
"When she shrieked on seeing what the prayer book contained which she inherited?"
"We observed nothing."
"Oh! I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "That prayer book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."
"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunderstruck.
"If I had only known it!" shouted Madame de Villebois.
"You had your choice," added the notary; "I myself urged you to take the book but you refused."
"But who could expect to find a fortune in a breviary?"
The two baffled egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.
Madame Annie is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the reflection of wax lights.
A lady has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in the attitude of prayer, before an old book of HEURS DE LA VIERGE, and for which a case of gold has been made.
"Pray for me," said the mother.
"And for what else?" inquired the child.
"For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."
"Must I pray to the saints, my mother?"
"Yes, my child, and do not forget a saint who watches from Heaven, and smiles upon us from above the clouds."
"What is the name of the saint, mamma?"
The mother then, watering the child's head with her tears, answered:
"Her name is Sister Egerie!"

CUSTER'S INDIAN CAPTIVES.
Conduct of the Squaws—Demeanor of the Wounded—Passion for Hard Tack.
(Field Correspondence of New York Herald.)
During the first few days of the captivity of the squaws of Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes there was considerable anxiety felt by them. They all expected they were to be killed in retaliation of the atrocities committed by their band. At first the wounded ones refused to go to the hospital, fearing they were the first singled out for vengeance. The soldiers talking to each other not in tones the most gentle and euphonious, and in a language they did not understand, they construed it into a controversy as to when and how they were to be disposed of. In constant dread of what disposition was to be made of them, several of the squaws visited General Sheridan's interpreter, Mr. Curtis, and asked him whether they were to be killed. When assured that the white man did not kill women and children for what the warriors did, they felt materially relieved. Since then the wounded squaws have appeared more lively and exhibit an unusual feeling of gratitude for the kind treatment they have been receiving. This feeling they manifest by shaking hands with the surgeon whenever he visits them. The most remarkable instances of fortitude are exhibited in the cases of the wounded Indian children. The desperation of the fighting at the battle of the Washita on the part of the savage may be judged from the fact that no male prisoners were taken over eight years old, the rest taking up arms and joining in the fight. There are now in the hospital several very young boys and girls badly wounded but from one single one of them has come the slightest audible indication of their suffering; yet the expression of their faces, the wild glance of their eyes, betray that they do not suffer. During such painful operations as probing and cleaning out their wounds, placing the thumb on one temple and stretching the hand across the forehead, fixing the second finger on the temple opposite, they close their eyes and patiently submit to such operations as the teaching of surgery require. One little girl about six years of age, has a bullet hole through her body, on the left side, and yet she sits up and makes no complaints. All the wounded squaws and children rode in on their ponies, refusing to have anything to do with ambulances. Another singular feature of the wounded is the peculiarly offensive odor of the sloughing wounds.
Among the trophies brought in was a handsome lodge, which belongs to General Custer. To-day this was unloaded from the wagon, and having sent for several squaws, the general had the lodge put up in true Indian style. This is part of the duties of the squaws, and in a very few minutes they displayed their proficiency to an extent which surprised every one. The lodge is of skins, and perfectly white. It is not at all surprising that the loss of their lodges is looked upon by the squaws as so great a calamity. The number of skins, the proper tanning of them, fitted and stitching them together, constitute evidently a labor and expense of considerable magnitude. In setting up a lodge the squaws get around the lodge with poles in their hands; these they lock at the upper extremities and set them in position forming the skeleton of the lodge. The lodge skin, one end attached to a pole, is laid in an upright position against the poles already up; the skin is then unrolled and wrapped around the outside over the lodge poles. The ends are then fastened with thongs, leaving an aperture about three feet high for an entrance; and at the top for the egress of smoke.
The captives, sick or well, have not lost appetite or flesh since in our hands. Their capacities for stowing away food are truly amazing. Hard tack to them is a great luxury, and old and young, sick and well, devour it with all the relish of the choicest and richest cake.
A fellow who came by the railroad, being a stranger, strolled about for some time on the outskirts of a town in search of a barber. He finally discovered one and requested the operator to take off a shilling's worth of hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, soaped up the remainder very handsomely, and then combed and brushed him up till his head looked as if it belonged to some other person than himself. "Are you done?" asked the stranger, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck. "Yes, sir," said the barber, with a low bow. "Are you certain that you took a shilling's worth?" "Yes, sir; there's a glass; you can look for yourself." "Well," said the stranger, "if you think you have taken a shilling's worth off, I don't know as I have got any change, so you may just take the hair for your trouble." On hearing this, the barber made a jump for the door, whereupon the man made a jump for the door, which not being bolted, he trotted himself.

How Gen. Irwin was Defeated.
It is currently rumored at Harrisburg that the defeat of Gen. Erwin for State Treasurer was aided by certain banks, which had not heretofore been favored with deposits of moneys belonging to the State. It seems they were willing to pay liberally for the purpose of effecting a change, and the generally received opinion at the State Capitol is that certain institutions combined to raise the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars to buy the votes of purchasable Radical members for the festive Bob Mackey.
The law regulating the office of State Treasurer is radically wrong. He is paid a moderate salary, but is allowed to deposit the revenues of the State in such banks as he may select, the banks being willing to pay a liberal rate of interest for the use of the large sums thus placed at their command. As things are now managed the average amount at the command of the State Treasurer foots up to millions of dollars. The result has been that Mr. Kemble and other State Treasurers have amassed very large fortunes.
The proper way to do, would be to require the public moneys of the State to be applied to payment of the debt at short intervals, instead of allowing vast sums to accumulate and be used for the purpose of enriching the State Treasurer. The ousting of Gen. Irwin by a combination of the Cameron faction with certain banks, which expect to handle the State funds, is only another instance of the wide spread corruption which prevails in this State under Radical rule.—Luzerne Intelligencer.

A GANG OF HORSE THIEVES FERRETTED OUT.—Some time ago, Bully Lyon, of Reading, a detective, gained some important information in reference to a gang of horse thieves, who were committing their depredations in various parts of the State. He went quietly to work, and at last succeeded in tracing them to their headquarters, at a place called Hell's Gate, in Luzerne county. On proceeding there Mr. Lyon found portion of a double team, being bound to Mr. Tobias Worman, (father-in-law of Capt. P. C. Huber, formerly of this city,) of Riegelsville, Bucks county, which were stolen in the month of September last. On the first trip made by the Detective, he succeeded in arresting three of the gang, and on Monday of last week arrested one at Bridgeport, N. J., and another resident in Bethlehem—Jacob Roth, a brother of Mr. George Roth, of Friedensville. Roth's premises were examined, but no stolen articles could be identified. He was however taken to Doylestown, where he was given a hearing before Justice Pugh, who held him in \$3000 bail to answer at February term of Court, on strength of the Detective's allegation to have evidence which connects him with a gang of horse thieves and other marauders. One of Mr. Worman's horses and the conveyance were recovered at Hell Gate, near Hazelton, Luzerne county, and information there obtained of the whereabouts of the other horse.—Allentown Dem.

Col. Moore, a veteran politician of the Old Dominion, enjoyed a personal popularity on account of his affability of manner, and of course could always carry a big vote whenever he was up for an office. He generally spoke to everybody he met, and usually he succeeded in convincing them that he knew them well. He met his match one morning, however, when on meeting a countryman he shook hands heartily with him and commenced:
"Why, how do you do, sir? I am very glad to see you; a fine day, sir; I see you still ride your fine gray mare, sir."
"No, sir, this horse is one I borrowed this morning."
"Oh! ah! well, sir, how is the old gentleman and lady?"
"My parents have been dead about three years, sir?"
"But how is your wife, sir, and the children?"
"I am not married, sir."
"Sure enough. Do you still live on the old farm?"
"No, sir; I have just arrived from Ohio, where I was born."
"Well, sir, I guess I don't know you after all. Good morning, sir."

A Tennessee Dutchman having caught his son in wrong doing, determined to administer a dose of hickory. So he trimmed a switch and went to look for the lad who incontinently took to his heels. After chasing the boy around for a while, the old man thought to persuade him to stop and take the kicking. So he shouted:
"Shon, stop! I am not so mad as vat I vash!"

New Orleans, Jan. 9.—General Rosseau died very calmly last night at eleven o'clock, having taken leave of his friends and staff shortly before. Manifestations of regret are universal. To-day being a holiday, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, all flags both of the foreign consulates and Americans, are at half-mast and draped in mourning.

"Why do women spend so much time and money on dress?" asked a gentleman of a Newport belle. "To worry other women," was the serene but truthful reply.