Wyoming Democrat.

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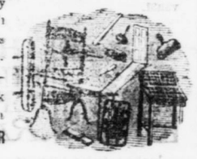

A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences, &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa

BY HARVEY SICKLER

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of all kinds neatly executed and at prices to suit the times.

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LITTLE & SITTSER, ATTORNEYS. Office on Warren Street Tunkhannock Pa.
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O. L. PARRISH. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at the Court House, in Tunkhanock Wyoming Co. Pa.

WM. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

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 Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

DR. E. F. AVERY'S DENTAL OFFICE,
Over Burn's Bros., Jewelry Store, Tunkhannock, Pa.
All the various styles of Dental work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention given to straightening irregular or deficient teeth.
Examinations made, and advice given without charge. Ethereal Spray administered when desired. Chloroform administered under direction of a Physician. The advantages of employing a local and responsible dentist are apparent to all. vsn27t.

Prof. J. Berlinghof.
Fashionable Barber & Hair-Cutter,
AT TUNKHANNOCK, PA.
HAIR Woven, and Braided, for Switches, or 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.—v8n22-tf.

PACIFIC HOTEL,
170, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwich Street.
(ONE DOOR ABOVE CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.)
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to its 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 unimpaired the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best of travelers' hotels.
THE TABLE will be 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., 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.—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 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.

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, PANN'A.

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

:o:

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

:o:

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.

:o:

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 Glares,
Lamp Chimneys,
Shades and Curuers.

:o:

COAL,

ASHTON, & BBL. SALT

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

WOOD & WILLOW WARE,
ROPES, CORDAGE,

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 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.

GODDESS OF SLANG.

I was courting a beautiful girl one night,
Whom I worshipped as almost divine,
And longed to hear breathed the sweet little word
That told me she would be mine;
I was praising the wealth of her chestnut hair,
And her eyes of matchless blue,
When she laid her dear cheek on my shoulder and said
"Hurra, that,s bully for you!"

I started in terror, but managed to keep
From showing my intense surprise,
And pressed my lips lightly on brow and cheek,
And then on her meekly closed eyes,
I told her my love was as deep as the sea,
(As I felt her heart go pit-patter,)
I would worship her always if she would be mine,
And she whispered, "Oh! that's what's the matter?"

I told her her cheek would the rose put to shame,
Her teeth the famed Orient pearl,
And ocean's rich coral could never compare
With the lips of my beautiful girl.
That her voice was like music that comes to the ear
In the night time—and sweet was her smile!
As that of an angel, and softly she breathed,
"On that you can just bet your pile?"

In the hush of the starlight I still whispered on,
And pressed her more close to my breast;
Talked sweeter than Rome, dearer than Claude,
And told her how true love was blest;
Of bliss in a cottage, of flowers and birds,
(Though I felt at times strange, out of joint,)
When she looked with a smile and daintly lisped
In my ear "I can't quite see the point!"

I pressed her still closer, I talked still more sweet
Called the stars to look down on my love,
Made love rhyme to dove, and kiss rhyme to bliss,
and vowed by the Heavens above
I'd be constant and true if she'd only be mine;
Pressed her lips and caressed her brown locks,
When she answered me back, with a rich saucy laugh,
"Look yonder! ain't yer after the rocks?"

THE MAID THAT LIVES NEXT DOOR.

There is a blithesome maiden
That lives next door to me;
Her eyes are black as midnight,
And handsome as can be;
Her cheeks are full of dimples,
And red as any rose;
And then this love of mine, too,
Has got a Roman nose!

I asked her if she'd have me,
(That was the other night.)
And this was her reply, friends:
"Why, Jimmy, you are tight!"
Says I, "I know I have, love,
Aboard a little wine;
But this is not the question—
Will you or not be mine?"

And then she put her face, friends,
As near mine as she could,
And, with the sweetest smile, friends,
Said simply that she would
Escort me to the door, if I
Was ready to depart:
And thus it was the girl next door
Declined my hand and heart.

OPPOSED TO INSURANCE.—A certain Dutchman, owner of a house, had effected an insurance on it of eight hundred dollars, although it had been built for much less.—The house burned down, and the Dutchman claimed the full amount for which it had been insured; but the officers of the company refused to pay any more than its actual value—about six hundred dollars.—He expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful broken English, filling up his remarks with some choice Teutonic oaths.

"If you wish it," said the cashier of the insurance, "we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, and we are positive that it can be for even less than six hundred dollars."—To this proposition the Dutchman objected, and was at last compelled to take the six hundred dollars. Some weeks after he had received money, he was called upon by the same agent, who wanted him to take a policy of life insurance on himself or his wife. "If you insure your wife's life for $2,000," the agent said, "and she should die, you would have the sum to solace your heart.,'

"To ter tuyfuel, mit you," exclaimed the Dutchman. "You 'surance fellers is all tiefs! If I insure my vife, and my vife, he dies, and I goes to de office to get my two tousand dollars, do I gets all de money? No, not quite, you vill say to me: "she van't worth two tousand tollars, she vas worth about six hundred tollars. If you don't like to take six hundred tollars, we vill get you a bigger and better vife."

☞ *Harper's Weekly*, the blackest of Mongrel sheets, says:

"One wonders that the South does not rebel anew, when one considers the miserable vermin who have been sent down there as goverement officials."

But none except miserable vermin would accept the offices, or go there at all under such accursed laws as the Reconstruction acts. However, we are glad *Harper's* confesses that the scoundrels who are sent to govern the South are "miserable vermin."

☞ "Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class, "now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just 600 eggs, and no more, and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now what is to be done with her after that?" "Cut off her head and sell her to a boarding-house keeper for a spring chicken!" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

☞ "Driver, how much to the Central Park?" "Ten dollars, sir." *Ten* dollars! I don't want to *buy* your hack!"

A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.

John Smith—you've heard of him—is very bashful; is too bashful, in truth. He was born and raised in the country. His father gave him a good education, and allows him plenty of money. But John, with all other attainments, never could accustom himself to the society of female, not because he didn't like the girls, but because his shy nature would not permit him to associate with the fair sex. It once happened, not very long ago either, that John's father had some very important business to transact in the city. He also had some very particular affairs to attend to at home which demanded his personal attention, and not possessing the power of ubiquity, he delegated his son John to transact that in the city.

John, being thus commissioned, immediately proceeded to the city and to the residence of his father's old friend, whom he found to be a very nice old gentleman, with a beautiful daughter, and gold spectacles.

John was ushered into the parlor (a new thing for him), and motioned to a seat—no! a sofa (another new thing).

But we must use his own language. I took my seat and made observations. Everything was fine! Fine carpets, fine sofas, fine tables, fine curtains, fine books, fine pianos, fine everything, and especially a fine young lady who was dressed in fine silk, fine satin, and who had fine curls, and a fine appearance generally.

After chatting with the old gentleman a few minutes, he took down his hat, told me to make myself at home for an hour or two, and left—left me alone with his daughter and a small, mischievous boy, the young lady's brother. I didn't relish the situation at all. The idea of my keeping a city belle engaged in conversation for two hours—perdiction!. Silence reigned in the parlor for a short time, you may bet. I amused myself as much as possible with the boy—that is, loaned him my knife and watch-key, and watched him cut holes in the carpet with one, and spoil the other. I don't know what I would have done had it not been for that boy—he was so good to attract one's attention, you know.

It is true that he asked some very startling questions, occasionally, such as this, for instance: "Are you goin' to court sister Emily?" but such things must be expected under such circumstances.

Miss Emily, thinking, no doubt, that to be a good hostess she must keep her guests engaged in conversation, asked me "how I liked country life," etc. She said that "it must be a beautiful sight to see the laborers both male and female, romping on the new-mown hay and New Year's day; that she always did think she would like to spend a Christmas in the country, a nut-gathering with the village lads and lasses; that it always had been a mystery to her how they got eggs off the trees without breaking them," etc.

In return, I thought, to keep up my part of the conversation, it was necessary for me to quote poetry and the like, which I did. Among other quotations, I unfortunately repeated the well known lines of Shakespeare.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

At this conjecture, the boy, who had perched himself upon my knees, looked very earnestly into my face, and said: "Divinity shaped the end of your nose mighty curus." I'm certain that I wished somebody would spank the young rascal. We talked of hills, mountains, vales, cataracts, I believe I said waterfalls, when the boy spoke up and said: "Why, sister's got a trunk full of 'em up stairs—pap says they are made of hair."

This revalation struck terror into me and blushes into the cheeks of my foir companion.

It began to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest said boy might slip in his remarks at uncalled-for places; in fact I turned all my conversation to him. I told him he ought to go home with me, and see what nice chickens we had in the country. Unluckily I mentioned a yoke of calves that my little brother owned. The word *calves* ruined all. The little fellow looked up, and said: "Sister's got a dozen of 'em, but she don't wear 'em only when she goes up town on a windy day."

"Leave the room, you unmanered little wretch!" exclaimed Emily, "leave immediately!"

"I know what you want me to leave for," replied he; "you can't fool me—you want to set in that man's lap and kiss him like you did Bill Simmons the other day—you can't fool me, I'll jes' tell you. Gimme some candy like he did; then I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian bend that you're smart! Guess I know a thing or two! I am mad at you anyhow, 'cause pap would a bought me a top yesterday, if it hadn't been for you gettin' them curls you've got on, doggone ye! You needn't turn so red in your face, 'cause I can't see it for the paint. There ain't no use in you winking at me with that glass eye o' yourn, 'cause I ain't goin out'n here, now that's what's the matter with the purps. I don't care if you are twenty eight years old, you ain't no boss o' mine, you ole fool."

That is all of the story that John related. He says he don't know how he got out of the scrape.

KISSING.

A lady furnishes one of our exchanges a full history of kissing—"how to do it, and how not to do it"—which we publish "for the benefit of all concerned:"

"People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred know how to extract bliss from lovely lips, no more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal, and yet it is easy, at least for us.

"This little item is not alone for new beginners, but for the many who go at it like hunting coons or shelling corn. First, know when you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although mistakes may be good. Don't jump like a trout after a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, or on the ear, or on the corner of the forehead, on the end of her nose, or slop over on her waterfall or bonnet ribbon, in haste to get through. The gentleman should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression, not of tobacco. Don't kill any thing, including nasty little dogs, male and female. Don't sit down to it, stand up.—Need not be anxious to get in a crowd.

"Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss. More persons spoil the sport. It won't hurt any after you are used to it. Take the left hand of the lady in your right hand. Let your hat go to—any place out of the way. Throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the right hand fall down on the right side towards the left. Don't be in a hurry.—Send a little down your left arm, and let it know its business. Her left hand is in your right, let there be no expression to that—not like the grip of vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry. Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder; you are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half closed eyes. Gently but manly press her to your bosom. Stand firm, and Providence will give you strength for the ordeal. Be brave, but don't be a in hurry.—Her lips must open! Lean lightly forward with your head—not your body. Take good aim. The lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storm, troubles and sorrows of life—(don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky—(don't be afraid)—the nerves dance before the first created altar of love as a zephyr dances with the new trimmed flowers—the heart forgets its bitterness—and the art of kissing is learned.

"No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming, like a hook-impaled worm.—Kissing don't hurt, and it don't require a stamp to make it legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing for frogs. Do not muss the hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squizzle her rich ribbons and leave her mussed, rumpled, flummixed. Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling colt. Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gin-cocktails, lager beer, brandy. etc., for a muddling kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, sensible woman."

There, now, is your receipt; try it.

VELOCIPEDE.

Carl Benson, of New York, was challenged to find a rhyme for "velocipede," and produced the following:

"There was a man on a velocipede,
Who said: "I need not give my hoss a feed,
Without oats or hay
He will go all day;
Its a cheap thing to keep a velocipede."

The Boston *Advertiser* man sought to improve it thus:

"There was a man with a velocipede,
Who said: "I will not do so gross a deed
As make any fuss
About a horse car or 'bus,
When I can ride on my velocipede."

A wretch on the Cincinnati *Post*, being thus tempted, falls, to wit:

"There's a vehicle called a velocipede,
Which is said to excel any hoss in speed;
So cease all your jars
About crowded street cars,
And mount every man his velocipede."

The Cincinnati *Times* then takes a shy at it, with the following deplorable result:

A gent, who can not boss a steed,
Can safely ride on a velocipede;
You drive with your legs,
You feed it on shoe-pegs,
And thus you fat up your velocipede."

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "Those fellows had better come to Philadelphia to ascertain how such things are done. For instance:

"If Benson, who slings the velocipede
In prose, could express all his gossip he'd
Teach his steed how to go,
To wheel or to who?
As becomes a well-mounted velocipede."

The N. Y. *Democrat* says: "Go 'way with your dabblers in rhythm. We have the above, and can only say:

"Such poetry about the velocipede!
If we had a grandmother, and she'd
Not spank the writer,
We'd choke her tighter,
Than a man has to hang on the bycyclede."

☞ An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and with a knowing wink replied, "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know; after all I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of man as I take him to be."

TRICKS OF A JUGGLER.

The far-famed Robert Heller cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumph before an audience, but occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of those who happened to be present.

Recently, while passing an itinerant vender of cheep provisions, Mr. Heller suddenly paused and inquired:

"How do you sell eggs, auntie?"

"Dem eggs," was the response, "dey am worth a picayune a piece; fresh, too, de last one of em; biled em myself, and know dey's fust rate."

"Well, I'll try'em," said the magician, laying down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?"

"Yes, sir, dere dey is," said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest.

Leisurely drawing out a little penknife, Mr. Heller proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying imbedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his pocket, and taking up another egg, inquired:

"And how much do you ask me for this egg?" "De fact am, boss, dis egg am worth a dime, shuah."

"All right," was the response; "here's the dime. Now give me the egg."

Separating it with an exact precision that the colored lady watched eagerly, a quarter eagle was most carefully picked out of the egg and placed in the vest pocket of the operator as before. The old woman was thunder-struck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask the price of the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dar's no use talkin', mas'r" said the bewildered old darky, "I can't let you hab dat egg nohow for less than a quarter, I declare to de Lord I can't."

"Very good," said Heller, whose imperturable features were as solemn as an undertaker, "there is your quarter and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg a brace of five-dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the heart of the yolk, jingling them merrily together in his little palm, the servant coolly remarked:

"Very good eggs, indeed. I rather like them; and while I am about it I will buy a dozen. What is the price?"

"I say price!" exclaimed the astonished daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs, mas'r, for all de money you's got. No, dat you couldn't. I'se gwine to take dem eggs all home, I is; an' dat money in dem all belong to me. It does dat. Couldn't sell no more of dem eggs, nohow.'

Amid the roar of the spectators the benighted African started to her domicile to "smash dem eggs," but with what success we are unable to relate.

A WISCONSIN ROMANCE.—A Milwaukee paper tells a story of how a young table girl a year ago took such good care of a young man from an Eastern city, who fell sick at one of the hotels there, that he recovered. Full of gratitude to his young nurse, who disappeared before he was able to be out, he left a note of thanks for her, including a lottery ticket, which was all he left, which unexpectedly drew a prize of $5,700, on the receipt of which the girl went to school at the convent, when after some eight months, through the postmaster, to whom she had confided her affairs, she received a letter from the young man whom she had cared for offering his heart and hand, which she is now waiting in happy mood to receive.

NOT MARRIED.—It one of the courts, a few days since, a very pretty young lady appeared as a witness. Her testimony was likely to result unfavorably for the client of a pert young lawyer, who addressed her very supereiliously with the inquiry:

"You are married, I believe."

"No, sir."

"Oh! only about to be married?"

"No, sir."

"Only wish to?"

"Really I don't know. Would you advise such a step?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself."

"Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Is your wife blind or deaf?"

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the discomfitted attorney did not vouchsafe a reply.

HOW SHE MANAGED HIM.—A married lady gave a social entertainment to a party of female acquaintances, and while ragailing them with accounts of a recent journey, a tremenduous thumping was heard proceeding from the garret. "What's that noise?" exclaimed one. "Oh, nothing unusual. Don't be at all alarmed, my dear friends; it's only my husband. You see he persists in staying out very late every evening, and I thought I would keep him in for once, so I got him to examine an imaginary leak in our roof, and while up there, fastened the scuttle door; that's all."

☞ Beware of too sanguine dependence upon future expectations.

Wise & Otherwise.

☞ Spirits over proof—Printers' devils.

☞ Farmers like fat hogs—Printers' "devils" like fat copy,

☞ The bachelor has to look out for number one, the married man for number two.

☞ A card in the shop window of an English corset-maker exhibits the following singular instance of illiterate diction: "All kinds of ladies stays here."

☞ The girls of Northampton have been sending a bachelor editor a bouquet of tansy and wormwood. He says he don't care—he'd rather smell that than matrimony.

☞ A Chicago preacher has been pointing out "The Way to Hell." A wicked contemporary adds: "Persons desiring a complete guide to Chicago should purchase the sermon."

☞ The other day a minister was marrying a male and female, the male a little tight, and when it was said, "Those that God has joined together, let no man put asunder," the newly made husband shouted, "You bet!"

☞ An inquisitive young man visited the New Jersey State Prison the other day, and, among other questions asked a girl the cause of her being found in such a place. Her reply was that she had stole a saw mill, and went back after the pond, and was arrested.

☞ A woman lately looking at a press, on which the San Francisco *Free Press* was being printed, looked up in the face of her male companion, and in the most earnest manner inquired, "Arrah, Tim! an' them's the things as writes the paypers? Be's them the things they call eydaters? Holy Mother of Moses! does the Yankees lie; abuse and blackguard aitch other by machinery?"

☞ A Western paper, referring to the recent cold snap in that region, says the leg of a marble statute was frozen stiff.—It is thought it will have to be amputated. Barbers' poles, signs and lamp posts were frozen off. The air is so sharp that in many cases it is used to cut up sausage meat. Physicians have advised citizens not to breathe until the edge has been taken off. A benevolent gentleman in this town is busy day and night taking the edge off. He has had to engage an additional bartender to assist him in his charitable work.

☞ A little boy came to school the other day with a very dirty face. The teacher sent him out to wash it, and after a while he returned, with the lower part clean and dry, but the upper portion was streaked with mud, and looked worse than before.—"Why didn't you wash your face, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "I did wash it," replied Johnny. "Then why didn't you wipe it clean all over?" "I did wipe it as high as my shirt would reach," was Johnny's conclusive answer.

PAT AND THE ALPHABET.—The following scene occurred recently in a schoolroom:

"Ah, Pat, Pat!" exclaimed the schoolmistress to a thick-headed urchin into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet—"I'm afraid you will never learn anything. Now what's that letter, eh?"

"Sure I don't know, ma'am," replied Pat.

"I thought you'd recollect that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am, I mind it well, but shure I thought it was a *fly-speck*."

"Well, now remember, Pat, it's I.".

"You ma'am."

"No, no, not U, but I."

"Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?"

"Not I, but you, block-head."

"O, yis, faith, now I have it, ma'am, you mean to say that I, not you, are a block-head."

A TOUGH STORY.—An old fellow who never yielded the palm to any one in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps at hearing a traveler state that he saw a brick house placed upon runners and drawn up a hill to a more favorable location, some half a mile distant.

"What do you think of that, Uncle Eithel?" said a bystander.

"O, fudge," said the old man, "I once saw a two-story stone house down East, drawn by oxen for the distance of three miles."

A dead silence ensued. The old man evidently had the worst end of it, and he saw it. Gathering his energies he bit off a huge bite of pig tail by way of gaining time for thought, "They drawed the stone house," said he, ejecting a quantity of tobacco juice towards the fire place; "but that wasn't the worst of the job—arter they'd done that, they went back and drawed the cellar."

The stranger gave in.