



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

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

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

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

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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.

PACIFIC HOTEL. 170, 172, 174 & 176 Greenwell Street. 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 furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.

BOLTON HOUSE. HARRISBURG, PENNA. The undersigned having lately purchased the HUFFORD HOUSE property, has already commenced alterations and improvements as will be seen by the old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.

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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, PANNA.

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 PARMENTTOS, BLACK LUSHE AND COLORED ALPACAS WOOL, ARMOURE, PERKIN AND MOUSSELIN DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS, of Best Manufacture.

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, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cottonades, Sheetings, Shirtings, 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 Globes, Lamp Chimneys, Shades and Curtners.

COAL, ASHTON, & BBL. SALT.

FLOUR, 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.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Tune—Jane's Bird.

Lay me nearer, brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold, And thy presence seemeth dearer when thy arms around me fold; I am dying, brother, dying, soon you'll miss me in your berth, And my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean', briny surf.

Hearken to me brother, hearken, I have something I would say, Ere this veil my vision darkens, and I go from hence away; I am going, surely going, but my hopes in God are strong, I am willing, brother, knowing that he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, that in death I prayed for him, Pray that I might one day meet him in a world that's free from sin; Tell my mother God assist her, now that she is growing old, That her soul would glad have kissed her when his lips grew pale and cold.

Hearken to me, catch each whisper, 'tis my wife I speak of now, Tell Oh! tell her, how I missed her when the fever burnt my brow; Hearken to me, closely listen, don't forget a single word, That in death my eyes did glisten when the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her then to kiss my children, like the kiss I last impressed, Hold them fast, as last I held them, folded closely to my breast; Give them early to their Maker, putting all their trust in God, And He will never forsake her, He has said so in His word.

O, my children, heaven bless them, they were all my life to me, Would I could once more earnest them, ere I sink in death the sea; 'Twas for them I crossed the ocean, what my hope, were I'll not tell; But they've gained an orphan's portion, yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember every kindly parting word, And my heart has been kept tender by the thoughts their memory stirred; Tell them I've reached the haven where I sought the precious dust, But I've gained a port called heaven, where the gold doth never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, for they'll find their brother there, Faith in Jesus and repentance, will secure for them a share; Hark! I hear my Saviour calling, 'tis I know His voice so well.

When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping, brother hear my last farewell.

DRIFTING AWAY.

Drifting away, drifting away, Swift down life's rapid river; Our love's the daffodil of a day, Our joy's a sunbeam's quiver—Drifting away.

Drifting away, drifting away, Through rifts and turns of sorrow, Mocked by the diamond-crooked spray, With sweet hopes of to-morrow—Drifting away.

Drifting away, drifting away, With strong, resistless motion; But lo! the Naiad voices say, We're drifting to the ocean—Drifting away.

A tinker was traveling in a country town, and having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped weary and hungry at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go to his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the bar-room before he reached the village church, when the glazier he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you about an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly. "I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker; "and you of course will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he said, in a tremulous tone, "You don't mean to say that, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker; there is not a whole pane of glass in the building. "One good turn deserves another, you know?"

TURKISH WOMEN—THEIR CUSTOMS, TRAITS, AND HABITS—THE BATH AND HAREM.

The most striking and painful features of Mohammedan countries, says Edna Dean Proctor, is the drabbing position of the women. The lower classes wear out their lives in the most menial drudgery; in proportion as they rise in scale of rank and beauty (beauty makes rank here) they are petted and caressed, but are guarded with the most jealous care. Any woman in the Sultan's dominions, no matter what her birth and circumstances, may aspire to become an inmate of his harem, provided she has the requisite perfection of face and figure; and, what is yet stranger, after remaining there for a time, she may anticipate being given in recognized marriage to some of his chief officers. Yet there is no respect for a woman because of her nature, her character, or her sphere. She is admirable only so far as she contributes to the pleasure of man; and, in all stations, whatever influence she has, is due to her floating personal charms. Alas for one who has no enchantments of face or charm! According to Moslem creed her heritage is doubtful, even in the world to come.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mohammedan women never go abroad. You meet them in every street and bazaar, but always veiled according to the peculiar fashion of the place they inhabit, and watched and attended just in proportion as they are valued so that the more restricted they are, the more complimented they feel. Their indoor dress is everywhere much the same—loose, full trousers, confined at the ankle, a flowing robe, with a girde about the waist, the jewels proportioned to the wealth of the wearer—a style much more graceful and desirable than many modes which Paris dictates.

At Cairo, the women of the better classes wear usually in the streets a black silk mantle, which envelops them from head to foot, and a thick veil which entirely conceals the face, except the eyes. The dress of the poor is similar, but the material is a coarse blue cotton. Hundreds of women of this latter class in Cairo, sit all day upon the ground with a little pile of bread, or fruit, or vegetables by their side for sale, and through all the oppressive heat never lift their veils, considering it a disgrace which only the lowest will incur, to have their faces exposed to view, while at the same time, perhaps, neck and bosom are wholly bare.

The young girls at eight or nine years of age assume this veil. In Damascus a thin bright figured handkerchief of silk, or cotton is drawn over the face and fastened behind. The shrouding mantle here is of white cloth sometimes embroidered muslin; and with the wealthy, of those rich silk fabrics for which Damascus is renowned. Nowhere except in sea-shell and sun-set skies, have I seen such tints as there—yellow pinks, rose purples, orange blues, crimson green, maroon browns, all shot through with gold and silver threads, a blending that pleases and yet bewilders the eye. The native dyers of Cashmere boast of having more than forty distinct and peculiar hues. In Constantinople the veil gives place to the yachman, a scarf of the finest and most delicate white muslin; which is folded across the head and face, leaving the eyes and a part of the forehead uncovered, and pinned or gathered into a knot at the back.

Nothing could be more becoming than this gauzy muslin, giving a transparent look to the complexion, enhancing the brilliancy of the soft black or brown eyes which glance between its folds, and only half hiding the luxuriant hair. I noticed that the prettier women, the thinner was its texture; and there were some blooming faces to which it was only such drapery as the moss is to the rosebud. Often it is caught back with pearl headpins, while pearls hang in the ears, or gleamed in a bandeau along the brow. The outer garment, the ferajee, is more graceful in shape than those worn elsewhere, and falls from the shoulders like a cloak or shawl. Its common material is merino or poplin, of a plain, light color—gray, fawn, lilac, maize, and sometime crimson or green. Rings set with turquoise and diamonds, sparkling upon the fingers; but gloves and black shoes are rarely seen, the slippered feet being incased for walking in loose boots of red or yellow morocco.

There is for me an irresistible charm in the Eastern countenance and manner. The people of the West throw themselves into life as if they feared the present were all; the Orientals take it as but a single phase of existence. They are in league with fate, and carry in their faces the serenity akin to sadness of those to whom all events are alike welcome. I have no desire to see the Asiatic tribes crushed and driven out before the advance of Europe. They spring from earth's primeval inhabitants in her first occupied lands. Many of their customs and modes of thought date back to the infancy of the race. They have some elements of character grander than ours, and they need only to be developed and enlightened in order to add immensely to the riches of civilization. It is a part of the West to seek to win them to purer faith and nobler worship, and to show them that they cannot reach their best estate until through all their realms, women is elevated in the social scale, and made what she was meant to be—the equal and companion of man.

A STRANGE STORY.

Our readers may remember the singular disappearance of Capt. Rehner last summer, an untiring efforts of his friends, and the Reading Masonic Lodge, of which he was a member, to solve the mystery. His ordinary mining clothes were found near a mine, and it was pumped out at an expense of several thousand dollars in expectation of finding his body. His business partners were arrested on the charge of his murder, and together with other suspected persons were placed in prison. One man, owing to the suspicions attached to him, has become ruined in business, and is now a drunken worthless creature.

The mystery of his disappearance is at last solved. During the inauguration a little girl was in danger of being run over, and was rescued by a man in a marine's uniform. Mr. Cole, the partner of Capt. Rehner's father-in-law, recognized in the man the missing Capt. Rehner! He tapped him on the shoulder and calling him by name said he wanted to see him. Rehner denied his identity, but finally, on being informed that Cole did not wish to arrest him, went to the latter's room and there confessed that he was Rehner. He gave as his motive that he was in debt, owing about \$3,000, and he had only \$1,300 to pay it, and was afraid to face his creditors. All his arrangements were made to induce his friends to believe that he had committed suicide, or been murdered; and with twenty-five cents in his pocket he left his place of business, and got a job on the Trevorton R. R. as a laborer on the track. After working there a week, he thought a man was eyeing him curiously, and left at once for Philadelphia, where he hired as a porter in a sugar refinery. Leaving that city he finally reached Washington and there enlisted in the Marine Corps.

Mr. Cole suggested that when he got home, his story might be doubted, or people insist that he was mistaken, and asked for some token to show to his wife and friends. Rehner complied, and handed him his Masonic mark, remarking that his wife would know that. He did not know that any person had been arrested for his murder, and stated that he had not read a newspaper since he left Schuylkill county.

Rehner's friends think he is partially insane. If not he should be punished for the wrong done and misery caused innocent parties; and we shudder to think how an additional item or two of evidence might have convicted innocent men of murder.—Columbian.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following beautiful tribute to woman was written several years ago. It occurs in a tale of touching interest, entitled "The Broken Heart."—Its author, D. F. Stratton:

"Oh! the priceless value of the love of pure woman! God cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with its skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; bolts and bars cannot limit its progress; it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases the hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around the heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned against him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement survive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionate woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the Fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains."

A BALOON VOYAGE TO EUROPE.—The notion as an aerial voyage to Europe has been revived by M. Chevalier, a celebrated French aeronaut, who has just arrived in N. York. He proposes starting from N. York next April or May. M. Chevalier, we are told once made the journey from Paris to the Russian frontier, a distance of over seven hundred miles, in less than five hours. Upon another occasion he crossed St. George's Channel from Dublin, and has accomplished without injury, several ascensions in France and England. The air ship in which the experiment is to be attempted is called L'Esperance. Its height is ninety-five feet, its diameter one hundred and fifty feet, and it requires 120,000 cubic feet of gas to inflate it. Attached to the ship is an enclosed car capable of carrying about fifty persons, with provisions for a ten days' voyage. M. Chevalier contemplates extending invitations to several members of the press, to accompany him.

How many straws go to a bird's nest? No way, for having no feet they can go nowhere.

A BABY INCIDENT.

The New Orleans Picayune relates the following incident as having occurred on a Mississippi steamer: "A few days since there was a wedding on Baronne street, celebrated with great éclat, and the newly-married couple set out at once on a bridal tour. The ceremony took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at five o'clock they were on board a splendid steamer bound for the Upper Mississippi. As soon as the vessel was under way the passengers crowded the saloon, and mirth and revelry began to hold a festival. A dance was improvised, and joy and merriment was protracted into the 'vive sma' hours.'

Now it so happened that the berth next to our newly-married friends was occupied by a lively little matron and her infant. Wishing to enjoy as much pleasure as possible, she had entrusted her babe to a servant, with instructions to put it to bed as soon as it went to sleep, while she, herself joined in the dance. By a strange mistake the servant mistook the state-room and deposited the rosy infant in the bric-a-brac. Now when the hour for retiring came the groom led his blushing bride to the door and modestly waited outside for her to disrobe and retire. One can very readily imagine his astonishment, therefore, when the next instant he heard his name called frantically, and in accents of surprise and distress.

Opening the door he looked in dubiously, and said: "What is the matter, my love?" "O, Henry, look here!" "O, Henry, bless me, it's a baby!" "Yes, but oh, Henry, how did it come here—do you think it's ours?" "Well, no!" replied Henry solemnly. "I think it is almost too soon."

"Oh! it certainly is, but then what shall we do?" Just then the anxious voice of the mother was heard inquiring for the baby and it restored to her, very much to the relief of the young people.

A TOUGH YANKEE.—There is a place in Maine so rocky that when the natives plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket. They can't raise ducks there no how, for the stones are so thick that the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick out the grasshoppers, and the only way the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on the grindstone!

But this ain't a circumstance to a place in Maryland. There the land is so poor that it takes two kildeers to cry "Kildeer," and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullen stalk, and look with tears over a fifty acre field, and the bumblebees lay to go down on their knees to get a flower, all the mosquitoes die of starvation, and the turkey buzzards are obliged to emigrate.

But there is a country in Virginia which can beat that. There the land is so sterile that when the wind is northwest they have to tie the children to keep them from being blown away, and it takes six frogs to raise one croak, and when the dogs bark they have to lean against the fence—the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down.

"That Tarnal Stuff."

To hear Dr. Wood tell the "druggist" story is worth a quarter at any time. The story is old, but the manner in which the Dr. tells it, is good. It is this: A long lean, gaunt Yankee, something over six feet, entered a drug store and asked: "Be you the druggist?" "Well, I s'pose so, I sell drugs."

"Waal, hev you got any uv this 'ere castnutstuf as the gals put on their handkerchiefs?" "Oh Yes."

"Waal, our Samantha Jane is gwine to be married, and she gin me a nipience and told me to invest the hull amount in scentin' stuff so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you're a mind I'll just smell 'round."

The Yankee smelled around without being suited until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hays-horn, said: "I've got a scentin' stuff that I know will suit you. A single drop on your handkerchief will stay for weeks, and if it impossible to wash it out; but to get the strength of it you must take a big smell."

"That so, mister? waal hold on a minute tell I get my breath, and when I say new, you put it under my smeller."

The hays-horn of course knocked the Yankee down, (as liquor has done many a man). Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does?—Not he; but rolling up his sleeves, and doubling his ponderous fist, he said: "You made me smell that tarnal everlasting' stuff, mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."

Just so! I lay to court in winter the main girls I no; when all around is dreary and kivered up with sno; because the old un's deed the cold and storry weather, and hurry oph to bed, leaving us together.

Some time ago a hotel keeper in Lancaster "smelled a mice" in this wise: "Two countrymen took lodgings at this place, and fared sumptuously, drinking three bottles of wine daily. The last day, as they were about to depart, the landlord pointed out the spot of their horses. They at last settled upon a race, and appointed the landlord judge. When they were ready the judge, like those of the Olympian games, gave the word—'Go, three and go.' Away they went, and never doubt seen now heard of since. The host in some other place, having had the lord fully compensated by having had the honor of being judge."

Wise & Otherwise.

DOUBTLESS.—The object some wives have in leaving up their husbands is doubtless to have them come down.

The most difficult surgical operations—to take the cheek from a young man and the jaw from an old woman.

A bad wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulder, a palsy to his hand, a snore to his eyes, a dagger to his side, a dagger to his heart.

The effect is announced from Paris that fashion has determined to abolish chignons. What a fall that will be—my country—woman!

An able agriculturist is of the opinion that the lee crop throughout this country has not been injured by frost during the winter.

A man who was shooting "for fun" in Colorado, recently shot an individual, who, he says, "unfortunately popped his head round the corner and struck the bullet."

A country doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the churchyard, which he hopes may prove a great convenience to his numerous patients.

A rural cotemporary, in an obituary notice of a friend, says: "He was all that those who knew him best could wish. He left behind a blessed memory and seven thousand dollars in Government bonds." Pathetic and pecuniary.

"Have you dined?" said a hungry man to his friend. "I have upon my honor," said he. "Then," replied the first, "if you have dined upon your honor I fear you have had a scanty meal."

A young lady went into a fashionable music store the other day, and asked the polite proprietor if he had "any fellicious intensions for lyrical purposes?" She wanted a pair of guitar-strings. For once in his life the young man "winked," and was carried out on a cancelled postage stamp.

AN ANXIOUS SWEETHEART.—A young girl who had become tired of single blessedness writes to her true swain as follows: "DEAR GUY.—Gum rite off of you, air sum-min' awful. Crow Collins is insistin' that I shall hev him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer, but will hev 2 kave in."

An exchange says: "A neighbor who had repeatedly been urged by some female acquaintances to accompany them to a skating pond, at last yielded, no longer able to resist the blandishment of his bewitching tormentors. He went. He said he put on a pair of skates and struck boldly out, and the next thing he knew was himself in bed, the minister sitting beside him, singing a psalm, the doctor courtin' his wife, and the undertaker measuring for a walnut coffin."

Liquors.—The English believe in beer, the French in wine, the Germans in beer, and the Yankees in whiskey. The first gives a man solidity, the second vivacity, the third stupidity, and last insanity. The first is good to live on, the second to talk on, the third to sleep on, and the last to lie on. Beer is bulky, wine, whiskey, lagery, whiskey wisky. If used long enough each will give its victim the goat, and get him in his coffin in advance of his natural time.

COME TO BREAKFAST.—The mingling of slang poetry that has lately appeared in some of the papers recalls to mind the paternal who was full of strange oaths, who called his son to breakfast. "My son," said the veteran, at the foot of the stairs, "arise and see the newly-risen luminary of day, and hear the sweet birds singing their morning song of praise, to their great Creator, come while the dew is on the grass, and tender lambs are bleating on the hill-side—come, I say, or I'll be up there with a switch, and give you the lusdest licking that you ever had."

Some time ago a hotel keeper in Lancaster "smelled a mice" in this wise: "Two countrymen took lodgings at this place, and fared sumptuously, drinking three bottles of wine daily. The last day, as they were about to depart, the landlord pointed out the spot of their horses. They at last settled upon a race, and appointed the landlord judge. When they were ready the judge, like those of the Olympian games, gave the word—'Go, three and go.' Away they went, and never doubt seen now heard of since. The host in some other place, having had the lord fully compensated by having had the honor of being judge."

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