



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2.00 Per ANNUM, in Advance.

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Wyoming Democrat.
A Democratic weekly paper devoted to Political Economy, published every Wednesday at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.

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TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.
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Every subsequent insertion less than 5.....50
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Skillfully and neatly executed and at prices to suit the times.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOB WORK must be paid for, when ordered.

Business Notices.

LITTLE & SITTERS, ATTORNEYS, Office on Warren Street Tunkhannock Pa.
E. LITTLE, J. A. SITTERS.

S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

L. 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 Tings St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

J. CHASE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL, Office at Law, Nicholson, Wyoming Co., Pa. Special attention given to settlement of decedent's estates.

J. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Col. M. Wilson and Real Estate Agent, Iowa Landing, Scranton, Pa.

SPERHOUT & DEWITT, Attorneys at Law, Office opposite the Bank, Tunkhannock, Pa. G. B. DEWITT, M. SPERHOUT.

W. RHODADS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, will attend promptly to all calls in his professional capacity at his Office at the Drug Store or at his residence on Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

DR. E. F. AVERY'S DENTAL OFFICE, Corner Barn's Block, Jewelry Store, Tunkhannock, Pa. All the various styles of dental work scientifically and warranted. Particular attention given to dentures irregular or delicate teeth. Artificial dentures made, and advice given without charge. Liberal salary administered when desired. Particular attention administered in direction of a Physician. The advantage of employing a local and responsible dentist are apparent to all.

Prof. J. Berlinghof, Fashionable Barber & Hair-Cutler, AT TUNKHANNOCK, PA. Hair, Women and Braided, for Switches, or Curled, and Waterfalls of every size, and Hair, manufacturer, and colorer.

The highest market prices paid for Ladies' Hair, All the approved kinds of Hair, Restored, and Dyeing constantly kept on hand and sold at Manufacturers' retail prices.

Hair and Whiskers colored to every natural shade.

JACOB BERLINGHOF, Tunkhannock, Pa. Jan. 5, '69.—v8622-tf.

PACIFIC HOTEL, 172, 174 & 176 Greenleaf Street, CORNER ABOVE CORNHILL STREET, NEW YORK. The proprietor 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.
Sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore fully able to meet the downward tendency of the market, he has his aim to maintain the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best travel hotels.

THE TABLE will be beautifully supplied with the delicacies of the season.

THE ATTENDANCE will be found efficient and the LOCATION will be found convenient for the business calls them in the lower part of the city, and of ready access to all Rail Road and Street Lines.

JOHN PATTEN, Proprietor, 175-69.

HUFFORD HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS RECENTLY been refitted and furnished in the most comfortable and convenient manner for the accommodation of those who patronize the House.

H. HUFFORD, Proprietor, Tunkhannock, Pa., June 17, 1868.—v7644

BOLTON HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BOLTON HOUSE" property, has already completed alterations and improvements as will be seen to the eye, and is now open for the reception of the public patronage is respectfully invited.

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.

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 CLOTHES, POPLINS, SERGES, and PAREMETTES, BLACK LISHE AND COLORED ALPACAS WOOL, ARMURE, PEKIN AND MOUSSELINE DELAINS, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS, PRINTS of Best Manufactures,

Ladies Cloths and Sacquings, 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, Cloths, 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, Lamp Chimneys, Shades and Curcurs.

COAL, ASHTON, & BBL SALT

FLOUR, MEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, 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.

From the Scranton City Journal.

IF, BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

If the sky were always fair,
And across its azure limit,
Never cloud or shadow dare
Float, to darken or to dim it;
If the green were on the grass,
And the crimson on the clover,
And the roses, as you pass,
Blush deliciously all over;
If the birds would always sing—
Oriole, and lark, and linnet;
If the year were one sweet spring,
With no weary winter in it;

If the year were one sweet spring—
Listen to me, laughing Haidee!
You would be the fairest thing;
In the landscape, bright or shady;
With your brown, unbraided hair,
And the sunshine tangled through it;
And your dimples, that ensnare
More than all, if but you knew it;
And a nameless something still
In your eye's magnetic splendor,
Taming my imperious will,
Till I loyally surrender.

If, my Haidee, if those eyes
Were a trifle less uncertain—
Hiding, in discreet disguise,
"Nesth their white-folled curtain;
Now as blue as summer morn—
Now as dark as starless ocean—
Now a hazel, mischievous gleam,
Just to keep my pulse in motion;
If my own could ever tell—
If my heart could e'er discover,
What the charm, the nameless spell,
Turning common friend to lover!

If a shower of pearls should fall—
Pearls benighting high-born lady—
These glad hands would gather all
To enrich you, darling Haidee!
"Twere, perhaps, a girl's trick,
Should your dear eyes fall a-dancing—
Eyes that strike me dumb and weak
With their variable glancing;
Haidee! Haidee! If I knew—
If my heart could e'er discover,
What the nameless charm in you
Turning common friend to lover!

PENICENT.—"Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse-radish?"

"No, how was it?"
"Well, seeing a dish of grated horse radish on the table, where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to 'sauce,' supposing it to be eaten as potatoes or squash; and the first putting a knife full into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trousers and commenced wiping his eyes."

"What troubles you, Jenny?" inquired his comrade.
"Sure, and I was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung," he replied shrewdly.
Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had sudden eye for the handkerchief, whereas Jenny as coolly inquired:
"And what troubles yer, Pat?"
"Truth," he replied, "that you was not hung with your father."

SING AWAY YOUR TROUBLES.—Oh, that we could put songs under our burdens! Oh, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! The things would not poison so much. Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing. When griefs come, go at them with songs. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against care. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people upon earth, song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—Franklin remarked that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he expends in forming his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasures he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age and past ages. A family without a newspaper is a year behind the times in general information; besides they can never think much nor find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper.

An Irish soldier, who now and then indulges in a drop of whisky, was thus accosted by the reviewing general:
"What makes your nose so red?"
"Plaze your honor," replied Patrick. "I always blush when I spake to a General officer."

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.—Young lady (to Fred, with thin legs)—Fred, I always admired your courage; I know when I first laid eyes on you that you were brave to rashness, Fred (coming up smiling). "Oh don't say that."
Young lady—"Why any man has courage who can trust himself long at a time on such legs as yours."

Punch says that women who make up their faces derive themselves, if they think by so doing they are more likely to tempt men to make up their minds.

A WESTERN COURTSHIP.

Well, you see, arter the "poker" scrape, me and Sal got along middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to fetch things to a head, for I luv'd her harder and louder ev'ry day, and I had an idee she'd a sneeking kindness for me, but how to dew the thingright, pestered me awful. I got some luv books and red how fellers got down upon their marrow bones and talked like parrots, and the gals they would go inter a sorterie' stance, and then how they would gently fall inter the feller's arms—but I ask'd marm how dad courted her—but she said it had been so long she'd forgot all about it.

Uncle Joe allers says marm done all the courtin', and at last made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was fairly comin' my innards. So I goes over to her daddy's and when I got there, I sot like a fool, thinkin' how I should begin. Sal sez I sez 'un' was 'trublin' me, and said she:

"Ain't you sick, Peter?"
"Yes—no," sez I; "that is, I ain't exactly well." I thought I'd come over tonight," sez I. (That's a mighty purty beginnin' anyhow, thinks I), tried again—
Sal, sez I, and about this time I felt mighty faintly and oneasy about this aquiz-eriments.

What? sez Sal.
Sal sez I agin.
What? sez she.
I'll got to it arter awhile at this lick, thinks I.
Peter sez she there's smthin' a trublun you powerful, I know. Its mighty wrong for you ter keep it from a body for an innard sorer is a consumin' fire.
She sed this, she did the deerly croeter. She ned what was the matter all the time, but I was gone so fur I didn't see the pint. At last, I kinder sorter gippled down the lump as was risin' in my throat, and I sez:
Sal does you luv anybody?

Well sez she, that's dad and mam, and countin her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shut, like a feller shootin' a gun) and that's old Pido (that were an old cow of hern; I can't think of anything else, just now sez she. Now, this were arter a feller in luv, so arter a while I tried arter shule. Sez I—
Sal I am powerful lonesum to hum, and sometimes I think if I only had a purty wife to luv and to talk tue, and to mave and to have my bein' I should be a tremendous feller. With that she began and named over all the gals within five miles of that, and never went cum anigh namin of herself, and sed I orter get one of them.

That sorter got my dander up, and so I hitted my cheer up close to hern, and set my eyes and trebulously sed—Sal, you are the gal I've been hankerin' arter for a long time. I luv you all over from the sole of your hed to the foot of your crown, and I don't care who knows it; an if you say so, we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, e pluribus unum, world without end se I; and I felt like I'd throwed up an allgater, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter awhile she sez, sez, she—Paster.

What is't I Sally? sez I.
Yes! sez she, a hidin' ov her putty face behind her hands. You may depend upon it, I felt orful good.
Glory! Glory sez I. I must hollar Sal, or I'll bust wide open. Hoaray for hoorary. I kin jump over a ten rale fence. I kin do ev'rything that any feller could, would, or orter do. With that I sorter sloshed myself down by her, and elinched the bargain with a kiss—and such a kiss—talk about yer sugar—talk about yer merlasses—talk about yer blackberry jam—you couldn't have got me to come nigh em; they would all have tasted sour arter that. Ef Sal's dady hadn't holler'd out it's time for all oneest folks to be in bed, I do believed I'd staid thar all nite. Yer orter to seed me when I got hum. I pul'd dad outer bed and hugg'd him. I pul'd marm outer bed and hugg'd her. I pul'd Aunt Jane outer bed and hugg'd her. I pul'd the nigger sarvant outer bed and hugg'd her. I roared, I holler'd, I danced about and cut up more capers than you ever heard tell ov, till dad that I was crazy and, got a rope to tie me wif. Dad, sez I, I'm gwine to get married.

Married! belloed dad.
Married! squelked marm.
Married! squeeked Aunt Jane.
Yes, married! sez I. Married all over; jined in wedlock horked on for worsor or better for life and for death, to Sal; I am that very thing; me, Peter Spolum Esq. With that I up and felled them all about it, from Alpha to Omega. They wer all mighty pleased and nity willin' and I was proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

O, Jehosifaf! didn't I feel tremendous good, and kept a getting that way all nite. I didn't sleep a wink but kept rollin about and a thinkin, till my cup of happiness was full, pressed down and runnin over.

Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.

Preserve against discouragements.

KISS MY WIFE OR FIGHT ME.

There are few married men who are not adverse to seeing their wives kissed, but an exchange relates the particulars of a case in which the newly married Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife was not kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His wife was a beautiful and blooming young country girl only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in the good old fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, however, for suddenly he expressed himself. Rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room; and in a tone of voice that marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss; but—" "What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have I done anything to hurt your feelings?" "Yes, you have, all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've just got to say about it; here's ev'ry girl in the room being kissed near a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of them, has not had a kiss to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the night as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!" If Mrs. B. was slighted the rest of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us, individually, for any neglect on our part.

DIDN'T LIKE WIDOWS.—In endeavoring to take the census of the Government, the officers occasionally meet with such difficulties as well nigh deprive them of their senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place somewhere, between an officer and an Irish woman:
"How many members have you in your family?"
"Niver a one."
"When were you married?"
"The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for America. Ah well I mind it. A sunshiner day never gilded the sky of old Ireland."

"What was the condition of your husband before his marriage?"
"Divil a man more miserabel. He said if I didn't give him a promise within two weeks he would blow his brains out with a crowbar."
"Was he, at the time of your marriage, a widower or a bachelor?"
"A which? A widower did you say? Ah, now go way with your nonsense. Is it the likes of me that would take up with a second hand husband? All legs and consumption, like a sick turkey? A widower! May I be blessed if I'd not rather live an old maid and bring up a family on butter-milk and praties!"

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.—The Commissioner of internal Revenue has decided that farmers have no right to have their grain manufactured into flour in any manner, without paying a license to the Government, and if they do, they are liable to the penalties provided by law. We mention the fact for the benefit of those who may be interested in knowing it. Day by day the people are becoming more and more acquainted with the face of the tax collector, and we are growing more familiar with the ramifications of the Internal Revenue law.

On Wednesday, July 14, 1869, the next Democratic State Convention will assemble at Harrisburg to nominate candidates for Governor and Supreme Judge. The fixing of so late a day by the State Committee meets with decided approval. Now give us a first-rate ticket, and Radicalism, Grantism and every other ism, will be ground to powder in October.

The Tribune of Thursday last, says; At the close of yesterday's labors there remained between the rapidly approaching ends of the Pacific Railroad a gap of only eighty-two miles. The prophecy that the Fourth of July, 1869, would see San Francisco and New York united by rail is thus seen to be sure of an easy realization.

SMILES.—Keep a smile on your countenance. Smiles breed dimples, which are more ornamental than seventy-five cent vest chains. It is dangerous to sleep in the same town with the proprietor of a perpetual frown. Don't walk around looking as dismal as a sick undertaker, or as if you are feeling down-hearted, avoid ladanum. Take to clean linen and victuals, and you'll come out all right.

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.—The Radical press of Pennsylvania is a perfect unit in favor of the subversion of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in order that the negro may vote and keep them in power.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A great many events occur in a hundred years. Within that time America has leaped forth into the astonishing power that it is. One hundred years ago, says an exchange, there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois Territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country round the Mountain of the Moon. It was not until 1769 that the "hunter of Kentucky, the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina, to become the first settler in Kentucky." The first pioneer in Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France. The whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single handed contest with Russia, Austria and France—the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia Colonel, and the great events in the history of the two worlds, in which these two great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the greatest Republic in the world. A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers in America; steam-engines had not been imagined; and railroads and telegraphs and telegrams had not entered into the remotest conception of man. When we come to look back through the vista of history, we find that the century that has passed has been allotted to more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than to almost any other which has elapsed since the creation. A hundred years hence, what will be the development? It is past finding out, except one thing—a thought which astonished Xerxes Athos—all, with few exceptions, now living will be dead!

A few evenings since, an Irishman was riding in one of our city passenger cars, when the conductor called for his ticket, but the passenger was unable to find it.

"What shall I do?" says Pat.
"Pay me seven cents," says the conductor.
"Murder an' ouns, but I didn't give but six for the ticket!"
"Can't help that," replied the conductor, "our fare is seven cents, or a ticket," which sum Pat unwillingly passed over.

Soon after he called the conductor, with joy beaming on his countenance, and said:
"I've found the divil; now give me back my cent and take the ticket."
This was done, much to the amusement of the passengers, poor Pat not thinking he was paying double fare.

SELLING CRACKERS.—While in West Plattsburg we were told a circumstance which occurred somewhere in New York too good to be lost. A quick-witted porter went into a barroom and called for something to drink. "We don't sell liquor," said the law-abiding landlord—"we will give you a glass and then if you want to buy a cracker we will sell it to you for three cents."

"Very well," said the Yankee customer "hand down your decenter."
The "good crature" was handed down, and our hero took a stiff horn when turning around to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him the dish of crackers with the remark "you'll buy a cracker?"
"Wall, no, I guess not; you sell 'em to dear. I can get lots of 'em five or six for a cent, anywhere else."

A lad from the "Green Isle," whose occupation is that of blackening stoves, fire-places and stoves-pipes, bearing upon his arm a pot of blackening, with brushes, and other implements of his trade, addressed a citizen of the city, who was standing at the door: "Has your honor any stove to polish this morn? I am the boy for that business." The person addressed not being of a courteous manner, said: "Go about your business." Pat moved a few steps on, to be out of the reach of a kick, and replied: "Your honor would not be worse for a little polishing yourself, I'm thinking."

An exchange paper has the following: "It is said that there are more editors unmarried than any other class of professional men." For the reason, we suppose that the majority of them are men of fine sentiment, and who do not wish to starve anybody's sister.

A country youth came down to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. "At last," a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

Wise & Otherwise.

What relationship does the tenant bear to the landlord? Pa(y) rental.
Why is a hen walking across a yard like a murderer? It is a fowl (foul) proceeding.

Why did the Israelites not starve in the wilderness? Because of the sand which (sand wiches) is there.
Thin man.—"Boy, what's that hungry looking dog following me for?"
Insulting boy.—"He thinks you are a bone, I reckon!"

A Western editor knows of a little Sunday School girl, who, being asked by the catechiser, "What is the outward visible sign or form in Baptism?" innocently replied, "Pleasa, sir, the baby."

Lord Norbury, having been asked to contribute a shilling to bury an attorney who had died poor, exclaimed, "Only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here's a guinea; go and bury twenty-one of them!"

The mother of a large family was one day asked the number of her children: "Is, me!" she replied, rocking to and fro, "I've got fourteen, mostly boys and girls!"

James writing to his darling dear Mattie, piles on the agony thusly: "Delectablest dear, you are so sweet that honey would be lost in your presence, and sorghum molasses stand appalled!"

A raw Jonathan who had been gazing at a garden, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste. Here's no less than six scarecrows in this ten foot patch, and any one of 'em would keep the crows from a five acre lot."

"Pompey," said a good natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week."
"Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey. "I—I know'd it, jist the same timout occurred."

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the United States Senate during a rambling debate, was taken out, the Sergeant at Arms telling him that he was out of place in the gallery. "That's so," said the lunatic, "I ought to be on the floor among the Senators."

A newly arrived family were lately gazing at a shop window in Rockford, Ill. Little Girl—"Oh, mamma! is that a 'en'?"
Mamma—"No my child, that is a howl."—
Father—"No my wife and daughter, that is neither a 'en or a howl, but it is a heagle, the hembler of this blasted country!"

The following love letter was picked up in Kokomo, Indiana: "Oh My Dearest Moley I will try to cheer you Deer letter.— O how mi throbin heart Does ake to Embrace you onse more. O yu Darlin Rossy Bud wont you marry me. I hear the eko anceri will. Dont let that ugly thing take yu a Buggy Riden agin. O how i Felt the first time we tuctered our lipps together.— O mi hole frame did quiver but i must stop or i will go crazy. O how we will divide the sorros and joys and cumforts of life. Ancer rite off from your future husband Gim."

Altruistic gentleman, finding himself a passenger in a coach with a prim and taciturn maiden lady of some forty winters tried in vain to engage her in conversation. At length night came on. As nothing was said, both fell asleep. The stage finally stopped, and the driver announced to the lady that she had arrived at her destination. Her fellow-passenger being awakened at the same time, thought he would exchange a word at parting, and addressed her:—"Madam, as we shall probably never sleep together again, I bid you a respectful farewell." A scream—and silence reigned again.

AN AQUATIC FACT.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript tells the following good story: "I heard funny story the other day. I'm sure it has never been published, for the incident occurred just across the Missouri river from this place. A couple somewhat advanced in life, who had for many years been noted for their profanity, were converted during a revival of religion in their native place. Every one interested in the progress of Christian's religion was rejoiced at the change. Everything went along smoothly, and with many other converts, they "went down to the water" to be baptized. The day was exceedingly cold. Mr. S went into the water first, while his wife watched him standing upon the bank of the river. No sooner had the old gentleman touched dry land than he started the bystanders by calling out to Mrs. S—"Poll!—P-o-ll!—I say,—don't