



OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges—J. M. Dorr, Peter K. Herbin.
Proth. and Clk of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freese.
Commissioners—John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole, David Yeager.
Sheriff—Mordcael Millard.
Treasurer—Jacob Kohn.
Auditors—L. B. Rupert, John P. Hannan, Jacob Harris.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Mercantile Appraiser—W. H. Jately.
County Surveyor—Eugene A. Hewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Klock.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley.
Assessors Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark, John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, Daniel McHenry.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

BloomSBurg Normal School and Literary Institute.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.
HENRY CARVER, A. M., Principal, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science, and Theory and Practice of Teaching.
Miss Sarah A. Carver, Preceptress, Teacher of French, Botany and Ornamental Branches.
Isaac O. Best, A. B., Professor of Ancient Languages and English Grammar.
J. W. Ferree, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Practical Astronomy.
Rev. David C. John, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Physics.
F. M. Bates, Teacher of Geography, History and Book-keeping.
James Brown, Assistant Teacher of Mathematics and English Grammar.
Miss Alice M. Carver, Teacher of Music on Piano and Melodeon.
Mrs. Hattie L. Best, Teacher of Vocal Music, and Ass't. Teacher of Instrumental Music.
Miss Julia Guest, Teacher of Model School.
The Winter term will commence November 23, 1868, and until our Boarding Hall is ready for occupancy, on application to the Principal, students can be furnished with homes in pleasant families.
It is better for students to commence at the opening of the term; but when this is impracticable, they can enter at any time.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

BLOOMSBURG, CO.
LUMBIA CO., PA.
All kinds of Machinery, for Collieries, Blast Furnaces, Stationary Engines, Mills, Thrashing Machines, &c., &c.
We also repair and make Stoves, all sizes and patterns, plow-iron, and everything usually made in first-class foundries.
Our extensive facilities and practical workmen, warrant us in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.
Orders of all kinds will be taken in exchange for castings.
This establishment is located near the Lackawanna & Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER HILTYER
BloomSBurg, Sept. 12, 1863.

OMNIBUS LINE.

This undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg, and the public generally, that he is running an OMNIBUS LINE, between this place and the different Railroad Stations, all sizes and patterns, plow-iron, and everything usually made in first-class foundries.
His extensive facilities and practical workmen, warrant us in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.
Orders of all kinds will be taken in exchange for castings.
This establishment is located near the Lackawanna & Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER HILTYER
BloomSBurg, Sept. 12, 1863.

JACOB L. GIRTON.

Proprietor.
BloomSBurg, April 27, 1864.

NEW OYSTER SALOON.

In the basement of the AMERICAN HOUSE, BULTZER LEACOCK, SUPT.
Fresh Oysters served up in every style and at all hours; with all the other "fixins" found in first class restaurants.
XX Ale constantly on hand, together with choice liquors of every brand.
In supplying in this respect, our customers are not disappointed.
BloomSBurg, Nov. 13, 1867.

Coopering!! Coopering!!

The undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to manufacture BARRELS, TUBS, BUCKETS, CHURNS, and everything in the line of Coopering.
REPAIRING DONE TO ORDER
at short notice.
M. S. WILLIAMS.
BloomSBurg, April 22, 1868.

NEW HARBOR SHOP.

The undersigned respectfully announces that he has fitted up a shop, one door below Mayer's Drug Store, in the Exchange Block, where he is prepared to conduct the barbering business in all its branches.
The act of coloring whiskers and moustaches is performed in the most skillful manner.
He also cleans, dyes, and makes hair, and keeps a full stock of the most reliable and fashionable hair dressers he is prepared to visit families in cases where it is desirable to put up or cut hair upon reasonable terms.
BloomSBurg, Oct. 11, 1868.

FALL AND WINTER.

Millinery Goods
At the Fancy Store of AMANDA WERKHEISER.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The public are respectfully informed that they can be furnished with everything in the Millinery line at the most reasonable terms, and in goods not prepared for style, beauty, or durability in this city.
BloomSBurg, Oct. 11, 1868.

BloomSBurg Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
TERMS—\$2 00 in advance. If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional will be added.
Nonsupers discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
ONE SQUARE FOR THREE INSTRUCTIONS.
Every subsequent insertion less than 15.
SPACES. 10. 20. 30. 40. 50. 60. 70. 80. 90. 100.
One square, 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 6.00 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00
Two squares, 3.00 4.00 5.00 6.00 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00
Three " 4.00 5.00 6.00 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00
Four " 5.00 6.00 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00
Five " 6.00 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00
Six " 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00
Seven " 8.00 9.00 10.00
Eight " 9.00 10.00
Nine " 10.00
Ten columns, 15.00 18.00 20.00 22.00 24.00 26.00 28.00 30.00
Executive and Administrator's Notice, .50
Auditor's Notice, .50
Other advertisements inserted according to special contracts.
Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.
Transient advertisements payable in advance, all others due after the first insertion.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT. The Beautiful Home.

BY RAYN.
I'm going home, my sister, the summons I hear,
I am ready and waiting, as the time draws near,
The angels are round me, they beckon me come,
I'm going home, my sister, I'm soon going home.
Yet not to my home in the old 'Greenwood' hills,
Where the odor of flowers the atmosphere fills,
Where the robins are singing in the old orchard trees,
And their last songs of summer float away on the breeze.
My old home! how I loved it, with my parents so dear,
With my brothers so noble, and my sisters so fair,
For the love of him only, who calls me his sister,
Would I've left the old homestead, 'twas the joy of my life.
Oh home of my childhood, I will see it no more,
So young, yet my life-dreams all soon will be o'er,
For deep in heart-whispers, I hear the word come,
Away to another more beautiful home;
Where the flowers are blooming, but never will fade,
Where God's light is glowing, but never a shade,
Where the voices of angels in harmony ring,
And the glorified spirits sweet choruses sing.
Alone all my loved ones, I now must depart,
The stillness of death presses close 'round my heart;
Be sure and get ready, and after me come,
I'll meet you in heaven, my beautiful home.
Mira, the 'Marble-Hearted.'
'Who is that beautiful girl, yonder—the one dancing with Leslie? Do you know her, Paul?'
The young man addressed as Paul raised his eye glass and looked long and steadily at the young girl and replied: "That is Mira Swan, the Marble-Hearted."
'Why do you call her the 'marble hearted'? It seems a strange name to bestow upon a beautiful woman."
'Yes it is a strange name, but very appropriate for yonder lady, who as the story goes, is like the icebergs of the Polar Sea.'
'I do not question on the fitness of the name; I only ask why it was given her. She is by far the most beautiful girl in the room.'
'Yes, she is beautiful,' replied Paul, 'but as heartless as she is pretty. She has had half the gentlemen in the room at her feet, but treats them all alike,' said Paul bitterly. He had been among the rejected. 'She is heartless, and it is a great mystery to us all.'
Warren Dagon smiled and said: "Please introduce me, Paul. I like her appearance, but I am a stranger to all present. Ten years in foreign lands renders one a stranger here."
'I will introduce you with pleasure—but I caution you, and kindly admonish you against loving her, for remember, she is marble, and your heart will have to pay for it if you do."
'Lead on Paul; you have cautioned me of my danger, and I still remember the old adage, 'Forewarned is forearmed.' I am not a boy, Paul, to break my heart for a woman."
'Boys' hearts often beat where mens' break," said Paul.
Mira Swan was pretty, and an only daughter. Her slight, rounded form was perfect in its symmetry. Her small mouth, with even white teeth, half seen when her rosy lips dimpled into smiles; her rich black hair which rippled over a broad white brow, was looped up from her face, and fastened at the back in a mass of shining curls, and gave a very beautiful effect to her appearance.—She was also very prettily dressed, being attired in crimson silk with an overdress of rich black lace fastened at the neck with scarlet geranium blossoms—a cluster of the same gleaming in her hair. Mira cared more for buds and blossoms than for pearls and diamonds. She was gay and brilliant, yet when any of her lovers whispered of the "grand passion" she would be a very queen in her haughty self possession.
Warren Dagon was introduced, and was soon floating with her through the intricate mazes of the dance. He paid her the most assiduous attentions throughout the evening. Mira knew him by report to be a gentleman of unbounded wealth and extensive travel. In his company, as the hours swept swiftly by, her interest deepened all the

while in her noble admirer. Her young heart beat as it had never done before.
Warren Dagon was a brilliant conversationalist, and few men could be more fascinating than he, for he had traveled extensively in his own and foreign lands, and when he chose to exert himself to please, his dark eloquent eyes, pure classic language and high-bred elegance of manners were irresistibly charming. He evidently desired to please Mira, as his manner towards her implied as much.
Mira listened spell-bound to his beautiful conversation, thereby awaking the jealous indignation of a dozen other less fortunate admirers. They felt themselves aggrieved, for she always treated them with such cool indifference. One lady, resplendent in brocade and diamonds, muttered through her teeth. "The marble-hearted is warming at last."
Mira cared little for admiration and less for the opinion of her fashionable friends so freely expressed. She was walking in the cool piazza in the moonlight with young Dagon, listening to his musical voice, whose low, sweet tones were stirring a strange wild melody in a heart that never before vibrated with love. She was listening to the thrilling description of Rome, the Eternal City, enshrined on her seven hills. He delineated with an artist's enthusiasm, her grand old marbles and inspired paintings, over which the dust and decay of ages rest like the gray shroud on the bosom of this dead. In elegant language he described the wonders of disintegrated Pompeii. He pictured the temples, theatres and dwellings, where lived and loved the people of two thousand years ago. He told her in glowing language, of the graceful minarets, feathery palms and grand and solemn pyramids, and while listening she seemed to scale with him the dangerous passes of the Alps and stood in breathless awe looking up the dizzy heights crowned with ice and snow. And in imagination she wandered down the golden Nile and admired the rich beauty of its fertile valleys, rendered gloriously beautiful by its frequent inundations. His voice took a deeper and sweeter tone when he described the ruined cities of the far East, the fretted arches and vast cathedral aisles of the Old World made grand by the work of art, and rainbow painted windows, whose artists dying left immortal names behind them, way-marks for other gifted spirits, who are destined to follow them down the broad aisle of coming ages.
She drank in the tones of his softly modulated voice, taking no note of time. When supper was announced he led her to the table. During the repast she watched him narrowly, and when wine was served her face became pale with excitement. She offered him a glass with a smile; he gave her a searching look and refused it, calling for water in its stead. Turning to her he said: "I cannot pledge you in wine for I do not drink it; but with this glass of water, Nature's purest beverage, I drink to you.—May love and happiness be your portion in life."
"Thank you." It was all she said, but a bright smile rewarded him better than words. Mira had indeed met her affinity. Love bided in their hearts that night, and ere the year had passed it blossomed into a hymeneal wreath.
It was moonlight upon the Hudson. The home to which Warren Dagon took his young bride was beautiful with vines and summer blossoms. He and Mira were walking arm in arm on the cool piazza, conversing of the past and dreaming bright dreams of the future—long years to come, crowned with earthly happiness.
'I never could comprehend the reason that your friends called you marble-hearted. You were never cold to me, darling," said he, drawing her down to a seat by his side.
'It is a sad story dear husband; let us sit here in the moonlight and I will tell you of my fair young sister who died three years ago. I shall never again meet a spirit like hers, so proud, so pure and free. Elsie was but seventeen when she gave her heart to Atwell Chandler. He loved the wine cup better. He was no ordinary man, many and rich were the gifts bestowed upon him by nature. He was a dark haired man, with eyes of rare depth and feeling. He was very handsome; in manner he was gentlemanly and pleasing. We all loved him; father loved him like a son, and so gave him Elsie. They were married and went to dwell in his beautiful home in the South, and for a few years they were very happy.
Then Atwell began to neglect his business for a downward path which ended in a drunkard's grave. Five years from her bridal day Elsie came home a heart broken widow; still young, but broken-hearted. Atwell died by his own hand, for they found him in the summer house with his brains blown out by a pistol shot; and my dear beautiful sister came to her girlhood's home broken hearted—came home to die.
'It was just such a night as this, a beautiful night in midsummer, when Elsie died. She lay upon her pillow looking so white and fair. She was so perfectly calm; no fear of death thrilled her pure spirit; her face would have charmed a Raphael, it was so spiritual in its childlike beauty. If the angels on the other shore are fairer than was Elsie in her dying hour, then indeed will heaven be glorious in its brightness.
I knew that she was dying, for I saw the hue of death steal over the features. Her bright eyes were growing dim to earthly sight, yet they had a strange inward light, as though her spirit had penetrated the gloom of the immortal day which shines with eternal summers in the city of our

God. As I stood by her bedside moistening her lips with water and wiping the cold dew of death from her forehead, her long silken eye-lashes were lifted for a moment, and fixing her eyes upon me with an expression of earnestness and tenderness, she said:
'Mira, sister, this is death. My weary feet are even now treading the brink of the river that rolls between the other world and this. I do not fear to die, 'tis joy unutterable to know that I am almost home. Poor Atwell! I shall soon meet him again. The morning of his life was very fair, but his promise of a long and useful day; but his sun went down in the meridian, and his own hand hastened its untimely setting. I trust I may find him in the land to which I am going. Mira, promise me that you will never marry a man who is not strictly temperate, for intemperance is the foundation of misery. Think how many bright homes are made desolate by it! Fathers and mothers go down in sorrow to the grave, and wives and little children are made to suffer more than death by intemperance. O, Mira, I would far rather have you die now while your heart is pure and free from sorrow, than have you live and, in the long years to come, find misery and woe in a drunkard's home. Remember poor Atwell, and promise what I wish.
'I promise, and may heaven help me to keep my secret," I replied. She smiled and whispered, "I am going to sleep; good-night, dear sister." It was a very long good-night to me, for ere the rising of the morning star, Elsie, my beautiful sister, had gone to meet her God."
'There was not one in all my circle of friends and acquaintances who refused wine in the festive halls, and many of them imbued freely of stronger stimulants. I turned coldly from them all. There was nothing to attract my love, and I could not marry any one of them and keep my promise to Elsie. I kept my promise sacredly unbroken, and my coldness to all who whispered of love, won for me the name of 'marble hearted.'
'Till I came, darling," he said, drawing her nearer to his bosom.
'Yes, till you came; and though I loved you dearly, had you drunk that glass of wine I should have refused to marry you. Oh, Warren! you can never know what unutterable joy I experienced when you refused the cup I offered you."
'May heaven and the spirit of your sweet sister help me to be worthy of your love, for it was the happiest hour of my life, when I met with Mira, the 'marble-hearted,'" said he smiling.
'Yes, it was a happy hour, and I know by the sweet content of my heart to night that the spirit of Elsie is smiling upon me for having so faithfully kept my promise."

A Snake in the Grass.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.
Come, listen while to me, my lad,
Come, listen to me a spell,
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth who loved liquor too well.
A clever young man was he, my lad,
And with beauty uncommonly blessed,
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed;
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.
One evening he went to the tavern, my lad,
He went to the tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."
The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes—
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about great horrid snakes!
'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad,
A particular caution to all—
Though no one can see
The viper but he—
To hear the poor lunatic howl,
"How they crawl
All over the floor and the wall!"
The next morning he took to his bed, my lad,
Next morning he took to his bed,
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read,
Next day the poor fellow was dead.
You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad,
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the grass.
The Grecian Bend.
To the Editor of the Louisville Courier:
Mary has got it; the fashionable curvature of the spine, called the "Grecian Bend." She caught it at Saratoga, where she has been on exhibition during the season. She has returned, however, bringing with her several large trunks full of second hand clothing—that is garments, which she has worn once.
As I was passing by a dry goods store on Fourth street, Mary Jane was pitching forward at such a rate I thought she was about to fall into my arms. I held out those implements of industry accordingly. She didn't fall worth a cent. Regarding not the example set by our first parents, she maintained her curvilinear form, and placing the tip of a gloved forefinger on my outstretched palm, she said in a fashionable drawl of a cursed Fifth Avenueoid.
"Aw, Yintah, it is you? Delighted."
She picked up the informal accent and language at Saratoga also.
"Why, Jennie dear, this is an unexpected pleasure. (Grabbing both the little hands and rolling them up together.) I was not looking for you for some weeks. You are ill. I am sorry. Shall I assist you to your carriage?"
She looked somewhat like the half of a parenthesis, but more like an interrogation point. I was certain she had been eating unripe fruit, and was suffering from cramp colic, and wondered why she did not go home and take something. But she said: "Nevvaw was bettav in my loife. I was faweed to leave that sweet place because I had nothing absolutely to wear."
"Nothing to wear! Why, what has become of all your clothes? Did you have a fire or did you exchange them for flower-vases and plaster of Paris statues of the apostles?"
"Haw stupid! I had wun all my dresses once, and it's nawt the stoyle to appeal in the same appawral twice."
"Confound the style! But I am glad you came home, if you came almost naked and so changed that it is difficult to realize that it is you. You are among friends now, and I hope that you will shortly recover your figure."
She was mad, and expressed herself quite naturally and intelligently as follows:
"Friends! I suppose it is the chief duty of one's friends to find fault with one. I decline I am tired of friends, and of this little provincial town where the primitive manners and styles of the back woods still prevail. If one goes for a while into good society abroad and returns somewhat civilized, one is sure to incur the jeers and ridicule of the barbarians here. Good morning."
Saying which, she dived into another dry goods trap, and was soon engaged in tumbling and cheapening the fashionable articles of the hour.
I never saw such a change in a person in a few short weeks. When I parted with her at the depot a few short weeks ago, she was the very picture of health and personification of physical beauty. She was natural and unaffected, and as tenderly demonstrative as she would be in a crowd composed of paterfamilias, who, instead of attending to his business and baggage, thought it was necessary to see me and Mary Jane safely deposited on the train. It is my belief that the old gentlemen was afraid that I would secrete myself somewhere in the car. I wish now I had.
The energy with which Mary Jane attacked the dry goods convinced me that I was

wrong in my green fruit supposition, and that she was suffering from something beyond the reach of peppermint. I naturally concluded that it must be that terrible disease known as the spinal complaint, brought on by carrying too heavy painters and supporting long trails. I forthwith diligently consulted all the medical works which treat of that ailment, and accumulated all the information on the subject that I could, by questioning, extract from the medical profession. With a mind stored with useful knowledge, and a heart overflowing with affection, I called to see the little sufferer with the intention of imparting to her a goodly quantity of both.
She came into the parlor looking as though she had been cramped with curling tongs.—How I pitied her. A few weeks before she was as straight as an arrow, and a natural smile played around her rosy mouth, in stead of that constrained pucker of pain, as I then supposed.
"How do you feel now, Jennie dear?" I said, in my most soothing tones.
"Why, I feel good of course. One could nawt feel otherwise aftaw having enjowed the wataw and societaw of Saratogaw."
'I admire your fortitude, Jennie, almost as much as I deplore your misfortune, but you may as well look the disagreeable fact in the face at once. This is the only way to obviate it. I assure you it is not so very bad after all. The doctors say it can be cured, or so nearly so that with judicious dressing it will never be noticed. You know, Jennie, that it will make no difference with me. As long as your heart remains the same, no other change can influence me."
"What are you talking about? Don't understand you, pawstively."
"Don't be a goose, Mary Jane," (angrily) "I know that women always deny that anything ails them. They think it is smart.—But you can't conceal your complaint, and considering our present relations I don't think you ought to conceal anything from me."
Mary Jane was getting mad. She has a vein in her forehead which is an unerring temper barometer. It began to swell. That, and an ominous glittering of the eyes, said as plainly as an almanac, look out for squalls about this time. She said energetically:
"My complaint! Our present relations! Conceal nothing from you! Perhaps you will be good enough to explain yourself; that is, if you can."
My temper is not angelic. I never set up for a saint, and Mary Jane's perversity or obstinacy, added in her manner, did not make me in so heavenly a frame of mind, so I blurted out my sentiments as follows:
"You have a curvature of the spine, as every one that sees you must know. You have it very badly, and you ought to do something for it. Do, for heaven's sake send for a doctor and get straight."
You should have seen the little hump-backed eunuch then. She walked the floor as erect as a liberty pole. She smiled sardonically. She laughed hysterically. Finally she cried womanly, and then she found her tongue—her native tongue. No New York drawl now, but each word as sharp and incisive as a canonic needle.
"Curvature of the spine. Ha! ha! spine, ha, spine," (in a perfect shriek.) "O, you provoking fool—there! I just wish I was a man for a few minutes!"
"I wish you was a sensible woman."
"Sense! Well I admire to hear a booby—that can't tell the Grecian Bend from the spinal complaint—talk about sense."
"Grecian fiddle stick. You don't say that that awful crook which you had in your back was the Grecian Bend, [assuming the form of a rainbow again.] No lady desires to look like a ramrod. All the belles of New York stoop gracefully, and leave stiffness and straight lines to chambermaids and country folks."
"I suppose it was also from New York fops and belles that you learned the art of talking as though your mouth was full of hot mush."
Don't you talk about talking. You who never leave Louisville, think its provincialism compromise the proper language, but it is the ling of your negro nurse. I cannot stand it, I never want to hear any more of it. It is my desire that our acquaintance even should terminate with this interview."
And she sailed out of the room.
I don't suppose it is any use to speculate upon the humiliating spectacle to which lovely women may yet be reduced by fashion. I am convinced that their fate depends entirely upon the whims and caprices of the fashion-mongers of Paris. The ladies have never given us any evidence of their desire to avoid the ridiculous absurd dictates of fashion, is the more eagerly and implicitly her deities follow her. No considerations of heat or of cold, of propriety, of affection of comfort, or of anything else, can divert them from the prevailing style. If the Grecian Bend follows the natural law of fashion, it will get worse and worse, and it will not be long until we see our sweet-hearts with their heads hanging down like howling devils.
I have taken the porcelain picture of Mary Jane out of its velvet case, and that pretty casket is now vacant. Her image, which is supposed to be engraved upon this beating heart, has faded out, or is grown over with fat.—I have determined never to marry a woman with her back up. Others may do as they please, but I never do take a wife; I shall take her as I do my Bourbon—straight.
YUBA.

All Sorts of Items.
...It is said a life of President Johnson is being written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.
...In Milwaukee they call harness makers "horse milliners."
...A boy in Maine recently set fire to a barn in order to break up a setting hen.
...Three young ladies ran a foot race at an Iowa fair.
...Mr. Gollylight says he likes men of spirit. Most of his acquaintances are bartenders.
...The chief end of man is his head. It is sometimes not an over-creditable end to reach.
...The reason why conscience doesn't trouble some men is—they haven't got any. It don't run in some families at all.
...About the only person that we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.
...Let a youth who stands at a bar with a glass of liquor in his hand consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.
...Prentice says there are at least forty Radical members of Congress who could yield their places to "the forty thieves" without disadvantage to the country.
...Brigham Young thinks he has succeeded in giving his theatre a "sacred character," but regrets that boys will whistle in the gallery.
...A western editor describes the scene at a popular lecture thus: "Three thousand ladies were hanging on the lips of one man."
A pretty strong man that!
...My son, hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man?" "Jonah." "Why so?" "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."
...Several families who have spent the summer at Dumbarton, New Hampshire, remained to admire the woods in autumn, and on Saturday last took a sleigh-ride, and had a merry time.
...Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms and said: "Massa, here's de chap dat steals de onions! Whow—small Lim broff!"
...Charles, I was very much shocked to hear you singing 'Pop goes the Weasel' in church." "Well, mamma, I heard everybody else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."
...Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or about you. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion.
...A little girl of three years was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly up behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head she paused, and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute, while I lick Herby."
...A physician was called to see a man in this town the other day, who on being asked if he hadn't taken something strange into his stomach, replied that he believed he had.—"It must have been that glass of water. Haven't been so imprudent, doctor, for ten years."

...A lady whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass she exclaimed, "Where in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a nose?" "Out of the decanter, madam," replied the doctor.
...The fires in the Oregon woods are a double calamity. Besides the destruction of property, they drive the wild beasts into the settlements, where they commit great ravages.
...If THAT'S ALL, BUT IR.—Close to the Center Oil company there lives an old chap who is worth a mint. Ignorant, of course, dumb luck has made him rich. His house-hold pets consist of a terrier dog and stupid daughter, both of whom engage his attention. The former provided for, he determined to "accomplish" his daughter. To this end he came to the city. He bought a piano, and a harp, and a guitar, a car load of music books, etc., winding up his business by engaging a first-class intellectual and musical tutor, with all of which he started for the "regions." The documents were, of course, soon arranged for business. The tutor set to work and toiled like a Trojan, but with no success. Despairing ultimate triumph, the tutor went to the oil-king and made a clean breast of it.
"Why wad the world's the matter?" asked the father.
"Well," answered the tutor, "Kitty has got the piano, guitar, music and books, and all that, but she wants capacity—that's all."
"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the oil-king, "if that's all, just buy it. I've got the stuff, and if money will get it, she shall have capacity or anything else."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make a leisure hour useful. Think twice before you spend a dollar; remember you will have another to make for it. Look over your books regularly, and if you find an error trace it out. Should a streak of misfortune come upon you in your business, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track. Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will fly at last; then you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.