

Humorous.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more; the clock is past the ten; New Year's I vowed that until July 4 I would abstain—I have an oath—so, then, Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; for very rarely I— Though seeing it's you (whom I never saw before), And yet, my friend, I do feel very dry— Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; still 'bout this time I find There is but little harm in fingers four; Indeed, I've just had one; still I don't mind— Ask me once more!

HARPER'S COON HUNT.

Your coon or raccoon is morally and organically an humble, Urban Heap scoundrel— When you fancy him to be in a profound slumber, one corner of his eye will open, taking notice, as to the situation of affairs. He doubtless soliloquizes thus:

"You fancy yourself amazing smart, but I'll fool you yet, old fellow."

Well, coons, notwithstanding their unenviable characters, possess really admirable uses. They make a roast equal to that of the choicest porker, their oil is valuable for greasing boots and harness and the babies' throats, their skin will constitute the warmest overcoat; but the chief object in their creation doubtless was that there should be coon hunts, for I will not argue for a moment with any one so illogically inclined as to pretend we could have coon hunts if there were no coons in existence. If, indeed, coon hunts were an impossibility, what would be the anguish of Billy and Tom Harper? Now is the season for this rare sport, and doubtless the two fellows, with their friends and dogs, are out this sharp, wintry, moonlight night, enjoying it hugely. To narrate all the coon yarns told by these famous hunters might fill a quarto, so I will give one of Tommy's best, as told me last winter:

"You see, we started out one bright night—I think 'twuz Christmas eve—from Elkton, in Merlan, for a coon hunt. Billy an' I, an' lots o' darkeys, an' Jim Riggs, an' Sam Flemmon, an' about a dozen or more dogs were along— We ranged all over a piece o' woods, most all night, an' nary one o' the dogs struck a trail— 'Porenight fur coons,' sez I, to myself. Long, howsomever, just afore break o' day, I heard my ole houn', Ring, bark away off, mebbe half a mile or so. I knew that ar bark wuz a reglar coon bark, fur Ring barked morn' half a dozen ways, arter all sorts o' varmint. Us hunters wuz a good deal scattered roun', jist then, an' so I jist hurried 'n' alone, to jine ole Ring— When I got up to him he was a standin' at a dead tree, which wuz holler, an' looked sorta broke off mebbe forty feet or so up. When I come on to this houn', he started to run roun' an' roun' that ar tree, an' bark mighty agnest, an' he'd jump up onto the tree, put his nose to it an' smell an' sniff. Ring wuz, I tell you, a mighty good coon dog. Says I to myself 'Here's coons, ur, that's no water in Chesapeake Bay!'

I stood waitin' fur some uv the party to come up, fur I wanted an ax to cut down that ar coon tree. While waitin', I leaned agin that ar tree, and then I felt it sorter swell out an' draw in like, jist as a feller's heart does when he sucks in an' puffs out air. That's quar, I thought, an' then I looked close at the tree—it wuz jist agitten to be daybreak—an' I seed it wuz all cracked up an' down, an' on every side, an' then I observed them ar cracks jist open an' shet, in a mighty singlar way. Jist now most o' our fellers, who had heard the houn' bark, come up, an' sez I to 'em, 'boys, sez I, et you'll jist come up to this ere tree, you'll diskever suthin'. I tole four or five o' 'em to put their backs agin that ar tree, an' they did so, an' all felt that ar swellin' an' sinkin' jist as I did an' they all seed it wuz quar. All this time ole Ring kep' a barkin' an' all the tither dogs jined in, an' we had a rale houn' consort. By an' by, it wuz agettin to be the rale light, and we seed we would go to work in earnest on that ar tree. We just thought it wuz best to cut it down afore it wuz climbed; but then we thought we'd send up Tim Riggs, our best climber, to sarvey of that wuz 'enny hole up that. Soon Tim got up the tree; an' hollerer he'd got a coon. The next minute he throwed the varmint down, which the dogs grabbed—an' then another, an' another, an' another, an' so on— 'Why, Tim, I hollerer, 'that's coons up that, isn't that?' 'Yes, Uncle Tommy lots on 'em— plenty more.' An' Tim kep' a chucken o' 'em down. Jist then, the sun wuz a rizen, an' I could see clar. I wuz a standin' agin that ar tree, wich I tell you wuz all cracked open, when all to wunst I felt a scratch on my back, an', as I'm no prevaricator, that wuz a coon's paw a stickin' out o' one crack in that ar tree. 'Boys, sez I, look at that ar paw, an' shore as eggs hatches chickens, this ere tree is jist full o' coons.' Then we all begun to look at them ar big cracks an' poke sticks tharin; an' may I be swopped off fur a yaller dog of ther sticks didn't run agin coon fur wharever you'd poke 'em. I then knew all about that ar swellin' out an' drawin' in. That ar tree wuz jist plumb full o' coons, an' when the critters sucked in breath the tree drawed in, an' when they puffed it swelled out. Tim had thrown out jist twenty-seven coons outen the holler, an' then he came down, sayin' he couldn't reach enny more tails. Then the boys wanted to cut down the tree an' git all the coons to wunst; but I had my own way 'bout that, 'caze you see my ole houn' Ring foun' them ar coons— So, sez I, 'Tim, do you jist go up that ar tree agin an' stop up that ar hole; an' Sam Flemmon, do you run to my house—tain't morn' half a mile away—an' git my cross-cut saw an' an almighty long strong rope, an' tell Black Ben to bring over the four horse wagon rigged fur drawin' logs. Tim plugged up that hole in the tree an' when Sam brought saw and rope we tied the rope to the top o' that ar tree so az to let her down gently when she was sawed

through. Then we sawed her down close to the arth. We cum mighty nigh scratchin' some coons, but fortunately no fur was cut— Az soon az that ar tree wuz down, we had it hauled to my house. 'Twuz a mighty big draw, shore. Well, I had a good sized lot, all boarded up high and tight, and I jist drapped the log nigh onto it, and then we boys rolled it on to the lot. Then Tim pulled out the stopper from the hole, and quickly slipped out the lot, an' we shut the gate. Now we all peeked through the crack in the fence. Purty soon them ar coons began to cum out. I speek they wanted to know what in ternal natur wuz a goin on. Out they cum—one by one—mighty big, fat fellers, an' I jist counted 'em az they crawled out. Ther wuz jist two hundred an' sixteen coons to a coon. We had killed twenty-seven outen the tree in the woods, maked in all, if I figger right, jist two hundred and forty-three coons in that ar tree. That was one of the best hunts we had all that ar season."

HIS COMPLIMENT.

The Reese River Revelle tells of an Austin (Nev.) man who was reading a story to his wife, the other night, and came to a piece of "fine writing," in which the heroine's ear was compared to "some creamy-white, pink-tinted shell of the ocean."

"By the way," said the husband, cutting short his reading, "that description of the ear reminds me of your ear—you have an ear like a shell."

It was the first compliment she had received from him since the early days of their marriage, and a blush of pride suffused her face, as she asked:

"What kind of a shell, darling?"

"An abalone shell."

She had never before heard of nor seen an abalone shell, but she did not display her ignorance, so she made up her mind to hunt it up in the Condensed Conchology that ornamented the centre-table. Next morning the first thing she did after her husband had left the house was to hunt up the description of an abalone shell. She found it. It was described as a shell about the size of an ordinary wagon-wheel. She nursed her wrath till night, when she met him at the door with the towel roller, and now his ear is as big as an abalone shell, but it looks like a piece of pounded beef.

BUT WHERE'S THE CAT?

The skeleton of a cat walked into Ryan's store at Holokus. Ryan seeing her bawled out:

"Mickey, didn't I tell ye a month ago to fade that cat a pound of mate a day until ye had her fat?"

"You did, and I'm just after fading her a pound."

"Has that cat ate a pound of mate this mornin'?"

"Yes sir."

"Shure I think its a lie ye're telling. Bring me that scales and that cat."

The cat turned the scales at exactly one pound.

"There, didn't I tell ye she had eaten one pound of mate, this mornin'?"

"All right, my boy; there's yer pound of mate, but where the devil's the cat?"

It was at the funeral of the head of a family. A neighbor, while the services were going on inside, was speaking of the deceased, and took advantage of the opportunity to observe, in a tone of subdued sympathy: "And he had jist got in his coal and potatoes for the winter. It is a sad case."

They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg six different times in vain and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him on the street, they run home crying for bread.

It is related how two young men, on going to the Centennial, first went into the Art Gallery. Looking around with a disappointed air, one of them said to his friend: "I reckon the show must be about over. I see they've taken out all the things, and left nothing but some pictures hanging on the wall."

Somebody gave Paddy McGrath a pickled egg one day. He bit it in two, opened his mouth, made a face and said: "Be mo sowl, I'll go before any judge or jury in the worruld an' take me oath that the hin that laid that egg had the dyspepsia or heartburn!"

"My poem is rather lengthy," she said, "and maybe you won't have room for it this week." The editor yawned and replied: "Oh, yes, we could find room if it was twelve times as long. Our stove is a large one, you know."

In Paris they are making much noise over the opera singer whose hair touches the ground when she unloosens it. "Nothing strange about that, adds the Cincinnati Times, if she happens to be standing on the ground, and didn't catch the hair as it fell."

Scene—Canadian Shanty. American (at the door): "Ye ain't nary one seen my dog? He were an all fired critter at 'bar, and I'll miss him!" Voice (from the bank): "Seed a bar and dog—they were runnin'—dog were a little ahead of the bar!"

When a Connecticut deacon nudged a somnolent worshiper with the contribution box, the sleep y individual awoke partially, smiled and muttered, "I don't smoke, thank you!" and dropped off again.

He says: "Will you excuse me, sir?" and the gentleman addressed excused him. He continued: "I'm not in the habit of begging," and the gentleman said he was "d—d glad to hear it," and walked off.

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady, who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. It is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

A child sat down on a hot stove hearth in Clyde and was permanently branded on the base with the words "Base Burner."

THREE POINTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

During the past five years Vegetine has been steadily increasing in popularity, and those who were at first most incredulous in regard to its merits are now its most ardent friends and supporters. There are three essential causes for those having such a horror of patent medicines, charging their opinion and lending their influence toward the advancement of Vegetine. 1st—It is a honestly prepared medicine from herbs, roots and herbs. 2d—It honestly accomplishes all that is claimed for it, without leaving any bad effects in the system. 3d—It presents honest vouchers in testimonials from honest, well-known citizens, whose signatures are a sufficient guarantee of their earnestness in the matter. Take your into consideration the vast quantity of medicine brought conspicuously before the public through the flaming advertisements in the newspapers, and with no proof of merit or genuine vouchers of what it has done, we should be pardoned for manifesting a small degree of pride in presenting the following testimonial from Rev. J. S. Dickerson, D. D., the popular and ever genial pastor of the South Baptist Church, Boston.

THE TIRRED BODY SUBS FOR SLEEP.

H. R. Stevens, esq.: Dear Sir—It is as much from a sense of duty as of gratitude that I write to say that your Vegetine—even if it is a patent medicine—has been of great help to me when nothing else seemed to avail which I could safely use. Either excessive mental work or unusual care brings upon me a nervous exhaustion that desperately needs sleep, but as a desperately debilitated man, I am unable to get any sleep until I take your Vegetine. This prescription has helped me. Now I have a particular horror of Patent Medicine, but I have a greater horror of being afraid to tell the straight out truth. The Vegetine has helped me and I own it up.

VALUABLE EVIDENCE.

The following unsolicited testimonial from Rev. O. T. Walker, D. D., formerly pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, and at present settled in Providence, R. I., must be deemed as reliable evidence. No one should fail to observe that his testimonial is the result of two years' experience in the use of Vegetine in the Rev. Mr. Walker's family, who now pronounce it invaluable.

THE BEST EVIDENCE.

The following letter from E. S. Best, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Natick, Mass., will be read with interest by many physicians; also those suffering from the same disease as afflicted the son of the Rev. E. S. Best. A council of able physicians could give us but the faintest hope of his ever rallying; two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegetine and from that time to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strong.

RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

Dear Sir—We have a good reason for regarding your Vegetine a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now six years of age; for the last two years he has suffered from necrosis of his leg, caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give us but the faintest hope of his ever rallying; two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him, as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegetine and from that time to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strong.

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

PUBLIC SALE.

Farmers and others who are about to have a Public Sale of their Farms, Stock, Farm Implements, Household Goods, &c., should not forget that a large number of bidders always make a successful sale. THE DEMOCRAT is a desirable advertising medium, and one good bidder at a sale more than pays the cost of an advertisement in this paper.

HAND BILLS.

Large or small, printed on short notice, and at VERY LOW PRICES. Parties calling at this office when they come into town, and leaving their order, can usually have their bills printed by the time they are ready to go home. Bills put up in the hotels of our Borough. All orders by mail addressed.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers, upon reasonable terms, a fine farm in

AUBURN TOWNSHIP,

about 1 1/2 miles from the 4 Corners, containing 150 acres, with good buildings and orchard upon it and all improved. For particulars apply to

WM. B. LINABERRY, Auburn 4 Corners, Susquehanna County, Pa. Assignments of Jas. D. Linberry. Jan. 10, 1877.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Martha M. Van, late of Liberty township, dec'd. Letters of Administration in the said estate having been granted to the undersigned all persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them without delay.

D. A. WORDEN, Administrator. Jan. 24, 1877.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of O. P. Washburn, late of Liberty township, dec'd. Letters of Administration in the said estate having been granted to the undersigned all persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them without delay.

D. A. WORDEN, Administrator. De Bonis Non. Jan. 24, 1877.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Whereas—Letters testamentary to the estate of Rufus Smith late of Franklin, twp. dec'd. having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the same, are requested to present them without delay.

W. C. SMITH, Executor. Jan. 24, 1877.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the recipe for preparing a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; and also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooty scalp. Send your order to

Geo. W. Vandell & Co., Box 512, No. 5 Wagon St., N. Y. 2w26

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We buy for CASH only—and take advantage of the market whenever it can be done—either in large or small lots.

Our whole store is filled with BARGAINS because we always want them, and have first opportunity to secure such. NEW GOODS EVERY DAY.

Prices Lower than at any Binghamton Store. "Understand we do not say as LOW but LESS." "WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY."

[In Brick Block.] GEO. L. LENHEIM. Great Bend, Pa., Nov. 29, 1876.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

IN NEW MILFORD, PA.

H. & W. T. DICKERMAN

Will offer for sale on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, their entire stock of DRESS GOODS AND CLOTHING.

We will offer OVER FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH at Panic Prices regardless of Profit or Cost. We intend to close out the entire Stock in SIXTY DAYS. We mean what we say, and say just what we mean.

Our Stock is unusually large and attractive, consisting of all the modern styles of DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMING, DOMESTICS, etc. Our Stock of Over Coats is unusually large, and we do not intend to keep them over.

H. & W. T. DICKERMAN. Nov. 22d, 1876.—im.

WE ARE SELLING

OVERCOATS, IN ALL STYLES, BUSINESS SUITS, FINE DIAGONAL, (Dress Suits,) DRESS GOODS, LADIES' OLOAKS, MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES, of all kinds, LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S FINE and COARSE SHOES, RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds, MEN'S and BOYS' HATS and CAPS, BUFFALO ROBES, LAP ROBES, HORSE BLANKETS, At bottom prices, "Binghamton not excepted."

Nov. 8, 1876. WEEKS, MELHUSH & CO.

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EVERY STYLE OF FLINT AND COMMON CHIMNEYS.

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THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION, Such as PEACHES, ORANGES, LEMONS, PINE APPLES, PLUMS, QUINCES, ONIONS, TOMATOES, APPLES, CABBAGES, BANANAS, CANTALOPES, GRAPES, SWEET POTATOES, WHORTLE-BERRIES, &c., &c., all at bottom prices, by A. N. BULLARD. Montrose, Aug 16, 1876.

CORRECTION!

Rumor has it that having been elected County Treasurer for the ensuing three years, I am to discontinue my insurance business. Said RUMOR is UNTRUE, and without foundation, and while thanking you for kindness, and appreciation of good insurance in the past, I ask a continuance of your patronage, promising that all business entrusted to me shall be promptly attended to. My Companies are all sound and reliable, as all can testify who have met with losses during the past ten years at my Agency. Read the List! North British and Mercantile, Capital, \$10,000,000 Queens of London, " 2,000,000 Old Franklin, Philadelphia, Assets, 3,500,000 Old Continental, N. Y., " nearly 3,000,000 Old Phoenix of Hartford, " 2,000,000 Old Hanover, N. Y., " 1,500,000 Old Farmers, York, " 1,000,000 I also represent the New York Mutual Life Insurance of over 30 years standing, and assets over \$30,000,000.—Also, the Masonic Mutual Benefit Association of Pennsylvania. Get an Accidental Policy covering all accidents, in the Hartford Accident Ins. Co. Policies written from one day to one year. Only 25 cents for a \$5,000 Policy. Please call or send word, when you take a trip very respectfully. HENRY C. TYLER. Montrose, Pa., Jan 10 1876.—1f