The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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THE

POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY

M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

☞ Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types:

1 square, 1 insertion	$1 50
1 square, 2 or 3 insertions	2 00
Each subsequent insertion less than 13	40
1 square, 1 year	10 00
Business Cards, 1 year	5 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notices	3 00
Special and Editorial Notices per line	20

☞ All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

☞ Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. Stated Meetings on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Hall, in the 3d Story of the Olmsted Block. D. C. LABRABEE, Sec. WM. SHEAR, W. M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-40

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and Cameron counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

OLMSTED and LARRABEE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Coudersport, Penn'a Will attend to all business entrusted to their care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in the adjoining counties. Office in the second storey of the Olmsted Block.

ISAAC BENSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Couder-port, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attends Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge.

F. W. KNOX,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

F. D. RITTER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon would respectfully inform the citizens of Coudersport and vicinity that he has opened an Office in the Coudersport Hotel, and will be ready at all times to make professional calls. He is a regular graduate of Buffalo Medical College of 1860. Jan 1 '67.

ELLISON & THOMPSON,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil Varnishes, Lamps and Fancy articles, Books of all kinds—School and Miscellaneous, Stationery, Inks &c. In Manlings old Jewelry Store. Jan 1, '67.

MILLER & McALARNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT LAW, HARRISBURG, Penn'a.—Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and state government, such as Pensions, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c—Address Box 95, Harrisburg.

W. H. MILLER. J. C. M'ALARNEY

M. W. McALARNEY,

REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE AGENT.—Lands Bought and Sold, Taxes paid and Titles investigated. Insures property against Fire in the best companies in the Country, and Persons against Accidents in the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly 17-29

C. H. ARMSTRONG,

HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron-Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Penn'a. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.,

MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold 17 29

C. H. SIMMONS,

MERCHANT—WELLSVILLE N. Y., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy and Staple Goods Clothing, Ladies Dress Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c. Retailers supplied on liberal terms

CHARLES S. JONES,

MERCHANT—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED,

MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provisions, &c., Main street, Coudersport, Pa

COLLINS SMITH,

MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country store. n'61

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.

H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR, Corner of Main and Second streets Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.

HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE.

Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania.

BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may call on him.—Feb 12, 66 tf

MARBLE WORK

Monuments and Tomb-Stones

of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by

C. Breunle.

Residence: Eulalia, 1½ miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Sinnemahoning Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 6-6

DAN BAKER,

PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hons. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq

DAN BAKER,

June 8 '64 Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

Itch! Itch! Itch!

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

WHEATON'S OINTMENT,

Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!

Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington street, Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866, ay notice wky 1yr.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old.
Half inviting, half repellant,
Now advancing and now shy,
There is mischief in her laughter
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in every art,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of the heart;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile.
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? oh! then how serious
Will her pretty face become!
You are angry; she is wretched,
Saddened, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She can lure, and catch, and play you
As an angler does a trout!

Ah! "old fossils," nearly fifty,
Who are plotting, deep and wise,
Ye "Adonises" of twenty,
With the love-light in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you *all!*

Steve Altant's Mistake.

In the town of A——, up among the mountains of New Hampshire, there lived a certain old gentleman who rejoices in the name of Steve Altant, or "Old Steve" as he is best known to the residents of his own: a man better skilled in bear hunting than in books. He can tell a wonderful tale of hair breadth escapes from the wild denizens of the forest, better than he can make a speech in the halls of the State Capitol. Yet old Steve represented his town in the Legislature.

His remarks for "the honor conferred" in the town meeting were said to be wonderful, and without doubt they were as original as his career as a legislator was brilliant.

Well the first of June saw Steve en route for Concord, dressed in his best suit of home-spun. In due time he arrived, there, and put up" at a private dwelling, instead of a hotel, because he could thus save a copper.

The next morning Steve was up bright and early, and as he had finished his breakfast, he set out for the State House in a "great taking" for fear that he would be too late, and that they "would begin" before he should get there.

Although a stranger in the city, he disdained to inquire the way, for fear that people would think him green; so, after wandering about for some time his eye at last rested on what he supposed to be the building in question. So he boldly walked in and seeing a man at a desk busily engaged in writing he accosted him thus:

"Fine morning, stranger."

"Yes," was the response.

"Say, mister, I have a leetle business with you," in a tone slightly riled at the laconic response.

"Well, what is it?" said the clerk laying down his pen.

"Sir, 'ti this. I suppose I am entitled to a seat in this ere building, and I would like for you to show me the way to where the rest of them are."

"What do you take this to be!" asked the clerk, a smile playing round his mouth.

"The State House, to be sure."

"The State House! I fear you are slightly mistaken, my friend. This is the *State Prison!*"

Old Steve gave one look in the face of the clerk to make sure that he was not joking, then hastened from the room to the street, and gave the first person he met a dime to show him the State House.

That night he returned to beg the clerk not to tell of his mistake; but it was too late. It had spread far and wide, and to cap all he was put on the committee on the State Prison, as 'twas observed that he was well acquainted with that institution.

The next year old Steve returned to private life; his constituents thinking it best to dispense with his distinguished services

If a man wants to be knocked down, let him inquire of old Steve how he likes legislating!

A WELL dressed fellow walked into a room where they were talking politics, and stretching himself up to his full height exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Where is the Radical? Show me a Radical, gentlemen, and I will show you a liar.

In an instant a man exclaimed:

"I am a Radical, sir!"

"*You are!*"

"Yes, sir, I *am*!"

"Well, you just step round the corner with me, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Radical in the ward. Ain't he a liar, I should like to know?"

—"There are ties that never should be severed," as the ill used wife said when she found her brute of a husband hanging in the hay loft.

—Slight changes make great differences. Dinner for nothing is very good fun; but you can't say so much of nothing for dinner.

A Trance in Olden Time.

Thomas Say, who lived a century ago, was a member of the society of Quakers. He was the author of several works; and also wrote the history of his own life, a biography which has always been in high esteem among those of his faith. In this is a narrative of certain psychological phenomena, which at the present time would be classed under the general head of mesmerism and self-induced magnetism. The following is an extract, in substance, from the work in question:—

"On the ninth day, between the hours of four and five, I fell into a trance, in which I remained till about three or four the next morning. After my departure from the body—for I felt that I had left the body—my father and mother, together with others, among whom was Susannah Robinson, who were watching with me, shook me and felt my pulse, but found no evidence of any remaining life in me. Dr. Kearsley, who had attended me, was sent for, and in like manner examined me and pronounced me dead; but as he was about leaving me, he turned back, saying that something impelled him to try further. After applying a glass to my mouth and finding a little moisture upon it, he said that if I was not dead I was so far gone as to be past recovery. Upon returning again to the body I spoke; and those who were sitting up with me were very much alarmed; the second time I spoke they all rose from their seats the third time they all came to me. My father and mother questioned me about my condition, and I told them that I thought that I had died; and as I left the body and rose towards Heaven my ears were greeted with voices, the music of which threw me into transports of joy. The prospect around me, as I floated along, was arrayed in the most beautiful green. I cast my eyes back towards the earth and saw that three men of my acquaintance had died. Two of these looked white and pure; he other was not so. The three rose from their bodies as I had done from mine. There appeared before us a transparent opening. I and one of these men came up to it and he passed in; but at the moment when I attempted to enter I came out of the trance.

"On my return to consciousness I said to my mother, 'Oh that I had made one step further, and not returned to earth again' I desired them to say nothing to me, for I still heard the music that had so ravished me; and while I heard it I felt no pain, but when it ceased the pain returned. I told those who were with me of the death of the three men, and they sent to see if it was so. The messenger returned, saying that they were dead. One of these was a negro named Cuffee, belonging to the widow Kearney; I saw him die in the brick kitchen. When they were laying him on a board his head fell from their hands; this I saw plainly, for the walls of the house were no hindrance to my sight.

"After my recovery the widow Kearney sent for me. I told her that I had seen her negro man die while in my trance.—She questioned me as to where he died. I told her it was in her brick kitchen, between the jamb of the chimney and the wall, and mentioned the circumstance of his head slipping from their hands. She replied that I was right; and asked me further if I could tell where they laid him. I replied that they had laid the body between the back door and the street door, while a place was being swept under the window, where he was afterwards placed. She said that I was correct in these particulars."

What is Polite Society?

Ask a member of that highly-polished guild what he understands by the phrase, "Polite Society," and he will tell you that it signifies a select association of ladies and gentlemen by whom the laws prescribed by courtesy and good-breeding are strictly observed. He will not say that obedience to the polite code often involves deliberate treason to truth and candor. Yet so it is. Put the same question to a synical despiser of etiquette, and he will insist that "Polite Society" is neither more nor less than a congeries of conventional hypocrites, governed by rules which forbid the bold utterance of unpleasant truths and sanction the use of flattering falsehoods. The cynic's opinion, though somewhat harsh, will be found, upon the whole, correct To be courteous, in the true, Christian sense of the word—for courtesy is a Christian virtue—it is not necessary to be mendacious. To revile a person whom we happen to dislike would be unnecessary and ungentlemanly; but to flatter and compliment him is a piece of unmanly meanness. "Polite Society" when off parade, and resolved back into its domestic elements, is even more bitter and accrimonious than the unpolished vulgar. It indemnifies itself behind the scenes for the part it plays in public, by satirizing, abusing and condemning the very people to whom it has recently rendered homage. It is an artificial system, founded on the grand mistake that it is impossible to be at once courteous and sincere. Depend upon it, there is very little Christian charity in what is called "Polite Society."

Samuel Downing, The Last Soldier of the Revolution.

The Albany *Journal* gives the following sketch of Samuel Downing, who died as already announced, at his home near Northville, in Saratoga County, on Monday Feb. 19:

He was born in Newburyport, Mass. Nov. 30, 1761. He was therefore in the 106th year of his age when he died—his precise age being 105 years, 2 months and 21 days. He entered the army of the Revolution when he was 16. To do so he left his employer (in New-Hampshire) without leave. On his first application he was refused, but he soon found a recruiting officer who took him, notwithstanding his youth and diminutive stature. This was just after the surrender of Burgoyne.

He entered into the service with great spirit and enthusiasm. He may not have understood all the great issues involved in the contest, but he served as faithfully and fought as bravely as those who did. Much of his time was spent in the valley of the Mohawk, guarding trains and fighting Indians and Tories. But he was also with the army on the Hudson, and took part in the memorable siege of Yorktown. He continued in the service until the close of the war; and e'en down to old age, it was his chief delight to discourse about Washington, whom he had often seen, and the joy of the people when peace was declared and the nation's liberties achieved.

At the close of the war he returned to New-Hampshire, settled upon a farm in Antrim, and soon afterward married Miss Eunice George, two years his junior, with whom he lived in perfect accord until 1853 She was the mother of thirteen children ten of whom preceded her to the tomb. He took possession of the farm where he died in 1794. It was then a trackless wilderness. The first son was born in 1782, and the last in 1811. The latter is the happy father of thirteen children. Three of his sons served through the late war in the Union Army, and one of the daughters is, or was recently, a teacher of freedmen at Norfolk, Va.; so that patriot blood still runs in the veins of the family. The mother of these three boys was reluctant to consent to have them all go to the field; but the old patriot insisted, and nothing loth, they did what their grandfather desired rather than what their mother preferred During the war it was his chief pleasure to hear of Union victories, and to keep note of the battles in which the boys were engaged. He prayed to live until peace came back to the country, and he was gratified, although he was disappointed in another wish that he might see Jeff Davis hung.

Mr. Downing was something of a politician He would always vote, and always voted on the side of freedom and justice. He gave his first vote for Washington and his last for Lincoln; and in recounting his political experience, he was always sure to say that he did not vote for Buchanan.

As his age would indicate, he was a man of iron constitution; the result of regular habits and a religious life, Both himself and wife were exemplary members of the Methodist Church, and his bible was his constatnt companion He was always cheerful—looked at everything pleasantly, and suffered nothing to worry or disturb him. His grand-children were his playmates, and contributed greatly to the joy of his old age.

Although a temperate man, he was not a teetotaller. He took a glass of liquor occasionally, but was never intoxicated He had not a very high opinion of the quality of the rum of the present day, and thought if what people drank was as pure as that made in the good old times, there would be less evil resulting from the habit. He also used tobacco, and tea was his favorite beverage. We are afraid some of our dietarian friends will be disappointed at this revelation of Mr. Downing's habits Whiskey occasionally, and tobacco and tea all the time, and yet he lived to 105 years: This is not the modern theory. But perhaps if he had used neither he might have lived to a hundred and fifty!

Here is a specimen of breaking the news gently. During the summer of 1849 a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with cholera while some fifty miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends and home. By inquiry he learned the precise house of the deceased On driving to the door he called to a respectably-appearing lady who was in fact the newly-made widow, and asked:

"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"

"Yes," was her reply, "but he is not at home to day."

"I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the wagon!"

—Aunt Betsey says, "a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own." Aunt Betsey is right.

—"Sally," said a lover to his intended, "give us a kiss, will you?" "No I won't," said Sally, "help yourself."

ADVICE TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—The following advice is given to young men by their well-wisher, Josh Billings.

1st. If you hev soup for breakfast, don undertake to eat it with your fingers if you kan git a fork, and never wipe your nose on the table cloth as long as you hev a coat sleeve.

2d. If you don't know how to chew tobacker looze no time; the best way is to git behind a hog pen and practis before you chaw in public. (Josh knows by experience.) but persevere, its the onla way your Pa learnt.

3d. If you have got to be 12 years old and can't sware good, the chances are you won't amount to ennything. About as good a way as I know of to learn is to begin by saying "condem it," and then work up.

4th. Larning how to drink is a slow process, but dredful sartin; cider is purty sartin to get the hang with, but rum cherry is sartiner.

5th. By all means at an early age git into the habit of staying out late nites Don't miss a circus, tha are means of grace. Kall vartue nonsense, and suspeck all femails Watch yure older brother, and brag on his deviltries.

Follor these rules close, and if they don't make a plum uv you you kan konclude that you hev mistook the crook of yoo genius and air proberly designed for a decen man.

FRIENDSHIP OF WOMAN.—Nothing could be more severe than this picture of friendship, written by Lady Clara Cavendish.

Men—that is men who are worth anything—are capable of a good deal of solid friendship for each other, at all events they are governed by a certain principle of honor, and you will hardly ever hear one of the sterner sex entertaining a parlor full of guests with the foibles and failings of his most intimate friend, or with sarcastic remarks on his personal appearance. We wish we could say the same of our own sex but alas, we cannot. Sometimes we doubt the existence of friendship in feminine bosoms altogether, and wonder at the revelations which women make of their own meanness to each other.

When Augusta and Amelia seek each other's society constantly, twine their arms around each other's waists, kiss at parting and exchange the most affectionate little billets, the supposition is that they are friends; but ten to one, if you meet Augusta by herself, to your surprise, you learn that her opinion of Amelia is by no means a high one. She wonders what you can see in her to admire, assures you that she is very vain, and entertains you with an account of certain mysteries in her toilet, which you mustn't mention to any one, but really, the idea of those curls being her own, and that color. There is something horrible in treachery. Why need women be false to each other? They are constant as a general thing to those of the other sex.

JONES was fond of a spree One evening he told his better half he was going out for a few minutes, and would only be gone till eight. About midnight Jones came home tight, and excused himself for his staying till such late hours on the ground that she had given her consent to his staying out *till late*. A night or two after, as Jones was putting on his hat, Mrs. Jones mindful of the past, made him promise to come home by nine. Jones solemnly pledged his word, and departed. Along in the small hours, he came home dancing a Chero kee reel, and singing a song to match.—Stumbling his way to his wife's room, he ejaculateed. "There, Susan, and didn't I promise you (hic) I'd come home benign—and here (hic) I come (hic) home the benignest fellow, (hic) in the whole (hic) crowd."

A MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—At Ottawa, Canada, on Friday, a young coquette had an appointment to elope with a British private, John Welsh. While in waiting fos the girl, the soldier was seized, gagged and stripped, and an old flame, Larry Lawler, whom Julia had jilted for the red-coat, donned the uniform, kept the tryst, and was firmly tied to the girl before she discovered the mistake, by a ready made priest, feed for the occasion. The girl's mother had arranged the whole affair.—Julia professed her willingness to allow things to stand as they were, her one desire for a husband having been answered.

A YOUNG GOOSE.—A market girl sold a gentleman a fine fat goose, warranting it to be young. It turned out, when roasted to be unmanageably tough. The next day the gentleman said to the market girl: "That goose which you sold me for a young one was very old."

"Certainly not," said the girl; don't you call me young?"

"Yes."

"Well; I am but nineteen, and I heard mother say often, that that goose was six weeks younger than me."

—At a prayer meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard and whose mother was a widow.

BREVETIES.

—A live seal was captured on the river near Bangor.

—The "mad itch" is raging among Ohio cattle.

—Drops of grease caused the great fire at Yokohoma.

—England trembles beneath the footsteps of Reform.

—The philosopher of the *Tribune* has been done in marble.

—They have the "black measles" in some parts of Maine.

—New Hampshire has $900,000 invested in school houses.

—Buffalo has caged a professional swindler of long standing.

—A line of steamers are to ply between Baltimore and Bremen.

—There is not trade enough to make the Spanish railroads profitable.

—A Harrisburg lady unconsciously roasted two cats in a kitchen range.

—The damp is playing havoc with the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament.

—Several thousand tons of Table Rock, at Niagara Falls, fell the other day.

—What is the relation of the door-mat to the scraper? It is a step farther.

—It is not what we make, but what we save that makes us rich.

—A hop on the "light fantastic toe" may be pleasant, but not when you hop on the fantastic toe of your neighbor.

—Why are country girl's cheeks like French calico? Because they are "warranted to wash and retain their color."

—A fire at Fairfax Court House, week before last, was successfully fought with snow.

—The grape crop on the Ohio lake shore has failed only four times in forty years.

—A jeweller in New York imported $3,000 worth of diamonds in a quantity of pork.

—"Speech is silvern, but silence is goldern." Hence the expression, hush money. —*Punch.*

—Two hundred additional omnibuses have been built in Paris, in view of the coming Exposition.

—All the Memphis schools are overflowing, and the opening of additional ones is contemplated.

—Half a dozen gentlemen in New Bedford dined together, the other day, who are worth $2,000,000.

—*Punch* suggests that after dinner conversation should be called post brandial instead of post prandial.

—John C. Calhoun's old homestead, in South Carolina, is to be sold at auction on the 4th of March next.

—Tilton supports Barnum for Congress, and Barnum supports Tilton by advertising in the *Independent.*

—Grace Greenwood is in favor of giving the ballot to every woman who owns a sewing machine or a wash tub.

—A boy in Cincinnati lost three fingers by a planing machine, and goes into court demanding $5,000 damages.

—John Chinaman in Paris furnishes a meal at a very low price to working men, but there is an unhappy suspicion of rats!

—A lady correspondent having fallen in love with Mr. Leonard Jerome, says that gentleman is the "noblest looking man in New York."

—The New York Stock exchange has given $50,000 for the purchase of food for the poor of the South, by the Southern Relief Committee.

—There must be a "tea-room" in the Buffalo poor-house. The last year's bill of expenses includes an item of $879 for whiskey and cigars.

—The meteorologists report the month of January the first in seventy years that has passed by without a thaw. There was not the sign of a thaw in the entire month.

—An old toper was overheard, the other day, advising a young man to get married, "because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you go home drunk."

—Statistics show that the Northwest contains one-sixth of the improved land of the country, and produces one-half of the entire bulk of the products of the United States.

—The Lewiston *Journal* says that a company has been organized at Mechanic Falls, called the Furlong Paper Pantalette Co., to manufacture borders to ladies' drawers and children's pantaletts—an ornamental appurtenance to be buttoned to the garment, which may be readily replaced when soiled.