NO. 25.

The Republican.

EVERY WEBNESDAY MORNING,

JAS. E. SAYERS

DEFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Two dollars a year, payable invariably in advance. One dollar for six months, payable, invariably in advance.
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inserted as advertisements. They must be paid for in advance. FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Waynesburg, D. Boner, Pres't. J. C. FLENNIREN, Cashier. DISCOUNT DAY-FUESDAYS.

May 16, '66.-1y. W. E. GAPEN

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WAYNESBURG, PA.

OFFICE-In N. Clark's building.

J. J. HUPPMAN R A. M'CONNELL.

MICONNELL & HUFFMAN Attorneys and Consellors at Law Wagnesburg, Penn'a.

toore. — the "Wright House," East toore. —Colle. " & &c., will receive prompt attention. Wavnesburg A vet 26, 1862.-tf.

R. W. DOWNEY. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW er like in Lelwith's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa. Nov. 1, 1865-1v.

WYLY & BUCHANAN

ATTOR JY3 & COUNSELORS AT LAW

NB das Stationery, Wall Paper, W Paper, &c. Sunday School Il kinds constantly on hand, Way May 9 166-18

P. MITCHE L. Shoemaker!

Main St., nearly opposite Wright House,

I S prepared to do stitched and pegged work, from the coarsest to the finest r also, puts up the batest style of Boots and Shoes. Cobbling done on reasonable terms. May2,6m.

W. H HUFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR ROOM IN BLACKLEY'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG. WORK made to order, in finest and best style, Cutting and Fitting done promptly, and according to latest tashion plates Stock on band and for sale. May 2. If

Wm. Balley. WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE WIGGHT HOUSE. KEEPS ON HANDS ALWAYS A choice and select assortment of watches and lewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates, apt, 1y

N. G. HUGHES SADDIER AND HARNESS MAKER, Main St., nearly opposite Wright House,

READY made work on hand, and having secured the services of two first-class work-men he is prepared to execute all orders in the neatest and best style. May2, 6m.

THIRST NO MORE! "Joe" Turner's

HE HAS JUST OPENED A NEW SALOON!! Keeps Good Rye Whiskey, Brandies of all kinds, Gin, Wine, Ale. &c. And has the where-with to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn.

PEOPLE'S LINE.

Pitts'urgh for Greensboro every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. May 16, '66.-6m.

SLATER ODENBAUGH. DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES LI-D quors and every thing pertaining to a first class Ding Store. Prescriptions carefully com-pounded "Creigh's Old Stand." Waynes bur. Pa. May 30, '66.-1y.

GEORGE S. JEFFERY District in Books and Stationery. Miga- as a sompstone the momentous question Limited refrage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest. His voice is very low and district frage inevitable, and is not the quickest.

TO CANAAN ! A Song of the Six Hundred Thousand.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Where are you going soldiers, With banner, gun and sword! We're marching South to Canasn, To battle for the Lord! What Captain leads your armies Along the rebel coasts? The Mighty One of Isrel, His name is Lord of Hosts! To Canaan, to Canaan, The Lord has led us forth, To blow before the heathen walls The trumpet of the North!

What flag I: this you carry Along the sea and shore? The same our grandsires lifted up, The same our fathers bore! In many a battle's tempest ; It shed the crimson rain: What God has woven in his loom, Let no man rend in twain! To Canaan, to Canaan, The Lord has led us forth, To plant upon the rebel towers

The banners of the North! What troop is this that follows, All armed with picks and spades? These are the swarthy bondmen, The iron skin brigades! They'll pile up freedom's treastwork, They'll scoop out rebels' graves; Who th n will be their owner, And march them off for slaves? To Canaan, to Canaan,

The Lord has led us forth. To strike upon the captive's chair The hammers of the North! What song is 'his you're singing? The same that Israel sung. When Moses led the mighty choir, And Mariam's timbrel rung !

To Canaan, to Canaan! The priests and maidens cried; To Canaan, to Canaan! The people's voice replied. To Canaan, to Canaan, The Lord has led us forth. To thunder thro' its adder-den The anthems of the North!

When C: man's hosts are scattered, And all her walls lie flat, What follows next in order? -The Lord will see to that: We'll break the terint's scepire, We'll band the people's throne-

When half the world is Freedom's, To Caman, to Canaan, The Lord has led us forth To sweep the rebel threshing-floors A whir wind from the North!

. THE FRONTIER WEDDING.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as he should be expected to remain all night and partake of the festivities

It was twenty miles to the settlement. and we reached the log house of Mr Bucke, the father of the expectant bride, about noon. A dozen tow haired children was at the door, waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news

'Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman! They're nothing but folks! She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey wing in front of it; his nose is just like dad's-crooked as a cowhorn squash." Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain !

'Sam !' cried a shrill, female voice from he syterior of the cabin, 'run out and grab the roo-ter, and I'll clap him into sweep the floor. Kick that corn dodger low out of that chair for the minister's wite, and be spry about it '

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance

Mrs Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat and and bare teet, came forward, wiping her face on her apron. 'How do you do, elder ! How d'ye gill' STEAMER "CHIEF-TAIN," R. R. ABRAMS, Commander. Capt R. C. MASON, Clerk; leaves last week. Work must be did, you

Greensboro, for Pittsburgh every Monday, know. Powerful sharp air, hain't it?
Wednesday and Friday, at 0 a.m. Leaves Shoo, there! Bill drive that turkey out of the bread-trough. Sal, take the la-STEAMER "ELECTOR." ROBERT Post. dy's things. Set right up to the fire

wards he was bouncing abou in a four it you must know." turned to her churn; but the extraor, son, when all was over,

'Grab the ladle, Bill,' cried Mrs do it if it kills me ' Burke, and help dip it up. Take keer My husband drew back nervously. -don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange but Sally advanced, threw her arms how folks will be so masty. Dick, do around his neck, and gave him a kiss you keep your feet out of that butters that nade the very windows clatter crazy about it.'

the bride elect, thumping away at the of the company churn.

By the time I had fairly warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I Don't be afraid to speak.' did not injure myself by over-eating. Night came on early, and after a socal chat about the event of the morrow,

I signified my desire to retire. Sal lighted a pitch-knot, and began room ; I hesitated.

'Come on,' said she ; don't be afraid, Sam, and Bill and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck you heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm and mind, or you'll Take keer of the hole where the chimbly in that house. comes through '

Her warning came too late. I caught and fell headlong through what appeared to be interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms, and set me on my feet, remarking cooly .-

What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder.'

I was duly commiserated, and at last got to bed The less said about that night the better Bill and Dick and four others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed I was being shot from the muzzle of a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was

The marriage was to take place be fore breaktast, and Sally was already eled in her bridal robes when I descend-

She was magnificent in a green calico over a crinoline fall four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings blue stockings, a yellow neck ribbon, and white cotton gloves Her reddish hair was fastened in puff behind, and well adorned with the tail-feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned

When it was announced that Lemuel Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refus ed to come torth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a few sharp words business.

the pot! Sal, you quit that churn and been made for his grandfather on a and from which to power can rescue it? under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tal- greased with tallow and his buge feet to this administration than to all other

eneased in skin pump , gather, and the room was well filled.

But Sally refused to be trotted She to let her have her cwn way.

LIPS, Commander; R. G. TAYLOR, Clerk: marm. Hands cool? Well, just run the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeding failed, too, through the feebleness day, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves Pitts. 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a burgh for Greensberg every Monday, Wednesself, and Friday.

Lemuel, 'Will you have this woman?' property of the administration,—why day and Friday. 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose.'

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

Lawk, if she ain't actually a shiver-lawk, if she ain't actually a shiver-lawk, if she ain't actually a shiver-lawk in the loft and cut the strings and folly and offenses against public property of the administration,—why property of the administration,—why property of the administration,—why fort. They are very good for such throats, our eyes were, somehow, damp, should not the Democratic party abandon the dead ody, longer adherence to which is death only to itself!

Lawk, if she ain't actually a shiver-lawk, if she ain't actually a shiver-lawk in the loft and cut the strings which is death only to itself!

What next? Can the Democratic party abandon the dead ody, longer adherence to which is death only to itself?

What next? Can the Democratic party abandon the dead ody, longer adherence to which is death only to itself?

What next? Can the purpose.'

Bill presented his shaggy head, but the sulphur springs, hear the fort. There was someting in our throats, our eyes were, somehow, damp, should not the Democratic party abandon to keep guard—for we must be very watchful there, there was someting in our throats, our eyes were, somehow, damp, should not the bemocratic party abandon to the administration,—why should not the sulphur springs. I took a few of my men with throats, our eyes were, somehow, damp, should not the sulphur springs. I took a f ing l' cried Mrs. Burke. 'Bring in some which held it. Mr. Morrison crawled more wood. Here marm, take this hot out looking decidedly sheepish, and Sally shall be gotten out of the way? It can corn-dodger inter yer lap-it's as good was obliged to be married openly. To not. What next! Is not negro suf-- the momentous question Lemnel re- frage inevitable, and is not the quickest

quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal re 'S lute your bride,' said Mr. Marri.

dinary visitor must have made her care. 'I'm ready to do anything, elder,' said less, for she upset the concern, and but- Lemuel, but skin me if I know about termilk went swimming over the floor. that, sir. Just show me how, and I'll

milk : it won't be fit for the pigs when I vum, if I don't do ditto!' cried the butter's gathered. Drive that hen Lemuel, and hastily taking a huge bite out, quick ; she's picked up a pound als from a piece of maple sugar which he ready. There, Sal, do try and churn a drew from his pocket, he made a dash at iittle more keerful. If you are a gwine me-smashed my collar, broke my to be spliced to-morror, you need it run watchguard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a 'I advise you to dry up!' remarked kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight

Then he turned to my husband. Now, elder, what is the damage!

'Whatever you please,' said Mr. Mor-

Lemuel produced a piece of fur. 'There, elder,' said be, 'there's a musk rat's skin, and out in the shed is two climbing a ladder in one corner of the heads of cabbage, and you're welcome to the whole of it,'

My husband bowed, his thanks, the young people went to dancing, Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast ; at my earnest request Mr. Morrison got our horse, and we bade them adicu. I never smash your brains out against the beam, could have lived through another meal

I have since heard that Mr Lord said if he had seen the elder's wife before he my f ot in the end of a board, stumbled, was married, Sallie might have gone to the dickens.

'Alas, it might have been !

REMARKABLE CHANGE OF FRONT.

THE CHICAGO TIMES REPUDIATES ANDREW JOHNSON AND COMES OUT FOR UNIVERSAL

[From the Chicago Times of Nov. 12.]

SHALL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY LIVE OR DIE! cratic party which has no precedent in just the Union in the way of speedy its history, as it is a crisis in the progress of the country which is also without the union in the way of speedy restoration. The machinery consists, of restoration the progress of the country which is also without course, in conventionists to revise the The present is a crists in the Demoprecedent. Never before has the Dem occatic party encountered events so seriously affecting its future vitality as now Not that it beholds itself diminished in the magnitude of its numbers,for it is numerically stronger than it has ever been before,-but that, having been beaten on a great national issue, as to which it believed itself to be wholly right and the opposition wholly wrong. and still so believes, it must nevertheless abandon that issue-for the decision of it is final-and either sit down in helpless and decaying inactivity, or strike boldly out upon a new line, selected with | eculia reference, not to things as we would have them, but to things as they actually are, and in pursuing which line it shall cease to be a holdback or 'conservative' party, and become, what it was in its palmy days, a proggressive and an aggressive party. These are the alternatives.

It will not sit down in helpless and decaying inactivity. What, then, shall the new line be ?-In the first place, must we not cut losse from Sally advising him to mind his own from the administration of Andrew Johnson, and leave that hybrid concern Lemuel was dressed in blue with to flut on the sea of public contempt bright buttons The entire suit had into which it some time since entered, simular occasion. His bair was well Is not the late defeat attributably more causes combined? What is there in its Very soon the company began to composition to command popular confidence? Who, belonging to it, is en-'Now, elder,' cried the bridegroom, titled, by reason of his antecedents or drive ahead! I want it done up nice; of his statesmanship, to the confidence I am able to pay for the job; do ye hear? or the respect of the Democratic party? Come, father Burke, trot out your Certainly it is not Andrew Johnson, nor William H. Seward, nor Edwin M Stan ton. True, this administration had a would be married where she was or not right policy, and the Democratic party, at all. We argued and conxed, but she in overlooking the chief men compriswas firm; and it was finally concluded ing it, and thinking only of the rightfulness of the policy, displayed a patri-Mr Morrison stood up; the happy otism whose purity was never excelled couple joined bands through a rent in but the policy having failed,-and hav-

party succeed untill the negro question

tion of the rooster, and shortly after come here for? and Sally replied, 'Yeas, way to at once concede the suffrage, making issue only on the degree to which it shall be conceded ? We know that many Democrats have not reached this advanced view of the case, and that degree; but let us tell them that it is always wise to accept the inevitable when upon the promptness or otherwise with which the Democratic party shall move with reference to it. The South will upon motion of the Democratic party; the tent. because, if no other reason, she will soon see, if she does not already see, that if she does not yield it, she will ul-

sal negro suffrage. Qualified negro suffrage yielded by the intelligence of the man, irrespective of color, as is now the rule in Massa chusetts,-the negro question will hav been disposed of, and the occupation o ground will it have to stand upon ; and

If the South be wise, it will not wait on this suffrage question, even for the move it.

A JOURNEY OVER THE PLAINS. Lieut Gen. Sherman's tour over the plains, has brought out some very reada ble matter from correspondents traveling with the party. We reproduce the following from the correspondent of the New York Post: I must introduce to you one more character, scarcely less famous than Kit Carson, for his personal prowess and wild life and adventure. As he comes towards us we are struck by his singular apperance. His red beard grows in patches, the intervening beardgrowing skin discolored and destroyed; he wears blue goggles to shield his weak eyes from the sun's glave-weak, but lear and quick as ever; and his face is almost ghastly in its signs of suffering. He walks with a cane, and there is a stiffness in his movemen which betrays the soldier's honorable wounds. This is Albert H. Pleiffer, Lieut Colonel of Carson's regiment. Born in Friesland, he came to this country a quarter of a cenury ago, and during all that time he has served his adopted Government in various stations; as a private in the ranks, as an explorer of new countries, as a guide through passes known only to him and the Indians, as an Indian fighter or pacificator, as the case de-

You will not wonder at his limp and scarred with nearly twenty wounds: that re carries embedded in his body some Inuian souvenirs of bullets, and that two frightful scars show where an arrow has pierced him directly through the oody, just below the heart-and his countenance will lose that ghastly appearance when you have heard the old brave talk for a few moments, and tell you how he became so shockingly scarred , his very slight accent gives a pi-quancy to the low smooth tones : IE COLONEL'S NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE

when I was captain in my regiment, and say, the same men I had fed in my house, and been a good friends, they—some of the poison, what they used for And here something came up in his their arrows, where I handled it. and throat and shoked him. His eyes filled ow me to go alone "

faithful soldier, God save him-had also his Mexican wife with him "It was a sunny, bright morning, and

some Mexican servants I had brought-were packing me in sheets at such still feel greatly inclined to revolt the spring. It was about twenty yards at the position of negro suffrage in any called in from the bluffs to his breakfast, and the rest of the party were scattered about. At once, without one word of the inevitable comes. Negro suffrage, warning comes a volley of musketry and we say, is inevitable, and whether it a shower of bullets and arrows from the shall be qualified or universal, depends rocks. My peons fell dead, but the bul- bodies! lets, they pass over me, as I am lying down. I spring up, naked as I was born, and see fifty or sixty of those infernal Navahoes burst from the bluffs and speedily yield qualified negro suffrage run down, some of them at me, some for "Every morning before this I have

I run for my tent, and, as I run, they timately be compelled to accept univers fire, and I tall flat to dodge their balls. So my men they think I am killed ; they all run away to the fort, ail but one I see in a speech at the table, gave the follow-Qualified negro suffrage yielded by standing there. It was my brave corporate ing narrative, which has never before ral; he stands, for you see, they have tial suffrage, or suffrage dependent upon his wife now, and mine: I run on; it is a close race between me and the Injune, but I am in the tent, and I grab my pun just as they slit up the back of the tent and rush in on me So I rush backward utes belore his departure. All present to my corporal, and we face em all the Northern Republican Radical party They stand there, afraid to come on, for will be gone forever. Not one inch of they know inv rifle. Yes, they stand there and fire on us until my corporal is physician, with one hand upon the pulse wounded three times, his arm broken, of the dying man, and the other laid he country can once more turn to those and he falls. And all this time I can't upon his heart, was intently watching material questions of public policy, the fire at them, because a big rascal holds right disposition of which is so essential my wife in front of them. You see why o the public prosperity. It will be upon I can't fire. But at last I make her un. these questions that the Democratic party will triumph, and it will be this big rascal just between the eyes I start triumph that constitutional government to run towards her, but just then some and our federal system will be preserve have got behind me, and shoot me with this arrow through and through my

"Then they come on, and I see I have be wise, it will loose no time in putting no chance but to run for the river. As I in motion the necessary machinery by am running I trip and fall, and at once a big Indian stands over me, with his which it will at some time save itself bow bent and an arrow at my very heart. silence and said, 'Doctor, will you say from humiliation, preserve its own self In one moment, sir, it is true in one respect, rid the country of the most moment I see life and death. I wonder vexatious question that ever distracted in a lazy way what the future can be; it any country, kill the worst political parties a wild dream, a sharp frenzy—and I 'And there, by the side of our fallen ty that ever existed on the globe, and know nothing for a second till I am on chief, God put it into my heart to utter him, and I go for the river. It is thirty cause of our beloved, imperilled country. feet down from the bluff, and I can't . When I ceased, there arose from the swim: so I jump down and walk along lips of the entire company a tervid and the bottom, and comes up two or three times to b eathe ; so I get seross, and when I walk out those internal tellers all vel! like mad, for they think I am drown ed, but I am better than many dead men vet. I walk across the bottom and up the hill more than a mile, till I come

where there are plenty of rocks-and all this time I can't get that arrow out. Then I am weak, tor I have bled so nuch; so I stop, and I make all around me a little breastwork with stones. And when they come up I crouch down behind it, and they can't hit me. I have only the stone for my wee-pons-for I had dropped my gun in the river-but dose d-d cowards didn't dare to come on. So there I sat for more than six hours under their bullets and arrows and the burning san pours down on my naked body-and that bot, hot-oh, is was hot, sir-day. I beat 'em off wid the stones The blood about my wounds had clotted, and I couldn't any howtry as hard as I could-couldn't get that -d arrow out! He waxed indignant at the arrow :

Then when I am pretty near ready to die-but not quite-no, no, not quite-I see my met coming from the tort. And the Injune ran off, of course, and drag his s'iffness when you know that he is ged my wife with them I must follow her trail, I say, and I insist on going; but my men wou dn't let me. They take me hom - some of them, and go on -They take me to the post, and my skin was all blistered, and it all pealed off. from every part of my body. I don't wards, for you see, I don't know anything for six weeks. But I am in my bed, and I dream. I see-ah! I can-not tell the horrid things that march always brings before my eyes And when I am once more myself, they tell me that those devils had whipped the "Yes, I will tell you about it, if you woman to death. Yes, I tell you, when really want to hear it-though I don't they saw no escape from my men, with often care to think of it at all, for it was them along, they cut switches, and beat a nasty business. It happened in 1863. her, as they ran, till she died! Yes, I

onsoned my face and hands. It was with tears, his voice husky and dropped to a still lower tone. It was was very bathe in the sulphur springs, near the pathetic. There was something in our

not to expose herself to this danger, but paid well for it in blood. I avenge her! she had insisted on it, and would not al. I fight 'em night and day—everywhere His voice is very low and distinct day, so dey know not any peace nor ere, as it he would linger awhile.

"My corporal-he was a good and vest! But I never kill a squaw; no, nor a papoose. Dey had whipped her to death! Dey have shot babies through the heart; but I can't do dat! No, no. I can't make dat come over my heart — But the men—oh, I kill them when dey stand up, and fight me face to face. I have chased 'em for many days-I hain't stopped in de nights-sixty and seventy miles every day, and no time to rest nor eat till day are like famished wolves, and when I eatch 'em and kill 'em-kill 'em all-I can count every bone in their lean

> SCENE AT THE DEATH BED OF MR. LINCOLN.

At Carlisle, Pa., recently the Presbyterian Synods of the Old and New Schools being in session at the same taken my arms with me to the spring, place, the two bodies met in communion but just this one time I have not done it; with great harmony. Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the church in Washington which Pres't Lincoln usually attended,

When summoned on that sad night to the death | ed of President Lincoln, I entered the room fifteen or twenty minwere gathered anxiously around him, waiting to catch his last breath. The for the moment when life should cease.

'He lingered longer than we had expected. At last the physician said :-'He is gone: he is dead.'

'Then I solamnly believe that for four or five minutes there was not the slightest noise or movement in that body, so the point sticks out in Front. I awful presence. We all stood transfix-try to pull the d—d thing out, but I can't ed in our positions, speechless, breathless, around the dead body of that great and good man.

'At length the Secretary of War, who was standing at my left, broke the anything?' I replied, 'I will speak to

spontan sons 'Amen . And has not the whole heart of the loyal nation responded 'Amen?'

Was not that prayer, there offered, responded to in a most remarkable manper? When in our history have the people of this land been found more closely bound together in purpose and heart than when the telegraphic wires bore all over the country the sad tidings that President Lincoln was dead?'

ONCE on a time, not long ago not so far from Millersburg as it might be, a good-hearted man and his long-tongued, style-talking wife, attended a social party Almost every three minutes his wife would check her husband thus-'Now, William, don't talk so loud."

'Come' William, don't lean back in the ch: ir that way !' ·Now, William, don't get noisy over

'Say, William, let the girls alone, and

sit by mel'

At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the hu-baud, who was really pitied by all in the roem, rose and said : 'I beg pardon of the company; but as my wife insists on being boss all the time, it is quite right she should have

And he deliberately took off his pants, handed them to her, and sat down in his

boots and drawers. The company was astonished; the woman burst ir to tears; the happy couple soon went home; but neither of them

wore pants. How the affair was settled we can not tell, but the lest time we saw William he had the pants on. We are inclined to think she will not again boss in company in a hurry .- Holmes County (O)

Wno makes the laws in our govern-

'Congress,' was the ready raply.

·How is Congress divided ?' was the next question But the little girl to whom it was put, failed to answer it .-Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it.

'Well,' said the examiner. Miss Sallie. what do you say the division is " 'Civilized, half civilized, and savage.'