Franch Democrat.

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"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."-Thomas Jefferson.

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ent Particular attention given to the treatment Chronic Diseas. entremoreland, Wyoming Co. Pa.--v2n2

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THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those

Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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Wm. H. CCRTRIHHT. June, 3rd, 1863

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ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the Pos Dec. 11, 1861.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.

A'REVEREND GENTLEMAN HAVING BEEN restored to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and irregular expensive modes of treatment without success, considers it his sacred duty to communicate to his afflicted fellow creatures he means of cure. Hence, on the receipt of an addressed envelope, he will send (free) a copy of the rescription used. Direct to Dr. John M. Dagnall, SS Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. v2n24ly

Select Story,

A complimentary and (in their way)sym-

years of her long life, was at last growling at

She herself was aware of it. The hand of

quenched the active mind and dauntless spirit

which for seventy years she had possessed.

She well knew she was dying. It was un-

derstood that she had made a will, which

was lodged in the hands of Mr. Crocks, who

as merchant, postmaster and member of the

council,* was undoubtedly the proper person

to have charge of a document of such import-

ance. Great curiosity was felt and many

her, or those who nursed her, some intelli-

gence as to what the will contained. But

she had made no confidants; and as evening

drew on, she had fallen into an apparent stu-

oor, from which she only awoke by sudden

starts, when she would utter a groan of pain,

Very strange, to the unaccustomed eyes,

would have been the scene, lit up by the red

on the broad hearth; for though the season

was May, the night-air was chill, and the

rough log walls by no means forbade its en-

trance. In one corner was the bed, where

lay the invalid, uncurtained and unscreened ;

while on and around it were the two or

three women at present in office as nurses,

one holding a flaring candle, another a spoon

and phial, while a third supported the pillows

on her arm. Filling the rest of the room,

were about a dozen female figures, among

whom the seven ages of woman might have

cradle to the crone of threescore and ten.

There was the child creeping on the floor, in

sedate matron who watched the gruel sim-

mering on the glowing coals; while the old

seen. The men were mostly gathered in

the "stoop" outside, but the masculine ele-

ment was not entirely wanting within; it was

represented by old Silas Doyle, who had " the

gift of grace " and had come to pray with the

invalid; and handsome Martin Foyle, leaning

over the shoulders of pretty Amarylla Doll-

man, who looked up in his face with such a

lauguishing expression in her great soft eyes.

Each and all felt for Kitty, and would have

aided her by any means in their power, but

their sympathy did not in the least prevent

their attending to their own affairs ; nor did

any seem to remember that as she was now.

so they all in their turn must be the peculiar

hum of many voices speaking low sounded in

the room, while over all the red fire shed a

lurid light, and cast fautastic shadows on the

Now and then, the creaking door would

and the crazy floor would rock under even a

careful tread, as the new comer advanced to

the bed, held the candle so as to throw the

light on the sick woman's face and made

audible remarks on her appearance, and the

change for the worse perceptible since the

last visit. It was Saturday evening, and the

accounted for the unusual gathering, where

there were generally only those who were

peeded or had nothing to do at home; but

all were now free to make inquiries and to in-

dulge, at a common rendezvous, in a little

friendly chat. Kitty's was not the only sick

room in Crocksville; Abel Blunt's wife was

almost given over, and was, moreover a very

interesting case as she was delirious : the in-

terest was therefore somewhat divided, but

Kitty's was the favorite resort. Abel Blunt

lived in a substantial house with various

rooms, and only a privileged few were ad-

mitted to the presence of the invalid; but

Kitty Clark's one roomed shanty, where the

visitor had nothing to do but to open the

II Let us listen to some of the scraps of con-

versation, and learn how matters stand in

Crocksville, such having been the name giv-

en the place when it arrived at the dignity of

posssseing a post office, and received a name

at all. First, let us take Martin Foyle, who

is whispering in low tones to Amarylla: "So

you think there's no chance he'll change his

"Not a bit. He wouldn't let Nelly marry

Robert till he had a farm of his own, and

he won't let me. We'll have to wait a while

"I s'pose we must; but it's awful hard to

"Well w'er both young, and we can afford

* The scene of this story is laid in Canada.

mind Am'rilly dear ?"

have patience."

door and walk in gave free access to all.

smoky walls.

or occasionally a word or two of prayer.

the door. From this attack it was certain

she would not recover.

Besides, you'll have time to consider wheth burg, and dealt in jewelry and such like trash money, which looked queer, seeing how poor board, amounting to about fifteen dollars, er you'll change your mind. Better before,

The reply to this woman-liks and aggrava. ting speech is lost in the remark of Bella Jones; "I guess she won't go, over it this

pathizing throng were assembled in the room to have just such turns, and she lived to be where old Kitty Clark lay dying. Dying

"I wonder who she's left the farm to" pursued Miss Jones.

"Neither you nor me, I guess. It,ll be sure to go to some one as don't want it. Crocks-'ll get it, I shouldnt wonder, because he's rich already."

Time, which was crushing her into her grave "How's Abel blunt's wife to day ?" asked which had stolen from her all the vigor of life Mrs. Sands, interrupting Mrs. Jackson's sarleaving her like a dry sapless tree, had not

castic observations. " Awful bad. They had two doctors there

o-day."

"She's violent, I heard," said another .-They had to shave her head, to keep her from tearing out her hair."

"I heard it was rheumatic fever but it lon't seem like it."

" No," said Mrs, Sands, 'taint that. They give her too much opium, and it set her kind now beneath Kitty's roof hoped to get from

"My opinion is," said Silas Doyle, joining n from his seat at the bed head, "that she's inder conviction. Her symptoms is all that

"Anyhow, she's in awful suffering," said

"Ah!" rejoined Silas, with a shake of the head, "its a blessed thing to be under convic glow of the fire of bark and pine wood blazing

Considering the proofs adduced, some people might have been sceptical as to the bless edness of Mrs. Blunt's condiiton, but no one present expressed a doubt on the point. As froused by the sounds familliar to every Methodist ear, the dying woman stirred, and muttered some words, of which "Help me save me," were alone audible.

"She's been that way all day," whispered Mrs. Green, the nurse with the candle, to Mrs. Sands, "praying whenever she was sensible or in most pain."

"Ah! "returned Mrs. Sands, "Well, been sought and found, from the infant in the I've no doubt it'll be all right with her, if she is called away. She's always been a profes-

charge of one just emerging from childhood; young girls in freshness and beauty; by the " Profession and practice don't always go ogether," muttered Mrs. Jones over the grufireside, a young mother fondling her first born with exultant pride, as she talked to the

Here Kitty again spoke, and Mrs. Green bent down to listen. "Her mind's running on the Scriptures; she's saying something women compared notes as to the death-beds about Jephthah's daughter. Mrs. Jones and another woman exchanged

lances across the hearth, and both shook their heads. "Ah!" said Mrs. Jones, "taint the Scriptures she's thinking of when she talks of Jephtha's daughters." "What else? said rosy little Mrs. Blake ,a

new comer to Crocksville, restraining a sudden leap of her infant towards the blaze. Mrs. Jones looked up. "Did you never

near?,, she asked in a low tone. "Do tell! I never heard a mention of any-

Mrs. Jones lowered her voice to a solemn

"There aint many left here that remem-

bers what happened over thirty years ago:

I was a lump of a girl then, about fourteen or

whisper, and began her tale. 111

so, and one of the first things I remember is old Kitty Clark and her husband. They always lived just here, in this shanty ; I dont open, and give entrance to some fresh visitor, believe there's been a morsel done to it since it was built, and it's fit to tumble down .-She was always a queer sort o' body. I've neard my mother say that if you went in when she was setting the taple, she'd clear the things right off agin, and pretend she was washing the dishes, just as if she was afraid you'd want to eat with her : and week's work was done and put away; this

if her man or the boys (she had two then) come in, she'd keep them waiting till you was gone, she was that cur'ous and secret .-Sam Clark, her husband, was a shiftess sort o' man; not that he wasn't fond enough o'money, or didnt try to make it. but he wasn't fond o' hard work, and had a turn for tradin' and speculatin', and when a man's that way, instead o' sticken' to his work regular, the money goes faster than it comes. They never got on. They worked this land on shares, and kept on year after year, and didn't seem to improve, till the

boys was big enough to leave home, and they

went off to work on their own hook.

"Well, of course, thirty years ago this place was a sight different from what it is now; there was no store then within fifteen miles, and the roads was bad, so we was dependin' on pedlers for the most part of the things we wanted. They used to come round regular-the grocery pedler, and the dry goods peddler, and tinman (he carried hardware mostly too,) and others besides, just as they do now, only a deal oftener, and their stocks was twice as good. They was always a familiar sort o' men, and they brought the news of the town they came from, so people was generally glad to see them. They used to stop for the night at the last house they got to after dark, and pay for their board in some article of their trade when they was going way.

"I recollect one of them, by the name of

I didnt think it trash in them days, though; they'd always been; and they bought this were Amaralla's at once, unconditionally; and I believe the girls thought more of Jeph- farm. But then everything went wrong: - the house itself, stripped of everything, was tha's visits than any one else's and spent the two boys died-one was killed by a tree left to young Martin Foyle. most of their savings with him. He was a falling on him, and Sam had a stroke which foolish kind o' man; if he had a little money about him, he was sure to let you know wise. You'd better quit that habit you've got, of talking of your money, Jephthah, says my mother to him one day, " or you'll ey. I wonder who she's left it to." chance on some one who'll save you the trouble of carrying it! but Jephthah only laughed, and went on just the same.

"He came the last time in January, thirtybeen an awful snow-storm, that had kept me | when she was a child, and kept to it." for two days and nights over at old Uncle Jake Fitchers. When I came home on the third evening mother told me Jephthah had remarked Mrs. Blake. been there. Well I was real sorry to have missed him, for I'd been reckoning on a pair of gold ear rings he'd got, ever since his last them; but mother comforted me. "You can on the assemblage, as if not understanding get 'em in the morning, says she, 'for Jeph. thah calculated he wouldn't get further than bein' so bad.' Well, she kept talking of Jeplife,' says she. 'I never heard a man talk so foolish as he does, to be in his right mind .-He told me to-day he had two hundred dollars on him, besides his stock, and he was tators. going to buy some land and leave peddling' but he'll be robbed first, if there's ha'porth of roguery left in the world.

"Well the next morning bright and early I and I ran most of the way, as fast as I could, for the deep snow. When I knocked at the door, I heard a scuttery kind of noise inside, and I had to knock again before Kitty said, 'come in.' When I opened the door, she was throwing something into a cupboard; she smotherin' smell like burned feathers or scorched woolen rags."

Here Mrs. Jones paused to stir the gruel Something in the last words had made Mrs. Blake clasp her baby closer, and glance fearfully around.

"Well, I looked round," continued Mrs. Jones, "but I didn't see no sign of Jephthah." "Where's Jephthah Murney, Mrs Clark ?" says I. "That's more'n I can tell you." says up as if it was afternoon.

there was an alar:n raised, where was Jeph- tainly they were glad that there was now than Mnrney? His horse and cutter was the opportunity of gratifying the curiosity found loose on the road between this and felt by all regarding the paper in Mr. Crock's Hawleyburg ; but he was never seen or heard | hands. of again. Of course, there was a great inquiry made, and Sam and Kity Clark, being the last people that had seen him, were examined | would have been nothing to do but to discuss very close; but they stuck to their story; them; but Mr. Crocks said "that, cordin' to and though the shanty was searched all over and up and down, nothing was found that ter the funeral," and anounced his intention could show they made away with him; but of not making them public till the proper yet the notion got abroad, and for a long time, rather enjoying, in the meanwhile, the time they were suspected. A store in Williamsburg was robbed of about two hundred dollars a few days before Jephthah's last trip, and some thought he done it, and absconded to the states. Maybe he did; but it's kept the interest alive. allays been my opinion, and a good many others' too, that if he did hook the money. he never carried it further than Kitty Clark's. I don't know why, but it always rested on the funeral. Certainly, old Kitty was more my mind the look of the shanty on that morning; the scuttery noise, fresh-washed floor.

and the awful suffocatin' smell. "It turned out that Jephthah had left one child, a girl about twelve years old. All he had was on him and the child was destitute. She boarded with a woman who used her very bad, and one day that old Andrew Foyle scared look in her eyes, but she, grew out of that; and when she was about nineteen. Andrew's son, Martin, took a fancy to her .-She was a smart girl; so Andrew made no objection to the match, and she made a good wife for the little time she lived. She was very like her son Martin there, carrying on have fallen. that way with Am'rilly Dollman."

"That'll be a match some day, I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Blake.

"Twould have been before this, if Martin had a farm of his own: but while he lives with his father, old Dollman won't allow it." peddler ?"

kept him to his bed for the rest of his lifealone, and shared the land. It's good landand I should think she must have saved mon-

"Young Martin, perhaps." I guess not. She always had a sing'lar dislike to his mother. May be, her conscience told her why. No: it's more likely to be two years ago, I mind it well, for there'd Am'rilly Dollman. She took a fancy to her

> "Well, it'll come to pretty much the same thing which has it, so as one of them gets it,"

A sudden stir in the corner made all look towards the bed. The invalid had opened visit, when I hadn't money enough to buy arm; for a moment or two she gazed round barley and which with wheat. their unwonted presence; then she broke out into a laugh, harsh and loud: "Aha!" she Kitty Clark's to-night, 'count' o the drifts cried in a shrill voice, "they looked everywhere but in the right place! Up and down thah 'He'll be robbed some day as sure as up chamber and down cellar, but they neve thought of the north wall !" and sunk back exhausted.

A kind of shudder ran through the spec

"My! ain't that awful?" said Bella Jones while pretty Amarylla shrunk, as if for protection, a little closer to Martin Foyle, and the nurses' attention became absorbed in went over to Kitty Clark's It was real cold their charge. She, however, had again subsided into stupor, and said no more.

> "She'll go off that way," said Mrs. Green. "She may linger awhile, but she'll sleep her life out so. And now, as it's getting late, I think I'll clear out."

The clock, indeed: by this time announced had an everlasting gre on the hearth, and a that it was a most dissipated hour for the big pot over it, and there was an awful inhabitants of Crocksville; nothing but the agreeable feeling that on Sunday morning there was no occasion for waking with the daylight, would have kept them so long from their rest. All now departed except the watchers for the night, and the shanty was left to comparative quiet and repose.

No one was surprised the next morning to hear that Kitty Clark was dead. She had never moved or spoken since the demonstration that had so alarmed her visitors the preshe; "he quit here this morning at daylight." | ceding evening, which had evidently been the I was disappointed, but that wouldn't bring last effort of expirating nature. "She just shanty was his, readily agreed to the demolihim any nearer; so I said I'd have to wait went out like the snuff of a candle," Mrs tion, but declined to part with the logs; till he came round next time. "When Jones remarked to those who came with in-Jephthah Murney comes round again, you'll quiries and offers of assistance. That lady get ear rings for nothing." says Kitty: had taken on herself the office of superin-"he's going to quit peddling, and buy a farm." ending the preperations for the funeral, and "Yes," says I; "he told mother he had two was arrayed in her robes of state, a black hundred dollars yesterday." "Well," says silk gown," which," as she had once observshe, "he didn't say here how much he had, ed, "was the convenientest dress you could only just what I te'll you" I didn't stay have ; it answered for everthing from a wedlong, for she seemed to think me in the way: ding to a funeral, the richness of the materishe kept fussin' round; but somehow she al adapting it for festive occasions, and its somanaged to be all the time between me and ber hue rendering it asuitable garb of mourn the cupboard door. Early as it was, the ing. There was considerable excitement in floor was fresh filled off, and the place red Crocksville this Sunday morning; it would perhaps be uncharitable to say the people "I guess it was four or five days after were glad old Kitty had depasted, but cer-

It was a pity the contents could not have been known on this idle day, when there rule, the will hadn,t ought to be read till afconciousness of doing the only person in possession of the secret. It was considered a most unnecessary piece of ceremonious formality, however, speculation and conjecture It was surprising how most people found

they could leave their work, "jnst for an hour or two," the next afternoon to attend "in her ashes honored', than she had ever been in life. As Mrs. Jones remarked; " it was ,mazin, what folks would do for the sake curiosity; there was old Jim White who had never been known off his own place for six years; and Sally Black had left her washing haif through to hear the news an hour sooner." As old Kitty had neither kith nor went to williamsburg, he took pity on, her- kin, every one deemed him or herself to have and brought her back as a bound girl. She a chance of the inheritance, and a right to be was a pretty child, if it hadn't been for a present. Whatever else she might have died possessed of, there was, at all events the land, more than fifty acres, in first rate condition; it was a prize to be coveted; and as the old woman was generally considered to have been "not quite right," no one could tel! on what unlikely person her favor might

Curiosity was gratified, and patience rewarded at last. Mr. Crocks opened that important paper, and read the contents aloud. It was short, and to the purpose, as Kitty had been wont to speak. The land was left to Stephen Dollman, in charge for his daughter "And so nothing was ever heard of the Amarylla till she should be of age, when it was to be hers unreservedly; the small stock "Not a word. The Clarks got on some of crazy furnature, the pig, the cow, and the Jephthah Murney. He came from Williams better for a while. They seemed to have money in an old leathern purse in the cup-

Every one was surprised' not at the first

part, for Amarilla had always been thought which wasn't long. He was out of his head rather a favorite with the old woman; but "It's hard to say," replied Mrs. Jackson, just how much, and what he was going to do at the end, and Kitty never let any one near all wondered that she had not left more monto whom she had spoken. "My mother used with it. and so on, as if he wasn't quite him but herself. Since he died, she has lived ey. "She never spent much, and she ought to have made more out of the farm." Then the strange legacy to Martin excited universal astonishment; no one could see any meaning it, except the freak of a crazy old woman. Kitty had known nothing of Martin; had hardly ever seen him , and it could scarcely be thought she intended a joke at his expense after she was dead; yet what else could the bequest of the worthless old shanty be considered? Martin laughed; he had expected nothing, and was not disapointed .-Some congratulated Amarylla, and some envied her; while old Mr. Dollman went forthwith to inquire into the state of the fallows, her eyes, and raised horself, unaided, on her and to decide which were to be sown with

> It soon appeared that Mrs. Blake was wrong in her calculations. Old Mr. Dollman evidently considered that it made a great difference whether Amarylla or Martin possessed Kitty Clark's land. With the usual blindness of fathers, he refused to see that the marriage was more practicable now than it had been before, and contended (and it must be allowed with some reason) that the inheritance of four log walls and a crazy roof had in no respect advanced Martin's claim to his daughter, who was now an heiress, and a most desirable match for any one. The lovers sued in vain : the old man was not to be moved either by reason or entreaties .-Amarylla endeavored to comfort her betrothed with the whispered assurance "that, as soon as the farm was quite hers, she would give it to him, and then"-But though there was some consolation in this, it was not much, for Amarylla was only nineteen, and there were still two years of probation to be gone through.

> In the meantime the summer was advancng and Martin's shanty was a coustant annoyance in Mr. Dollman's eyes. It was a blot on the fair surface of the land, a wretchedrickety eyesore, and was, moreover, very much in the way. During the slack time between hay and harvest, he suggested to Martin to pull it down, offering to perform the work if he might use such of the logs as were worth anything to mend the fence .-Martin, who had almost forgotten that the some would do for a shed he was putting up

The next day he began the work of detruction. Great was the disturbance of insects and reptiles that had enjoyed secure repose for thirty years ; great was the amount of rubbish, worm-eaten wood, cobwebs, and dust, brought to light in the process of removal; and great was the smoke that arose from the smouldering embers of the worthess logs. Martin and his "man" worked two days, and but one side remained to be pulled down-it was part of the north wall. the only one which had been lined inside on account, as people supposed, of its being most exposed to the cold wind; and as it would be more trouble than the rest, it had been left till the last. Martin was pulling off the ragged smoky boards, when a blow of the axe caused something to fall down inside with a rattling sound; another blow and the board gave way, and there came tumbling at Martin's feet what for a moment made him start, Being a young man of stout nerves, however, he examined the object, and found it to be a worn leather valise, which had broken open in the fall, and from which had escaped a paper parcel, addressed to himself. a stained handkerchief marked " Jephthah Murney," part of a peddler's stock of oldfashioned jewelry, and a quantity of human

The secret was discovered; the mystery which had puzzled Crocksville thirty years before was explained. Sam and Kitty had managed their murder with more discretion than such things are usually conducted with, and had kept their secret well .-How much they repented, or whether they repented, at all, could never be known .-Their ill-gotten gains had prospered little in Clark's hands, and his death, and that of her sons', had taken from Kitty all desire of enjoying them. Her life's savings were contained in the parcel for Martin Foyle; they amounted to seven hundred dollars, and were marked, "Martin Foyle, in payment of a debt to his mother." Kitty had made reparation. though in a strange and tardy fashion.

The discovery caused great excitement, and furnished matter of talk and wonder for a whole week. At the end of that time it became known that Mr. Dollman had reconsidered Martin's suit, and that the wedding was to take place as soon as a house could be put on the farm.

An Irishman lately fought a due with his most intimate friend because he jocosely assrted that he was born without a shirt to his back.

Thedevilforgottospacethisline.