

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.]

The

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

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BY HARVEY SICKLER. Terms-1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00. I not pain within six menths, \$2.50 will be charged

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S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa. LIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZE for sale at VERNOY Meshoppen, Sept. 18 1861.

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DR. J. C. BECKER. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wy ming that he has located at Tunkhannock wh er he will prometly attend to all calls in the line of his profession. Will be found at home on Faturdays ch wee

WALL'S HOTEL, LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

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



BY LILLA HERBERT.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl, the spirit flown forever!

Let the bell toll ! a saintly soul floats on the Stygi an river. And let the buris! rite be read-the tuneral song b

Alice. sung-An anthem for the lovliest dead that ever died s

young-A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so

young." "Come. Lilla, now for the story," said my cousin Ellen, as she seated herself upon a stool at my feet, and lying her restless head upon my knee, while she raised her dark be-

witching eyes with a most imploring expression to my own. "How can I withstand thy earnest solicita tions, sweet coz? But turn away those

bright star-like orbs from mine, dear Nell. for thou shouldst be so well acquainted with their power as to be aware that while they are thus gazing upon me I cannot describe those of another, which unlike thy own were deeply yet beautifully blue." So Nell cast down her eyes very modestly upon the carpet while a gentle smile lingered about her mouth, and I began my story.

"Alice Cleaveland was the only child of a wealthy merchant of this city. Beauty of

the sweetest and gentlest nature was hers. Picture to yourself, sweet Nell, a complexion thet could vie with the valley lily, regular and very delicate features, a nose that an architect would have been proud to take as a model, a sweet, bewitching little mouth, a

slight but beautiful form, tiny white hands, and feet for which Cinderella's slipper wo'd have been a size too large, and you will have before you a complete portrait of my lovely heroine. Nay, nay, dear Nell, do not shake your head thus, and reproach me for having orgotten to mention the bright rose tints that gave new lustre to the snowy skin. I had not forgotten them, but the rose never

mates with the lily, and Alice was a perfect lily.

"Fair and delicate as that frail flower, h ad Alice Cleaveland ever been, for her constitution was naturally delicate, and the slightes exertion was sufficient to cause illness .---From her birth, her parents had watched over her with the most interse solicitude.

and though the physician declared she could not posibly survive the period of childhood .

fear that her friend was indeed dead, came ! "But little did he know his cousin's heart upon her mind, and she sank in a stupor on . He never marked how lovingly her blue eyes the sofa. How long she remained thus she glanced upon his face, or how the bright crimson mantled her fair cheek when he addressed her with more than usual tenderness ry stood beside her. Why did the young girl's heart throb so

Forth Branch Democrat.

"Ida" he exclaimed, alarmed at beholding wildly when her cousin pressed a fraternal kiss upon her brow? Why did she watch her thus ; " dear Ida, are you ill ? Alice so anxiously for his return, when he left her has recovered, and is now inquiring for you, dearest."

"No, I am not ill," she replied rising slowly from her seat. " I will go to Alice.'

" The young invalid reclined upon a couch. Her languid head was supported by pillows and, her soft eyes were dimned by her recent swoon, but the expression of suffering had left her face, and as Ida entered she looked up and welcomed her with a glance of affection.

" Are you better, Alice ?" Asked Ida, as she tenderly pressed that small transparent hand.

"Much better, dearest," she replied in a low tone," but I have felt very strangely to day. I know not why it is, yet a presentiment of ill rests heavily upon my spirit, and it seems as though something terrible had befallen me. But where is Henry ? Why does he stay away so long ?" At that moment he stood before her, and gazing sadly upou the ashy face of the young girl, he said, in a low voice shaken with emotion, " I am here dearest: Alice,"

You are very kind to me, dear Henry," and her sweet voice trembled slightly ; "you have ever been so. May you one day be rewa rded for your care of one who has never been aught but a burden to all around.

"Say not so, Alice, you are not a burden for who could help loving one so gentle and good. Sweet cousin, you know how well we all love you."

"A smile of joy crossed the young girl's countenance; she clasped her hands and murmured a few inaudible words, then the long silken lasges slowly drooped over the blue orbs beneath them, and she fell into a light slumbec.

" Henry and Ida watched anxiously be side her, not hardly daring to breathe a word lest they should disturb her rest. An hour passed, and yet there was silence within that little chamber, for Alice still slept, At length a violent ring at the bell startled the sleeper, and Mrs. Cleveland, who had been from home the whole morning, and was therefore unacquainted with her daughter's sudden indisposition, entered. Her first in-

knew not, but she was at length aroused by a and look upon him once more, but she spoke last evening we received an unusual compliwell known voice, and the next moment Hen not , heard not, moved pot. Her eyes were clos ment. About half past seven o clock, a long by her side.

"They tried to call her back, they prayed her to gaze again, with the glances of affection upon them, but what could prayers avail? Could they cause the sweet voice of Alice to ring once more musically upon their ears ?-No, the grave, the tomb, gloomily and dark was henceforth to be the pillow upon which of agony, Henry Cleaveland threw himself on his knees beside the loved and departed one."

I ceased. For some moments my cousin remained buried in thought ; then in a low, earnest tone, she said .

"And what became of Ida, Lilla? Was she not grieved to the heart at the unexpectout the cause of Alice's death ?"

"From some works Alice had written on wards found in her deserted room, her unforunate attachment was brought to light but the mother locked the secret within her own comforted, and Henry too mourned Alice with almost inconsolable sorrow, but time healed tthe wound, and just two years after the death of his cousin, Henry Cleveland was united

to the object of his choice-Ida Lisle."

" To Whom it May Concern."

Thank God for a purified, regenerated disenthralled Democratic Party ! Thank God that every burden is lifted from its back every impediment removed its victrious path !

The men who have been the curse of the party have gone out of the party. Clese up the ranks! Welcome the new recruits !-Now we go into the November fight without a maw in our armor, without a speck upon our staisless shield, and with no dread of a "fire in the rear,"

From this day forth, every conservative patriotic citizen in the North will have neither doubt nor difficulty in his choice under which banner to enlist-the banner of the Democratic party, whose legend is : " The Union at all hazards, and Peace

as soon as possible." or the banner of the Republican party whose

the cotton-stealers, every man who can be

misguided men to whom Slavery seems the

With us will stand arrayed all men whose

" the Union, we should exhaust all the re-

" sources of statesmanship consistent with

" the honor and interests of the country to

secure such peace ;'' all those who accept

the authorative utterance of the Democrat-

ic party in convention assembled, in favor of

an "immediate cessation of hostilities," "a

national convention," or any other peaceable

means, whenever, and by which, " peace may

" be restored on the basis of the federal Un-

With us, and for us, will fight the gallant

men of the army and navy, whose great sac-

rifice shall not have been in vain ; and all

who, like them, " would hail with unbound

ed joy, as brave men may hail, the restora-

tion of Union and Peace " without the effu-

And all those whom one cause or another

has in past time allienated from the Demo-

cratic party will now return to swell its ranks

UNION AND PEACE.

And in this sign we conquer !- World.

8²707 Bt 67

anew, and help to win its victories.

ion of the States."

sion of snother drop of blood."

than our supremest political good.

legend is : ES Saying Sharp Things .- Speaking " War for Abolition, Confiscation, Subdaggers. iugation Devouring a Book .- Eton Latin Grammer. Against us will be arrayed every abolition-A Fair Race .- The Saxon Race. ist, every d'sunionist, every man who loves An Acceptance at Sight,-Receiving Peace and Disunion better than Union and lack eve. the Poace which the Union alone can give. The Best Way to Cut a Swell .- Don's Shoddy with all its cohorts, the army of conspeak to him. tractors, the army of office-holders, the trea-

his arms and bore her to a sofa; besought her Philadelphia Age, of Sunday, says :-- We are to speak one word to him, to open her eyes always gratified by any attention paid us, but ed, and her thin white hands fell power less file of soldiers, some on crutcues, some supported by their companions, and all from our military hospitale, stopped in front of our office and gave us most vociferous cheers. They then cheered McClellan and the Democratic ticket, and in a very unmistakable way showed that their hearts were with us in the great contest we are fighting for liberty and right. It was a spontanous outburst of enhor beautiful head must rest, and, with a cry thusiasm. The men had been in the hospitals -had heard that their beloved commander was nominated and determined to support him. Last evening they formed a "Soldiers' McClellan Club" at the Globe Hotel. The chagrin of the Abolitionists at this evidence of the soldiers' feeling, is intense.

THE ARMY FOR MCCLELLAN. - AD extract ed death of her friend, and did they ever find of a private letter from a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, written to a gentleman, in Boston, under date of September 1, 1864,and a slip of paper which Mrs. Cleaveland after- published in the Morning Post, says : "I am well, and love my country as dearly as ever ; although I am changed in my politics from a Republican when I came out to that of a bosom. For a long time Ida refused to be Democrat; and like three fourths of our offcers and privates here in the field sirg "All hail, General George B. McClellan." He is the man for the Ship of the Union. If the States will allow the soldiers to vote you may rest assured that Little Mac is for the White House way on the Chesspeake Bay for for the pext four years. A Republican here is as rare as a twenty-dollar gold piece."

> RATHER SEVERE FOR THE GIRLS .- An orchange savs :

"The number of idle, useless girls, in all our large cities seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through the mornings, parade the streets during the afternoon and assemple in frivelous companies of their own and other sex to pass their erenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the time when their real duties and high responsibilities shall be thoroughly essumed! They are skilled in no domestic duties-nay, they despise them ; have no habits of industry nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mother's ? Alas for husbands and children, and alas for themselves. Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness and domestic ruin follows."

for a few hours? and why did her little hend tremble and flutter so when he clasped it within his, and called her his own dear 'It was because Alice loved. Yes, with all the truth and fervor of a first affection she leved her cousin Henry. He was everything to her. Was she sad, her cousin alone had

power to cheer her drooping spirits, and, with a single kind word spoken, in his own soothing tones, he could bring a smile into the pale cheek of the gentle girl. Was she ill, he was ever beside her, and while she lay languidly upon her couch he read aloud

from her favorite authors. "Cleaveland knew full well that he was regarded with affection by his cousin, but never for a moment did he deem that her attachment to him could be other than a devoted sisterly love. He dreamed not that the fair young being loved him with an affection that naught but death could chill; he knew not that every tender word he uttered sank far into the inuermost depths of hea heart ; no, for had the knowledge been his,

my tale would not have been a mournful one.

"Henry Cleaveiand would have deemed it rofanation to think of Alice with other than a brotherly attachment, and thinking thus restrained not his affections, and when his her" eyes rested upon the beautiful Ida Lisle, he felt that he had found one whom it would not be wrong to love,

"Poor Alice ! from the moment Ida became a resident of her father's mansion her doom was sealed ! Yet she was utterly unconscious that any change had taken place, and for many months she lived on, apparently secure in her cousin's affection.

"From early childnood, Ida Lisle had been the most intimate friend of Alice Cleaveland and rather than give the latter one moment's

pain she would have sacrificed everything, even the love of Henry Cleaveland. But she imagined not the state of Alice's heart, and with her ignorance of this, she allowed herself to love when love was, alas ! to be the harbinger of death to her young and trusting friend.

"Ope morning, Alice, feeling better than isual, went out to walk. She was gone for a long time, and returned worn-out and ill, for she had overrated her strength. Hastily she threw herself upon a sofa in the parlor, acute and distressing pains shooting through her frame, and frequently causing her to close her eyes with agony. "Ida hastened towards her, and bent sorrowfully over her friend, and as she gazed upon the palid face of the sufferer, the burn ing tears streamed rapidly from her eyes. The gentle invalid observed them, and ten derly pressing the hand she held in her own, she murmured . "Weep not for me, dearest Ida; do not mourn thus. If it be the will of the Great

He called 1da ; he lifted his dead cousin in |.

VOL. 4 NO. 7 THE SOLDIERS FOR MCCLELLAN .- THE

T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor: Tankhanneck, September 11, 1861.

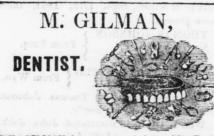
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June, 3rd, 1863



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his prediction was not verified, and she grew up to her seventcenth year without giving her parents any canse to regard themselves as in danger of losing her.

"Still, the least excitement or agitation possessed power fo weary her, She never ateended theatres, or balls, or joined in any similar pleasure, of which most young girls ate fond; and only once, when she was scarce fifteen, had she accepted an invitation to a party, and then, when she returned, she was so completely unnerved that it was ma-

ny days ere she recovered from the effects. and her parents would never consent to her going again.

"And Alice murmured not , she was happy at her own loved home, where her young

days passed in continual sunshine. Hers was a lowing heart, and pure and unspotted, too, for never had an evil thought claimed a place within it. She posse sed few intimate friends, nor did she wish for more, for Alice loved those she had very dearly, and did not

care to make room in her heart for others. "Among the members of her fathers household were her cousin, Henry Cleaveland, who had always lived with them, and a young and besutiful heiress, Ida Lisle, who had been committed to the guardianship of Mr. Cleaveland. Ida was very beautiful, but hers was a different kind of loveliness from that of the delicate Alice. [Tall, yet not too | in ?"

tall. commanding and dignified in appearance graceful in every movement, and, above, all lovely in mind as in person, and with the rose of health beaming upon her cheek was t a wonder she excited admiration and love in all who knew her ?

"And now let us turn to another. Henry Cleveland had been left an orphan at an early age, and his uncle hah watched over him with all the affection of a parent. He was indeed a noble young man. In person, he was handsome and manly, possessed of good principles and an excellent disposition, with a heart susceptible of the finest emotions, and ke had just entered upon the manage ment of a large estate, the inheritance of which his father had not lived to enjoy.

"Henry had ever loved his cousin Alice, but it was the affection of a brother for an only and belowed sister. He felt that he would never dare to dwell upon her with other thoughts, a deeper love could never be returned by Alice, for she was too pure, too holy in nature, to place her mind very firmly upon an earthly object. As a meek and spotless angel, Henry regarded Alice Cleaveland, and whenever he gazed upon her lovely face, and saw the hectic flush that went and came with each passing emotion, a dark foreboding would steal over him that she so

young and beautiful, was not long to be a New York. child of earth

at les Suisant. They cause the old Union

an oh og has it silgenb has

One that I suffer, I may not repine-I will try to bear it all "

"But, O, Alice," replied her weeping companion, "how can I behold, unmoved, your delicate limbs racked with these dreadful pains ! O, that I could take them upon myself, sweet Alice! Gladly, willingly, would I bear them, to afford you one moment's relief."

" I know it, my own Ida," said Alice, te n derly ; "you would lay down your life for my sake, would you not ?"

" At that moment a foot-step was heard approaching, and Henry Cleveland entered. "What, Alice ill | he exclaimed, advancing to her side ; how came this sweet cous

> " It is nothing," she replied, while a smile of wel come appeared upon her face in the midst of all her sufferings "It is only one of my old attacks, I shall soon be well again."

> > "Just then Cleveland's eye rested upon Ida, as she stood mournfully beside, Alice, her dark eye softened with recent weeping. A thousand tender emotions came pressing upon his heart, and he felt that he loved Ida Lisle far better than any other that the world contained. Long and earnestly did he gaze upon that fair face, observing not the death-like paleness that overspread the countenance of his young cousin.

" A strange feeling, such as she had never before experienced, crept over the heart of Alice Cleveland. A foreboding, a chill, such as she had never known till then, seemed to paralyze her frame; her head swam, her brain became confused, and in an instant she lay pefore her sousin and friend cold and adparently dead.

" Alice, Alice !' shrieked Ida, raising the drooping form in her arms, "dear Alice, look up and speak to your Ida. O, Henty, she is so very cold. O, save her-call assistance, she must not die."

"I will, dear Ida,', he replied then summoning the servants. Alice was conveyed by them from the room, Ida did not follow. A

Aug BI By Style Mar 71

quiry was for Alice, and on learning that she

had been taken worse, her fears were immediately awakened, and she proceeded directy to her daughter's chamber: "Alice," she exclaimed, in a voice of alarm, on beholding the sick girl's altered appearance, " what ails you, my child ?" sury thieves, the custom-house plunderers,

"Be calm, dear mother ; I have been ill again, but I shali soon grt better." But the bought with money, and all the honest but mother knew the physician's opinion, and in an agony ofgrief she throw herself upon a chair supreme evil, and the Union something less and burst into tears.

Alice appeared to be much distressed. though she spoke not, while Henry reminded Mrs. Cleveland how very injurious it was for her child to be exerted.

"The physician now came in, and when he saw his young patient he shook his head sadly, as if he feared all would not be right.

"For days after that Alice lingered on the verge of the grave, and her friends watched sorrowfully beside her, fearing lest every moment might be her death struggle. But in spite of every prediction, before a fortnight had elapsed she had nearly movered her usual health. It seemed as though fate had

adopted every measure that could string her young and loving heart and she was preserved for a few short hours but to have her spirit deadened by the poisoned ar row o blighted affection. Poor Alice ! Sweet flower Better far had she sooner rested in the cold dark grave, than to have been stricken to the earth by chilling frosts of hopeless love.

"One pleasant summer morn, when the sun gleamed brightly into her chamber window. Alice resolved for the first time since her sickness to leave her room. Ida had been absent for a long time from her side and the young girl; feeling rather lonely, and desiring once more to join the family circle, left her apartment.

"The drawing room was partly open, and Alice stole softly down the stairs, thinking how gratified those within it would be to see her again among them. She heard voices in earnest conversation. She paused and listen

"Well, ah ! well, did she recognize the voice of one who spoke, and a thrill of delight ran through her veins. But as she bent her head to catch the beloved tones, the words that she heard fell like drops of lead upon her heart. Again those tearful benumbing sensa tions came over her. Her head grew dizzy' her lips quivered, she shuddered, gasped and fell.

"Henry Cleaveland startled at the sound rushed from the room, and there upon the cold floor, pale an d motionless, lay Alice the faded flower-

her eves ; The life still mes her hain, the death upon her are. ing fer it. How to Serve a Dinner Properly .- Est it .

Let every Unionists remember that Gen. McClellan says, "the Union is the one condition of peace," while Abraham Lincoln announces that "the abolitton of slavery" is the only basis upon which he will negotiate. Union men, think of this, on your way to the polls in October uext !

"fid elity to the Union," in the language of the Chicago platform, is "answering ;" all A Good SIGN. -The only three Ex. Presimen who declare with General MCCLELLAN dents now living are with the Democracy and that " the Union must be preserved at all M'Ciellan, namely : Milliard Fillmore, Frank hazards." Shoulder to Shoulder with us lin Pierce, and James Buchanan. The adminwill gather all those who believe with our istration of all these worthy and honored gallant standard-bearer, that, " to restore gentlemen was characterized by peace, pros and preserve the Union," " the same spirit perity and general happiness. It is certainly of conciliation and compromise which framed a cheering sign to see all of them arrayed on " the Union must prevail in our councils, and the side of that party which is the only true " in the hearts of the people ;" all those who Union party of the country, and the only one believe with him, that, " so soon as it is clear capable of bringing back the country to its " or even probable that our present adversa- pristine condition. ries are ready for peace, upon the basis of

A little boy of Hartfort was recently heard upon his "first going to church." In reply to a question by his paternal parents as to what he did in church, he replied : "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf !" That boy will be a Presidential joker when he grows up- if he is not cared for in time.

A Springfield(Ill.,)letter says : "It is stated by friends of Mr. Lincoln that he does not expect to return to Illinois after his term of office, but will make Boston his future home."

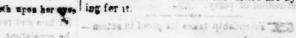
Timbuctoo, or a quiet spot in the interior of Africa, will be a residence more to his taste than even Boston, and we think a good deal more to his peace of mind.

Come here, my little Eddy," said a The farmers of our Harvests, the mechanics gentleman to a youngster of seven years of in all our shops, the workingmen of the North age, while sitting in the parlor, where a large company was assembled, "do you know met" "Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Who am I, then ?" let me hear.

"You are the man that kissed sister Angeine last night in the partor." Angeline came near fainting.

A SHARP YOUNGSTER, -- A little boy on his return from Sundy School, recently addressed his mother as follows : "Mamma !" "Well, my dear." "Mamma, the teacher says people are all made out of dust?" "Yes, my dear, to the Bible says." "Well, mamma, are white people made of dust ?" "Yes," "Well, then. I s'pose coiered people are made of coal dues, tis't they " off to it goburld as been and have early notice of their farilation to Aba's .may totdynala



are with us.

A rage for red hair is the epidemic "The life upon her shining hair. but not upon in Paris now. Some of the belles are dye-

They lie in their teeth who shall henceforth say that the Democratic party, or any man within it, is fighting for a disunion peace. Its shield is spotless. Its motto is :