

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

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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 who patronize the House.  
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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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

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M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION.  
Office over Tutton's Law Office near the Post Office.

## NEW TAILORING SHOP

The Subscriber having had a sixteen years practical experience in cutting and making clothing, now offers his services in this line to the citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity.  
Those wishing to get fits will find his shop the place to get them.  
JOEL, R. SMITH.

## Select Story.

### THE FALLEN BRIDGE.

"I am sorry for you, Mrs. Hall," said the landlord. "I would give you your rent if I was able; but you know I have a family to support, and you know it would not be doing right to them."

"Give me three days, Mr. Jones," said the widow, "and something may turn up during that time which may enable me to pay you."

The landlord reluctantly assented, and left the widow alone with her two children. It was scarcely a year since she lost her husband. His income had been small, and beyond a hundred dollars and the furniture he had left his wife nothing. Yet by sewing, and what odd jobs her son Henry could obtain, she had been enabled to get along and keep her children at school. Her heaviest expense had been the rent, which, however, she had no reserved fund, and found herself quite unable to meet the rent at the close of the first quarter. After the landlord went out, she gave way for a moment to depression.

"I am afraid," she said, "that we will have to leave the house. It has been our house so long that it will be very painful; besides, I don't know where we shall go."

"To-day is Saturday," said Henry, "and as school don't keep, I mean to go out and see if I can't find something to do. Farmer Terry told me that perhaps he might give me a job at raking hay."

"Do so, Henry; I hope you may succeed for with us every little helps."

Henry, who was a stout and handsome boy of twelve, immediately took down his cloth cap from the nail where he usually hung it, and made his way across the fields toward the Terry farm. The distance was about a mile, and the route by which he went took him across the railroad track. The point at which he crossed was about a mile from the station, and just above a bridge, a hundred feet in length, over which the cars passed. He glanced in the direction of the bridge, as he crossed the railroad.

"Why," he exclaimed to himself, "I believe the bridge has given way!"  
Running to the spot he found his suspicions correct. The bridge, whether because it was badly constructed, or from some other cause not apparent, had partly given way, and must have inevitably caused the destruction of any train which should attempt to cross it. That many lives must be lost in this event was certain, since the ravine spanned by the bridge was some fifty feet deep. The thought fairly took away Henry's breath.

"What shall I do?" thought the bewildered boy. "Shall I have time to get to the station before the next train gets along? No, that is impossible, for it is about time for it now."  
As if to verify the last assertion, he could hear faintly the sound of the approaching train.

"I must save it if I can," he thought. After brief thought, he ran along the track in the direction of the advancing cars. As he ran he waved his hat, and threw up his hands, and in every possible way endeavored to attract the attention of the engineer. Apparently they did not see him, or supposing it was merely boys' fun took no notice of it. "There is only one thing I can do," thought Henry, and he proceeded to do it. Placing himself between the rails, he continued the same demonstrations.

"They'll stop rather than run over me," he thought; yet the feeling of his own personal danger in case they should fail to think him in earnest, blanched his cheek.  
"Never mind," said he, resolutely, "better risk my own life than let so many perish with out warning."

Of course this took place in much less time than I have taken to record it. Will the reader picture to himself the terrible situation in which our hero stood—in the way of a train traveling at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, waving his hat frantically, and exposed to the hazard of not being able to get out of the way in case he failed to succeed in stopping the cars. It was indeed the time to test the courage of the boy hero. But he maintained his ground firmly.

Meanwhile the engineer perceived him. Even at this time he supposed it was done in foolish bravado.  
"The little fool," he muttered. "We shall be compelled to stop or run over him."  
He hastily issued an order to stop the train. It was done just in time; they were only two rods distant from the boy.

"Now, you little rascal," exclaimed the angry engineer, "what do you mean by risking your foolish life, and putting us to this trouble?"

Henry pointed mutely to the broken bridge and then, overcome by the excitement through which he had passed, he sank back, fainting. His motion was understood.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the engineer, "we have been saved from a terrible fate!"

With remorseful eagerness he now devoted himself to the task of recovering the fainting boy, and when he had opened his eyes, asked his pardon for his rude unkindness.

"Is the train safe?" asked Henry, eagerly.  
"Entirely so—thanks to your noble conduct, my little hero."  
Henry found himself in the center of a group of passengers, who were profound-

ly shocked at the danger from which they had just escaped.

"Gentlemen," said one of the number, a fine looking man, calling them aside, "you perceive how narrow has been our escape; and you must be aware that it is solely owing to the courage of this noble little fellow. He has displayed a degree of nerve of which I doubt whether any one of us is capable. I believe I shall only meet the wishes of many present when I suggest that nothing could be more fitting than a pecuniary testimonial of our gratitude."

So saying, he took off his hat and dropped a ten dollar gold piece into it. His example was speedily and even eagerly followed. It chanced that the train was a long one and contained an unusual number of passengers. To this fact may be attributed the large amount of the contribution which was taken up.

"Gentlemen," said the first spokesman, after counting the money, "you will be gratified to learn that I have in my hand three hundred dollars, the result of our contributions, which in your name, I have the pleasure of presenting to our young friend for his courageous conduct."

So saying, he placed the money in his own purse, which he emptied for that purpose, and amid the cheers of the crowd, presented it to Henry.

"What! is it mine?" asked Henry, bewildered with excessive joy.  
"It is all yours. We have no doubt that a boy who has done himself so much credit as you have this morning, will use it in a suitable manner."

"I will give it to my mother," said Henry, his eyes sparkling with joy. "I am so glad—she needs it so much."

Preparations were now made to back the train to the station just left. The gentleman who had been the means of benefiting Henry so essentially did not return with it, but said to him—

"If you are willing, I will go with you to see your mother. I begin to feel a strong interest in you, and may have it in my power to be of service to you."

On the way he asked various questions, to all of which Henry answered frankly.  
"There is my mother's house," said he, as they came in sight of home. "She will be glad to get hold of this money, for she has not been able to pay her rent for the last quarter, and now she can do it without any trouble."

"You must introduce me to your mother. To do this you must know my name which is Gordon."

Mrs. Hall heard the story of her son's bravery with mingled pride and terror, and her cheek blanched when she thought of the danger he had incurred.

"Madam," said Mr. Gordon, at length, "I am a merchant, doing business in the city. I want a lady for my counting room. I have taken a fancy for your son, and if you will entrust him to me, I will try to advance his interests as far as may be in my power."

Mrs. Hall hesitated. The offer was an advantageous one, but she did not wish him to leave school. When, however, Mr. Gordon promised to give him several hours a day to devote to study, and to take him in to his own family, she accepted with earnest gratitude.

Henry is at the moment junior partner in the firm, and his mother and sister are raised above want. Mrs. Hall is justly proud of the son to whose boyish intrepidity all their present prosperity is due.

## Wouldn't Contend.

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over to his opposite neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkably cool, calm, non-resistant, and addressed him thus:

"That piece of fence over there is mine, and you shan't have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F., "you must be mistaken, I think."

"No, it's mine and I shall keep it."

"Well," said Mr. F., "suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."

"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

"Shall we leave it to any four men in the village that you shall select?" Said Mr. F.

"No I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposd, Mr. F. said: "Well, neighbor, then I shall leave it to yourself to say to whom it does belong, whether to you or to me."

Struck dumb by the appeal, the wrathful man turned away, saying:

"I won't have anything to do with a man who won't contend for his own rights."

It is not the most "wrathful" who are irreconcilable, neither are they to be feared; hence the Scotch proverb, "His bark is worse than his bite." Just allow such a man sufficient time to fight with his own shadow, (like the knight of La Mancha with the windmill), and he will very soon come down. There is little to be dreaded from such an organization thus treated.

There are two reasons why you should not interrupt an editor when his writing. One is, that it is apt to put him out—and the other is, that you might get put out yourself.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No," cried his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of shoes that have never been paid for."

An old farmer in Pennsylvania, when told that he possessed oil lands, made light of it.

## PREPARATION FOR ANOTHER CIVIL WAR.

Hon. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, writing to that paper, from his seat in the rump Congress, on the 15th inst., divulges the following very interesting facts:

You may have noticed the passage in the House, a few days since, of a resolution offered by General Paine, of Wisconsin, calling on the States to organize discipline, and equip their militia, and directing that two-thirds of the arms, ordinance and ammunition now under custody of the General Government be distributed among the States—the distribution among the loyal States to take place immediately, and that among the States lately in rebellion to be postponed until further notice.

The resolution came up from the Committee on Military Affairs, and was pushed to a vote, without debate or delay, under the previous question. It attracted as little attention in Congress as it has in the country; and the public will doubtless receive with incredulity the assurance that it was intended, by those who secured its passage, as the first step toward preparation for another civil war. Although no debate was had upon it, members were urged to vote for it by direct conversational appeals on the part of the few who were privy to its introduction. Some were told that it was necessary to enable the Southern loyalists to protect themselves; others that it was simply a matter of detail in the War Department; others that the arms must be taken out of the hands of the President, and others that it was proposed at the instance of the Secretary of War. An appeal was made by Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, to allow debate upon it, as it seemed to be a matter of importance, but this was refused.

Most of the leading and reflecting Radicals in Congress take this view of the political future. If the fall elections result in the choice of Northern Democrats enough to constitute, when added to the members from the Southern States, a majority of the House, they assume that this majority, thus constituted, will claim to be the Congress, and will act accordingly; and that they will be recognized by the President as the body to which he will send his message, and whose sessions he will, if the necessity should arise, protect by military force. They assert, on the other hand, that the Union members from the loyal States—if they constitute a majority from these States—will claim to be the only legal Congress, and will, if necessary, invoke an insurrection of the people to maintain them in that position.

They do not in the least conceal their purpose, in the event of such a collision, to appeal in force, and to "drive the rival Congress, with the President and his Cabinet, and supporters, into the Potomac," to use the language of the ablest and most sincere of their number. If you will recall the remarks of Mr. Bontwell, of Massachusetts, in last week's first caucus, you will see this movement clearly foreshadowed—in deed avowed. He declared his belief that an issue of force was rapidly approaching, and that we must be prepared to meet it. He acts, and all who co-operate with him in these measures, profess to act, under the apprehension that the President intends to resort to force—that he means to disperse the present Congress on its reassembling in December, if it refuses to admit the Southern members; and Mr. Fausworth ascribed to Mr. Seward the declaration that this Congress should never reassemble, unless the Southern members were admitted—in support of this belief. I need scarcely say that Mr. Seward never made any remark of the kind, nor that the project ascribed to the President is purely an invention, or at least the crazy dream of a political nightmare. But in either case it serves the same purpose. It covers, and shields to justify, the determination to arouse the North, and prepare for a resort to force upon the assembling of the Fortieth Congress in extra or regular session; and this determination is avowed. And the resolution to which I have referred, for an organization of the militia and distribution of arms in the Northern States, is the initial step to its execution.

I do not propose to comment upon the result of such a movement. It is obvious that if any such contingency should arise, the war would not be sectional, as was the last; it would be a war of political parties and of neighborhoods. Not only have the great body of the Union party in Congress no sympathy with these views and purposes, but they are in the main ignorant and incredulous of their existence. That the extreme Radicals entertain them, however, there is not the slightest doubt, and we know, from the experience of Secession in 1861, how few men it sometimes requires to plunge a great party or a great nation in war.

SALERATUS.—Wood is burned to ashes, and from these lye is made. By boiling lye is evaporated and black ash is the residuum, which, when purified by fire, is changed into potash. By another process potash is converted into pearlash, and this alkali placed in sacks over a brewer's vat, or in any other place where carbonic acid gas is produced, absorbs the gas and becomes a solid, heavier, whiter and more dry than pearlash. This is saleratus, which is put into our food; and how much of the products of wood ashes and carbonic acid gas the human body can bear, is a question for a saleratus eater.

## PARSON BROWNLOW—OFFICIAL RUFFIANISM.

Up to a recent date Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, had the reputation of being the foulest-mouthed man that spoke the English language, which is equal to saying the foulest mouthed man on earth, for the English language has capacities of vulgar foulness equaled by no other form of mortal speech with which we are acquainted—His ribaldry and blasphemy as a preacher shocked even the rude ruffians of the Southwest, while his scurrility as a politician and editor, gave him a position which no decent men could approach. After having done as much as any other individual of his capacities in the South to stimulate the full spirit of Slavery to war and treason, he saw fit for selfish ends, and to the disgust of every loyal man in the country, to take sides with the Unionists of East Tennessee. Neither they nor we had any more respect for his selfish loyalty than for his ribald piety; but the course and force of circumstances kept him from open treachery by making it dangerous; and the generous attention and help he obtained from the courageous and unflinching leader of the Tennessee Unionists, who is now President of the United States, induced him to endure till the rebellion was prostrated by our armies. Even the foulness of his tongue seemed to suffer in abatement for a short while, and it appeared as if time might cause him finally to be tolerated by reputable people. Under these circumstances, and under prospect of reformation, Mr. Johnson was more than generous to him, assisting him to place and power, and finally aiding him to obtain the position of Gov. which JOHNSON had vacated to assume the Vice-Presidency. But the dog will return to his vomit, and the serpent will plunge his fangs into the bosom in which he has been warmed. Brownlow now turned on the President—turned upon him for ends as base and selfish as had formerly led him to join with him. The President would not—as he could not—permit him to carry out the atrocious and savage purposes he had designed upon those who were his enemies—that is to say, the greater part of the people of Tennessee, who had neither voted for him nor would uphold him. Brownlow actually wanted to inaugurate a general massacre and plunder of those whom he had made foes by thirty years of personal insult; and he proclaimed this in language so fiendishly vindictive as to shock every man who had any manhood left in his nature. The President stood between him and his outrageous purposes; and Brownlow turned from the people whom the President had saved upon the President himself. His office as Governor gave him no more self-respect now than his vocation as preacher had given him Christian character, while the fact that Mr. Johnson holds the office of President seemed to add zest to the rancor of his assaults. He swore and raved more furiously than he had ever done before, and used language which would put to the blush even that of the malignant madmen of Congress.

He vented his personal malice "in season and out of season," in speeches, public documents, and in his newspaper; and let no act or word of the President's, pass without finding in it new opportunity of revenge for his grievances. It was quite in keeping, therefore, when in a dispatch to Washington, on Thursday last, announcing the passage of the Constitutional Amendment in one branch of the Tennessee Legislature, he had the blackguard insolence to add:

"Give my compliments to the dirty dog at the White House."  
He knew, of course, that in using such language he was perfectly safe from any notice or reply by the party immediately assailed; and if it brought him renewed contempt from all decent men, that was but what he had been accustomed to from the beginning of his career.—N. Y. Times.—Republican.

A GEORGIA WIDOW.—An anecdote is related by a certain Squire, who proceeds thus:

"Oh!" said the Squire, "I wish I was married, and well over it. I dread it powerful. 'I'd like to marry a widow. I allers liked widows, since I knowed one in Georgia, that suited my ideas adzactly. About a week after her husband died, she started down to the grave yard, whar they planted him, and she read the perscription on the monument. When she got there, she stood a looking at the stones which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithon on 'em that the minister had writ for her. Then she burst out, 'Oh! b-o-o!' says she; 'Jones was the best of men. I remember how the last time he come home, about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar and a little tea, and some store goods for me, and lots of little necessities, and a little painted boss for Jeems, which that blessed little child got his mouth all yaller with sucking of it; and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n and played up that good old tune: 'Rake her down, Sal, Oh, rang-dang-diddle, Oh! rang-dang-diddle, dang, dang, da!'"

Inspiration is such an influence of the Holy Spirit on the understandings, imaginations, memories and other mental powers of the writers of the Sacred Books, as perfectly qualified them for communication to the world the knowledge of the will of God

## GRAND CAMPAIGN SPEECH FOR THE WOOLY-HEADS!

Whar, Oh Whar's de Buro now!

The Bellefonte Watchman furnishes in advance, a speech for the negro advocates in the coming campaign which will, no doubt, be a bombshell in the camps of the Johnsonites, and a scatterer of the "ignorant," "nasty" "Copperheads" who praised the President for vetoing the Negroes Bureau Bill. Here it is in full:

MY BELUBBED FRIENDS.—De tex on dis 'stressin' casion am dese stirrin' and heart bustin' observations;

Whar's de Freedmen's Buro now!

My Culler 'Sciples:—Boyd de American ob African 'scent, am heah befoah de house ob extreme discouragement. De culler popylashun has been skewished by Mr. Johnson whose front name was Ander.—His v-toes have stepped on to our aspiration and de Freedman's Buro am clear done gone and busted foreber. De kloven huff ob de individual which his last cognomen is Johnson, had made distinkly visible to de unknivered obtics ob de public. Dat is to say—you can see it wid de naked eye, widout de aid ob a xelyscope. He is de Moses Iscarot ob dese degenerated days.

My frenz, who's dis Johnson? say!—He was nuffin but a tailor, yes, gemmen and folks, he came from a low straxhun, and his parunts on his father's side was old Johnson, and,

Whar's de Freedman's Buro now?"

Dis is de werry urkindest cut ob all, as Spokeshave say. Dis is de midnight ob de mid-winter ob our diskontent.  
De smashing ob de Buro. I consider de most greatest and exceedin' mightiest kalamity ob dis age! I am a orator, I acknowledge, but whar's de language to do justice to de extreme proportion ob de prodigiousness ob de magnitude ob de enormness ob de universal amplitude ob de—de

Whar's de Buro now?

My frenz, You'll excuse de wraf and indignashun dat's in de veins ob de honorable and eloquent speaker who is now speaking sitch burnin' eloquence in your midst—dat's to say me. But I cannot distract de powerful ideas which am leaping and wrestlin into my brain. De krisis has cum. De sister of de krisis and all their sisters have arriv, and de bery earth quakes de stars emit flashes ob indignat' thunder, de bery unwoese trembles, and boundless 'mensity echoes back de dire question,

Whar's de Buro now?"

My hearers, De young man eloquent must rest here, he has fought de good fite, but he's gone in. Look at dese tattered garments, all worn to shreds in de noble cause ob de Freedmen's Buro which Johnson tramped into wid de—as I may say, de stern heel ob despotism! Wherefore dis excitement, you may ask. De answer am here. Ovepowered sentimentally, overburdened with other hefty grief! My day is run, my occapashun gone, for de text says:

Whar's de Buro now?"

But my followers, Neber gib up de ship. Boyd will neber fail. When de eart'quake shaft have ceased, when de storm shall spent its fury, and de tempest husbed to zephyrs. When de floods shall have retreated and de giant ob terror, dismay and distraction had returned to de dim caverns ob dere abode, der in the midst ob de ruin shall be seen dis hummel individual, umbrel in han, hat under de handkerchief in de rear pocket ob de narrative ob his swaller-tailed coat, yellin' eloquence to de natives, dis text,

Whar's de Buro now?"

Brudder Delaun Gray will proceed to collect de revenue in do usual way, while de congregation jines in dis highly edifying hymn—

Oh goggle, goggle jumpacross,  
Dat am berry good,  
Cen dis brudder steal a hoss,  
And ride him to de woods!  
Jiggle, joggle, possum fat,  
Hop de dooden dow,  
I see got a lovely Thomas cat,  
O! Whar's de Buro now.

While many may think that the speech will not be very appropriate for campaign purposes, yet it will be found to contain just about a weighty arguments as abolition orators generally use.

A frightful accident occurred in Hanover on Friday last. A farmer employed a laboring man to clean out a well for him. The well was forty feet deep, and it was successfully cleaned, but the well caved in, covering up the unfortunate man. The neighbors were summoned, and at once set to work to dig him out. After laboring for several hours, the body of the sufferer was reached and taken out in an insensible state. Upon examination it was found that he had cut his throat in two places with a pocket knife. It is thought that the victim of this frightful accident feared he would not be rescued, and cut his throat to put himself out of his misery. At last accounts the man was still alive, although fatal results were feared. Our informant did not learn his name.—Jackson (Mo.) Citizen

The right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.