

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

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 JOHN. R. SMITH  
 v. 5-50-60

## Select Story.

### THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a large piece of canvass glowed with the soft tints of a Spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortably easy chair by the door, sat a plump, rosy, little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and silver gray poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come from the very basement "to see how Frank was getting along."

"Here mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, "just see the way the sunset light touches the top most branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown sublimed gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Stevens moved a little uneasily in her chair.

"Yes, it's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good humoredly.

"Well, mother, she is pretty."

"Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Grace Teller that isn't charming and womanly and lovely?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?"

"Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low soft ripple of the rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Noneless," said Mrs. Seymour, sharply.

"Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

"Mother, I think she will one day become my wife."

"Frank! Frank! are you crazy?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Seymour, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his palette out of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her, I thought Mrs. Seymour. Do be sure you are visiting Mary Elton, and daisy being to a very good family, if she does live in such a house—and take in five embroidery torn awning—But then she has no style at all, compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. I mean, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But dear me! a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive."

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and then put on her mouse-colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set out upon a tour of investigation.

"I'll find out something about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why, though the indefatigable widow."

Miss Grace Teller was at home, helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest in grain, and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz; yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping dully in the window, and a stand of magnanetic and velvet blossomed pansies gave a delightful taint to this pretty picture of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin and not at all pretty; there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lovely blonde with large blue eyes, rose leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheeks, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily purified the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm this morning," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have as warm weather where you came from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville," said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk.

"Factoryville? Is that your native place? Perhaps you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent in the great wool mills there?"

"Very well, I have often seen him."

"Are you acquainted with Cynthia?"

"N—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour, sagely; "Cynthia says, there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory; Cynthia is very genteel. But, excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not with his daughter?"

Grace colored.

"Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet his daughter."

"Perhaps you have some thing to do with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace with calm dignity.

"A factory girl," gasped Mrs. Seymour

growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?"—quickly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace! Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honorable way, returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost mind, "What will Frank say?" and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that to the factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudible, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the clear blue gaze. "Only—there are steps, gradations in all society, you know, and I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side and stooped to kiss her cheek.

"My dearest friend—My most precious companion," she murmured, "I should be quite lost without her Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, who touched in the politest and most distant terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, and burst into her studio like an express messenger of life and death news: who do you suppose your paragon of Miss Teller is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank briefly and comprehensively.

"A factory girl!" screamed the old lady, at the height of her lungs, "a factory girl!"

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to do with a common factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl," said the young man, with aggravating calmness.

"Frank don't jest with me," pleaded the poor little mother with tears in her eyes. "Tell me at once you will give up all this fancy for a girl that is no way equal to you."

"No—she is in no respect my equal," returned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well as one of the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife."

"Mrs. Seymour sat down, limp, lifeless and despairing."

"Frank, I have thought to see you soon more a factory girl."

And upon a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went off, quietly touching up the quiet foliage of a spindly old maple in the foreground of his picture.

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?"

Grace Teller had been crying—the dew was yet on her eye lashes, and the unnatural crimson upon her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and May Elton considerably slipped out "to look for a missing pattern."

"I should rather think so," said Frank looking admiringly down on the gold head that was stooping among the pansies.

"But your mother thinks me far below you in social position."

"Such a position be—ignored. What do I care for social position, as long as my little Grace has consented to make the sunshine of my house?"

"Yes, but Frank—"

"Well, but Grace?"

"Do you really love me?"

For answer, he took both the fair delicate hands in his, and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Frank," said Grace, demurely, "I'm afraid you will make a very strong willed, obstinate sort of a husband."

"I should not wonder, Grace."

And so the golden twilight faded into a purple, softer than the shadow of Eastern amethysts, and the stars came out one by one, and still Mary Elton did not succeed in finding that pattern.

Mrs. Seymour, as the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July—the fact was, she wanted a chance to confide her griefs to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying! Yes, of course I've been crying, Mrs. Randall; I've done nothing for a week."

"Mercy upon us," said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid gloved hands, "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble."

"My dear," said the old lady in a mysterious whisper, Frank has been entrapped, involved into the most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that he the most fastidious and particular of created beings, could be resolutely determined on marrying—a factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Grace Teller.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the new comer, "will wonders never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree! But I suppose it's all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the Judge. Here come Mr. Parker—Cynthia—dear me, what curious mixture our American society is; how they will be shocked to meet Grace Teller."

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not just the kind of astonishment that was on the pro-

gramme.

"Miss Grace; you here? Why, when did you come from Factoryville?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall with some surprise.

"Quite well; in fact I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me! ejaculated Mrs. Seymour, turning pale and sinking down on a divan near her. "Why, they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country."

"Grace," said Frank gravely and almost sternly, "what 'ose this mean?"

The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?"

"My little deceiver. But why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you Frank? It was so nice to leave her behind, and to plain Grace Teller for awhile. And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engaging ment; a spark of woman's willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I would maintain my incoherence, come what might. Mrs. Seymour," she added, turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I loved my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once in her life was at a loss for an answer.

### EASY LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY—THE EARTH.

The earth is an old subject—we don't know how old. Wise men have endeavored to ascertain its age in various ways, and have succeeded very well, only differing in their calculations a few thousand centuries or so.

We have several reasons for writing upon the earth, the principal one being the imperfect facilities afforded for getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the Sun or the moon, except the difficulty of getting there.

The earth is the third planet in order from the sun, and the largest within the belt of the planets. We have wondered, sometimes, why the earth did not have a belt all to herself, being the Champion of the Universe.

The ancients looked upon the earth as a flat dish, swimming upon a water like a piece of foam in a barn of milk. Once upon a time a lot of adventures young aients started out to find the jumping off place, and continuing on a straight line, they were astonished to find themselves on the very spot whence they started. They informed their parents of the circumstances, and they, after about a century of painful and laborious thought upon the subject, came to the conclusion that the earth must be round, "because it ain't," triumphantly asked a jolly old ancient, "how could the boys ha' got around it?" There was no getting around that, and the earth has been of spherical form ever since.

It is estimated that about two-thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures shake their thirst daily, the quantity of water has not been materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction of whiskey shops, which prove a great saving of water, and are therefore of immense benefit to navigation.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 miles, and the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two, by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running, and reduce the expense very materially. Any railroad man will tell you that.

The mean distance from the earth to the sun is 95,000,000 miles, which is no mean distance, either, when you try to walk it.

The earth moves round the sun from west to east, consuming 365 days and 6 hours in every revolution, travelling nights and Sundays. Joshua, it will be remembered by some of our oldest citizens, once commanded the sun to stand still, and she is standing still. It ain't every fool of a planet that can get around the sun. The earth does it, however. She would get around most anything.

The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day. The earth and her axis were thick as peas together at one time, but one day the earth got down on her axis and turned on it.

It is revolutions of the earth that make night and day, to everybody but printers and editors who work on morning papers—it is all day with them.

After digging a certain depth into the bowels of the earth the temperature becomes warm, and it grows warmer as you warm to your work so that at the depth of thirty miles, (as we are informed by a gentleman who dug that distance one July morning) everything is like molten iron at a white heat. There is good reason for believing that people who cheat the printer, and who try to get into shows without paying for it, are sent thirty miles into the depth of the earth when they die.

The earth is not such a dismal place to live upon as many try to make it out. So far as our knowledge extends—and we probably know as much about it as any body—it is far preferable to any other planet as a permanent residence. At least we are satisfied with it and intend to remain here as long as we are "on earth."

### DRESS AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

In this age when dress occupies so much of the attention of society, the influence of costume on the bodily condition becomes an important matter of inquiry.

Improper modes of dress, whether excessive or inadequate, are fertile sources of disease, and also aggravate an abnormal state of the system by whatever cause produced. If our desire to keep the body warm, we overload it with layers of thick, closely woven fabric, and thus promote an undue heat at the surface, the effect is to suppress the action of the excretory glands and prevent a free perspiration. The vitiated matter which is thus retained is reabsorbed by the skin and carried back into the system, rendering the blood impure and deranging the delicate mechanism of the glandular structure. Air and light are absolutely necessary for the healthy activity of the vesicles of the skin, and those articles of clothing which prevent the admission of these two great vital agents are entirely unfit for use.

As a free circulation of the blood to all parts of the human body is requisite to the enjoyment of perfect health, so no part of the body should be dressed in such a manner as in the least to obstruct or retard its flow. Tight boots, shoes or gloves are therefore detrimental. Cold extremities, painful humors, swellings and callosities are generally the results of such figuratures.

Insufficient clothing is much worse than too much. The effect of exposure to cold is the immediate contraction of the skin, which suspends the operation of the secretory and excretory organs, and the matter which should be discharged from the system is thrown back into the throat, lungs or bowels, occasioning those forms of disease which are commonly called "cold," "headache," "catarrh," "diarrhea," &c.

A change of dress from thick to thin is not beneficial unless accompanied by a corresponding change in climate or temperature. A fashionable lady after wearing a thick high-necked dress all day, will sometimes array herself in some light, low-necked attire for an evening party. Such an imprudent change has frequently been followed by a sudden death. Head coverings at the present day are evidently worn by ladies for display, and not for comfort; and we are not surprised when we hear this or that one complain of "such distress in the head," or "neuralgia."

A hat, to afford real protection to the head, should be large enough to cover the greater part of it, and at the same time be comfortably warm, but not so heavy as to fatigue the wearer after half an hour's use.

Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful than that of wife; parents, brethren and friends have claims upon the affections; but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, and a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother; but the feeling which induces her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him; to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and ever remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband. When we behold her in her domestic scenes, an intellectual joy brightening the family circle with her endearments, and loved for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold her existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and, by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted sufferer to peace and resignation.

### A DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.

A new and dangerous imitation of the five dollar National Bank note has recently been put about. The engraving is said to be finely executed, and the bit in the main, is well calculated to deceive. Still it may readily be detected. In the genuine the group of Columbus and his companions is composed of five persons; and in the counterfeit there are but four—the one in the background at the extreme end, and most extreme figure in the group is missing. In the counterfeit also, the extended arm of Columbus is without a hand. Bills of this description on five different banks have already appeared, and others will doubtless soon follow.

A Dutchman at D-centur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The next Sabbath, the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response: "You did I ride out mit another woman so soon after the death of mine frau? No, No"

The coldest seat in an omnibus—the one nearest the Pole.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one.

### RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

From your children's early history inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

Never promise them anything unless you are sure that you can give them what you promise.

If you tell a child to do something, show them how to do it, and see that it is done. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them when you are angry.

Never let them perceive that they can vex you.

Never smile at any of their actions of which you do not approve, even though they are some what amusing.

If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises is much more effectual than the threatening of a great punishment should the fault be renewed.

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden at another. Teach them that the only way to appear good is to be good.

Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.

Never allow of tale-bearing.

Teach them that self-denial—not self-indulgence—is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.

### THE MORAL MARKET.

The following report of matters in the moral market has been made. We hope it is not entirely correct.

Honor—Scarce. Old stock exhausted and the new will be a complete failure.

Virtue—Old growth nearly consumed. Young growth—prospects very unpromising.

Honesty—None in market.

Patriotism—First quality scarce; none to be disposed of. Second quality easily bought on speculation at 100 per cent. discount.

Prudence—All in the hands of old stockholders.

Modesty—Stock sadly damaged. None for sale.

Vice—Market overstocked.

Pride—Market glutted.

Religion—All to be disposed of at present rates.

Scandal—None genuine on hand. Stock generally adulterated. Very few investments.

Love—None offered—except for greenbacks.

Talent—Scarce article. Sold exclusively for cash.

Consistency—Out of fashion.

### JOSH BILLINGS ON OWLS.

Josh Billings says of owls:

Birds is God's choristers.

Tew the lion he gave majesty; tew the elephant, strength; tew the fox, cunning; and tew the tiger, deceit. But tew the birds, his pets, he gave buty and song.

And nona so blast as the owl.

The owl is a game bird; he can whip anything that wears feathers—after dark. He is a wise bird, and hoots at most things.

He is a solemn bird, a cross between a justice of the peace and a country supervisor.

He is a stiff bird, and sits up as stiff as an exclamation point.

He is a luxurious bird, and feeds on spring chickens.

He is a long-lived bird, and never was known to take death naturally.

He is a hardy bird, and groze tuff by bileing.

He is an honest bird, and alwuz shos an open countenance.

He is a prompt bird, and satizize at onst his outstanding bill.

He is a comfortable bird, and alwuz sleeps in feathers.

He is an attentive bird, and durin' the day can alwuz be found in.

He is a festive bird, and don't come home till morning.

Thus the owl is a mistaken emblem of solitude and sadness, if we dig into his nature closely, is emphatically one of the boys and belongs to the club.

It is a notable fact that Senator Landon and Representative Cameron and Kennedy of this district, voted for Cameron, although the two latter were under special instructions to vote for Curtin or Grow. But as these men belong to the party of fraud and corruption, it is appropriate for them to violate the wishes of their constituents and vote for the most noted corruptionist on the list.—Montrose Democrat.

Josh Billings says there is nothing more touching in this life than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a moustache.

An old bachelor being laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them: "You are small potatoes," cried one of them, "but we are sweet ones."