



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

"To Speak his Thoughts is Every Freeman's Right."

TERMS, \$2.00 Per. ANNUM, in Advance.

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NO. 1.

Wyoming Democrat,

A Democratic weekly paper, devoted to Political News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.

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TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.
One square one or three insertions.....\$1.50.
Every subsequent insertion less than \$1.00.....50
REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL, PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, as may be agreed upon.
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of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.
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Business Notices.

R. & W. E. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Tioga Street Tunkhannock, Pa.

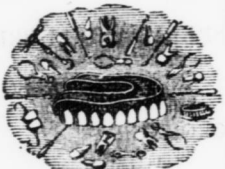
W. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County, Pa.

O. J. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Office at the Court House, in Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa.

J. W. RHODES, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON He will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. May be found at his Office at the Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street, formerly occupied by A. K. Peckham Esq.

DENTISTRY.



DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens. Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Gilman. v6n30H.

PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE, AND

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

By W. RUGER, Artist.
Rooms over the Wyoming National Bank, in Stark's Brick Block.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA.
Life-size Portraits painted from Ambrotypes or Photographs—Photographs Painted in Oil Colors—All orders for paintings executed according to order, or on exchange made.
Instructions given in Drawing, Sketching, Portrait and Landscape Painting, in Oil or water Colors, and in all branches of the art.
Tunk, July 31, '67 v6n50H.

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 fine will find his shop the place to get them.
-250-6moe
JOEL R. SMITH

BOLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA.
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
GEO. J. BOLTON.

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 those who patronize the House.
T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor: Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

MESHOPEEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r.
HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their custom.
Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.
June, 3rd, 1863

MEANS' HOTEL.

TOWANDA, PA.
D. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.
[Late of the BRADFORD HOUSE, ELKIRA, N. Y.]
The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.
v6n11.

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S COLUMN

A LARGE

STOCK OF

SPRING

GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED AND

For Sale

CHEAP,

ALL KINDS OF

Produce

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

FOR GOODS

AT

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S

Tunkhannock, Pa.

Poetry.

INTERESTING TRUTHS.

To slumber in the open air,
On meadow twenty perches square,
Without a mate the space to share—
That's roomy!

To stay in Morpheus' arms until
At midnight, pitchy, dark and chill,
Aroused by foot-pads' whistle shrill—
That's gloomy!

To leave at eventide your spouse
At work alone on shirt or blouse;
Whilst in a club-room you carouse—
That's roving!

To sit at home, and there amuse
On whose companionship you choose,
And would not for a kingdom lose—
That's loving!

To take on balcony your chair
In summer, after Sol's hot glare,
And sniff the perfumed evening air—
That's breezy!

To find, just as your box of snuff
You open, a very sudden puff
Give to you more than quantum suff—
That's sneezy!

To make, as Barnums do, untaught,
A princely fortune out of naught,
By catching dupes, yet ne'er caught—
That's clever!

To find yourself so very rich,
That in the gutter gold you pitch,
And don't wish any more of 'rich'—
That's never!

THE POOR WASHERWOMAN.

"I declare, I have a mind to put this bed quilt into the wash to-day. It does not really need to go, either; but I think I'll send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her good old aunt in her quiet and expressive way. "Why, you see, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through at one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked till night; so—"

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady gently, "stop a moment and think—Suppose you were in the same situation as poor Susan is, obliged, as you tell me, to toil over the wash tub six days out of the seven, for the bare necessities of life, would you not be glad once in a while to get through before night, to have a few hours of day-light to labor for yourself and family, or better still, a few hours to rest? Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn a living; begrudge not the poor creature an easy day. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candle light, and plodded through the cold here and there to her customers' houses, and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon, if she gets through; who knows but that she may have come from the sick bed of some loved one, and counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till returning fearing that she may be one too late?—Put it back on the bed, and sit down here, while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured because her employer did as you would to make out the wash." And the old woman took off her glasses and wiped away the tears that from some cause had gathered in her aged eyes, and then with a tremulous voice related the promised story.

"There was never a more blithesome bride than that of Ada R. None ever had higher hopes; more blissful anticipations. She married the man of her choice, one of whom any woman might be proud. Few, few, indeed, had a sunnier life in prospect than she had.

"And for ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and real comfort; her husband the same kind loving man as in the days of courtship; winning laurels every year in his profession; adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his friends. And besides these blessings God had given another; a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden haired baby boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer than could light could offer.

"But I must not dwell on those happy days, my story has to do with other days. It was with them as it has often been with others; just when the cup was the sweetest it was dashed away. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred very rapidly, and swept away from them everything but love and their babe. Spared to each other and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened and laid for many months upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicine. All that she could do the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till at length, she, who had worn a satin garment on her bridal day, toiled at the wash tub for the scantiest living. In a dreary winter, long before light she would rise morning after morning, and labor for the dear ones of her only home. Often she had to set off through the cold deep snow, and grope her way to kitchens which were sometimes smoky and gloomy and toil there at rubbing, rinsing and starching, not unfrequently wading knee deep into the drifts to hang out the clothes that froze even as she had fastened them to the line. And, when night came, with her scanty earnings she would grope through the cold and snow to her oftentimes lightless and fireless home, for her husband was too sick to tend even the fire, or strike a light. And oh, with what a

shivering heart would she draw near fearing she would be too late! It is a fact for six weeks at one time she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by the lamp light, except on Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have had, once in a while, a small washing gathered for her."

"One dark, winter morning, as she was preparing a frugal breakfast, and getting everything ready before she left, her husband called her to his bedside.

"Ada," said he, almost in a whisper, "I want you to try and come home early to-night; be home before the light goes out; Ada."

"I'll try," answered she, with a choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada, I have a strange desire to see your face by day-light. To-day is Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look upon it once again."

"Do you feel worse?" she inquired.

"No, no, I think not, but I want to see your face once more by sunlight. I cannot wait till Sunday."

Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had stolen through the little window; but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face, waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played on her face as she asserted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock; yes, and if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms, and five minutes after the clock struck one, she was just about emptying the tubs, when the mistress came in with a couple of bed quilts, saying:

"As you have a small wash to-day, Ada, I think you may do these yet." After the mistress had turned her back a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washerwoman's heart, rushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could she set to work again, and rubbed, rinsed, and hung out. It was half past three when she started for home, an hour too late! and the aged narrator sobbed.

"An hour too late," she continued after a pause. "Her husband was dying; yes, almost gone! He had strength to whisper a few words to his half frantic wife, to tell her how he loved to look upon her face; that he could not see her then, he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pilloved his head upon her suffering heart and then he was at rest."

"And Mary, dear, and there was a soul touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, 'be kind to your washerwoman. Instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out washing daily unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way; and be sure Mary, when she is constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman, laboring now so hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman. She has seen better days, no doubt, and I know she has passed through terrible trials, too. I can read her story in her pale face. Be kind to her; pay her what she asks, and let her go home as early as possible."

"You have finished in good time to-day Susan," said Mrs. M., as the washer woman with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room to get the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am I have; and my heart, ma'am, is relieved of a heavy load. I was to afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said the aunt.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered; "Ah, ma'am! I left my baby almost dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it, I have seen it too many times; and none but a child of nine years to attend to him. Oh, I must go, and quickly!"

And, grasping the money she had toiled for, while her baby was dying, she hurried to her dreary home. Shortly after they followed her; the young wife who had never known sorrow and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble; followed her to her home! She was not too late. The little dying boy knew his mother. But at midnight he died, and then kind hands took from the mother the lifeless form, closed the closed bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud; and did more; they gave what the poor so seldom have, time to weep.

"Oh, Aunt," said Mrs. M., with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blesses you how much more must poor Susan's. Had it not been for you she would have been too late. It has been a sad but a holy lesson. I shall always be kind to the poor washerwoman. But, aunt, was the story you told me a true one, all true I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had seen but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange, therefore that I should pity the poor washerwoman."

A committee of the Illinois Legislature visited the Insane Asylum at Jacksonville, during the last session of the Legislature. When the committee was going through the building, an insane man, who had evidently been something of a politician, approached one of the legislators and said: "Ah, how do you do, sir? You got elected at last, didn't you?" The honorable drew himself up with a consequential and patronizing air, and said, "Oh yes, I got elected." The crazy man, with a grave look replied: "Yes, you did. A great many fools got elected now."

FOR THE GIRLS—HOW TO GET A HUSBAND

—From an excellent communication published in the Columbus (Miss.) of June 8, we copy the following "expressly for the girls."

Being old, and therefore allowed license for teasing the girls on matrimonial subjects, I consult them about their future prospects often, and find that the opinion obtains with them, that the young men were never so slow in proposing as in these days; which we must admit, gives them a good, not to say, all-powerful reason for not taking a husband. Now, young ladies, the whole secret with nine-tenths of you, of not being able to get off your parent's hands, is simply this, you don't know how to work. You can't keep house.

You can't make a pair of breeches. You can't tell, for the life of you, the difference between bran and shorts, or which cow gives butter-milk. The young men generally came out of the war "with the skin of their teeth," with no fortune, I might say but their wardrobes of gray and their grey cane-trees, and to marry with them now, rest assured, relates more to making a living with the assistance of a loving industrious helpmate, than indulging in opera music, moonshine and poetry. Do you know what they say of one of your butterfly young ladies who has held in the parlor engaged by the hour listening to "elegant nothings?" Nineteen times out of twenty it is this—"Well, she is all right for an evening's entertainment, but she will not make a good wife?"

There is no possible objection to the accomplishments of music, painting and the like, as such, but the idea is to set these parlor amusements aside for the period when the stern duties of married life call for your practical knowledge. Show the young men that you can do your part of double business; that you can cook a meal's victuals on a pinch, that you can sweep up and dust and darn old stockings, and save a penny toward an accumulated pound that you will not be a dead expense to him through life. Believe me young friends, as many true, heroic, womanly hearts beat over household duties, as flutter beneath the soft light of a parlor chandelier. Your kiss is just as sweet, your smiles just as bright, your heart as happy and tender, after a day's exertion in a sphere worthy of womanhood, as in places of dissipation. You are not less ambitious, you have an ambition to do your part in life; cultivate industrial habits, and let the parlor accomplishments I have roughly enumerated go to thunder. It is astonishing how soon a domestic young lady is found out and appreciated. It is because she is such a rare exception to the general rule.

CHURCH MUSIC.

God has established so intimately this law of nature, that "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," that it is impossible that music and devotion can be divorced. The melody which the heart makes in itself, strives and rushes to the utterance of the lips; and the sweet repose of the soul, in its rapt communion with God, is nursed by the harmonies which are going on, day and night, around the throne of God; where the sea of uplifted countenances reflects the light of His countenance, and ten thousand times ten thousand tongues utter the voluminous music that bursts from as many adoring hearts. No scene on earth can so much resemble this, as a whole congregation, lifted up on their feet, and joining in one chorus of musical worship. This is the only true conception of ecclesiastical music; and when this is realized in practice, one of the most important elements is gained of the beauty of holiness.

In order to do this, the melodies of the Church should be simple; to bespeak those feelings of devotion which are among the simplest of the human breast. Its harmonies should be broad and grand, to embrace the whole soul, and bear it strongly up. Its sympathies should be short and easy; its voluntaries fitted to the character of the occasion, and the spirit of the sermon. There is no occasion in which human art should so studiously conceal itself, and become the secret mist-trant of heaven, as in the music of religious pathos, penitence and praise. When these requisites are met, the music of the Church becomes what it ought to be—congregational—the music of the whole—beautiful to the ear, and to the soul.

But these requisites are too often scorned by the ambition of modern art. The taste that is bred at operas and concerts soon learns to discredit the legitimate character of ecclesiastical compositions, and craves the higher excitement of music—its unusual harmonies, its minute beauties, its exquisite detail. It grows to love the music for its own sake; and to admire the performance, instead of feeling its design. When this occurs, the music becomes a mere exhibition; it is delegated, as a work to a few; and the congregation are listeners, instead of worshippers. Here are two essential absurdities—substituting the means for the end, and making that which is beautiful in itself offensive by being out of place. So far as this practice prevails, it perverts this beautiful part of sacred worship, and spoils it of all the beauty of holiness.—A. H. Vinton's sermon.

To be a Democrat is to be a lover and supporter of good government, an enemy of anarchy, and a foe of despotisms. Democrats stand by the rights of all men and recognize the distinction of races, as made by the Creator of all.

Before the execution of Maximilian, Meia and Eirimon, Mejia's wife ran distractedly through the streets, carrying a new born babe.

CURIOUS ANTICS OF MRS. SCRUGGINS' COW.

"We use to keep a cow when we lived in Cincinnati. And, oh, mussy such a cow! She used to come up as regular to her milk as clock-work. She'd knock a the gate with her horns just as sensible as any other human critter. Her name was Rose. I never knowed how she got that name, for she was black as a kittle. Well, one day Rose got sick and wouldn't eat nothing, poor thing! And a day or two arter she died; I rally do believe I cried when that poor critter was gone. Well, we went a little spell without a cow; but I told Mr. Scruggins it wouldn't do no way nor no how, for have another cow we must; and he gin in. Whenever I said must, Mr. Scruggins knowed I meant it. Well, a few days arter he cum home with the finest cow and young calf you ever seed. He gin thirty dollars for her and the calf, and two levies to a man to help bring her hum. Well, they driv her into the back yard, and Mr. Scruggins told me to cum out and see her, and I did; and I went up to her just as I used to did to Rose; and when I said 'Poor Sukey,' would you believe it, she kicked me right in the fore part of the back. Her foot cotched into my dress, bran-new dress tue, cost two levies a yard, and she took a levvy's worth right out, just as clean as the back of my hand, I screeched right out, and Mr. Scruggins coched me as I was droppin—I wasn't quite as heavy then as I am now—and he carried me to the door, and I went in and sot down. I felt kind o' faintish, I was so 'bominally skered. Mr. Scruggins said he'd larn her better manners, so he picked up the poker and went out. But I hadn't hardly begun to get a little strengthened up, afore in rushed my dear husband, flourishing the poker, and that wicious cow arter him, with her head down and tail up, like all mad. Mr. Scruggins jumped into the room; and afore he had time to turn round and shut the door, that desp'rte cow was in tue. Mr. Scruggins got up on the dining table, and I run into the parlor. I thought I'd be safe there, but I was skered so bad that I forgot to shet the door, and, arter hooking over the dining table and rolling Mr. Scruggins off, in she walked into the parlor, shaking her head, just as much as to say, 'I'll give you a lough now.' I jumped on a chair, but thinking that wasn't high enough, I got one foot on the brass knob of the Franklin stove, and put the other on the mantelpiece. You ought to have seen that cow in our parlor. She looked all round as if she was 'mazed. At last she looked into the looking-glass, and thought she see another cow exhibiting passion, like herself. She shuck her head and pawed the carpet, and so did her reflection, and would you believe it; the awful brute went right into my looking-glass! Well, then I bood right out. I 'spose she thought she heard her calf, for she poked her head into Mr. Scruggins' book case—no doubt she smelt the calfskin covers. All this time I was gitting agonized. The brass knob on the stove got so hot that I had to sit on the narrow mantel-piece and hold on to nothing. I dassin't move, for fear I'd slip off. Mr. Scruggins come round to the front door, but it was locked, and then he cum down to the window and opened it. I jumped down and run for the window, and hadn't more than got my head out afore I heard that critter comin' arter me. Gracious, but I was in a hurry. More haste less speed, always; for the more I tried to climb quick, the longer it took me; and, would you believe it? just as I got ready to jump down, that brute of a cow cotched me behind, and turned me clean over and over and over clean out of the window. Well, when I got right side, (as they put looking glass boxes,) I looked up to the window, and there stood that cow, with her head between the red and white curtains, and with another piece of my dress dangling on her horns. Well, husband and me was jest starting for the little alley that run alongside of the house, when that cow gin a bawl, and out of the window she come, whiskin' her tail about. It cotched on fire in the Franklin stove, and it served her right. Mr. Scruggins and me run into the ally in such haste we got weighed fast. Husband tried to get a head, but I'd been in the rear long enough and I wouldn't let him. And, would you believe it? that dreadful cow no sooner seen us in the alley, when she made a dash. But, thank goodness, she stuck fast tue. Husband tried the gate, but that was fast, and there was nobody inside the house to open it. Mr. Scruggins wanted to climb over and unbolt it, but I wouldn't let him. I wasn't going to be left alone agin with that desp'rte cow. If she was fast; and I made him help me over the gate. Ah, dear! climbing a high gate, when you are skered by a cow, is a dreadful thing, and I know it! Well, I got over, let husband in, and then it took him and me, and four other neighbors, to git that dreadful critter out of the alley. She belowed and kicked, and her calf belowed to her, and she bawled back again; but we got her out at last, and such a time, ah dear!

Had enough of her. Husband sold her for \$20 the next day. It cost him seventy cents to git her to market; and when he tried to pass one of the \$5 bills he got, would you believe it? the nasty guy was a counterfeit. Mr. Scruggins said to his dying day that he believed the brother of the man that sold him that cow bought it back again. I believe it helped to worry my poor husband to death. Ah, child, you better believe I know what cows is."

The old lady's agitation was so great at this point of the story, she dropped a stitch in her knitting.

Wise and Otherwise.

OWED TO PRINTERS.

When inkless printers stoop to credit,
And find too late that men won't pay—
What charm can soothe the Scribber who edit?
What art can wash the debt away?

The only art their case to better,
To bring the money when 'tis due,
To give repentance to the debtor,
And wring the pocket—is to sue.

"I'LL MENTION IT TO HIM."—Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thos. Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor and spending an hour or two with his daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly and in his sweetest tones struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, all its ease and comforts, emigrate to the far West with a young lawyer, who has little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him find a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make beautiful and happy like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered:

"I think I could, Archie."

"Well," said he, "there is Tom Jones who is going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him." Intimately she replied, "you need not trouble yourself."

A FEW HARD THINGS.—Experience and observation have taught men that it is:
Hard to quit chewing tobacco.
Hard to keep from eating too much.
Hard to drink liquor and not be intemperate.

Hard to pay our debts.
Hard to resist temptation.
Hard to believe a man you know to be a liar.

Hard to turn the other cheek when you are struck.
Hard to borrow money from friends when you are in need.
Hard to love our enemies.

WELL PUT IN.—At Adams' Express Office in Philadelphia, Tuesday, directed to the United States Hotel, Atlantic City, was a box made of lath-work, light almost as pasteboard, thus tenderly inscribed:

"TO THE EXPRESS AGENT.
This package contains a duck of a bonnet. Expressman, I pray you, place nothing upon it."

Tis made of a ribbon, a straw and a feather,
The whole with a postage stamp fastened together.

Its owner, a damsel, is youthful and fair,
But, like Flora McFlimsy, has nothing to wear."

Beware, then, expressman! I warn you take heed,
And forward this bonnet with care and with speed."

An unmitigated wretch complies the following memoranda for young ladies: "Have a good piano or none. Be sure to have a 'dreadful cold' when asked to 'favor the company.'—Cry at a wedding, but don't faint! Always scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are 'engaged' if you don't like your partner. Ajure rings on a wet day. Never faint unless it is convenient to fall into the arms of the young gentleman you love. Remember, it is vulgar in the extreme to know what your mother is going to have for dinner. When you go shopping be sure to take your ma along to carry the bundles."

"SAM," said a terrible infant at breakfast table, a few mornings since, to a love-lorn swain, "can fishes run; they swim by using their fins and tails." "Well, then, what did Cousin Sophie mean when she said you looked in the morning like the last run of shad?"

It is believed that when Cousin Sophie caught that "terrible infant" alone, her conduct toward him was not censuring.

A young gentleman named Turn, recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that one "one good turn deserved another," and he had acted accordingly.

A pert young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when encountered the celebrated Wilkes. "You see," observed the lady, "I am come out for a little sun and air." "You had better madam, get a little husband, first."

Red noses are light-houses to warn voyagers from the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.

Hood's famous poem, the "Song of the Shirt," originally had the title "Tale of the Shirt." Before the poem was published, its author saw something ludicrous in his title and so changed it to its present form.

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.