



HARVEY SICKLER, Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2.00 Per ANNUM, in Advance.

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NO. 3.

## 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.

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00; if not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. NO paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrearages are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

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of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to suit the times.  
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R. & W. E. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Toga Street Tunkhannock Pa

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

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

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

J. W. RHOADS, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON J. 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. Utman.  
v6n30f.

## 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 charge 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—v6n50-4f.

## 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 Fitts will find his shop the place to get them.  
-850-6mos  
JOEL R. SMITH

## BOLTON HOUSE.

HARRISBURG, PENNA.  
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BEHLER 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, 1867.

## NORTH BRANCH HOTEL, MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.

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

## MEANS' HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. B. BARTLET, PROPRIETOR.

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.  
v 3, 21, 17.

## DUNNELL & 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

5411.

## Poetry,

### THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy  
Than reign a gray-headed king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!  
From boyhood's fount of flame,  
Give me one giddy, roiling dream  
Of life all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And, calmly smiling, said,  
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish hath sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah! truest soul of womankind!  
Without these what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind;  
I'll take—my precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
"The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too!"

And there is nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all thy gifts have had  
With those dissolving years!

Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond, paternal joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all;  
I'll take—my girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen—  
"Why, this will never do;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke  
The household with its noise—  
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

### NOT A LAUGH WAS HEARD.

Somebody, whose bachelor friend has "been and gone" and got married, tell all about it, in the following poetical style:

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,  
As our friend to the altar hurried;  
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,  
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his fright,  
Our heads from the sad sight turning;  
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,  
To think he was not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor, free and bright,  
And shy of the sex as we found him,  
Should there at the altar at dead of night,  
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,  
Though of wine and cake partaking;  
We escorted him home from the scenes of dread  
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched him down,  
From the first to the last of the story,  
And we never have heard or seen the poor man  
Whom we left alone in his glory.

### THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

Some people are very apt to use harsh angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are often laughed at; their orders are forgotten, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word, or even blow, cannot do: it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in ill-temper and beat the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go in the right way. Another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head and fixed his large eyes on the man as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me; and bending his broad chest against the load, trotted on briskly as if though the load were a plaything. Oh, how strong is a kind word!

An Eloquent Passage.—The finest thing George D. Prentice ever wrote, is this inimitable passage:

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is but a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering, unclouded? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are present to our view and taken from us—leaving thousand streams of affection to flow back in an Alpine current upon our hearts? We are borne for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like Islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us will stay forever in our midst."

### BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

When I was at college at Providence, R. I., I chanced to be returning to my room at a late hour one night, when turning the corner of North Main and Providence streets, right there by the First Baptist Church, I stumbled over something lying upon the sidewalk. As I was just beginning my junior year, and had consequently given up the sophomore idea that swearing was a mark of superior manhood, without so much as a blessing upon a careless watchman, I bent down, and after a little examination found I had stumbled over one of the city newsboys. He was almost frozen; so, wrapping him up in my heavy cloak, I carried him with some difficulty up the long hill, and soon had him in quarters something warmer than those in which I found him. It was a long time before the boy became conscious of his whereabouts, but when his delirium was over and he sat before my face wrapped in a warm dressing-gown, I ascertained how it happened that I found him asleep on the sidewalk.

He told his story in a few words: He was alone in the world; father and mother were dead, and he was shifting for himself. He had been unsuccessful in the sale of his papers that day, was hungry, thinly dressed, and the wind blowing very cold he had crouched down a moment on the corner to shield himself from the cutting wind, and fallen asleep—and in that state I found him. I thought the little fellow was fibbing to me when he began about his father and mother, and I watched to see if he wouldn't bring himself out some way before he had finished. He was a bright little fellow—thin, indeed, and very pale—but he did have a keen black eye, and no mistake.—His story, short as it was, was not ended before I, feeling sure that he was not falsifying to me, had decided what I should do.

The next morning, measuring the length breadth and thickness of my newsboy, I went down street to my tailor's, obtained a suit of clothes which he chanced to have on hand, which with a few changes proved to be just the thing, purchased a pair of shoes which exactly fitted the measure I had in my pocket, and returned to my room before the lad was awake. You ought to have seen how he opened those eyes and stared at me, at the room, at everything, and have watched the shadow of perplexity, astonishment and delight that flit across his face as the recollections of the last few hours came back.

"Well, my man," said I, "how do you feel? Well enough to get up and see if these traps are anywhere near the size of that body of yours?"

He was out of bed in a flash, and in a very short time was dressed in his new suit. Ah! but he did look well as he stood there so neat and trim, and so thankful, withal, that I felt as the schoolmaster did when he flogged his boys, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Well, I kept the boy with me until he was well and strong, and one morning I called him to me and in a set speech, a la junior exhibition, said:

"Mr. Newsboy, it is high time that you should be beginning on the voyage of active life, and this morning I'm going to cut you adrift. Here's a little cash to help you along in your travels at first, and you be careful that you don't make bad use of it. Before you go I want you to promise me that you'll be honest and industrious—will you?—that you'll behave yourself always; be an ornament to society, and all that sort of thing—will you?"

He said yes, of course, a dozen times, and after a shake of the hand and a hasty "good bye, Sam," he disappeared down the stairs.

Time passed along. I graduated, settled in business, married; but still never once heard of my boy, and at last he and the occurrence were forgotten.

Five years ago this winter my business called me to the West. It proved a sorry journey. I lost my traveling sack containing valuables to a considerable amount; my journey had been a wild goose chase, with not the least shadow of success, and just about discouraged I started for home. Misfortune did not desert me here. On seeking my wallet I found that it had been stolen, and that I had not a dollar in my pocket. I have a faint recollection of not feeling particularly amiable at that time.

"Out West" in those days was something different from what it is now from the same West where you rail over the ground at the rate of forty miles an hour; and out West with not a dollar, and no means of communication but a line of snail-paced stage-coaches, was anything but delightful.

The coach for the East was just starting, and having watched it out of sight I went into the tavern and sat down to think how I was to get out of the difficulty. I had been sitting there some little time when a man who had been warming himself with his back to the fire drew a chair near mine and, after a little chat of the weather, surprised me by asking if I wasn't M. of Providence, R. I. I told him I was, and before I could return the compliment of asking his name he said:

"Do you remember a boy whom, when you were a student at the University, you found almost frozen in the streets of Providence? Do you remember that I promised you—for I am that boy—to be an honest, industrious man, to behave myself, and become an ornament to society? Yes, sir, I am that boy, and I can say without denial, that I am an honest and successful man, and that whatever I am morally or socially I am indebted to you for it;" and he shook my hand as only a grateful man can. Then he told me what he had been about all these years; how by industry and perseverance he had won the confidence of his employer, had in time been admitted by

him as a partner, had married his partner's daughter—in a word, he was happy.

My surprise at the appearance of "my boy," his evident pleasure in meeting me, his earnest inquiries after my welfare—all these things at such a time I fully appreciated, and I did not hesitate to tell him how I was situated. He laughed good-naturedly at my misfortunes, hoped I "wouldn't lie awake o' nights grieving about them, and taking my arm led me away. He took me to his office, told me of his extensive business, made me shake hands with his father-in-law, and I don't know how many others, and soon afterwards leading me up the stately steps of a fine dwelling, he introduced me to his lovely mistress—his wife.

I passed a pleasant week under his friendly roof, and more than once as I journeyed homeward I thought how many more such grateful harvests might be garnered if men would be less miserly of the proper seed.

### A NOVEL SUIT.

A Child Claimed by two Women—How the Judge Decided a Question—Affecting Incident in Court.

In the Circuit Court in Baltimore, on the 31st, upon the petition of George H. Perry and Elizabeth Perry, a writ of habeas corpus was issued, directed to Edward Landers and Margaret Farrell, requiring respondents to produce in court the body of Hester Louisa Bartling, aged eight years, (alleged to be the daughter of Mrs. Perry, one of the petitioners, before marriage,) who is detained from her mother by respondents. The answer of Edw. Landers, one of the respondents, alleges that the child is the daughter of his wife, Margaret Landers, by a former husband, whose name was Ferrell, and that the name of the child is Margaret Ferrell.

Mrs. Perry testified that the child was born in the almshouse before her marriage; that being unable to take care of it, she left it with a woman named Mrs. Loughlin, who was to support it for \$6 per month, and that \$6 was paid her on account; that she shortly after went to Frederick, and on her return found her child in possession of Mr. Ferrell, at whose house she was married for the first time in July, 1866, to Mr. Perry; it was in evidence, also, that Mrs. Loughlin, with whom the child was left with her for over six months, attempted to place it in some asylum, but failed; she then gave it to Mrs. Ferrell, who adopted it, gave it her name, and fixed upon it certain property in Philadelphia. It was also in evidence that the child was claimed to be the daughter of Mrs. Ferrell before her present marriage, and that its name was Margaret Ferrell. The evidence was conflicting. After the examination of one or two witnesses, the respondents, asked that the case be postponed to enable them to produce certain witnesses, and the court granted the postponement. The counsel for petitioners asked that the child, in the meantime, might be kept in the custody of the sheriff, to prevent its being carried beyond the jurisdiction of the court.

At this point Judge Alexander directed two chairs to be placed at one end of the court room. He then requested Mrs. Perry, one of the petitioners, to take one of the seats, and Mrs. Ferrell, one of the respondents, the other. The child, during the hearing had been standing upon the platform, at the side of the Judge. Judge Alexander then turned to the child and told it to go to its mother. The child started down and then turned around and asked the Judge, "Can I go to the mother I want?" The Judge said "Yes child," when she sprang forward, and threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Ferrell, exclaiming:—"This is the mother I want." She was received with passionate kisses. During these proceedings, the eyes of the large number of women as well as men present, were directed to the movements of the child, and when her choice was made, the women rose to their feet, and gave vent to their feelings, in exclamations of delight. "The darling child," says one.—"She knows her mother," says another.—"Sobs and tears accompanied the demonstration. The countenances of men were not without emotion, and it was some time before quiet of the court room was restored. While this scene was being enacted, Mrs. Perry, the petitioner, looked on, and soon after left her seat and took a chair beside her counsel, at the trial table. Judge Alexander then directed Mrs. Ferrell to take charge of the child, and produce her in court on Saturday. He also told counsel that the child was in the custody of the court, and refused the application to place her in charge of the sheriff.

A woman is always at the bottom of trouble. You remember the story of the Shah of Persia. When he was told that a workman had fallen from a ladder, he called out—

"Who is she?"  
"Please your Majesty, it's a he."  
"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Shah; "there is never an accident without a woman. Who is she?"

The Shah was right; the man had fallen from his ladder because he was looking at a woman in the window opposite. Many a man does this in other countries besides Persia.

"Brethren and sisters, ladies and gentlemen, if I had the world for a pulpit, the stars for an audience; my head towering far above the loftiest clouds, my arms swinging through immensity, and my tongue sending forth the clarion notes of a Gabriel, I'd set one foot on Greenland's icy mountains, and the other on India's coral strand, and, and—I'd howl like a wolf."

### MECHANISM OF THE ORGANS OF VOICE.

Nearly all the quadrupeds, as well as man, have a vocal apparatus nearly alike. There is an elastic semi-cartilaginous box called a larynx, in which are two thin membranes put upon the stretch, like two short thin ribbons—edge to edge. Below are the lungs, acting on the principle of bellows, which force a current of air up through the wind-pipe, and as it rushes between the tense margins of the vocal chords or ribbons, makes them vibrate. Such is the origin of the voice. Modified by the shape of the mouth, play of the tongue, movement of the lips, and the opposing firmness of the teeth, in connection with the cavities in the cheek bones and nose, we have the human voice. All animal gradation below humanity, where the brain is less in volume and inferior in capacity, there is rarely more than a simple characteristic voice, as the lowing of an ox; the bray of an ass; the barking of a dog, etc, which is a vibration on the vocal chords without much modification. The orang-outang, and the quadrupeds generally, at most, can only howl and chatter without giving any distinct articulate sounds.

Our voices, then, are produced by the tremor vibration of the chords, much as the sound is produced in the hautboy by a double reed. In birds however, the reed is placed at the low end of the windpipe, near the bellows—and any variation of tone which they are able to produce is by opening and closing the bill—equivalent to raising or closing a finger-hole on a flute. Insects are furnished with means of making sound by quite a different kind of mechanism, as they are without lungs or vibrating chords.

### SENTIMENT.

A Unitarian clergyman of Middlesex county says: "It is doubtful whether, with our modern tendency, God can send upon society a greater combination of curses than a truly eloquent preacher a ten thousand dollar organ, and a superb opera choir.

Women often fancy themselves in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchant the fair self-deceiver and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

To-morrow may never come to us. We cannot find it in any of our title-deeds! The man who owns whole blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight,—behind the veil of glistening constellations.—Chapin.

### SIGNS AND OMFENS.

1. To walk along the street at midnight and find a pin pointing towards you, signifies good luck. To turn a corner suddenly at the same hour, and find a pistol pointing at you, signifies the necessity that you should immediately "git up and git" behind something. A big tree is preferable.

2. If a lady puts on her stockings wrong side outwards, it is a sign of good luck—if she does it unintentionally. If she does it on purpose, it is a sign the stockings are not as white as snow. In view of the fact that ladies do not wear stockings unless they are as white as snow, this sign applies only to "blue stockings."

3. To have your cup of tea handed you with two spoons in the cup or saucer, is a sign that there is to be a wedding. But such signs, it is said, never occur in places visited by General Butler.

REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—How to get to sleep is to many persons a matter of great importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency to blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and pulsations of the heart are often wakeful. Let us rise and chaff the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in castle or cabin, mansion or cottage, and may minister to the comfort of thousands, who would freely expend money for anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

The Abolition pay is thought to be about "played out." Indeed there does not seem to be any further use for it. It has abolished the Union, it has abolished the Constitution, it has abolished the habeas corpus, it has abolished the white man, it has abolished State rights; and now it had better go to work and abolish itself.

Why don't President Johnson follow Lincoln's example—issue a proclamation and abolish slavery? We mean white slavery, for the yoke of the negro has been shifted to the necks of the whites. We believe it would go through as a war measure.

Subscribe for the Democrat.

## Wise and Otherwise.

Aim at comfort and propriety, not fashion. Remember this.

The editor who said his mouth never uttered a lie, probably spoke through his nose.

"Much remains unsung," as the cat remarked when a brick shortened his serenade.

"The light of other days"—pitch pine torches and dipped candles.

Excited Frenchman at Niagra Falls. "Eh! dis is ze grand spectacle! Suppa! Magnifique! Ry gar, he is come down first rate."

Let us remove temptation from the path of youth, as the frog said as he plunged into the water, when he saw a boy pick up a stone.

There is a young lady in this place whose lips resemble peach blossoms so much that she has to keep a veil over her face to keep bees out of her mouth.

A sleepy deacon who sometimes engaged in popular games, hearing the minister use the words "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Hold on! it's my deal!"

Ladies are watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when once started agoing.

BRIDGE CROSSING.—"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins," says I, "how are you?" "Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly, says I. "That's not my name." "Faith, then no more is mine Hewins. So with that we looked at each other agin, an' sure enough, it was nather of us."

A Missoura postmaster thus expresses his opinion that his official returns are correct:—"I hereby certify that the four going a County is as near rite as i no how to make it if there is enny mistake it ain't Dun a purpus."

The bitter word is not the strong word. The greatest gift of thought or act is not violent; it breaks no law of courtesy. The lightning is silent and playful; it is the rent and wounded air that galls in the thunder.

A e-quette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorn remaining for her future husband.

What is the difference between a watch-maker and a sentinel? The one keeps 10 hours by the watch, and the other the watch by the hours.

One of the boys in a New Orleans school was asked, after various definitions had been given by others, mostly quite correct, what was meant by the verb "to tantalize?" He replied: "It was to ask a great many questions and then criticise the answers!"

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music? "Wa'al, said the old woman, "I raly don't know; won't you take the candle and see?"

A stranger looking for a restaurant in Fulton street, New York, the other day was referred to a cresset shop near by, by a wag who told him he could get something to 'stay his stomach."

Two school teachers in Indiana fell out and had a fight. A great crowd was, of course, the necessary consequence. A nervous individual came up, in breathless excitement, and inquired of a wag the cause. "Why," said he, "they fell out about spelling the word 'bird.'" One said it was "byrd," and the other contended it was "burd."

An old gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bug from the bonnet of a lady, who sat in front of him in the theatre. The result was, he unrooted all her back hair. Deeply chagrined, he hastily apologised, but soon learned that the bug was artificial, and was used to hold the head and hair together. A scene was the consequence.

The superintendent of a Sunday school at Hartford, Conn., recently made his annual report, in which he recommended that the adult members should go to work and do all in their power to increase the infant class in his school during the coming year.

A forlorn printer's devil says thus plaintively: "When Susie's arms her dog imprisons, I always wish my neck was his'n: how often would I stop and turn, to get a pat from hands like hers, and when she kisses Towser's nose, O don't I wish that I were those!"

"Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, "Sally, before we go into this museum to see the happy family, I want to ask you sumthin.'" "Well, Icha-bod, what is it?" "Well, you see this ere business is guine to cost a hull quarter apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothin'—Now, if you'll say you'll be my darned if I don't pay the hull on't myself!"