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FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

Pike's Peak.

The vernal rains were falling fast,
As through a little village passed
A youth who bore a hickory pole,
And oxen under his control—
"Pike's Peak!"

His brow was glad, his eye were bright,
Nor to the left nor to the right
He turned, but onward kept with steady course,
And shouted till his voice was hoarse—
"Pike's Peak!"

He left his happy home by night,
And toward the west he took his flight;
Above, the moon in beauty shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
"Pike's Peak!"

"You'd better stay," some old men said,
"You'll surely lose your wits or head;
The stormy prairie's long and wide,
But loud that headstrong youth replied—
"Pike's Peak!"

"Beware of swindlers, cheats, and thieves,
Beware of those who would deceive;
This was the old man's last advice,
To whom the youth said, in a trice—
"Pike's Peak!"

At length, the barren plains he reached,
His bread most gone, his form well bleached;
But still he groined that fervent prayer,
Which did not go far through the air—
"Pike's Peak!"

A traveler by the Platte was found,
Flat as a pancake, on the ground,
Still clinging to his hickory pole,
And on the ground could scarcely roll—
"Pike's Peak!"

There by the diggings, cold and gray,
Lifeless and penniless he lay,
And could he speak, you'd hear him say—
"HUMBUG!"

Hints to Promote Harmony in a Family.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed in the day—so prepare for it.
2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.
3. To learn the different temper of each individual.
4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.
5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer.
7. If from any cause we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch upon ourselves.
8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their taste.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly to servants, and praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves,—"Have I not often done the same thing and been forgiven?"
15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.
17. Never judge one another, but attribute a good motive when we can.
18. To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

A Handy Cover for the Flour Barrel.

Housekeepers generally cover their barrel of flour with a cloth loosely thrown over the top for protection from dust, etc., consequently it is always coming off, and the mice are not kept out of the barrel. To prevent this annoyance, take the top hoop, after the head of the barrel is removed, and sew in white cloth: it makes a nice convenient and firm cover, thus protecting the flour from dirt and vermin.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To try sausages, take up one in your finger, at the same time give a sharp whistle, and if there be a slight squeak, drop said sausage and make tracks for the door.

A Yankee has invented an eight day clock that runs sixteen days without winding or stopping, and gives two quarts of milk per day. Its value could not be calculated if it only churned its own milk and would stop ticking during family prayers.

THE NEWSPAPER.

The old farm-house wore a quiet, pleasant look, as the setting sun gilded its small windows, over which the luxuriant grape vines were carefully trained. In the open door sat the farmer, with a little morocco covered book in his hand, on which his attention had been fixed for the last hour. He was a man of method and order—old Richard Heath—and aside from his regular account books, which he always set down in this little book, in the simplest manner possible, all his expenses, (no very complicated account by the way,) and all he had received during the year, in the metal, as he said, not by the way of trade.

The last account he had just reckoned up, the result was highly satisfactory, if one might judge from the pleasant expression of his face as he turned to his wife and addressed her by her pretty old-fashioned name.

"Millicent," said he "this has been a lucky year. How little we thought, when we moved to this place twenty-five years ago, that we should ever get five hundred dollars a year out of the rocky, barren farm."

"It does pay for a good deal hard work," said she, "see, too, how different things look from what they did then."

"Now, I am going to figure up how much we have spent," said Heath; "don't make a noise with your knitting needles 'cause it puts me out."

The wife laid by her knitting in perfect good humor; and gazed over the broad, rich fields of waving grain, which grew so tall around the laden apple trees, that they looked like massive piles of foliage. Hearing her own name kindly spoken, led her own thoughts far back, to the past; for after a lapse of twenty-five years the simple sound of the name she bore in her youth means more to a wife, than all the epithets of dearest love, and darling so lavishly offered in a long past courtship.

Very pleasant was the retrospect to Millicent Heath. The picture of the past had in it rough places, and some hard trials, but no domestic strife or discontent marred its sunny aspect. There were smiling faces on it—happy children's faces, without which no life picture is beautiful. Soft blue eyes shone with unclouded gladness, and wavy hair floated carelessly over unwritten foreheads. She forgot, for a moment, how they were changed, and almost fancied herself again the young mother, and tiny hands nestled there as of old.

The illusion vanished quickly, and she sighed as she thought of her youngest born, the reckless boy who had left her three years before for a home on the sea. Once only had tidings reached her of the wanderer. The letter spoke of hardships and home sickness in that light and careless way that reached the mother's heart more surely than repining and complaint. To know that he suffered with a strong heart, with noble and unyielding resolution, gave her a feeling of pleasure not unmingled with pride.

"He will surely come back," murmured the affectionate mother to herself; "and I read the paper so carefully every week, that if it says anything about the ship Alfred sailed in, I shall be sure to see it."

"Mrs. Heath," said her husband, interrupting her meditations somewhat rudely, "we have spent thirty dollars more than usual this year; where can it have gone to?"

"The new harness," suggested Mrs. Heath; "that don't come every year, you know."

"We had the carriage fixed up when you bought the harness," continued his wife.

"Well, that was eight dollars, that's twenty-eight we don't spend every year but the other two, where can they have gone to?"

Glancing his eye over the pages of the memorandum book, he continued:

"I'll tell you what 'tis, the newspaper costs two dollars, and we can do without it. It isn't anything to eat, drink or wear. I don't do anything with it, and you lap it away up in the chamber. It may as well be left out as not, and I'll stop my subscription right away."

"Oh," said his wife, "you don't know how much I set by the newspaper. I always have a sort of glad feeling when I see you take it out of your coat and lay it on the kitchen mantelpiece, just as I do when some of the children come home; and when I am tired I sit down with my knitting work and read. I can knit just as well when I am reading, and feel so contented. I don't believe Queen Victoria herself takes more solid comfort than I do, sitting by the east window, on a summer afternoon, reading my paper."

"But you are just as well off without it," answered her husband, for want of anything else to say.

"I never neglect anything else for reading, do I?" asked Mrs. Heath mildly.

"No, I don't know as you do," answered her husband; "but it seems an extra like—I SHALL STOP IT," he added, in a tone that showed plainly enough he wished to stop the conversation.

"I shall take the paper," remarked his wife, "if I have to go out washing to pay for it."

This was spoken angrily, but so firmly that Mr. Heath noticed it, though by no means remarkable for discernment in most matters. It sounded so different from her usual quiet "as you think best," that he actually stopped a moment to con-

sider whether it was at all likely she would do as she said.

Mr. Heath was a kind husband, as that infinite description is generally understood; that is he did not beat his wife, and always gave her enough to eat. More than that, he had a certain regard for her happiness which always made him feel ashamed of his decision, but like many other men who have more obstinacy than wisdom, he couldn't bear to retract anything, and above all to be convinced he was wrong by a woman.

However with a commendable wish to remove the unhappiness he caused, he suggested that as the papers were carefully filed, and she had found them interesting she could read them over again, beginning at January, and taking one a week clear through the year—they would just come out even, he concluded, as if it were a singular fact that they should do so.

Notwithstanding the admirable proposition, he still felt some uneasiness. It followed him as he walked up the pleasant lawn to the pasture, and it made him speak more sharply than was his wont, if the cows stopped while he was driving them home, to crop the grass where it looked greenest and sweetest on the sunny slope. It troubled him till he heard his wife call him to supper, in such a cheerful tone that he concluded she didn't care much about the newspaper after all.

About a week after this, as Mr. Heath was mowing one morning, he was surprised to see his wife coming, dressed as if for a visit.

"I'm going," said she "to spend the day with Mrs. Brown; I leave a plenty for you to eat," and so saying she walked rapidly on.

Mr. Heath thought about it just long enough to say to himself, "she don't go visitin' to stay all day, once a year hardly and it's strange she should go in hay time."

Very long the day seemed to him; to go in for luncheon, dinner and supper, and to have nobody to speak to; and to find everything so still. The old clock ticked stiller than usual he thought, the brood of pretty white chickens, that were almost always peeping round the door, had wandered off somewhere, and left it stiller yet; he even missed the busy click of the knitting needle that was apt to put him out so, when he was doing any figuring.

"I am glad," he said to himself, as he began to look down the road at sunset, "that Millicent don't go visitin' all the time as some women do; there she is just coming."

"How tired you look," said he as she came up; "why didn't you speak about it, and I'd have harness up and come after you."

"I am not very tired," she answered; but her looks belied her; indeed, her husband declared she looked tired for a day or two after.

What was his amazement to see her go away the next Tuesday in the same manner as before.

To his great dissatisfaction, everything seemed that day to partake of his wife's propensity for going home. A man don't want cold food in hay time, said he, as he sat down to dinner. In the grumbling mood, he recounted the mishaps of the morning, which seemed to have been much after the manner set forth in a certain legend of olden time; for he embellished his recital by allusion to:

"The sheep's in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn."

Adding that they wouldn't have been there, if Mrs. Heath had been at home, because she'd have seen them before they got in and halloed. She would have seen the oxen too, before they got across the river, and saved him the trouble of getting them back. But after tracing all these untoward events to her absence he said to himself consolingly, "I guess she won't go any more, she always was a home body."

Mrs. Heath did go again though, and again, and the day she went for the fourth time, her husband took counsel with himself as to what he should do to 'stop her gadding.' Seated on the door step in the shade of the old trees, he spent an hour or two in devising ways and measures, talking aloud all the time, and having the satisfaction of hearing nobody dispute him.

"It is hard to think of her getting to be a visitin' woman," said he, "and it's clear it ain't right. Keep her at home, I've read in the Bible. (old Richard's Bible knowledge was somewhat confused, quotation varied slightly from the scriptural phrase, "keepers at home," but it says too, he added, with the true sincere man, "that husbands must set great store by their wives and treat them well. I won't scold Millicent, I'll harness up and go for her to-night, and comin' home I'll talk it all over with her, and tell her how bad it makes me feel, and if that won't do, I'll—something else."

In accordance with his praiseworthy resolution, he might have been seen, about sunset, hitching his horse at Mr. Brown's door; for strangely enough, Mrs. Heath's visits had all been made at the same place. Going up to the door, he stopped in a amazement at seeing his wife in the kitchen, just taking off a great woolen wash apron, and putting down her sleeves which had been rolled for washing. He listened and heard her say, as she took some money from Mrs. Brown, "It won't be so that I can do your washing again."

"It has been a great favor to have you do it while I have been poorly," said Mrs. Brown, and I'm glad to pay you for it.—

This makes four times, and here's two dollars. 'Tis just as well that you can't come again, for I think I shall be well enough to do it myself."

"Two dollars, just the price of the newspaper," exclaimed Mr. Heath, as the truth flashed across him. Rather a silent ride they had home, till at last he said:

"I never was so ashamed in my life!" "Of what?" asked his wife.

"Why, to have you go out washin'; I ain't so poor as that comes to."

"Well, I don't know," replied his wife, when a man is too poor to take a newspaper his wife ought not to feel above going out washin'."

Nothing more was said on the subject at that time, though some ill feeling lingered in the hearts of each. The making up was no awkward scene of kissing, embracing and crying, such as romance writers build their useless fabrics with, but as Mrs. Heath was finishing her household duties for the night, she said, quietly:

"I don't think I did quite right, Richard."

"I don't think I did either," responded the husband; and so the spark was quenched which might have become a scathing flame blighting all the domestic peace under their humble roof.

At last the long voyage is ended, and the sailors talk only of a new home now. They talk of those they are to meet, of their wives and children, to whom their thoughts have so often wandered during these three year's absence. They wonder if the young sailor, Alfred Heath, who lies so sick, will ever see home again, and with their rough tones subdued almost to gentleness, they speak of his anxiety to see his mother.

He is so hopelessly ill that his heart is now where the worn spirit ever turns in its hour of bitterest sorrow, or the approach to the unseen end—to God and his mother. Faintly as his heart beats, it still throbs with earnest desire for life. Dim as his keen eye has become, he fancies it would brighten once more at the sight of his mother, and his failing mind became cleared could he lean on her breast. With folded hands the young sailor prays; his words are confused and indistinct to those who listen, but all clear and earnest to the Great Listener above.

And when the ship had reached her distant port, and mingled voices are all around the sick sailor, his comrades bear him comfortable to a home—but better to him than the rocking vessel in the midst of the sounding sea. "Now, if I could see mother," he murmured to the strangers around him.

She is sitting by the vine-covered window patiently reading the shipping journal, and thinking meanwhile, of her absent boy; thinking it was time for him to return, and hoping that he will never go back to sea again. How quick the words catch her eye:—Arrived, ship Banner, Love!

And it was weeks ago; he could have been home by this time; he will come tonight, she said joyfully, as she went to communicate the good news to her husband.

They watched for him in vain that night and then Mrs. Heath suggested that no mother ever failed to suggest when the long absence of a child was unaccounted for—he must be sick; when night after night passed, and they neither saw nor heard anything of Alfred, her anxiety would let her rest no longer.

"We will go for him, or at least go where we may hear of him," said Mr. Heath, who now, as anxious as his wife, readily assented.

Their simple preparations for the journey were soon made and with heavy hearts they proceeded in search of their son, with little hopes of gaining anything more satisfactory than definite intelligence of his death.

It was a dark and rainy evening when they entered the city, and after an hour spent in fruitless inquiries, they found the place where Alfred had been carried.—Little care had he received in the crowded boarding house. There was none of the neatness and order that show better in a sick room than anywhere else.—Rough hands had roughly tended him, and pale and death-like as he looked it seemed as if it mattered little what care he had now.

In the agony with which the parents bent over the unconscious sleeper, and marked the sunken cheeks and wasted form, there was but one ray of comfort: they could watch over him—they should not hear of his death with the sad thought that none but a stranger had smoothed his dying pillow.

The sufferer awoke from a troubled dream to find his aching head supported by his father, and see his mother's eyes resting on him with a look of unutterable tenderness. So faint was the smile of recognition with which he greeted them, that only a parent's eye could have caught the expression.

"Can't live! can't live!" said the doctor, with a professional carelessness, as he entered the house the next morning.

"But his mother has come!" said the landlady.

"That alters the case; he may get up again," answered the doctor; than whom none knew better how much a mother could do.

But how frail seems the thread that held that young and promising life. For days it quivered and trembled with the slightest breath, and the mother tearfully prayed that it might not be broken. A

gentle care and kindly watching as ever blessed a sick bed, had Alfred Heath, and not in vain, gradually grew better, and was able to walk with his parents, and asked them how they chanced to come to him in the hour of need.

"It was the newspaper," said Mr. Heath just three words in the paper told us your ship had come. You didn't arrive home, and so we came to see if you were sick. You will soon be well enough to go home, my boy, God be thanked," he added fervently, "for sending us to take care of you."

At length Alfred was pronounced well enough to ride, and in a few days the pleasant old homestead gladdened his sight. How beautiful it looked as the sun shone on the vines in which it was embowered, with their wealth of grapes, just purpling in the autumn sunshine.

No one so joyful as Mrs. Heath, who, after being gladdened by hearing Alfred say he would never go to sea again, expressed his opinion of newspapers in general, and his own newspaper in particular, in this wise:

"I am so glad, Millicent, that you took that paper, for I count a paper just the most necessary thing in a family. We should never have had a boy here strong and well, if it had not been for it. It is an excellent thing and I shall subscribe for it as long as I live."

God's Discipline with Men.

In a time of war, when men left their dwellings, there lay unused, in an old mansion; a stately instrument of music—a piano. The dust covered it, and little by little the weather contracted and expanded it till the wood had cracked. The different strings of the instrument were out of tune with each other; so that not one of them was right. By-and-by peace was declared, and the long exiled owner returned to his home. On coming home, looking about him and seeing everything out of order, he cleansed the kitchen, cleansed the parlor, cleansed the various rooms through the house, and at last he says, "I will have this instrument put in order."

He sends for a tuner, who comes and looks at it and says, "A noble instrument, indeed; by one of the best makers!" He opens the lid, and the dust flies up in clouds. "Sadly neglected—but a noble instrument!" He looks through it, runs thro' the scale, and begins to dust, to cleanse, and to tune it.—Taking first the central note, oh, how wretchedly that is out of tune! But he takes his tuning fork, and brings up the next string, and the next, and the next; and so he goes all through—flats and sharps and all—from top to bottom bringing every note up to its proper pitch.—During the time that he is tuning it, nobody wants to stay in the room; but by-and-by, when he has set it all right, he sits down and tries it; and as he begins to play, the first chord is grand! Then as he takes one of Beethoven's harmonies and begins to play, the servants run up; the children stop in the midst of their sport to hear; everybody stops to listen, or comes to the door to see the people that went out of the room come back and ask—

"What magnificent instrument is that!" Ah, it is that walling instrument that drove you out! That is what it is now chordeled! And if it were Beethoven himself who sat at it to play out the swelling thoughts of his own soul, how majestic would those melodies have been, and how magnificent "as an army with banners!" would have been the march of all those accordant harmonies! Oh, you are instruments of music now neglected, sadly unstrung and discordant! God has already taken hold of you, and brought some of the principal strings up to concert pitch, and he is bringing one after another to that. By-and-by, when men say that your heart strings have broken, God will say, "No; it is nothing but the last touch in chording." And then when every faculty shall have been attuned, God shall bring joys like music into your soul, such as you never thrilled to before! Do not be impatient of it! Have patience with God while he is tuning you! By-and-by, when the work is done, you shall thank God for ever, and for ever that he is willing to take such a shattered, wretched instrument to tune, and to let its notes mingle with the harmonies of the eternal world.—H. W. Beecher.

Determined to Have Him.

The Judson girl, whose elopement from Pontiac with the negro Joe sometime since caused considerable talk, is now in Canada living with him, having again deserted her home and friends. On the occasion of her former elopement, her father and brother reclaimed her with great difficulty, and took her to Indiana, where a divorce was obtained. She went home with them, and remained until last week when she again left, with or without the consent of her parents, and came to Detroit. Crossing the river, she found Joe, and they were speedily married for the second time, and are now living in the enjoyment of conjugal happiness, Joe having sold his horse and cart, and bought some furniture with the proceeds.

A SHORT DIALOGUE.—Sentimental youth—"My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?" Practical girl—"How large is your lot, sir?"

A dealer in ready made linens, advertises his shirts and chemisets under the mellifluous appellation of "Male and Female envelopes." What next?

A Sister in a Tight Place.

At 1—, on Saturday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner with his son John, drove his team into a good range, and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village.

When the time for worship arrived John was set to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd.—The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the center of the body slip; just against him; separated only by the very low partition, sat a freshly lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, until unable to control them longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, rousing the old man, who, but half awake, thrust his arm around her waist and cried, very soothingly:

"Wo, Nance! Wo, Nance! Wo!—Here John," calling his son, "cut the belly-band, and loose the breeching, quick, or she'll tear everything in pieces!"

It was all the work of a moment; but the sister forgot to shout, the preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and the meeting came prematurely to an end; while, deeply mortified, the poor old man skulked away, determined not to go to meeting again until he could manage to keep his senses by remaining awake.

The adulteration of Food.

The subject of adulteration, as relates to what we eat and drink, is attracting more than ordinary attention on both sides of the Atlantic. We have noticed it again and again, and sincerely trust that the attention of those immediately concerned, the consumers as well as the sellers, will be sufficiently aroused to induce the adoption of some remedy. According to the New York Knickerbocker, the articles enumerated are adulterated as follows:

In flour there is alum, bone dust, powdered flints, and plaster of Paris! In bread, besides all these ingredients, there is chalk, pipe-clay, carbonate of ammoniac, sulphate of copper and sulphate of zinc.

Sugar—Wheat and potato flour, tapioca, starch, water, lead, iron, and chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris.

Coffee—Chicory, roasted wheat, rye, and potato flour, roasted beans, mangle wurzel, acorns, burnt sugar.

Coaco and Chocolate—Marants, East India and Tahiti arrow root, Tons les mois; the flour of wheat, corn, sage, potato, and tapioca; sugar, chicory, cocoa kuskus, Venetian red, red ochre, lard, talow, mutton suet.

Tea—Exhausted tea leaves, leaves of the horse chestnut, sycamore, plum, beech, plane, elm, poplar, willow, &c.; lye-tea, sand, starch, black lead, gum, indigo, Prussians blue, turmeric, Chinese yellow, China clay, soapstone, Venetian red, carbin, Chrome yellow, Rose pink red, carbonate and arsenite of copper, chromate and bi-chromate of potash, carbonates of lime and magnesia.

Pickles—Salts of copper.

Honey—Flour, cane-sugar, chalk, pipe-clay.

Lard—Potato-flour, water, mutton suet, salt, carbonate of soda, caustic lime, alum, potash.

Vinegar—Water, burnt sugar, sulphuric acid.

The above is indeed a startling list, and sickness and death are concealed in a variety of tempting forms. Is it not possible to establish some system by which the wholesale adulteration of food and drink shall be abolished? Our medical authorities should take the matter in hand, and make such an exposition as could not but attract public attention to such a degree as to induce some salutary change.

Cure for Catarrh.

The following simple remedy has been tried with great success by one long and severely troubled with this annoying complaint.

Take, say one part pulverized loaf-sugar to two parts pulverized camphor, and mix them thoroughly together, and use as often as the patient wishes in the form of snuff. This simple remedy, followed for a few months, has effected a cure in the case above referred to, entirely beyond expectation. Should the camphor be too powerful or not enough so, reduce or add a small quantity, as the case may require, as it is desirable that the camphor should be the principal agent.

Cure for Bronchitis.

The following is not the remedy of a "retired physician," whose sands of life are nearly run out, but of a reliable friend who has tried it himself, and seen it tried on others, in every instance effecting a permanent cure:—"Take the common mullen leaves, after having been promptly dried, and use them in a clean new pipe, the same as smoking tobacco. The patient will soon be able to discover whether it affords relief, and govern himself accordingly." The remedy is worth a trial.

It's quite too bad of you Darby, to say that your wife is worse than the devil."

"An' please your Reverence, I can prove it by the Holy Scripture,—I can prove it by the powers. Didn't your Reverence, yesterday, in your sermon, tell us that if we resist the devil he'll flee from us?—Now, if I resist my wife, she flies at me."

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