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## A Funny Speech.

The Wisconsin Legislature have formally considered a proposition to abolish all laws for the collection of debts. The mover of the bill—Mr. Elmore—is a great wag, as is evidenced by the following extract from his speech upon that subject:—

The speaker proceeded to review the present system of collecting debts. It was all a humbug and a cheat, a matter of technicalities and legal shuffling. Lawyers gave advice, in order to obtain a fee and encourage litigation. Judges made blunders and mistakes. He had but little experience in law, and that was rich. [Laughter.] He would give a history of it. The speaker then related how he had purchased a yoke of oxen, about fifteen years ago—paid fifty dollars for them—a few days after, the son of the man of whom he brought the oxen, came to him and said the oxen were his. He insisted on having pay over again, and commenced a suit before a justice. The jury didn't agree. Finally, through the blunders of the Bushwood justice of the peace, the case went against him. He appealed it to the Circuit Court in Milwaukee. "There," said he, "I lost again, and said to my lawyer, I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller, and have a new trial ordered." [Great laughter.] He took ten dollars, and performed the duty."

A new trial was then granted, and venue changed to Walworth county.—Judge Irvin was then the judge. Any man who wanted to gain a cause in his court, had either to go hunting with him and let the judge claim all the game that was shot, or else pat his dog. Well, I patted the dog [Laughter.] I fed the dog with crackers. [Renewed Laughter.] The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision I thought to myself the dog had followed me about long enough—I turned around and gave him a kick. [Laughter.] The yelp of the dog hardly subsided ere I heard the judge say—"Mr. Clerk, this judgment is set aside and a new trial granted." [Great laughter.] Mr. Speaker, that kick cost me \$200! [Convulsive laughter.] You have no doubt seen a suit in a justice's court in the country. There is time spent by jurors and hangers on, besides other costs, at least \$50, besides ill feelings and discontents caused by it. It is all a cheat. The litigants had better sit down and play a game of old sledge to decide the case. It would be more sure to settle the disputes justly.

## A Negro Financier.

A sable descendant of Africa, by the name of Mingo, having been at work at a distance, was met by his master on returning home on a frightful-looking old horse, without saddle or bridle, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, Mingo, how came you by that horse?"

"Oh, massa, I buy him, and gib ten dollar."

"But where did you get the money to pay for him?"

"Oh, massa, me trade; me give 'em rite down note ob hand for three months."

"But, Mingo, when your three months are out, what then?"

"Den, Massa—den I take up dat note and give him annoder!"

## The Question Settled.

It is a nice point to decide exactly when a "girl" becomes a "young lady." In a suit in Schoharie county, lately, the cause turned upon the point whether the defendant's daughter was a child entitled to be boarded at half price, or a full-grown specimen of the female article, competent to have the "question popped" at her, and to faint away at an affirmative response. It is now settled that a "young lady" is any delicate individual of the feminine gender who will not touch onions fried in butter, eat fried pork, or devour boiled cabbage. The great principle, which must forever settle the question, was promulgated by a knowing witness on the trial referred to.

## A Customer for Heenan.

The North Iowa Times has a customer for Heenan in the person of Andrew Gaffney, or "Big Andy," of McGregor, Iowa, who will "fight any citizen of the United States or Canada for \$1000 or \$5000, the fight to take place within twenty miles of Chicago, and to some off in September or October next."

The Hon. Richard Yates, Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois, addressed a mass-meeting at Springfield on the 7th inst. We regret that we have not room to copy the whole of his speech, which was a lucid and forcible exhibition of Republican principles; but we extract from it the following passage relative to Mr. Lincoln:

"Now, fellow-citizens, it may strike you as rather a strange matter that the people of so great a nation as this should come to Illinois for its President—that the mighty Republican party should look to this far away Prairie State for its standard-bearer in such a momentous contest. Yet, I say here to-day, that I have heard the great men of this nation, North and South, East and West, for four consecutive years in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of the United States; I have heard the Stephens and Toombs of the South, the Seward, Chase, and Corwins of the North; I have heard the most renowned orators on the floor of the Senate and House daily for years; and I say here to-day, that for clearness of statement, for penetration of thought, for power of irresistible logic, for broad, comprehensive, statesmanlike views, for exalted purity of private and public character, your own Abraham Lincoln is the clearest, noblest, purest, and best of them all. In the history of his life—in all the elements which inspire with enthusiasm the hearts of the masses of mankind, and rouse the millions to action, I stand up here to-day in this the Capital of the State, and in the presence of my countrymen, to say that the name of Abraham Lincoln is this day and hour the mightiest name upon the Continent of North America. [Prolonged cheers.]

"My friend Green, who introduced me, told me the first time he ever saw Mr. Lincoln, he was in the Sangamon River, with his pants rolled up some five feet, more or less, trying to pilot a flat-boat over a mill-dam. The boat had got so full of water that it was very difficult to manage, and almost impossible to get it over the dam. Lincoln finally contrived to get her pro w over so that it projected a few feet, and there it stood. But then he invented a new way of baling a flat-boat. He bored a hole through the bottom to let the water run out, and then corked her up, and she launched right over. [Great Laughter.] I think the Captain who proved himself so fitted to navigate the broad-horn over the dam, is no doubt the man who is to stand upon the deck of the old ship, 'the Constitution,' and guide her safely over the billows and breakers that surround her. [Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.]

"I said Lincoln was once a poor boy. And is it nothing? Is there no lesson in his life to you, fellow-citizens! Is not his example and his achievement a lesson to the hopeful, the young, and the poor? And will you blame the people if they love their own? He is the best friend of labor, who himself has labored. He can best sympathize with the people in their wants. Is the story of his life nothing? He is the representative of the great idea of the Republican party—labor—free labor. The representative of the genius of our free institutions. A boy, the son of poor parents, himself poor, begins life, unaided, save by his own industry and genius, struggles on, advancing step by step, through many years of patient and earnest endeavor, until he rises to that proudest of all human elevations, the Presidency of the United States.

"What an example here is for our children. Hereafter, the poor boy who follows him in his history as he leaves the State of Kentucky, at the age of six years, and grows up in Indiana, laboring faithfully with his hands, going to Illinois and working on step by step, until he becomes the mighty statesman, and honored chief of thirty millions of freemen—as the poor boy of future years reads the story, he will feel strange emotions in his breast, and determine to emulate the example of the noble Lincoln. [Cheers.] The poor boy—the poorest of you, though his parents may be humble, though he may have to face the cold winter and the Summer's sun, however poor he may be, in this land of freedom, where the avenues to office and success are open to all, he can point to Abraham Lincoln, and straighten himself up and say, 'I have the same right and same opportunity to be President as any other boy.'

"Fellow-citizens, the name of Abraham Lincoln, which we present to you, is a winning name—a name to rally on wherever freedom requires a champion—a name to boast of wherever you would point to an honest man or a patriot—a name to love wherever affection would seek a warm-hearted and generous spirit—a name which is a spell to gather millions wherever free hearts and strong hands are to be summoned in favor of liberty and humanity." [Tremendous applause.]

## A Girl tied to the tail of a Cow and Killed.

In the town of Delhi, N. Y., last week, Wm. Scott, a lad of seventeen, caused the death of his half sister, Elizabeth Doby, in a very singular manner. With a piece of rope he tied her to the tail of a cow.—In following the cow she stumbled, which frightened the animal, and it ran off at a furious rate. The girl's head was dashed against a rock, and the skull crushed in. She died shortly after she was taken home.

## Social Disorders.

The divorce mania is now fashionable. Not only divorce, but rich and fragrant *crimes*, cases, elopements, and seduction in all its varieties, have for the time absorbed the interest usually appropriated to suicides, wife poisonings and prize fights. The Weymouth case, the fate of Rev. J. S. Harden, and the excitement over the national grill at Farnborough Heath, are likely to be forgotten in the consideration of a phase, of human frailty and crime equally as degrading—a phase, however much more acceptable to the contemplation of the scandal-mongers of the community. The legal divorce business cannot be otherwise than an agreeable substitute for that which has been, during the past twelve months, carried on by arsenic, corrosive sublimate and strychnine. From Maine to Texas, from the eastern to the western seaboard, an irrepressible conflict seems to be raging among husbands and wives; domestic dereliction the rule, and family felicity the exception. Old gray-haired sinners, trembling upon the verge of the graves into which they should have tumbled in their early manhood, are revealed as seducers, *roues*, or obtained newspaper notoriety as appellants at court for severance from their young and giddy wives. Wives supposed to have been paragons of piety and virtue, with a lavish display of affection, and the bestowal of unlimited tokens of conjugal endearment, ask their confiding husbands for leave to go into the country to visit their relatives and the permission gained, they disappear, meet their "gay Lotharios" at the appointed rendezvous, and after the grand denouement of discovery and detection in *flagrant delicto* for the especial benefit of the courts, lawyers and newspapers, a school boy elopes with an "institute miss" secretly, to use a midwife's phrase, "dry behind her ears," and both are cast off by their stern parents, who are inexorable in the matter of position and pedigree. The girl becomes the mistress of a young man "high in social standing," and the youthful husband takes to a superfluity of gin and despair, which fact at last coming to the knowledge of the abandoned wife induces her to resort to ineffectual attempts at suicide. Such a case was that, not long since, at Rochester—the name of the boy-husband and girl-wife being Charles Cook and Mary C. Bethel.

Only a few weeks ago, a pretty young woman of the ominous and unlucky name of Broken, ran away from her home in Lowell, Mass., and went to New Bedford with a young man, where being deserted by the fickle lover and cast off by her parents, she tried to get out of the world by drowning. She was rescued and thus probably reserved for the living death of prostitution.

The "Great Borech case," now in progress at Chicago, is another of the oft-recurring disclosures of the infelicity of conjugal life, where the Money God has full sway. Mr. Borech, a banker, and to all outward appearance a man eminent for his kindliness of disposition, strict integrity and intense devotion to his wife, proves, when the *expose* comes, to be a domestic Nero—a being combining in himself the characteristics of an overbearing Pecksniff and the hypocrisy of a Heep. He deserts his wife and accuses her of infidelity and lewd intercourse with a number of men, and more particularly with a lawyer of Chicago, an ex-member of Congress, whose character before had seemed scandal-proof. The banker files his complaint and sues for a divorce. To his appeal his wife enters a protest denying all his charges, and in replication accuses him of harsh treatment to her, of using threats and even force to compel her to sign a false confession of criminal intimacy with others. What the end of this affair will be, is difficult to foresee. Of its effect upon the community, but one result can follow, that of a half dozen or more cases just like it. Divorce, like any other epidemic is catching.

A man named John Johnson, formerly of McHenry County, Ill., was tried at Black Jack, Kansas, on the 4th inst., for horse stealing. The Court consisted of a magistrate and six jurymen.—After the evidence was all in, Johnson confessed and begged for mercy. But the verdict was guilty, and the sentence death in fifteen minutes. The criminal then selected a man to settle his affairs, and see that his mother got the avails of his property. At the expiration of the fifteen minutes, at the command of the officers, they marched, to the nearest tree, about half a mile from the village, and there gave him three minutes further respite, and then he was hung, and when he was dead, his body was taken down and buried decently.

The gap on the Mississippi railroad is finished, and the connection through to New Orleans is now complete. The time between New Orleans and Philadelphia by this route will be only eighty hours. By the completion of this link, there is now a continuous railroad from Bangor, to New Orleans, except three short ferries at the Hudson, Susquehanna and Potomac rivers. This vast chain of railways is composed of eighteen independent roads, being in the aggregate 2,344 miles of road, or nearly one-tenth of the whole railway system in the United States, of which 1,906 miles are used in continuous line.

## A Cannon Ball in His Hat.

An anonymous writer, supposed to be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a common cannon ball from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and with much trepidation and more headache carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up with the following reflections which, though philosophically trite, are conveyed with much force and freshness.

When I reached home, I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after solitary reflection, I gave it away on the same day to a prize fighter. But, after all, that six pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last thing I ever stole, (except a little matter of heart now and then,) and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier.—It was rather a severe mode of catechizing, but ethics rubbed in with a six-pound shot are better than none at all.

But I see men doing the same things; going into underground and dirty vaults, and gathering up wealth, which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball and not be a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron though there is not a man in Wall street who will believe that.

I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who was born above him, and when he got her, walked all the rest of his life with a cannon ball in his hat.

I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, scrupling at no sacrifice of principle for the sake, at last, of carrying a burden that no man can bear.

All the world are busy in striving for things that give much pleasure and much care; and I am accustomed in my walks among men, noticing their works and their folly, to think, there is a man stealing a cannon ball; or there is a man with a ball on his head—I know it by the way he walks. The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket at last, gets into his hat like a cannon ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, and evil passions will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head!—And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

## Summer Sours.

Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing disease of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood.—Whatever is antagonistic of fever is cooling. It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens and lettuce and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonades, on an attack of fever.

But this being the case, it is easy to see, that we will nullify the good effects of fruits and berries, in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence also is buttermilk, or even common sour milk promotive of health in summer time. Sweet milk tends to biliousness in sedentary people; sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk-dealers allow to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like water-melons on the system.—*Hall's Journal.*

## A Righteous Verdict.

The infamous school teacher, Morris, was convicted at the late sessions of the Cambria county Court of violating the person of his scholars, a little girl about fourteen years of age, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years. His guilt was as clear as the deed was infamous, and the Court gave him the full extent of the law—no doubt regretting that such a wretch could not be consigned within the prison walls for life.

Railroad stocks are improving amazingly. New Jersey Central, which sold a year or two ago at from \$50 to \$60 a share, is now quoted in the New York market at 118 a 120. New Jersey Railroad shares, which two or three months ago sold 115, are now held at 139, with 135 bid. Camden and Amboy Railroad shares have gone up about as much. It sold at 115 a 117, and very considerable sales have been made within a week or two at 135, which continues to be bid.—But the most wonderful advance of all, is that of the shares of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, which is now selling at 96. A few years ago this stock could not be sold for \$1 a share! The other railroads in East Jersey show a very similar rise in shares.—The bonded securities of these Companies have correspondingly improved.

## A Singular Race—The Dokos.

The statements concerning the Dokos, or pigmy Troglodytes, do not vary materially from those of former writers.—The Dokos are a people of original fancy. They pray with their heads on the ground and their feet propped against the trees; they live on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants and honey; they have no chiefs, no laws, no weapons; they run wild in the woods, like noble savages as they are.—Another very curious sort of Lilliput in the wilderness is Senjero.—In Senjero, only females are sold into slavery, because once a wife cruelly murdered her husband at the request of the king of the country. At first the king is said to have desired the husband, who was of high rank, to kill his wife and bring him a piece of her flesh, which had been indicated by the soothsayers as a cure for the sick monarch. The husband, fascinated by the beauty of his wife, was unwilling to obey the royal command. The king therefore commanded the wife to murder her husband, which she did without hesitation. Since that time it has been the custom to sell women into slavery into other countries; but when male slaves are transported beyond Senjero, they are said generally to commit suicide by hanging themselves.—*Dr. Krapf's Eastern Africa.*

## Cattle Disease in Washington County.

From the Washington Examiner, of this State, we learn that the disease which has been so disastrous to cattle in the Eastern States has broken out among the sheep of Mr. James Morrison, of Charliers township, and carried off a large number. On Thursday of last week he lost about forty, and others were in a dying condition when he left home on Friday. He exhibited a small quantity of a gravelly sort of a substance taken from the stomach of one of the dead sheep, and submitted it to several physicians for analysis; but, after a thorough examination, nothing could be made out of it.—He states that the disease is very similar to the cholera in its operations; carrying off the sheep in a short time after being attacked. It behoves our farmers to be on their guard, and take every precaution to prevent the spread of the malady.

## Wasted Fertilizers.

Every farm house constantly wastes some of the most valuable sources of fertility. Soap-suds is rarely saved, yet it contains the potash of the leach tub. The potash is thrown away, while the leached ashes are saved. Guano is bought while all the feculent matter of the family is deposited in a deep vault, which, after being a nuisance for years, is at last buried out of sight, and out of—smell.—There is no better fertilizer for small fruits than soap-suds, urine, dish-water, and other slops of the kitchen. Cabbages are most particularly benefited by frequent waterings with such substances. It will increase the size of bushes and fruit.

## Stick this Up.

As the following table of the number of pounds to the bushel, may be of interest to the farmer and dealer, we publish it, and advise them to cut it out, and stick it up in some prominent place for reference:

- Of wheat sixty pounds.
- Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
- Of corn in the cob seventy pound.
- Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
- Of barley, forty-eight pounds.
- Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
- Of beans, sixty pounds.
- Of bran twenty pounds.
- Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
- Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
- Of flax seed, fifty-eight pounds.
- Of hemp seed, fifty-four pounds.
- Of bluewheat, fifty-two pounds.
- Of buck grass seed, fourteen pounds.
- Of castor beans, thirty-three pounds.
- Of dried peas, thirty-three pounds.
- Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
- Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.

## John Dean and his Mary Ann.

Old Boker, of New York, disinherited John Dean, the coachman, who married his daughter, but it seems that Mary Ann will be pretty well off anyhow.—The Albany (N. Y.) Statesman says: We think the statement that Mr. Dean is poor is a mistake. A deceased uncle left each of Mr. Boker's four children \$50,000. Mary Ann has already, or will shortly have, that sum at her disposal.—Mr. Boker left an estate valued at over \$900,000. He disinherited Mary Ann and a son who had always taken her part, and thereby offended the father. But it is understood that neither the two children who were favored, nor the mother, share in the sentiment of Mr. B. and doubtless the estate will in the end be about equally divided. Mary Ann's only sister made a very similar match—marrying the porter in her father's store.—But he was a German, and Mr. B. had so much prejudice in favor of his countrymen, that he forgave the offence.

## In Washington County, Va., last week

Wm. Woodson, who is worth upwards of \$100,000, was convicted of hog stealing and sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary.

The New York Herald prides itself upon its political sagacity. It now predicts the election of Lincoln. The Herald arrives at a sensible conclusion for once.

## From the Lancaster City Express, June 20.

Destructive Hail-Storm and Tornado. Last evening, between 5 and 6 o'clock, one of the most destructive hail-storms and tornadoes which has ever visited this vicinity, passed over the townships of Mount Joy, Rapho, West Hempfield, Manor, and Conestoga, doing great damage to property and the crops. The storm appears to have come from the north or north-west. In this city, although rain fell copiously, there was comparatively little hail and no damage was done that we have heard of.

The first point of which we have any information is at Silver Springs, about four miles south of Mount Joy. At this point the hail fell so thick as to cover the ground to the depth of several inches, and it is said that some of the bailstones measured three inches in circumference, the corn and tobacco crops were cut to pieces, and the wheat, rye and oats beaten down.

At Turkey Hill and vicinity the hail is said to have fallen to the depth of three inches, and in the evening persons were seen shoveling it from their doors. At Mount Joy the hail was also very destructive, breaking windows and doing damage to the yards and gardens in the neighborhood.

The next we hear of the storm is at Mountville. A reliable correspondent at that place furnishes us with the following particulars:

"Vegetation is completely cut to shreds, small plants were deeply buried in the ground; cherries, apples, &c., were cut from the trees, covering the ground with the green fruit. The tobacco farmers' hopes are frustrated. The plants are completely cut to pieces. The wheat and rye are leveled with the ground—the stalks split and the heads cut off. The grain is very much injured, as the heads are not yet filled, and will therefore not come to perfection.

"The creeks were swelled higher than ever known, carrying fences and everything in their course. About fifteen tons of dried hay in the meadow of L. S. Gamber were swept away, and much damage was otherwise done. The storm extended about six miles wide, east and west, and as far south as through Manor township as we have learned."

The storm when it reached Safe Harbor seems to have attained its full power. At this point its destructiveness to property and the crops is incalculable at this time.

When the storm struck the Conestoga, in front of Hess's Mansion House Hotel, it completely lifted the entire body of water from its bed, so that those who were on the banks of the creek at the time could see the bottom. In the creek was a large quantity of lumber belonging to Mr. Reinhold of this city, which it also carried up. But, singular to relate, an adverse current of wind carried water and lumber back to the bed of the creek.

The tornado next struck the islands in the Susquehanna, where it did great damage. The two-story frame house and barn belonging to Snyder, Sourbeer & Co., were leveled with the ground. When the tornado reached the house, it smashed in all the windows, and then raised the house from its foundations and dashed it to fragments. The occupants of the house, about fifteen in number, who saw the storm approach, took refuge in the cellar, and, strange to say, all escaped without any serious injury.

Mr. William Williamson was on the island working, and when he saw the tornado coming he took hold of a tree to prevent being blown away. The tree was torn up by the roots, carried a distance of about a hundred yard, and Mr. Williamson with it. He escaped with a few bruises.

Mr. John Campbell, who was also on the island, was blown into the river, but saved himself by clinging to a tree, which fortunately floated by him.

The crops on the island were completely destroyed. The loss on the island, it is estimated, amounts to between \$1,200 and \$1,500.

The tornado is said to have been about three quarters of a mile in width. Some of the hail stones which fell in the neighborhood of Safe Harbor were of extraordinary size, many of them as large as hen's eggs. The crops between Safe Harbor and Millersville are much damaged; the corn in many places is cut to shreds, while the other grain is badly beaten down and cut up.

## THE STORM IN OTHER PLACES.

We learn that in the vicinity of Marietta, the crops were much cut and damaged.

After passing over Safe Harbor, the storm seems to have kept on its course toward the Maryland line, doing injury to the crops in Conestoga and Martic townships, but we have no particulars from those places.

An Irishman, who had lain sick a long time was met one day by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered but were you not afraid to meet your God?"

"Oh, no, your reverence, it was the other chap I was afraid of," replied Pat.

What do you think the owners ask for the horse Patchen? Why bless your dear souls only \$35,000.—*Trenton True Democrat.*