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English Horses.

A writer in the London Review calls the attention of the lovers of the horse to the fact that the noble breed or useful English horses is becoming ruined: "We are every year deteriorating the qualities of our saddle horses and troopers, by the reckless mixture of breed with our racers, under the idea that we are infusing blood and staying qualities into their veins. Blood is all very well allied to a compact, useful form, able to carry men a reasonable distance; but when it is produced by 'in-and-in-breeding,' from shallow forms on long, tottering legs, it ceases to be worth the name of 'blood,' in the common acceptance of the term. Those qualities in our race-horses, which are decreasing every year more and more, are the most useful and natural ones—namely, constitutional vigor, freedom from hereditary disease, strength of bone, largeness of muscle, and great endurance under severe exertion. These are the qualities which we require for use; for very few of us would buy a horse for his single quality of speed—indeed, none but turfmen would care to own such an one. The general public do not require such horses, because they have no use for them in the daily routine of life.

"There are thousands of race-horses bred and reared to the age of two years, which, after trial, are found worthless for the purpose they were bred for, and these are expelled from the racing studs in disgrace, and they are sold for little or nothing; some of them are given away, and are much too dear even at that price. Thus, our country, once famed for the best breed of saddle horses in the world is becoming overrun with a lot of worthless, weedy, refuse racing stock, which by many inexperienced farmers and breeders, are gradually being crossed with, and thus deteriorating the breed of our short-legged, deep bodied, wide hipped, strong jointed saddle horses, the lineage of which, in a few instances, we can still trace, by their compact forms, to the breed of race-horses encouraged by our forefathers, who bred horses for useful purposes, to carry men long distances, and not the spidre-shanked velocipes bred by our turfmen of the present day, that break down after running a few furlongs with a baby on their backs."

Seasonable Hints for Farmers.

Take up leaves from the woods as they fall, and put them in compost heaps.—Cart headlands to the manure shed. Have good supplies of materials suitable for bedding near the stables. Do not attempt to fatten more cattle than you can fully supply with food, they will not afterward flourish well, even if fully supplied.—Young cattle cannot be brought up in flesh at an outlay which will pay if neglected early.

Skin old woods of the surface soil, and replace half its value as manure with lime and ashes in the woods, and both farm and woodland will gain by the exchange. Get all the night soil you can, and mix it with headlands, &c., for the compost heaps. Wet compost heaps with salt ley from the soap boilers, if you can get it. Use half a bushel of refuse salt to every cord of compost, to prevent re-germination of weeds and grubs, &c. If you have not sufficient cellar room, make piles of your root crop, beets, turnips, carrots, &c., on high places, and cover with one inch of dry straw, and then with twelve inches of soil; leave small openings at the top for escape of air, and dig a trench around the heap, with a gutter leading off to a lower spot, thus keeping the pile dry. Do not forget that corn is more valuable when changed to fat than when found in the hog manure; and to secure the condition, took it before feeding to hogs, or your manure will be very rich at too high a cost. Mr. Ellsworth has satisfactorily proved that one pound of cooked corn will make more pork than two pounds fed in the raw state.—Working Farmer.

Wedding at a Death Bed.

Mr. R. G. Denning, of Harrisburg, Pa., who was injured on the Pennsylvania Railroad last Thursday, died the same night. The Harrisburg Telegraph says: "The deceased had for some time been betrothed to an estimable lady of this city, Miss Gray, and both looked forward to a speedy and happy union. When it was ascertained that Mr. Denning could not possibly survive, at the mutual request of him and the parents of both, they were married, Rev. Mr. Carson performing the solemn and impressive ceremony by the bedside of the dying man. The bridegroom passed from the altar to the tomb, and the devoted bride of an hour changed her wedding garment to the habiliments of mourning."

Nearly sixty locomotives are on order at the works of a single firm in Philadelphia.

THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

"BY SAM BILLINGS."

"Well, boys, dux you bleese in dream? I dux. You all 'member that dream I had 'bout Jim being elected?" "Jim who, Sam?" "Jim Buchanan, of course. Who else? Why I dream I saw him an' Fillmore, an' Fremont, all playin' seven-up, an' when Jim an' Fillmore was both six-an' six what dux Jim do but turn up Jack an' git out. The very next thing we heard after that wuz that Jim was 'lected. I rote to Jim 'bout it, but he forgot to answer my letter. I tell you, boys, it's no use tawking. I knows what's what, an' ef you only knowed what I dreamt last nite, you'd know more than you knows now."

"Take a drink, Sam, and tell us all 'bout it." "Don't keef of I do. Well, yo see arter I left you, boys, last nite; wuz jest as sober as I ever wuz. You all knows that, cause I never drinks cep't on speshal occasions. I did stumble a leetle—jest a leetle—but that wuz cause I wuz thinking so hard on what Bill thar had sed about us gitting Cuber of old Breck wuz 'lected, an how nice it would be to put such fellers as us down thar to take keef of the Dons and Senoirs. It wuz too much trouble to shuck my coat or pull of my bates, so I laid down jest as I wuz. Let us take a drink."

Well, as soon as Morfus had rapt me in sleep I begun to dream. I thort a grate big feller, with a cocked hat an' a sword by his side techt me on the shoulder an' axed me I wouldn't go to the race. I tote him I wud go enywhar for fun, an axed him to pitch ahead. As soon as we got to the dore thar stood wun of the finest carries you ever set your eye on.—The Squire's dout hold a lite to it. My mysterus conductor axed me to get in and then followed hisself. After we wuz in I didn't say nuthin, an' he didn't neither, an so we both wuz silent. The carriage went mity fast, an in about an hour an' a half we stopt. I forgot to menshun that thar was a black bottle tween the cushions, an' that both of us tuck several drinks, ef not more. Boys, let's take wun now."

We got out of the carriage on to the groun, an' looked round us. In front, but a little to the rite, wuz a grate big white house, and the rode from the gate was so fixt that you could come to the door from any side you pleased. All the way round wuz about a quarter of a mile. I then turned round to look at the people who was there. They wuz about twenty in all. Rite in front was Jim.

"Mister Buchanan," says the man who brought me, "allow me to—"

"P-haw!" sez I; "I knows him well enuf; I'm the man what done so much for him an' Breck to Punkintown. How do you do, ole feller? How hev you been? How's all? an' what's the news?"

"I'm fust rate, thank you," sez he, smilin and bowin mity perlit. "How's all to Punkintown?"

"Oh, we're all so so," sez I; "but what's to pay here?"

"Why, we're are going to hev the race," sez Jim, speaking low to me, and lookin mity solemn, "an I sent for you to stan an judge who bests. Cum along, now, and let me interduce you to the folks."

"Air those five fellers in the rode the candidates?" sez I.

"Yes," sez he, "and them other men out thar is their frens and backers. But here we air. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce my particler friend, Mister Billings—Mister Houston, Mister Billings; Mister Bell, Mister Billings; Mister Lincoln, Mister Billings; Mister Douglas, Mister Billings; Mister Breckinridge, Mr. Billings; Mister Billings, gentlemen, will take his stan here and juze who bests the race. Excuse me for a minit, as I mus see if the track is clear."

"It seems to me, I've met you sumwhar before, Mister Billings," sez Mr. Bell, "an you're a face what can't be say forgot."

"I don't recollece," sez I; for I seed what he was after.

"It mus be so," sez he, "for I've been everywhar thro this glorious Union.—This glorious Union, Mister Billings, mus be preserved, and the eagle mus bear aloft on magnanimous pinyuns the banner of the stars, an serene defiance at the violaters of the respended Constitution."

"Jes so," sez I.

"I'll tell you what, Mister Billings," sez Douglas, wavin his arm, "this here scene, with all these people lookin on, an you to pass your free jugment 'bout this race, reminded me powerfully of Poplar Suvrity. That air the doctrine, sir—All of us free an independent. Ef I want to do anything—ef I want to out my throte—who's to prevent me?"

"Nobody, of course," sez I.

"This race is to be wun by running," sez Houston; "I don't like running, and never did, spesbully for the Presidency, but the people would make me, an I had to. But I tell you, Mister Billings, you orter see me in a fit. I kinder guess I can kill an' ete as many Mexikins as the nex man."

"Shouldn't be surprised," sez I.

"I'd seem to try an' influence you, Mister Billings," sez old Abe, "though there is sum as I knows as does it. But I would merely menshun, as a piece of news, which, perhaps, you haven't heard of, that I think the General Government ought to make a few internal improvements mity close to Punkintown."

"You don't say so?" sez I.

"As fur me," sez old Breck, "all I want is a fare trao and no favers."

"All rite, ole boss," sez I. "And now, gentilmun, you must take your places an git ready."

They then turned in to pitchin up half a dollar till they all got their places.—Abe was on the inside trao; Breck nex; Douglas nex, Bell nex an ole Sam on the outside.

Well, they all got in a line, and I gavo the word, and they started. Ole Sam hadn't got twenty steps before he stumpt his foot, an kerslap he went to the groun. At last they got about half way round, an Douglas begun to fall behind. Think's I, ole boss, your legs is too short. "Bell, too, was a blowing mighty hard, an I seed the race was between Breck and ole Abe. They jes' cum a tearin' down that rode, I tell you. When they was within about fifty yards of the startin place, them two was jest brest an' brest. Bell was several yards behind, and Stephen in his wake. As for Houston, he jest laid whar he fell. Well, boys, on they cum like race horses, an' all the lookers on cussin' an' sweasin' as ef they was mad. Breck's bottom was surprisin'; but old Abe's long legs was also carryin' him along mity fast, I tell you. They had got within about three feet of the line, an I wuz tremblin' all over, I wuz so ank-bus, when all at wuns both giv a lunge forard, an—"

"Which wun, Sam; which wun?" "I'll tell you ater the first Tuesday in November. Boys, let's take a drink."—*Charleston Courier.*

The Crisis Passed.

No ordinary victory has been gained in our State. Everywhere it was the received opinion that our State election was to decide the issue of the Presidential contest. We accepted this conclusion, although we felt sure, and are still confident of the fact, that we should poll a stronger vote in November than at our State election.

The combinations which have been forming to defeat us have begun to produce a powerful reactionary effect on the minds of thinking people. That effect will be depend and diffused by time, and by the sixth of November we shall have gained very largely on our gubernatorial vote. But recently this reaction commenced, and in this election we have only the first instalment of its effects.

The attempts at coalition and bargains to defeat our State and local tickets, have excited the indignation of all honest people, even among our opponents, wherever those conditions were well understood.—But their inherent dishonesty and meanness were not so generally understood as they will have been in two or three weeks from this time. The fusion scheme of the odds and ends of opposition to us was such that its concoctors dare not openly proclaim it. Wherever it was well understood, it produced a powerful effect in our favor. In remote towns, and among a class of the people who are difficult of access to truth and sober reason, the dishonesty of the attempts to defeat us was not so generally understood as it will be in the future.

We shall give a larger majority for Abraham Lincoln than we did for Colonel Curtin. A fusion Electoral ticket has not yet been formed, and the indications furnished by this election are such that it is probable that such a coalition will not now be attempted. Every vote which could be polled for a fusion ticket was cast for Foster. Such an Electoral ticket would get no more votes than were polled for Foster, and of course without such a coalition the vote on any single ticket will be much less. As we have shown above, the vote for a fusion ticket would be much less than that polled for the Democratic nominee for Governor, for the people of Pennsylvania cannot be enojled into supporting false issues and corrupt combinations. We feel proud of our noble old State for the additional evidence she has furnished to the country of a devotion to principle and to the interest of American industry.

Abraham Lincoln will be the next President of the United States. The question was left by the whole country to be decided by Pennsylvania at her State election. That decision has been rendered in an unmistakable manner. We feel confident that a better day is dawning on our beloved country. Our national Government has been so long in the control of a corrupt faction that we had misgivings as to whether our country would survive another four years term of mismanagement and fraud. This was felt to be an important crisis in the history of the country. The crisis may now be considered as safely passed, and the Government will again be controlled according to the policy of its founders.—*Daily News.*

The Eye.

When the eye is irritated by dust or intrusive particles of any kind, the sufferer invariably shuts and rubs his eye and not infrequently the removal of the irritating cause thereby becomes more difficult. The proper practice is to keep the eye open, as if staring; a sort of rotary movement of the ball takes place, the surface becomes covered with water, the particle is gradually impelled to the corner of the eye, and is there floated out, or can be easily removed, without any of the disagreeable consequences that attend shutting and rubbing.

Irish Republicans against Fusion.

In pursuance of a call addressed especially to Irishmen, or to such of them as were in favor of the election of Lincoln and Hamlin; a very large crowd assembled at the Stayveant Institute, N. Y.

Mr. Wm. W. Badger called the meeting to order, and said that the call was issued by a Committee representing several of the most talented Irishmen in the city, who had heretofore acted with the Democratic party. The demonstrations within the last few weeks, to attempt to fuse certain elements utterly unfeasible, had developed an interest hitherto unknown among intelligent Irishmen, who were not willing to co operate with the Know-Nothing, or to be sold out. This fusion was simply an attempt to lure Irishmen to voting for Know Nothingism, under the guise of voting for Douglas. He said this had set the Irishmen thinking and he thought if the principles of the Republican party could be presented to them, at least 10,000 of their votes would be given for that party. He then introduced to the audience

Mr. J. C. Lambert, known as the *Apprentice Boy*. Mr. L. commenced by giving a short sketch of the early history of Ireland; and claimed that she always was for Freedom, and against Slavery and that it was only her degenerate sons, like Charles O'Connor, who held Slavery to be right. Her true sons are not yet ready to be sold out to Erastus Brooks; he was ready to discuss the issues of this election in the Fourth or Fourteenth Ward; but the said Erastus dare not meet him. The Irishmen in this city who had voted for Slavery, had been driven to it by their oppressors, because they were afraid to lose the bread out of their children's mouths. He called on all Irishmen to speak out for themselves once; if they had heretofore voted for such Democrats as Herbert, who killed one of their own nation at Washington, come out now and let the Democratic masters know they were going to be slaves no longer. When that foul act was done; did John Kelly, or John Coehraue, or any Democrat speak in condemnation of that act? No; it was Turner, Wade, Burlingame and the Republicans did it. Who stood in the United States Senate and defended the foreign population in Minnesota, from a Southern Know-Nothing and a Northern Democratic dough face, Stephen A. Douglas? It was the noble Seward!—Stephen A. Douglas, sent on from Baltimore here that they should stiek to the Democratic party and no union with the seceders; then he attempts to sell out the Irishmen of this city to Erastus Brooks. Is not that an acted falsehood? But who ever heard a word or a syllable against the foreign working men from Abraham Lincoln? No! we have got now a man who knows what it is to earn a dollar, who knows what it is to tell the truth; and the Irishmen will come out, casting aside Tammany Hall and Erastus Brooks, and show themselves on the side of right and justice. Mr. Buchanan had vetoed the Homestead bill, passed by the Republicans—a bill to give them homes and schools, and lift them up. But Douglas and Johnson, Breckinridge and Bell, are trying to put them far below the niggers, and leave them here to die. [There was some slight attempt to interrupt Mr. Lambert by asking questions, and faint cries for Douglas, but the feeling was evidently with him and the disturbers grew quiet.] While Herschel V. Johnson said that capital should own labor, Lincoln and the Republican party said that labor should not be a slave, and they were trying to raise and dignify labor in this land.—Charles O'Connor and the Democrats would keep the poor foreigners here in this city, to be oppressed by them, while the Republicans would give them homes and make them worthy citizens. It was a Democratic politician in this city who violated the person of a poor Irish girl, and a Republican took the poor girl; and then a Democratic Judge permitted the scoundrel to go free; and the poor maiden could get no justice. Such is Democratic friendship for the Irishmen. They call them d—d ignorant Irishmen; but these same ignorant Irishmen have, by their votes, elected them to office, till their pockets might jingle like Fowler's, who has gone to Cuba for his health. But there is no more chance for the election of Stephen A. Douglas than there is for Erastus Brooks to be an Alderman from the Vth Ward. No hod carrier had ever cast so much dishonor on the land of Erin, as Charles O'Connor, when he declared Slavery the great civilization of the world.—Erastus Brooks may sell the Irishmen to Tammany Hall, and Mozart Hall may endorse the receipt, but Irishmen are not thus to be sold. He urged his countrymen by the memory of Emmett, and by all the struggles of the Green Isle for freedom, to come out for freedom in this land of their adoption. There was no danger to the Union; it was only danger to the pockets of Democratic politicians. These Democrats are afraid they shall not be elected. Those Justices who pardon men who violate the person of Irish girls are again seeking for office and asking for Irish votes! Will Irishmen vote for such men? Will they vote for Stephen A. Douglas, who goes about the country with his one speech; like a cow with her cud, which she chews day after day? Or will they vote for honest men and true principles? Are they ready to be sold? Mr. Lambert closed amid great applause, and three rousing cheers for "Old Abe."

A song was then sung, called "Patrick and Erastus," written for this occasion by an Irishman. With nine cheers for Lincoln and Hamlin, the meeting adjourned, and a number of names were enrolled in an Irish Republican Club.

Another Republican State.

A Democrat of the Grand River Valley, not often seen in church, recently attended a Methodist prayer meeting. We shall call him Squiggle, by way of concealment. In a short time his countenance lost its usual oily, jolly look, and he became oblivious of the solemnities going on around him, and was plunged in a profound reverie over the recent defeat of his party in Maine, which he had been discussing that morning. As he reflected, his face naturally elongated, and his jaw dropped. Noticing his serious and solemn look, and not remembering ever to have seen him before, one of the brethren took him to be a stranger of a religious turn of mind, and leaned over his bench and remarked:

"Brother, these are refreshing seasons."

Squiggle gazed vacantly at the speaker, and groaned inwardly. The brother pursued:

"It is good to be here."

Squiggle still absorbed in reverie, groaned again.

"Brother, do you often think of your future state?"

At the word "state," the eyes of our Democratic friend lost their dreamy look, and his jaw clashed into place like a rat-trap.

"State!" he exclaimed, bringing down his clenched fist on the back of his questioner's bench, with an emphasis that startled the worthy brother greatly.—"H—lll it's gone North Republican by 15,000 majority."

Our Turn must Come.

"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were active as our own. They passed like vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our path. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will find its way, and prayers will be said and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness, for the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our names."

A few days since an extra train loaded with jack-asses was transported over the Louisville and New Albany Railroad. The telegraph operator at Salem, a boy, getting wind of it, set afoot a rumor that a large delegation of Democrats would pass through at a certain hour. Rumor, increasing as it flew, said that many eminent speakers were aboard, and that bands of music accompanied the expedition. Immense crowds of enthusiastic Douglas men repaired to the depot, hats in hand, ready for the expected cheers. When the train thundered in and an aged and venerable owner of a pair of faulous ears stuck his head out of a stock car and gave vent to a long, agonizing bee-haw, that fairly shook the hills around, consternation seized the crowd, and in two minutes not a Democrat was to be seen within a mile of the depot. Complaint has been made to the Superintendent against the operator, and he is in momentary expectation of a notice to quit.

Pretty Experiment.

Professor Rogers has solved the problem of "seeing through a mill stone."—In a paper read before the Scientific Association, at Newport, he says:

"Take a sheet of foolscap or letter paper, roll it up so that the opening at one end shall be large enough to take in the full size of the eye, and at the other end let the opening be not half so large. Take it in the right hand, holding it between the thumb and forefinger; place the large end to the right eye, open to the light—You will see a hole through your hand.—If you take it in your left hand and hold it to your left eye, it will be the same.—You will in both cases be astonished to see that you have a hole in your hand.—The illusion is most complete."

From this and other experiments the Professor concludes that an impression made on the retina of either eye cannot of itself enable us to determine on which retina it is received, and that the usual perception belongs to the part of the optical apparatus near or within the brain, which belongs in common to both eyes.

An Aged Couple.

The census taker has found, near Greenville, South Carolina, a very aged couple who are, perhaps, the oldest married couple to be found in that State.—Mr. Jesse Trammell is set down at 105 and his wife at 106 years. They are both in the enjoyment of good health, and bid fair to live among their children and friends for many days to come.

Constitutional and Unconstitutional.

To improve the rivers and harbors of the United States, the Democracy say, is unconstitutional.—To explore the Dead Sea, 4,000 miles off, is quite Constitutional.

To protect the laboring man by a Tariff is unconstitutional; to discriminate against him is constitutional.

To give away the land of the people to railroad companies is constitutional; to give it to the people themselves in small quantities, for homesteads, is unconstitutional.

To vote money for the support of starving people in Ireland and Scotland is unconstitutional; to get the vote of Irishman in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, before they are naturalized, is quite constitutional.

To force the people of Kansas into the Union under a Constitution they abhorred, and had no hand in the making, is constitutional, whether they had sufficient population for a State or not; but to admit them as a Free State without 97,000 inhabitants is unconstitutional.

To interdict the Slave Trade with Africa as piracy is unconstitutional; to carry Slaves from any State into the Territories, the laws of Congress and Territorial Legislatures to the contrary notwithstanding, is entirely constitutional.

In short there is only one thing in the United States that is constitutional, and it is Slavery; only one species of property requiring protection, that is slaves.—There is only one institution for which the Union is worth preserving or dissolving, and it is Slavery. It is the only thing divine—the only object fit to worship. The Democratic leaders are its only prophets, and all they prophecy is evil to those who oppose them and it by constitutional means.

Where are They?

Is it strange that we hear nothing from Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, in relation to the new confusion in that State. He should look after the Breckinridge party there, of which he is supposed to be the leader. Speaking of the Douglas and Bell fusion, he said:

"Douglas and Hunt's homogeneous fusion in the State of New York will not come within fifty thousand votes of Lincoln. And I advise my friends, if there be any who are dissatisfied with the view of slavery laid down in the platform of the national Democracy, to pack their duds and leave for the Republican camp, without delaying one moment in the fusion half-way house. The gulf between the national Democrats and the Douglas men is as wide as that between the rich man and Lazarus."

What does Mr. Dickinson think of the fusion now, when his own party is engaged in it? Where, too, is Mr. Brady, who denounced fusion with the friends of Douglas? We are anxious to hear from these two Breckinridge leaders, to learn their present sentiments on a subject of which they have once spoken so decidedly.

A Large Yield from a Half Acre.

The Rev. J. M. McGee, of Rawlinsville, Lancaster county, raised from a half acre of ground this season the following crop: Thirty bushels of corn, sixteen bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty head of cabbage, twelve large pumpkins, a half bushel of beans, and a peck of peas. This is certainly a remarkable yield for a half acre, and if any of our agricultural friends know of anything to beat it we would be pleased to hear from them.

The Camels in Texas.

Capt. Eebels of the Topographical Engineers, has fully tested the fitness of the camel for service in the South-West, by his reconnoitering expedition in North-Western Texas. The labor was very severe, and for six days in the heat of mid-summer, the camels did not have a drop of water. On the day that water was discovered, they indicated by their increased speed that they were approaching water, though the stream was ten miles off.

An Irish Judge tried two most notorious fellows for highway robbery.—To the astonishment of the Court, as well as of the prisoners themselves, they were found not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar, the judge, addressing the jailor, said—"Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep these two respectable gentlemen until seven, or half past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five I should like to have at least two hours' start of them."

One day a loving husband took his wife's best pitcher to draw cider. As he was going down the steps he slipped, and in order to save the crockery, he injured himself considerably. While he was rubbing his shin very vigorously, his wife, thoughtless of his hurt, cried out, "Oh, mercy! have you broken the pitcher?" "No," said he, in great wrath, "but I'll be darned if I don't," and ging'ling went the pitcher against the wall.

"What do you call this?" said Jones, tapping his breakfast lightly with his fork. "Call it!" snarled the landlord—"what do you call it?" "Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know, it hasn't quite enough hair in it for plaster, but there's a leetle too much in it for hash."