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A Bit or Romance.

A woman passed through this city on Wednesday last en route to New York, who, during the last three years, has passed through many exciting scenes. In the early part of the war, she, with her husband and two or three children, were residing in a Border State, where secessionism was rampant, and during the absence of the parents one day the children were all massacred by some of the chivalry. The wife immediately assumed male attire, enlisted in the same company with her husband, and fought side by side with him in nearly all the battles participated in by the Army of the Cumberland. A few months since her husband received a fatal bullet while fighting by her side, and the wife, too, was subsequently wounded and taken to the hospital, where her sex was discovered.

Those who conversed with her say that her manners fully confirm her story. She has acquired many of the disgusting habits of the sterner sex during her campaigning, such as the use of tobacco, profanity, &c.—But her patriotism is undoubted, and she has suffered a great deal in the Union cause, for all of which she is entitled to the sympathy and gratitude of freedom-loving people. She is very bitter in her denunciations of the rebels, as she has good reasons to be.—*Providence Press.*

Union Soldiers Poisoned in Virginia by a Rebel Woman.

Private S. N. Ellsworth of Company K, 1st New Jersey Volunteers, furnishes the following item to a newspaper correspondent with the Army of Gen. Meade, in Virginia. The charge of poisoning our men has before been made against women in the Rebel States. This case is substantiated by the essential particulars of names, date and place:

On Thursday, the 25th May at a farmhouse near the Pamunkey River, in Virginia, seven soldiers, belonging to the 1st New Jersey Volunteers, partook of some hot mince pie offered them by an old woman, who pretended to be very friendly. She professed to be a pious woman, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Shortly after eating the pie, the men were seized with the symptoms usually attendant upon poisoning by arsenic. The stomach-pump was applied by Dr. Mott of the 1st New Jersey Volunteers, and Dr. Hendricks of the 2d New Jersey Volunteers. The contents of the stomachs were analyzed, and in all of them arsenic was found. The men had been overdosed. None are dead, but all are disabled for duty up to the present time. S. N. Ellsworth of Co. K, 1st New Jersey Volunteers, was one of the poisoned men.

A McClellan Veteran.

A few days since a noisy copperhead was proclaiming the popularity of Gen. McClellan, in the cars between Philadelphia and New York. Discovering a soldier in the car, he approached him and inquired who he went for next President. The soldier replied, "George B. McClellan." The copperhead made loud proclamation of the fact to the passengers. The veteran soon became a copperhead lion. Elated at his sudden popularity he took off his coat and showed two wounds on his arm, received at the battle of Gettysburg. At this interesting juncture a military detective entered the car and confronted the McClellan soldier. After a little conversation he left, but soon returned with two soldiers. The wounded warrior of Gettysburg was unharmoniously arrested and handcuffed. It turned out that he was an escaped prisoner from Fort Delaware, and belonged to the Ninth Georgia regiment. He had got off in the stolen clothes of a Union soldier. Of course his new friends loved him all the better for this, but they didn't like to manifest it under the circumstances.—*Trenton Gazette.*

Four lines more beautiful than these, says the Buffalo Express, are rarely written. The figure which it involves is exquisite—

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

Four lines more truthful than these are rarely written:—
A solemn murmur in your ear,
When you retire to bed,
Tells you that swilling lager beer
Is dreadful for the head.

Epitaph on a Tailor.
Here lies below a tailor dead,
His name was Edward Prim,
He cabbag'd buckram, silk and thread
Till Satan cabbag'd him.

A Shade Worse than the Blue Laws.

From a Bridgeport, Connecticut, paper we learn that a Mr. Jessup Sherwood, of Fairfield, in that State, brought a suit against his wife, (a second wife) to get possession of her personal property. The lady, who inherited a farm worth \$6,000 and personal property of the value of \$3,000, and is sixty years of age, was married to the plaintiff some few years since. He was a widower, with two unmarried daughters. Becoming bankrupt he wanted to finger his wife's cash; and as she proved obstinate he sued. A Connecticut judge gave an order that the defendant be imprisoned, unless before a day fixed she surrendered all notes and other evidences of her personal estate; and from the 23d day of November, 1863, until within a short time, she lay in the criminal department of a jail, while the husband and his daughters occupied her house. It is a slight relief to this disgraceful statement to say that the Supreme Court has reversed the proceedings, and the wife is at liberty.

A Great Cheese Regd.

At a recent convention held at Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., representatives were present from sixty-four cheese factories, which employed 33,670 cows. The largest of these factories is that of Kenny & Frayer, Cortland county, which has 1,000 cows, and the New Woodstock, which has 1,200. There were nine private dairies represented, which have together 416 cows. The system of manufacturing cheese on a combined plan, and on a large scale, is one of recent origin, and this list shows that it has absorbed the dairy interest of that region.

Blockade Runners Captured.

The United States supply steamer, *Newbera*, arrived at New York, on Friday, direct from the North Atlantic Blockading squadron, having on board 73 prisoners from the blockade-runners *Thistle*, *Georgianna McCall*, and *Siren*, recently captured. On the 9th inst., the *Newbera* ran ashore the blockade-runner *Pevensy*, nine miles north of Beaufort. She was laden with arms, lead, bacon, and shoes, on Confederate account. Her engines and boilers were blown completely out of her a few moments after she struck. She was a fine iron side-wheel steamer of 543 tons register, and new, this being her second trip. The vessel and cargo were valued at \$1,000,000.

The British steamer *Donegal* arrived at Philadelphia, a few days ago, a prize to the United States Steamer *Metacomb*. She was captured June 6, off Florida, and had on board 40,000 pounds of gunpowder, and other munitions of war, amounting to about 1,000 tons. The Navy Department has received intelligence of the capture of the British steamer *Siren* off Beaufort, N. C., with a cargo of liquors, hoop-iron, paper cases, kegs, &c., by the United States steamer *Keystone State*, Commander Pierce Crosby. The prize is an iron screw steamer, schooner rigged, and 87 tons burden.

Singular Presentiment of Death.

Mrs. Scherer, wife of our townsman, Christian Scherer, died last Thursday after a short illness. Some years ago Mrs. Scherer dreamed that she should die in ten years and with cholera. As time passed she carried the memory of this singular dream with her, and as her father had a similar warning which was verified, she had faith in its consummation. Week before last she told her husband that the time was approaching, and she desired him to go with her to the cemetery to select a lot. He evaded the matter for a time, hoping to divert her mind from the melancholy subject, but she could not forget it. On Friday they appointed to go, but were prevented, and on Saturday again something interfered. On Tuesday Mrs. Scherer was taken sick and on Thursday she departed.—*Record of the Times.*

In Cincinnati, last Wednesday, one of Morgan's staff officers, who was in the city on parole was met and recognized by one of the members of the One Hundred and Seventy-first Ohio Reg. in front of the Dennison House, who halted the rebel with an oath, and said: "You took my gun from me at Cythiana, and abused me; it is now my turn," and then knocked him down and kick him into the gutter and walked on.

Mr. C. W. Zeigler, one of Commissioners of Schuylkill county, while on his way home, about 11 o'clock on Thursday evening of last week, was attacked by two ruffians, who, after stripping a cap over his head and gagging him, robbed him of his money, and then tied him to a fence, where Mr. Zeigler was obliged to remain until 4 o'clock in the morning, before he could free himself. The ruffians are still at large.

An Irishman going to market saw a farmer with an owl. "Say, Mister; what will ye take for yer big eyed turkey?" "Tis an owl," replied the astonished farmer. "Divil a bit do I care whether it is *ould* or young."

A busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without duties, without pity—save that some say, "It is a pity he died no sooner."

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. BARNUM AND HIS MUSEUM.

As a successful caterer for public amusement and instruction Mr. P. T. Barnum undoubtedly stands without a rival in the world. Having lost a fortune by placing too much confidence in his fellow men, he has overcome all obstacles, and by an unabated energy and an almost apparently reckless outlay in procuring extraordinary attractions for his Museum, has drawn the most immense multitudes of patrons there during the last twenty years. The consequence is, he is probably worth two Millions of Dollars. But good fortune does not spoil a man like Barnum, on the contrary, his indomitable industry and his suavity keep full pace with his great success and he declares that his chief pride and pleasure is to attend personally to the business of his Museum, see to the comfort of his visitors and constantly to produce the greatest possible amount of valuable and startling novelties for the smallest possible price of admission. Hence, at a daily expense of six hundred dollars, more rare, curious and instructive amusement and "wonders" may be enjoyed and seen in his Museum for twenty-five cents than can perhaps be found in any part of the world for ten times that sum. A volume of the most comprehensive interest and entertainment might be filled with a mere list of all the novelties in art and nature with which Mr. Barnum has at various times, astounded, pleased, amused and instructed the people of both hemispheres. From the day that he first took possession of the American Museum in 1841 he has never failed nor faltered in his purposes of satisfying an insatiate and incessant public thirst for all that is novel, beautiful, grotesque, exceptional or monstrous. Scarcely an experiment that he has tried or an enterprise in which he has engaged, but has been a complete and signal triumph. His first endeavors though conducted with a wise restraint of caution, were successes that laid the foundation of a handsome fortune, but the adventures in which he has launched with an apparent utter disregard of ordinary business chances have been those from which he has realized the most stupendous results in money and renown. It is one of Mr. Barnum's idiosyncracies not to be satisfied with offering the public what would be merely sufficient to content and attract them. He must needs forestall and, as it were, overwhelm their craving for the novel and marvelous by giving them a great deal more than their wildest expectations could suggest. He is not satisfied to introduce one dwarf, however remarkable, to them at a time; it must be a whole family or group of manikins. One giant, who alone would be sufficient to gather an unceasing throng of admirers, is not enough for him; he must have four of them—as he did the other day—whose combined altitude was in the neighborhood of thirty-three feet. When he organized a grand Aquarial exposition, (and by the way, the Aquaria are about the most delightful, and at the same time instructive things to be seen at the Museum,) he is not satisfied with collecting rare and beautiful fish easily obtained near home; but he must go to the tropics and procure the gorgeous angel fish, and then to the east of Labrador to catch a genuine whale, spending more money in such adventures than one would think could ever come back to him. The angel fish may sicken—it is replaced with something still more strange; the whale may die—and he immediately goes to work to obtain another. Even at this present time he has but just completed an immense glass reservoir to be supplied (through pipes laid under the streets, at an expense of three thousand dollars) with salt water from the bay, in which a gigantic whale, which he is daily expecting to arrive here from the Northern seas, is to deport itself this present summer. The cost of such an undertaking is enormous; but Mr. Barnum says it pays, and he unquestionably ought to know. A simple enumeration of the lesser curiosities with which the Museum is crammed, and in which changes are going on from day to day—almost from hour to hour would occupy too much space. They compromise such an infinite variety and appeal to such endless phases of popular fancy as to defy any attempt at detailed description. But there is one department of the Museum deserving and requiring particular mention and unbounded eulogy. This is the system of Dramatic Entertainments offered every afternoon and evening in the Lecture Room. The management of this department involves the production of a constant succession of new and effective plays, meritorious original pieces, written expressly for the establishment, and of the very pick of such dramas, comedies and farces, as have already made their mark on the English or American Stage. All of these are brought out in splendid style with fine scenery and handsome appointments, and are performed by a complete and talented company of actors. It is moreover Mr. Barnum's special care to see to it that in whatever is played no words or situation that could offend the taste of the most refined and fastidious should appear. In too many of our theatres the ear and eye are apt to be shocked by allusions and actions that are profane and improper, if not positively indecent. This never occurs at the Museum. The thousands of ladies, children and gentlemen who through this popular establishment from the basement to the sixth story, every week day in the year, are themselves a study and a won-

der. The Museum is so favorably known throughout Europe that no foreigner of respectability, coming to this country, fails to visit it. Indeed, this was the only place of amusement attended by the Prince of Wales and suite while in the United States, and the Prince had the good taste to enquire for Barnum himself at the same time facetiously remarking that he considered him the most extraordinary curiosity in the establishment. Mr. Barnum has recently taken his two sons-in-law into the museum to assist him in the details of its management, but this arrangement, although it relieves him from some cares, by no means induces him to relinquish any portion of his personal attention to business. His smiling countenance is seen in the Museum every day, surrounded by his other curiosities, (many visitors, like the Prince of Wales, considering him one of the greatest wonders,) and as he declares he is nowhere so happy as when in the museum, catering for the pleasure of his patrons, we have no reason to doubt that he will "die in harness."

How to Dispose of Dead Animals.

On almost every farm, one or more large animal—a horse, a cow, or a bullock—dies in the course of a year; and every farm loses pigs, calves or sheep in the same period. The disposition of the carcass is frequently a source of perplexity to the farmer. If a large stream is convenient, they are frequently thrown into it, to offend the sense of sight and smell, as well as pollute the waters. Occasionally, the defunct animal is buried; but most frequently it is dragged to the nearest woods, where it rots, impregnates the atmosphere with offensive smells and furnishes a rich feast to the crows and buzzards. This is all wrong, and in these days of high prices, the manual value of a dead horse or cow is too great to justify such waste. Many farmers will sell a worn out horse to the tanner boy for half a dollar, while the actual worth of the carcass, for manure, is ten times that amount. Every particle of it—hair, hide, hoofs, bones, flesh—will assist in adding to the value of crops.

The easiest and most profitable method of disposing of a carcass is, to cover it thickly with fresh soil, with which a portion of quicklime has been mixed. After thorough decomposition has taken place, the whole mass should be made into a compost, with fresh soil, after which it is ready for application to the soil. It is stated by Dr. Wilson "that every pound of animal flesh will impregnate ten pounds of vegetable mould; or, taking our soils as they usually occur, one pound of flesh, fish, blood, wood, horn, &c., can fertilize three hundred pounds of common loam." These are striking and well authenticated facts, and they appeal with powerful force to the farmer, who hitherto has permitted this valuable fertilizing material to go to waste.

Close of the Philadelphia Fair.

The great Central Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia closed on Tuesday with appropriate ceremonies, including a procession of the Executive Committee, music, &c., a prayer by Bishop Potter, and addresses by Messrs. John Welsh, Michener, &c. A variety of resolutions thanking the ladies and gentlemen through whose patriotic efforts the fair has been rendered a great success were passed.—The following are the votes for the competitors for the articles to be presented:

THE UNION VASE.—Union League, 4,003; Lincoln, 859; Welsh, 161; E. G. Jane, 4,939; Farragut, 58; Simpson, 54; Wood, 30; Potter, 11; Henry, 54; Hancock, 33; Meade, 36; Grant, 15; McClellan, 16; Sherman, 6; Stuart, 34; Curtin, 115; Chase, 16; Stanton, 9; Bright, 37; Du Pont, 4; Union Refreshment Saloon, 4; H. W. Bellows, 77. Total, 10,455.

THE CAMP CHEST.—Birney, 308; Gibbons, 28; McClellan, 10; Meade, 103; Grant, 16; Hancock, 9; scattering, 10. Total, 385.

HORSE EQUIPMENTS.—Hancock, 116; Meade, 76; Grant, 7; Butler, 5; Birney, 3; McClellan, 3; scattering, 2. Total, 212.

VOLE ON SWORD.—Meade, 3,442; Hancock, 1,506; McClellan, 297; Grant, 177; scattering, 119. Total, 5,541.

LEGHORN BONNET.—Mrs. Gen. Burnside, 296; Mrs. Gen. Meade, 286; Mrs. Gen. Grant, 121; Mrs. Gen. McClellan, 96; scattering, 107. Total, 908.

The Fireman's Horn was won by the Good Will Engine, there being 12,732 votes recorded in its favor. The proceeds of the Fair are expected to fully reach \$1,000,000. At the close of the Fair a meeting of citizens was convened and resolutions adopted earnestly thanking all who had in any way contributed to the Fair by gifts, loans of articles for exhibition, and their personal services, and also to Mayor Henry and the Police.

The Value of a Kiss.

It has been decided in one of the western courts, that a kiss is a valid consideration. In a case quoted, an old bachelor offered a young lady a pony for a kiss. The offer was accepted and the kiss given, but the bachelor refusing to give the pony, a suit was entered in the court, and the jury decided that the pony or its value should be given the girl.

An exchange asks, "If Old Hickory was the real sire of the Democratic party, who was its dam?" Why, it was damned by James Buchanan.

Idaho Territory.

Idaho is the youngest territory. Three years ago it was inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts. It now numbers a white population of about 40,000, and, from present indications, will, in another year, contain a population of 150,000.—It is by far the largest and the most attractive of our western territories. It was organized last March, from portions of Washington, Dakota and Nebraska, and is bounded on the north by British America, south by Colorado, Nevada and Utah, east by Dakota and Nebraska, and west by Utah, Oregon and Washington. It contains an area of 328,323 square miles, being more than six times the size of the State of New York. Its name, "Idaho," is an Indian word, signifying "The Gem of the Mountains."

There are two sections at present populated, remote from each other and isolated, separated by the Rocky Mountain range, and inhabited by persons from different sections. The western settlements were peopled by gold-seekers from California, Oregon and the British Possessions—the northeastern settlements are filled up from Colorado, and the States bordering on the Mississippi river. The present indications are that the territory will soon be divided, making two or more large, prosperous, and wealthy States—rivaling California in wealth and population—which will soon ask admission into the Union. It fact, the area and resources of the Territory would seem to warrant the erection of five or six States from the territory at present embraced within its limits.

Western Idaho, or that portion bordering on Washington and Oregon, was first settled by gold-hunters from the Cariboo Mines of British Columbia, who discovered rich placers in Eastern Oregon and Washington, and, penetrating eastward, found the precious metal along the Clearwater, Salmon, Boise and Snake rivers. A rush of emigrants from California, Oregon and Washington soon followed.—Many, of course, returned disappointed; but it is estimated that not less than twenty-five thousand still remain. Some moderate placers were found in various localities; but by far the richest was in a sink or basin near Florence, where a few men realized immense fortunes in a short time from surface mines.

Lewistown, the present capital of Idaho, is located in the junction of Snake and Clearwater rivers. It is also the largest town in the territory, though it will probably not long remain so. With the exception of two portages, the "Dallas" and the "Cascades," there is a continuous line of navigation from the mouth of the Columbia to Lewistown. Bannock—a Scotch name—on the Boise river, is a town of considerable size, in which a weekly newspaper is published. Oro Fino and Elk City are also important towns in this section.

The settlements in Northeastern Idaho are at this time attracting most attention. In the spring of 1862, enticed by the reports of rich placers on Salmon river, an immense emigration started to that country from the western States and Territories. Disappointed in their expectations many of them returned; others concluded to cross the mountains and prospect the country about the head waters of the Mississippi. They found more or less of the precious metal as they proceeded, until finally their expectations were realized in finding rich placers on Grasshopper Creek—one of the tributaries of the Jefferson fork of the Missouri River—about three hundred miles south of Fort Benton. A town was located there, called Bannock City—named after a prominent tribe of Indians inhabiting that region. The tide of emigration set thitherward, and Bannock soon numbered its population by thousands. Soon after another discovery was made on Stinking Water Creek—another tributary of the Jackson Fork—about seventy miles northeast of Bannock, which proved to be the richest placer ever discovered in the Territory, if not in America. Another town, called Virginia City, was built up, which now contains about five thousand inhabitants—the most successful mining community on the continent.

The surface mines of Idaho are astonishing rich. The disintegrating process has probably been assisted by powerful glaciers, crushing the rocky strata, and separating the gold on a larger scale than in lower latitudes.

In some instances nuggets weighing three or four pounds have been found, and as much as a hundred dollars have been taken from a single pan of dirt.—But few lodges of quartz veins have as yet been found, and these are not much worked. It is generally supposed that all the country east of the Rocky Mountains washed by the Yellow Stone and its tributaries is auriferous, and that thousands of rich placers will be discovered to overawe or subdue the savages.

There are several powerful and savage tribes of Indians inhabiting that region, among whom are the Bannocks, the Snakes or Shoshoners, the Nez Perces, the Flatheads and Clackfeet. They are all unfriendly to the whites, and particularly hostile to such as they imagine to be in quest of gold. Hundreds of gold-hunters have perished at their hands, and even now it is unsafe for small parties to prospect that country.

Extending northward to the forty-ninth degree of latitude, it may be imagined that short seasons and intense cold would prevent settlement, or ever continued success in mining; but all experience

shows that the temperature is warmer in the same latitude as you go westward.—Certain it is that the climate of the northern Idaho is quite as mild as that of many of the northern and western states; and in some of the valleys west of the mountains cattle run at large all winter, and are always in excellent condition for slaughtering.

The Overland Mail Company have established a daily line of coaches from Salt Lake City to the territory.

The Jesuits established a number of missions in the northwestern portion of the Territory about twenty or twenty-five years ago. Their object was to civilize and christianize the Indian tribes, and in some instances they accomplished much good. In some of the valleys the Indians cultivated the soil to a considerable extent, and in one or two places they have towns built of good substantial houses.—The highest civilization seems to have been attained by the Flatheads.

In the South-western corner of the Territory, at Soda-Spring on Bear River, there is a settlement of Mormons, called Morrisites, who reject the doctrine and practice of polygamy, and institute many reforms in the practice of the Mormons. They were driven from Utah as heretics, though they profess to believe in Joe Smith.—*Christian Advocate.*

Immigration.

The stream of immigration continues to flow to our shores, from all parts of Europe, especially from Ireland, in a greatly augmented volume. Indeed, the capacity of the vessels employed in the passenger-carrying trade appears, for the present, to be its only limit. The *Cork Reporter* of the 13th ult., states there were then in that city over 2,000 persons entered to sail in the "Inman" line of steamers; and that, before one of them can be sent, there will be a vast increase by other entries in Liverpool and Queenstown, and by the receipt of advices of fares paid in America. Hundreds of persons who cannot be accommodated, apply for passage in each steamer departing; while those who are fortunate enough to have their names booked, refuse to sell their places for double the regular fare. The accommodations in sailing vessels are likewise wholly inadequate to meet the demand.

The number of immigrants landed at this port between the 1st of January last and the 31st of May, inclusive, is 68,078, of whom 41,283 were from Ireland, 15,348 from Germany, 8,114 from England, 1,186 from Scotland, 214 from Wales, and 1,933 from all other countries; being an increase of 18,396 over the corresponding period of last year. The like ratio of increase during the remainder of 1864 will give a total immigration at this port of 214,876 souls, which is an increase of 58,032 over 1857.

A marked superiority in intelligence and thrift is manifest in the immigration of this year, which comprises an extraordinary proportion of mechanics and skilled agriculturalists, as well as of cotton and woolen spinners, destined to the Eastern States, of coal and iron miners, who for the most part have gone to Pennsylvania, and of copper and lead miners, whose destination was the Lake Superior region. Mr. Casserly, the experienced General Agent in charge of the Emigrant Landing Depot in this city, estimates the average amount of coin in the possession of each immigrant landed since the 1st of January last at \$80. Assuming that the total immigration to our shores for the year 1864 will reach 236,000 souls, the money thus brought into the country, according to the above estimate, will amount to the sum of \$18,880,000.—*New York Tribune.*

Killed by a Fit of Rage.

A woman living at Windsor, England, named Scanwell, recently died through passion. She was in the act of pouring out some tea, when one of her children, aged four years, spilled some coffee on the floor. Scanwell immediately flew into a great passion, threw an infant which she had in her arms on the floor, rushed at the child who had spilled the coffee, caught him by the arm, and flung him with such violence that she nearly dislocated his arm, causing it to bleed. When a lady remonstrated with her, she stamped her foot, and began to rave in a very loud voice. Suddenly she gave a loud scream, and fell on the ground, and almost instantly expired.

Ex-Congressman John F. Potter, of Wisconsin, has been confirmed as Consul-General to Canada, in place of Joshua R. Giddings, deceased.

A sour fellow says that he always looks under the marriage head for the nuts of the weak.

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains to render his operations satisfactory."

Love and a good dinner are said to be the only two things which change a man's character.

"Gently the deers are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five bills presented to him at one time.

REAL CAPITAL.—The best capital to begin life on is a capital wife.