

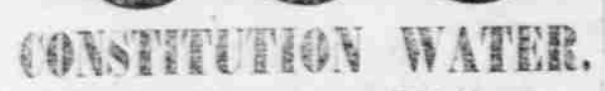
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 25. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA MAY 3, 1866. NO. 8.

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 TERMS—Five dollars a year in advance—and if no
 paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty
 cents will be charged.
 No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid,
 except at the option of the Editor.
 A lucrative agent of one square of eight lines or
 six, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional
 insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING.
 OF ALL KINDS,
 Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the
 most reasonable terms.



CONSTITUTION WATER.
 The astonishing success which has attend-
 ed this invaluable medicine proves it to be
 the most perfect remedy ever discovered.—
 No language can convey an adequate idea
 of the immediate and almost miraculous
 change which it occasions to the debilitated
 and shattered system. In fact, it stands un-
 rivaled as a remedy for the permanent cure
 of DIABETES, IMPOTENCY, LOSS OF MUSCULAR
 ENERGY, PHYSICAL PROSTRATION, INDIGES-
 TION, NOS RETENTION, OR INCONTINENCE OF
 URINE, IRRITATION, INFLAMMATION OF ULCER-
 ATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, DIS-
 EASES OF THE PROSTATE GLAND, STONE IN
 THE BLADDER, CALCULUS, GRAVEL, OR BRICK-
 DUST DEPOSIT, and all Diseases of Affections
 of the Bladder and Kidneys, and Dropsical
 Swellings existing in Men, Women, or Child-
 ren.

**For those Diseases Peculiar to
 Females, Constitution Wa-
 ter is a Sovereign Rem-
 edy.**
 These irregularities are the cause of fre-
 quently recurring diseases, and through ne-
 glect the seeds of more grave and danger-
 ous maladies are the result; and as month
 after month passes without an effort being
 made to assist nature, the difficulty becomes
 chronic, the patient gradually loses her ap-
 petite, the bowels are constipated, night
 sweats come on, and consumption finally
 ends her career.

For sale by all Druggists. Price, \$1.
 W. H. GREGG & CO., PROPRIETORS,
 MORGAN & ALLEN,
 General Agents, No. 46 Cliff Street, N. Y.
 Wm. Hollinshead, Agent, Stroudsburg, Pa.
 February 1, 1866.—6m.

Important to Everybody.
 The subscribers would inform the public
 very respectfully, that they are carrying on the

Boot & Shoe Business
 At their old stand, one door above the
 Express Office, on Elizabeth St., Strouds-
 burg, Pa., where they will be happy to
 wait on their old customers, and as many
 new ones as can be made it convenient to call.
 They have on hand a good assortment of
BOOTS & SHOES,
 for men, women, misses and children's wear.
 Gaiters, Socks and Sandals for men, youth
 and misses. A general assortment of Lasts
 and Boot-Trees, shoe Thread, Wax, Heel
 Nails, Pinners, Punches, Eyelets and Eye-
 lets Suits, Pegs and Peg Cutters, Shoe Ham-
 mers, Crimping Boards and Sewers, also, lin-
 ing and binding skins, a good article of
 Tampico Boot Morocco, French Morocco
 French Calfskin, Lusting and all kinds of
 Shoemaker tools, Ink Powder and Shoe
 Blacking, and Frank Miller's water-proof
 oil blacking. All of which they offer for
 sale at small advance upon cost. Give us a
 call, no charges for showing goods.
 P. S.—Boots and Shoes made to order and
 warranted.
CHARLES WATERS & SON,
 Stroudsburg, Jan. 18, 1866.

Save Your Money!
 By buying of CHARLES B. KELLER,
 the following named superior articles cheap
 for Cash. I have the finest assortment of
Boots and Shoes,
 for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN'S wear that
 has ever been offered in town, consisting of
 Men's, Boys, and Children's Boots,
 Women's Gaiters Kid Polish Boots,
 Misses' do do do do do
 Children's do do do do do
 Women's Morocco Polish do do
 Misses' do do do do do
 Children's do do do do do
 These are a new and beautiful style of
 Ladies Boots of the finest quality, and just
 suited for cold weather. Also, a fine assort-
 ment of CORROS SHOES, for Women, Misses
 and Children.
 Also, a splendid assortment of Gums and
 SANDALS for Men, Women and children.
 I have also a fine assortment of
Linen and Woolen Shirts,
 of a superior quality, together with Stock-
 ings, Neck-Ties, Collars, &c.
 Also, a quantity of the best quality of
 Heavy and Light SOLI-LEATHER, to-
 gether with a lot of the best MEN'S and
 FRENCH MOROCCO Also, Lining, Bindings,
 Lasts, Boot-Trees of all sizes, Thread, Wax,
 Nails, Pinners, Punches, Eyelet-set, and Eye-
 lets, Peg Cutters and Shoemakers Ink, &c.,
 &c. Store opposite Marsh's Hotel.
CHARLES B. KELLER,
 Stroudsburg, Nov. 30, 1865.

**Saddle and Harness
 Manufactory.**
 The undersigned respectfully informs
 the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surround-
 ing country, that he has commenced the
 above business in Fowler's building, on
 Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to
 furnish any article in his line of business,
 at short notice. On hand at all times, a
 large stock of
 Harness, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Car-
 pet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Bells,
 Skates, Old Cloths, &c.
 Carriage Trimming promptly attended
 to.
JOHN O. SAYLOR,
 Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

TREMBLOUS EXCITEMENT!
Death to High Prices!
Up Town in a Blaze!

METZGAR & STORM, respectfully in-
 form the public that the days of imposition
 prices have gone by in Stroudsburg, for the
 proof of which they invite their friends, from
 both town and county, to call at their new
 Store, on Elizabeth Street, in Stroudsburg,
 one door below the Indian Queen Hotel, ex-
 amine their goods and learn how low they
 sell them.
 We have **DRY GOODS** in almost endless
 variety,
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
Calicoes, Delains and Muslins,
Trimmings and Notions,
 and everything in that line.
 We have **GROCERIES** and **PROVIS-
 IONS,**
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS,
SPICES, FISH, PORK,
 and a full assortment in that line.
 We have **Crockery Ware, Wooden Ware,**
Willow Ware, Hardware, a general assort-
 ment.
TOBACCO of all kinds,
BOOTS AND SHOES, and in fact al-
 most everything that can be called for in a
 completely stocked Store.
 Call and see for yourselves. We take
 pleasure in showing goods without price,
 and can sell you calicoes from 12½ cents to
 25 cents per yard, and everything else pro-
 portionately low.
 We feel duly thankful for the many evi-
 dences of already received appreciation of
 our efforts to knock down war prices, and
 can assure the public that there is still room
 for a few more evidences of the same sort.
 Don't forget the place and give us a call.
**J. P. METZGAR,
 JEROME STORM.**
 March 29, 1866.

**CHEAP GOODS,
 ARE NOW OFFERED BY A
 NEW FIRM,
 SMILEY & WALTON,**
 (SUCCESSORS TO R. S. STAPLES.)

The subscribers would hereby inform
 their friends and the public generally,
 that they have recently purchased the
 entire stock of R. S. STAPLES, and associ-
 ated themselves together as co-partners
 under the name of
SMILEY & WALTON,
 for the purpose of carrying on the Mer-
 cantile trade in all its branches, at the well
 known stand lately occupied by R. S.
 STAPLES. We have already added to our
 former stock a fresh supply of
**FANCY DRESS GOODS, SPRING
 STYLES.**
 Our goods were bought low, since the late
 decline in prices, and our customers
 shall have the benefit of it.
 We also keep a full assortment of choice
Family Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
Crockery Ware,
Wooden Ware, &c.
 In short, we mean to keep every thing
 that constitute a first class country store.
 Our purpose shall be to endeavor to give
 perfect satisfaction to all who favor us
 with their patronage. Come and see us.
**MORRIS SMILEY,
 JOS. T. WALTON.**
 Stroudsburg, Pa., March 22, 1866.

**FRANKLIN MILLER,
 Cabinet Maker, Undertak-
 ing, &c., &c.**
 Is Prepared with a Large Stock of
CABINET WARE
 TO MEET ALL demands upon him, or
 I will manufacture to order anything in
 his line, in the latest styles to suit the taste
 of customers.
 All work made of the best material and
 warranted.
 He is also prepared, with material and
 fixtures, to attend to the business of
UNDERTAKING
 in a manner that cannot fail to prove satis-
 factory to all who favor him with patronage.
 Prices moderate.
 Shop and Ware-Room on the corner of
 Sarah and Simpson Sts.,
 April 5, 1866. STROUDSBURG, PA.

**Greatest Cough Medicine
 IN THE WORLD,
 HOLLINSHEAD'S
 COMPOUND SYRUP OF
 Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound,**
 For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping
 Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Horse-
 ness, Asthma, Inflammation of the
 Lungs, &c., &c.
 Pain in the Side and Breast, Bronchitis,
 Shortness of Breath, and all diseases tend-
 ing to Pulmonary Consumption.
 Prepared and sold by
**W. HOLLINSHEAD, Druggist,
 Stroudsburg, Pa.**
 PRICE 35 cts per Bottle.
 March 22, 1866.—3m.
WANTED.
Board Among the Mountians.
 FOR A FAMILY of 7 persons, (3 grown
 persons, 3 children and one servant,
 from about the middle of June until Septem-
 ber. Please state location, how near R. R.
 Station, lowest terms, &c. Address
 S. A. M., Box 671, Station D,
 PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
 April 19, 1866.

TRIP LIGHTLY.
 Trip lightly over trouble,
 Trip lightly over wrong;
 We only make grief double
 By dwelling on it long.
 Why clasp woe's hands so tightly,
 Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
 Why cling to forms unsightly?
 Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
 Though all the days be dark,
 The sun may shine to-morrow,
 And gaily sing the lark;
 Fair hope has not departed
 Though roses may have fled;
 Then never be down-hearted,
 But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
 Stand not to rail at doom;
 We've pearls to string, of gladness,
 On this side of the tomb.
 Whilst stars are nightly shining,
 And heaven is overhead,
 Encourage not repining,
 But look for joy instead.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.
 How goes the money?—Well,
 I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
 It goes for rents and water rates,
 For bread and butter, coal and grates,
 Hats, caps and carpets, hoops and hose;
 And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Nay,
 Don't everybody know the way?
 It goes for bonnets, coats and capes,
 Silks, satins, muslins, velvet, crapes,
 Shawls, ribbons, furs, furberlows,
 And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Sure,
 I wish the ways were somewhat fewer!
 It goes for wages, taxes, debts;
 It goes for presents, goods for lets,
 For paints, pomade and eau de rose;
 And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Now
 I've scarce begun to mention how;
 It goes for feathers, laces, rings,
 Toy dolls and other baby things,
 Whips, whistles, candies, bells and bows;
 And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—There,
 I'm out of patience I declare!
 It goes for plays, and diamond pins,
 For public aims and private sins,
 For hollow shams and silly shows;
 And that's the way the money goes.

DEATH SENSATIONS.
 BY A SHERIFF.

"Every one must die at some time, and
 I suppose it matters little in what form
 the end comes."
 So spake John Gibson, one of a party
 of friends who were gathered around a
 general fire in the rooms of our mutual
 friend, the Sheriff of D—.

"I don't know," said the Sheriff; but
 it always struck me that it does matter
 how the end comes."
 "If you must die," said Gibson, what
 is it to you, after a few brief minutes?"

"Very true," responded the Sheriff—
 "A man's life is easily taken, and all
 modes have the same result. But then,
 I think one ought to consider the amount
 of suffering or disgrace involved in the
 method."
 "Most persons, I suppose, would prefer
 to die in their beds," said Gibson.—
 "This I do not refer to however—I
 speak of death by violence. If I were
 doomed to death, I would be careless as
 to the means used."

"You think so, now," remarked the
 Sheriff, "but if it should come to the
 scratch, I think you would shun death that
 involved suffering."
 "Don't all the modes known involve
 suffering?"

"The majority, but not all. For in-
 stance being guillotined would be far
 preferable to being burned at the stake.—
 Indeed, the guillotine is really a humane
 mode of punishment. The knife drops,
 the victim feels a cold pressure on the
 neck, and then all is over."
 "You are quite eloquent," said Gibson,
 laughing. "What do you think of the
 garrote?"

"I have been told that method was not
 a torture," was the reply. "Eminent
 physicians have informed me that, besides
 a slight choking sensation, there is no
 pain in this method. The horrible cen-
 tortion, and blackening of the face, has
 caused many to think the garrote a fear-
 ful torture; but these changes in the
 face are accounted for on the simplest
 grounds."
 "So much for these," said Gibson
 smiling. "Now tell us your favorite (if I
 may use the expression) mode of punish-
 ment."

"But for the shame which attends it, I
 should prefer hanging," replied the Sher-
 iff.
 "Upon what grounds?"
 "It is the easiest, and least painful
 method known."
 "How do you know this?"
 "I once had a description of the whole
 affair from a man who was hung."
 The party burst into a laugh; but the
 Sheriff's face did not relax a muscle.
 "A joke's a joke, Campbell," exclaim-
 ed Gibson, "but this yarn is rather too
 much for our credulity."
 "Nevertheless it is true," replied the
 Sheriff; "and if you want the matter ex-
 plained, I may as well tell you the whole
 story."

"Very good," said Gibson. "Let's
 have a good one, it will take a tough yarn
 to sustain your assertion."
 The Sheriff laughed good-humoredly.
 "Wait till you hear it," he began—
 "Ten years ago I was elected Sheriff of
 this county. My first attempt at open-
 ing court was made during an important
 trial. The criminal was a depraved, des-
 perate wretch, who had been indicted for
 a brutal and atrocious murder. The fel-
 low was greatly hardened, and seemed to
 care but little how the trial resulted. The
 evidence was strong against him; and
 when the case was submitted to the jury,
 they returned a verdict of "Guilty," with-
 out leaving their seats.
 "The execution was fixed for a certain
 day, two weeks after the trial. Of course,
 it was my duty, as Sheriff, to put the rope
 around the fellow's neck and launch him
 into eternity. It was a distasteful duty,
 I assure you; for, though I knew full well
 the man deserved his death, I did not
 relish the idea of hanging him. I got
 through with it, however, and sent him
 dancing on air. He did not struggle
 much, and I thought he had an easy
 death. After hanging the usual time
 and being pronounced dead, he has not
 come down, and his body given to his friends
 for interment. I thought I had seen the
 last of the man, as the wagon containing
 the body drove out of the jail-yard, but I
 was mistaken.
 "About four months after the execu-
 tion, I happened to be passing my barn,
 when I saw a man sitting in the doorway,
 with his head resting on his hands. I
 did not like his look, so I approached him,
 and asked him what he wanted there.—
 He raised his head, and looked at me in
 silence. I am not given to superstition,
 and I don't think I am very timid, but
 I felt my blood grow icy cold, as I recog-
 nized in the man before me the person
 whose execution I had conducted. His
 face showed no traces of his violent end;
 and the only indication of it, now visible,
 was a slight disfigurement of the neck.—
 I scarcely knew what to say or think, for
 I had seen him hung, and heard him pro-
 nounced dead, and had delivered his body
 to his friends for burial; and yet after a
 lapse of four months, there he sat, look-
 ing at me with a face as white as a sheet.
 The terror that was exhibited in his coun-
 tenance convinced me that he was no ghost;
 so I asked him, with as much coolness as
 I could command, "Jack Larkins, do you
 know me?"
 "You're the man that hung me," he

replied doggedly, at the same time mov-
 ing away.
 "I covered him with my pistol, and
 told him if he would move a foot I would
 shoot him."
 "He paused and looked at me fixedly."
 "What do you mean to do with me?"
 he asked. "Do you mean to hang me
 again?"

"It was strictly speaking, my duty to
 arrest the fellow; but I could not do it.
 The idea of having to hang him again
 was revolting, and I determined to let him
 escape. I told him if he would promise
 to leave the neighborhood, and never come
 back again, I would let him go. This he
 readily promised, and assured me that he
 would never cross my path again, as noth-
 ing but a mere chance had led him to encoun-
 ter me this time."

"Before you go, Larkins," said I, "I
 would like to hear how you cheated the
 gallows."
 "You won't peach on any of them folk
 as helped, will you?" he asked.
 "No," I replied; I will not get them
 into any trouble. I simply wish to know
 how you felt while you were hanging,
 and how you were resuscitated."

He hesitated for some time, but upon
 a renewal of my assurance that none of
 his friends should be molested, told me
 the following story:
 "When I put the rope around his neck
 and left him on the gallows, he felt a
 faintness about the heart, caused by his
 realizing his fearful situation, for the first
 time; but before he had time to think, the
 trap was sprung, and he fell through the
 opening. The shock of the fall was rather
 startling than painful and did not pro-
 duce either insensibility or confusion.—
 His thoughts were remarkably clear, and
 he seemed to have the power of seeing
 far above, and around him. Everything
 assumed a bright vermilion hue; and a
 soft dreamy languor gradually stole over
 him until he became insensible. There
 was nothing painful or unpleasant in any-
 thing he had undergone. He seemed to
 be sinking gently into a delicious sleep,
 and all his thoughts were pleasant. The
 next thing he remembered, was being
 swung by the most agonizing torture.—
 The pains were not confined to any par-
 ticular place, but extended through the
 whole body. His first thought was that
 he was in perdition, and was suffering the
 penalties of his crimes. The pains in-
 creased each moment, and at last became
 so intense that he started to his feet with
 a scream of anguish, at the same time
 opening his eyes. Great was the surprise
 to find himself in his father's house, in
 the midst of his friends and relatives. He
 fainted at once and when he recovered,
 found himself in his own bed. As soon
 as it was thought safe to do so, his friends
 informed him that, upon bringing his
 body home, they had determined to try
 to resuscitate it, although they feared it
 would be useless. They worked faith-
 fully, and at last succeeded."

"But sir," said the man in conclusion
 "coming to life again was much worse
 than dying."
 "The man promised to leave the State,
 and try to do better. I had but little con-
 fidence in him, yet I let him go. He kept
 his word, however, and a short time ago I
 heard he was a well-to-do farmer in one
 of the territories."

"This, gentlemen; is the manner in
 which I got my ideas about hanging, and
 I think you must admit their force."
 A country lad, who recently visited the
 city for the first time gives his views of the
 ladies in this way: "Somewhere in every
 circumference of silk and velvet that wrig-
 gles along there's a woman, I s'pos; but
 how much of the holler is filled in with
 meat, and how much is gammon, the spec-
 tator dun no. A feller marries a wife, and
 finds, when it comes to the pint, that he
 has nothin' in his arms but reg'lar ana-
 tomy. If men is gay deceivers, wot's to
 be said of the female that dresses for a
 hundred and forty weight, but hasn't
 rec'y as much fat on her as would grease
 a griddle!—all the apparent plumpness
 consisting of cotton and whalebone."

"I was a sugar planter once, but I
 didn't make anything by it," said a Yan-
 kee ostler to a company of Maine capital-
 ists whom he overheard talking on the
 hotel steps about going South to buy up
 plantations, and work them on a large
 scale.
 "You a sugar-planter, Josh?" exclaim-
 ed one of the capitalists, with great sur-
 prise: "when was that? Tell us what
 you know about it."
 "T'was when I buried my old sweet-
 heart."

Brains.
 Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, on the
 occasion of a grand riot ascended a block,
 and attempted by a speech to quiet the
 people, when a random missile hit him
 on the head, felling him to the ground.—
 He was badly hurt, and as friends were
 carrying him into the house, his wife met
 him at the door and exclaimed:
 "Why, my husband, they have knock-
 ed your brains out!"
 "No haven't," said the Governor,
 "if I'd had any I should'nt have gone
 there."

Bricks.
 A Paris architect is said to have in-
 vented a brick that hardens with time,
 and completely resists humidity. We
 have had a species of "brick" in this coun-
 try, for many years, that hardens with
 time and is perfectly impervious, at least
 to water.

Making the Most of a Wife.
 In one of the western towns there is a
 character known as "Joe Backstock," al-
 though that is not his baptismal name.—
 The other night a crowd met in the tavern
 as usual, and from war and the hard times
 the conversation turned upon railroad dis-
 asters, and what had been realized from
 them. A hundred of examples were cited
 of persons who had laid the foundation
 of a fortune by money received from rail-
 road companies as the price of broken
 limbs and lacerated bodies. After a while
 Joe opened:

"Well gentlemen," said he, "I got a
 thousand dollars out of a railroad com-
 pany out West—about twenty years ago
 —and didn't receive no damage from the
 smashing up, neither."
 "How was that, Joe?" inquired the
 landlord; "I don't see how you can
 make that out."

"Well," returned Joe, "I had just about
 one of the laziest and most ordinary wives
 a poor fellow ever got stuck on. She
 wasn't with shucks. She would work
 till she shivered, and eat till she sweated.
 How's ever the poor critter's gone under
 now, and I don't know as I oughter say
 any thing agin her. Well about twenty
 years ago her and me was traveling in a
 train out West. I was drefully down in
 the mouth. Jest as I was tryin' to fix
 on to some method of raising the wind,
 suddenly the train was brought up all
 standin', and the splinters was flying in
 every direction. In two minutes passen-
 gers was laying around loose, groanin' and
 hollerin' for help, and there was an orful
 time generally. As luck would have it,
 neither me nor the old woman was hurt
 a mite, but as I looked at her, the idea
 suddenly occurred to me there was a
 chance to make something off of her. So
 says I, "Deb, you've never bin no'count
 to me, and I think it is high time yer was.
 I have got a chance to make something
 onto yer now, and I'm goin' to do it, and
 I hope yer won't make no fuss about it,
 but stand up to the rack and take your
 fodder like a woman. Here goes!" and
 as I spoke I fetched her an old socker
 plam one the nose and squashed it as flat
 as if a cartwheel had passed over it.—
 "Now," sez I, "howl, Deb! But re-
 member, you've never bin damages from
 a flying splinter, and not from my fist!"
 She tuck my advice, and that lick fetched
 us a thousand dollars damages."

"But," he said, heaving a deep sigh,
 "wot was the use of all? The money's
 all gone now, and I'm as dry as ever.—
 Who's going to licker?"

A Happy Woman.
 "What are you singing for?" said I
 to Mary Maloney.
 "Oh, I don't know ma'am, without it
 is because my heart feels so happy."
 "Happy, are you happy? Why, let
 me see, you don't own a foot of land in
 the world."
 "Foot of land is it?" she cried with a
 loud laugh: "Oh, what a hand ye are
 after a joke. Why, sure, I've never a
 penny, let alone a foot of land."
 "Your mother is dead?"
 "God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary,
 with a touch of genuine pathos.
 "The Heavens be her bed."
 "Your brother is still a hard case, I
 suppose?"

"Ye may well say that. It's nothing
 but drink, drink, and bate his wife—poor
 creature."
 "You have to pay your sister's board?"
 "Sure, the bit crayture I and she's a
 good little girl, is Hanny, willin' to do
 whatever I axes her. I don't grudge
 the money that goes for that."
 "An' you haven't many fashionable
 dresses, either?"
 "Fash'nable, is it? Oh yes, I put
 a bit of whalebone in me skirt, and me calico
 gown spreads as big as the luddies. But
 then you say true; I haven't but two
 gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet,
 and no bunnit, barrin' me old hood."

"You haven't any lover?"
 "Oh, be off wid yez! catch Mary Mal-
 ony wid a lover these days, when the hard
 times is come."
 "What on earth have you to make you
 happy? A drunken brother, a poor help-
 less sister, no mother, no love—why
 where do you get all your happiness?"
 "The Lord be praised, miss, it grewed
 up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine,
 a clean flare, plenty of work, and a sup at
 the right time, and I'm made. That
 makes me laugh and sing. And then, if
 troubles come, I try to keep my heart up,
 Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick
 McGuire should take it in his head to ax
 me; but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear
 up under it."

A Coquetish Climate.
 The editor of a paper published in the
 mountains of California tells of gather-
 ing wild flowers in the morning, and wad-
 ding through snow in the evening.

Never tread on the tail of a cat, or tell
 a woman she is not handsome, unless
 you are fond of music.

A despicable man thinks more of himself
 in a week than a well person does in a
 year.