

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 25.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 15, 1866.

NO. 35.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not 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.
Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, 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.

S. HOLMES, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL CLAIM AGENT.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office with S. S. Dreher, Esq.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.
August 2, 1866.

DR. A. REEVES JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Begs leave to announce that, in order to prevent disappointment, he will hereafter devote THURSDAY and SATURDAY of each week exclusively to CONSULTATIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS at his office.—Parties from a distance who desire to consult him, can do so, therefore, on those days. Stroudsburg, May 31, 1866.—tf.

Furniture! Furniture!
McCarty's New Furniture Store,
DREHER'S NEW BUILDING, two doors below the Post-office, Stroudsburg, Pa. He is selling his Furniture 10 per cent. less than Easton or Washington prices, to say nothing about freight or breakage. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE in Walnut, Oak and White Ash, Extension Tables, any size you wish, at McCARTY'S new Ware-Rooms. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PARLOR Suit in Rose, Mahogany or Walnut, McCARTY has it. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD MELODEON from one of the best makers in the United States, solid Rosewood Case, warranted 5 years, call at McCARTY'S, he would especially invite all who are good judges of Music to come and test them. He will sell you from any maker you wish, \$10 less than those who sell on commission. The reason is he buys for cash and sells for the same, with less than one-half the usual per centage that agents want. J. H. McCARTY. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Particular attention will be given to this branch of the subscriber's business. He will always study to please and consult the wants and wishes of those who employ him. From the number of years experience he has had in this branch of business he cannot and will not be excelled either in city or country. Prices one-third less than is usually charged, from 50 to 75 finished Coffins always on hand. Trimmings to suit the best Taste in the country. Funerals attended at one hour's notice. J. H. McCARTY. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

Saddle and Harness Manufactory.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding 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, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Bells, Skates, Oil Cloths, &c.
Carriage Trimming promptly attended to.
JOHN O. SAYLOR.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

Gothic Hall Drug Store.
William Hollinshead, Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand and for sale cheap for CASH, a fresh supply of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, Kerosene Oil, Perfumery and Fancy Goods; also
Sash, blinds and Doors.
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purpose.
P. S.—Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Stroudsburg, July 7, 1864.

TIN SHOP!
The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened a **TIN SHOP**, on Main street, near the Stroudsburg Mills, opposite Troch & Walton's, formerly R. S. Staples' Store, where he is prepared to manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, all kinds of
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron-Ware.
ALSO,
Stoves, Stove Pipe and Elbows.
Old and second hand Stoves bought and sold, at cash rates.
CASH paid for Old Lead, Copper and Brass.
Roofing, Spouting and Repairing promptly attended to and warranted to give satisfaction. Call and see for yourself.
WILLIAM KEISER,
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

RECEIVED this day a splendid assortment of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
August 2, 1866.
CAN YOU tell why everybody goes to McCARTY'S to buy FURNITURE!
August 2, 1866.

THE GREAT WORSHIP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.
And prayer is made and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth;
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of the prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

From the Jersey City Times.

LET IT ALONE.

Let it alone! 'tis a dangerous thing,
An adder is there with poisonous sting!
Oh! touch not! Oh! taste not the drunkard's bowl!
It kills the body and ruins the soul!

As the bird enchanted by serpent's eye,
From its flight descends in its fangs to die,
So the bowl at first hath charms to impart,
Ere it fastens its coils around the heart.

But encircling its hapless victims fast,
Strikes its fatal dart to the core at last:
Oh! then touch not, taste not the drunkard's bowl!
It kills the body and ruins the soul!

Full many a noble, promising youth
It has lured away from the path of truth,
And quickly the bloom and the vigor have fled,
And an early grave received its dead.

As the beating pulse by the bowl is still'd
And the burial ground by it is filled,
As the soul by the drunkard's bowl is lost,
Then purchase it not at so great a cost.

Never put to your lips the deadly sup:
Dash down to earth the poisonous cup:
Aye, let it alone, for death lurks within;
To shun it, is wisdom—to drink it, is sin.

THE REJECTED BANK-NOTE.

"What is the price of this dressing gown, sir?" asked a sweet-faced girl, entering the elegant store of Huntly & Warner, in a city, and a street of a city, which shall be nameless.

It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counter and yawned, the man to whom Alice Locke addressed herself was jaunty and middle aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment of Huntly & Warner, and extremely consequential—in manner.

"This dressing-gown we value at six dollars—you shall have it for five, as trade is dull to-day."

"Five dollars?" Alice looked at the dressing-gown longingly, and the clerk looked at her. He saw that her clothes, though made and worn genteelly, were common enough in texture, and that her face was very much out of the common line. How it changed! now shaded, now lighted, by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk could almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her possession.

The gown was a very good one for the price. It was of common shade, a tolerable merino, and lined with the same material.

"I think"—she hesitated a moment—"I think I'll take it," she said; then seeing in the face before her an expression she did not like, she blushed as she handed over the bill the clerk had made up his mind to take.

"Jennis," cried Torrent, the head clerk in a quick, pompous tone, "pass up the bank note detector."

Up ran the tow-headed boy with the detector, and down ran the clerk's eye from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance, and exclaimed:

"That's a counterfeit bill, Miss."

"Counterfeit! Oh, no—it cannot be! The man who sent it could not have been so careless; you must be mistaken, sir."

"I am not mistaken; I'm never mistaken, Miss. This bill is a counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it, although so much bad money has been offered us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?"

"Mr. C.—sir, of New York—He could not send me bad money," said the trembling, frightened girl.

"Humph!" said the clerk. "Well there's no doubt about this; you can look

for yourself. Now don't let me see you here again until can bring good money, for we always suspect such persons as you that come on dark days with a well made story."

"But, sir—"

"You need make no exclamations, Miss," said the man insultingly. "Take your bill, and the next time you want to buy a dressing gown, don't try to pass your counterfeit money," and he handed it, the bill fell from his hands.

Alice caught it from the floor and hurried into the street.

Such a shock the girl had never received. She hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, and presented the note to a noble looking man with gray hair, faltering out, "is this bill a bad one, sir?"

The cashier and his son happened to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty, and agitation.

The cashier looked closely and handed it back, as with a polite bow and somewhat prolonged look he said:

"It's a good bill, young lady."

"I knew it was," cried Alice with a quivering lip—and he dared—

She could go no farther, but entirely overcame, she bent her head, and the hot tears had their way.

"I beg pardon, have you had any trouble with it?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, sir, you will excuse me for giving way to my feelings—but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure that it was good. And I think, sir, such men as one of the clerks in Huntly & Warner's should be removed. He told me it was counterfeit, and added something that I am glad father did not hear. I know the publisher would not send me bad money."

"Who is your father, young lady?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"Mr. Benjamin Locke, sir."

"Benjamin—Ben. Locke—was he ever a clerk in the Navy Department at Washington?"

"Yes sir; we removed from there," replied Alice. "Since then"—she hesitated—"he has not been well—and we are somewhat reduced. Oh why do I tell these things sir?"

"Ben. Locke! reduced!" murmured the cashier; "the man who was the making of me! Give me his number and street, my child. Your father was one of the best, perhaps the only friend I had. I have not forgotten him. No. 4 Liberty street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let sec—I'll give you another. Since I come to look, I haven't got a five—here's a ten; we'll make it all right."

That evening the inmates of a shabby genteel house received the cashier of the M——Bank. Mr. Locke, a man of gray hair, though numbering but fifty years, rose from his chair, and much affected, greeted the familiar face. The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the elders talked together, Alice and the young man grew quite chatty.

"Yes, sir, I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke in a low tone. "I have just recovered, as you see, from rheumatic fever, caused by undue exertion—and had it not been for that sweet girl of mine, I know not what I should have done. She, by giving lessons in music and French, and by writing for periodicals; has kept me, so far, above want."

"You shall not want, my old friend," said the cashier. "It was a kind providence that sent your daughter to me—There's a place in the bank just made vacant by death of a valuable clerk, and it is at your disposal. It is my gift and valued at twelve hundred a year."

Pen cannot describe the joy with which this kind offer was accepted. The day of deliverance had come.

On the following morning the cashier entered the handsome store of Huntly & Warner, and inquired for the head clerk. He came obediently.

"Sir," said the cashier sternly, "is that a bad note?"

"I—I think not, sir," stammeringly replied the clerk.

The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped Mr. Locke in company with his daughter.

"Did you not tell this young lady, my ward, that this note was counterfeit?—And did you not so far forget self respect, and the interest of your employers, as to offer an insult?"

The man stood confounded—he dared not deny—he could say nothing for himself.

"If your employers keep you, sir, they will no longer have my custom," said the cashier, sternly. "You deserve to be horse-whipped, sir."

The firm parted with their unworthy clerk that very day, and he left the store disgraced, but punished justly.

Alice Locke became the daughter of the good cashier. All of which grew out of calling a genuine bill counterfeit.

Dirty Work.

The following is an interrogatory put by a Copperhead to Gen. Logan, during one of his speeches in Indiana, and the answer:

Copperhead—"A few years ago, when you was a Democrat, the Republicans called you 'Dirty Work Logan,' are you doing the dirty work for the Republican party now?"

Gen. Logan—"Yes, sir, I am skinning Copperheads, and it is the dirtiest work I ever did; but it has got to be done."

Persevere in what you undertake.

Meteor Shower or "Shooting Stars."

It seems to have been the general impression of scientific men that a meteoric shower was to come off on the morning of November 13th, and as such a sight is only witnessed once in an ordinary generation, we have concluded to give our readers such information on the subject as we chance to possess. The foundation for the belief that this phenomenon might be expected on the 13th, is the fact that similar phenomena occurred on the 13th of November 1800, and on the 13th of November, 1833—at an interval of thirty-three years—which, if there be any fixed rules governing their recurrence, will bring it upon the 13th of November, 1866.

On the morning of the 13th of November, 1833, we learn from Olmsted's Astronomy, from two o'clock until broad day light, the sky being perfectly serene and cloudless; the whole heavens were lighted with a magnificent display of celestial fire works. At times the air was filled with streaks of light, occasioned by fire particles darting down so swiftly as to leave the impression of their light upon the eye (like a match ignited and whirled before the face), and drifting to the northwest like flakes of snow driven by the wind; while, at short intervals, balls of fire, varying in size from minute points to bodies larger than Jupiter and Venus, and in a few instances as large as the full moon, descended more slowly along the arch of the sky, often leaving after them long trains of light, which were in some instances variegated with prismatic colors.

On tracing back the lines of direction in which the meteors moved, it was found that they all appeared to radiate from the same point, which was situated near one of the stars of the sickle, in the Constellation "Leo," and in every repetition of the meteoric shower, the radiant point has occupied nearly the same situation.

This shower pervaded nearly the whole of North America, having appeared in almost equal splendor from the British possessions of the North to the West India Islands, and Mexico on the South, and from sixty-one degrees of longitude east of the American coast, quite to the Pacific ocean on the West. Throughout this immense region the duration was nearly the same. The meteors began to attract attention by their unusual frequency, from nine to twelve o'clock in the evening; were most striking in their appearance from two to four; arrived at their maximum, in many places, about four o'clock, and continued until rendered invisible by the light of the day.

Some authorities fix the date of the first recorded meteoric shower on November 12th, 1799, instead of 1800, and consequently fixed the time of its recurrence on November 12th, 1867—being an interval of thirty-four, instead of thirty-three years. We leave time and the astronomers to determine which calculation is the most correct.

Astronomers seem to agree that these periodical meteors have their origin beyond the atmosphere, descending to us from some nebulous body with which the earth falls in, and near or through the borders of which it passes; and that this nebulous body has an independent existence as a member of the solar system, with regular periods of revolution. It is further established that these meteors are of light combustible matter; that they move with great velocity, amounting in some instances to nineteen miles in a second; that some of them are bodies of a large size, sometimes several thousand feet in diameter; that when they enter the atmosphere, they rapidly and powerfully condense the air before them, and then elicit the heat that sets them on fire; and they are burned up at a considerable height above the earth, sometimes not less than thirty miles.

On the occasion alluded to, November 1833, many thought the end of the world had come, while the more superstitious were stricken dumb with fear.

A Young Desperado.

The Louisville Courier gives the following catalogue of crimes committed by a young man named Drake, in Mount Sterling, only 23 or 24 years of age, whose escape from imprisonment or the gallows is a sad commentary on the enforcement of the laws in Kentucky:

His last exploit was, a few days ago, the shooting of a black man, two shots taking effect, one in the shoulder and the other in the thigh. He was promptly arrested, but managed to escape at night, and is now at large. This young man's record, though brief, has been peculiarly bloody. On the Saturday before the August election of 1865 he killed his first victim, Lieut. E. Sanders, of Sharsburg, Bath county, at a picnic near Mount Sterling. Young Sanders had been a gallant officer in the Confederate service. Both young men were somewhat under the influence of liquor, and the altercation between them was not of the nature that would involve, necessarily, a resort to the use of weapons. Duke killed him with a bowie knife. For this deed he was tried, and, we believe, acquitted. His next exploit was the cutting and stabbing Lieut. Wash. McIntyre, a gallant officer of the 24th Kentucky Federal Regiment, last Christmas. His next essay in bloodshedding was with a pistol. He shot and killed a negro man who had attempted to outrage a little girl. He next had a second altercation with Lieut. McIntyre, this time shooting and killing him. His last venture in crime we have mentioned in the beginning of this notice.

A SAD STORY.

SEDUCTION, ABANDONMENT, AND PROBABLE SUICIDE.

The Detroit Free Press of the 24th of October, contains the following sketch of the melancholy career of a school girl:

At Painesville, Ohio, is a very popular female seminary, where the young ladies are kept under the most careful surveillance, and where one would naturally suppose a tempter could not gain admission. Except on Wednesday afternoon male visitors were not admitted, and then no opportunity is afforded for obtaining private interviews.

Attracted by the reputation of this school, Mr. John Colwell, a farmer, living near Erie, Pa., sent his daughter, Delia, a very pretty girl, some sixteen years of age.

During one of the Wednesday receptions a young man named Henry Brand, plausible and well dressed, yet having no regular occupation, became acquainted with Miss Colwell, and from the sequel it is apparent succeeded in making a favorable impression. Evading the rules of the school, stolen interviews were managed between the pair, and a clandestine correspondence kept up some weeks without detection. They at last became careless, and the matron of the seminary discovering the affair, forbid Miss Colwell leaving the house after dark and put a stop to the visits of young Brand, upon reception days. The precaution was taken too late for the happiness of the poor girl, who, loving the young man, had placed her honor and her life in his keeping. She determined not to be debarred the pleasure of his society, and a rope ladder having been procured, he was enabled, under the cover of darkness, to ascend to her room, which was in the second story, and there pass hours in her company, sometimes the entire night.

Excitement, loss of sleep, and the pro-occupation of mind consequent upon this course of life, gradually told upon the sprits and habits of study of the young girl, and she surely and rapidly retrograded in her studies until her position became one of the worst and most unenviable in the school. Such a course could not be carried on without exciting suspicion and remark, and a watch being set upon her Mr. Brand was detected while in the very act of entering her window. After such a discovery it was of course a matter of impossibility that she could longer be retained in the institution, and she was the next day, after being formally expelled in the presence of the school, confined to her room until her parents could be sent for to take her home.

In compliance with a request, Brand found means to communicate with her. Miss Colwell met him at one of the hotels in the town, and arrangements for an elopement and marriage were perfected between the two, they having settled upon Cleveland as their future home. Before this plan could be carried out Mr. Colwell arrived and found his daughter at the depot waiting for the train upon which she contemplated leaving Painesville. He at once took charge of her, and after delivering a well-dressed chastisement to Brand, started with her for home. The punishment he had received allowed all the worst passions in the breast of the young man, and he determined to succeed in attaining the object of his desires at any cost or trouble. He therefore, unknown to Mr. Colwell, took the same train with them, finding some means to communicate the fact to Delia, who, in obedience to a request from him, managed to evade the vigilance of her father, where a train moving in the opposite direction met them, to change cars and return with her lover to Painesville, while her father was rapidly being whirled along in the opposite direction. At the first station at which the train stopped they left it, and on foot, proceeded to a place whence they procured a conveyance to Conneaut, Ohio, and there took a passage for this city on the scow Sea Bird, which was bound for Saginaw for a load of lumber. Arriving in Detroit about the 1st of July they procured board at a German's on Hastings street, and there lived together for a short time as man and wife, although they had never been married, and Brand refused to legalize their connection. The natural results having ensued Miss Colwell found herself about to become a mother, and the fact becoming apparent to her seducer, he, either being afraid of the consequences, or becoming tired of his victim, abandoned her in a strange city, without money and without friends.

The people with whom she was board could not keep her without that compensation which it was not in her power to give. Her situation precluded the possibility of working for a living, and overcome by her misfortunes, she lost her senses and became a wretched wanderer, without shelter and without food. In this condition she remained until about two weeks since, when she was discovered in an alley near Hastings street, in the very pangs of labor. Some charitable persons living in the vicinity took her to their own home, tendered her through her great trial, and cared for her and her infant son until yesterday morning, when they missed her and babe. A search for her resulted in finding, at the foot of Hastings street, she shoes which she had worn and the clothing of the child. In all human probability she has sought, in a watery grave, that peace which she could not find on earth. The river has been

dragged, but without finding the bodies of either mother or child.

Interesting Correspondence.

Mr. M. C. Culver, Postmaster at Culver's Station, Illinois, has been removed. The following interesting correspondence took place on the occasion:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1, 1866.

M. C. Culver, Postmaster at Culver's Station: Sir: It has been reported to this Department that you are not in harmony with the Administration, and that recently you had occasion to speak in disparaging terms of the President and his Cabinet. Allow me to say that such expressions as "Johnson is played!" "Drunk again!" "His Accidency," "My Policy be d—d," &c., are certainly very bad taste from the lips of any man who tickles his palate three times a day with the President's bread and butter.—Your resignation will be acceptable at any time, and the Department has already notified Mr. ———, a National Union man of Lauramie, of his appointment to the place. You will make immediate report of the receipts and expenditures of your office for the quarter ending October 1st, and you may hand over the balance on hand to your successor.

A. W. RANDALL,
Postmaster-General.

MR. CULVER'S REPLY.

To the Postmaster-General: Your sweet-scented epistle is at hand—contents noted. I did say "the President's policy be d—d," or words to that effect, and the people have said the same thing at the polls by 180,000 majority as far as heard from. The following exhibit of the receipts and expenses of my office is respectfully submitted:

Stamps on hand - - -	\$ 18
Receipts for last quarter - -	2 68
Total - - - - -	\$2 86
EXPENSES.	
Twine 10c, coal oil 40c, wafers	
6c, rent of office \$6 25 -	\$6 80
2 86	
Balance due me - - - - -	\$3 94

As the new appointee is short just that amount, I trust you will be able to "see it" for the good taste and propriety of remitting the same at your earliest convenience.

M. C. CULVER,
Postmaster Culver's Station.

Desperate Encounter with a Deer.

One of the most daring encounters incident of hunting life—though fortunately resulting in nothing serious—that we have heard of for a long time, says that Enau Claire (Wis. Free Press, occurred in the vicinity of Mad creek one day last week. Mr. Ed. Nicholls started out one morning with his dog through a piece of woods near his farm. Scarcely had he entered the forest, over a mile from his habitation, when suddenly up sprang a large buck from his concealment, and, confronting him face to face for an instant made a fearful dash at him. Mr. Nicholls, though having no weapon of defence, never once thought of retreating, but firmly grasped one of the animal's gigantic horns, while the dog took hold of his throat. For a while the struggle between the three was most fearful. One moment the man had the deer down, but the deer, possessed of that dexterity and nimbleness peculiar to them, sprang to his feet again and again, using all his endeavors in twirling his antagonists around. Mr. N. dare not lose his hold, and the only hope to save his life was by encouraging the dog, which meanwhile hung on to the buck's throat with canine tenacity. To worry the buck to exhaustion, with the assistance of the dog, was the only means of conquering his adversary, and, after a long and tiresome struggle was finally successful, when he went and got a club and knocked the animal in the head. At the end of the combat Mr. N.'s clothing was entirely torn from him, and he had nothing to cover the costume which nature furnished him. He returned home through byways and called hastily to his wife to furnish him with clothing, and then returning he brought his venison home, which, after being dressed, weighed over two hundred pounds. When we take into consideration the fact that Mr. N. is a very small man, weighing only one hundred pounds, this was a courageous undertaking, and courageously did he meet it.

The following spicy advertisement is taken from a Western paper: *Lost, Stolen or Strayed*.—An individual whom I, in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as a husband. He is good-looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to come in when it rains, unless some good-looking girl offers him the shelter of her umbrella. He answers to the name of "Jeebs."—He was last seen in company of Julia Harris walking with his arm around her waist; looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him back, so that I can chastise him for running away, will be invited to tea by—MARY E. SMITH.

It was said in the hearing of a New Jersey Quackery lady that Mr. Johnson had threatened to kick out all office holders who do not also hold to "my policy." "But, John," she inquired, with delightful naivete, "but, John, can he do it? Does he think he can stand on one leg long enough to kick anybody?"