

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 25.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 3, 1867.

NO. 41.

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 (of 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,

DREIER'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, Belts, Scales, 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 yourselves.

WILLIAM KEISER.

Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

COMMON CHAIRS of all kinds, Cane

Flag and Wood Seats; Dining, Bar-

Room and Office Chairs, with or without Cushions, Rocking-Chairs of every description, at McCARTY'S Ware-Rooms.

May 17, 1866.—tf.

BREAKING UP A SETTING HEN.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin' agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son, one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese, "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little equinomial to every day, Timothy; I've cut the last of my every day lot, and it's only the first of May. And now as soon you've done eating I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old ax and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign;—something allers happens arter it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria, by the time you get to be as old as your ma ye'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their grey top knot hatched the first of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the conjunction of the lungs, and would have died if they had not killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while warm. That was all that saved her life."

With such a startling proof of the truth and the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned bearing the squalling biddy by the legs.

"Wha shall I do with her, mother? She'll get on again, and she's cross as bedlam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could only get loose."

"I've heerd it said that it was a good plan to throw them up in the air," said Mrs. Hayes. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting, only three times trying. Spose'n you try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail!" cried Timothy, as he tossed the volcano skyward.

"Land o-massy," exclaimed Mrs. Hayes, "she's coming down on the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise! Tim, it's strange that you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sang out Tim, elevating Biddy again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me, wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hayes, and Tim agreed with her, for the hen had come down, on the well polished tile of Esquire Bennett, who happened to be passing and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamoured.

The Squire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but its going up again," said Tim, spitefully seizing the clucking biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage, and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with horror, and starting up, dislodged biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking-glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen, astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand-dish and deluged with water a pair of drab-colored velvet slippers which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the ruin, she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her, and the unfortunate hen she flung full in his face.

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a twenty pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathers, dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with a true feminine zeal. She broke his watch guard in a dozen pieces, crushed his dicky, and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots, when suddenly she remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer, she perceived the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruin of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hayes soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water would cure "broodiness," set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's point with Mrs. Hayes, was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hayes' apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "Now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hayes, I allers knowed you was a wicked, deceitful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal! me steal! Who are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?" said Mrs. Hayes on her dignity.

"I'm talking to you, madam, that's who I'm talking to. You've stolen my hen what I got of Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sassegers. She's a real Dorking.—Give her to me right away or I will use force."

"She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare?"

"I'll show you what I dare!" yelled Mrs. Weaver, growing purple, and seizing the ill-starred fowl by the tail, she gave a wrench and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance, and she fell backward into the brook, spluttering the mud and astonished polliwogs in every direction.

She was a spry woman and was soon on her feet again ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen," she cried, thrusting her first into Mrs. Hayes' face, "you old hag and hypocrite you?" and she made a second dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the page of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.

Mrs. Hayes caught a stick of brushwood from the fence—Mrs. Weaver did the same, and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the belligerent women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched in an apple tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves, and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest and had set in spite of fate.

But although not "broken up" herself she broke up two matches—for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

Curing and Keeping Hams.

Unless the weather is warm so that they are liable to taint, all hams should lie and shrink at least three days after being cut and trimmed. Then weigh, and for each pound of meat one ounce of saltpetre, and add it to a brine so strong that no more salt will dissolve in it, the brine having been first scalded. About twenty days will be the medium length of time that the hams should remain submerged in the brine—five days more for large, and five less for very small ones. Then lay out and let them drain three days before hanging in the smoke-house. Having been sufficiently smoked wipe off clean all soot, cobwebs and dirt, and then rub thoroughly over every part of the hams a mixture made pretty thick of good, ground black pepper and litherage, made liquid by three-times the weight of common, neat's-foot glue dissolved in water. This will cost perhaps two cents per ham, and saves all canvassing and whitewashing, and hang them up where you will in any cool, dry place—no fly, worm or bug will ever molest them, and your hams thus prepared will keep sound and sweet a century, if you don't eat them sooner.

Practical Hints.

A coating of three parts lard and one part rosin applied to farm tools of iron or steel, will effectually prevent rust.

Common nails heated red-hot and dropped into cold water will clinch and answer the purpose of wrought nails.

The sharp corner of a common Indian arrow head or flint will cut glass quite effectually.

A good wagon-jack may be made of two pieces of boards, two or more feet long. Place the board in front of the wheel, one end on the ground, and the other just under one of the spokes, close up to the felly; then take hold of a spoke on the opposite side of the wheel and lift; at the same time place the second board under the axle-tree. In this way a loaded wagon may be lifted with ease.

Rusty nails may be drawn from wood without difficulty; by first giving them a blow hard enough to start them a little.

A gun will not need clearing for years, if the muzzle is tightly corked, and a piece of rubber kept upon the tube under the hammer, while standing idle.

When a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character she should, just before entering the room, say "bosom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she would say "brush," the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth look small, she must say "cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful, she must say "kerchank." If resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate "sent." Ladies when having their photographs taken may observe these rules with great advantage.

An English clergyman recently preached a sermon in which he said that the newspaper was a part of life's earnest self culture.

Ask Mother First.

How many pleasant things we can see and hear every day, if we watch and listen!

I was walking towards home late one afternoon in winter. The country all around was covered with a deep snow, that seemed of a purer white than ever in the light of departing day. I heard the voices of children behind me; and their little feet stepped fast over the hard, crisp snow. They passed along beside me, and I saw that one was a little girl of about eight years, and her companion was a boy somewhat older. The girl wore a pretty crimson hood, which was quite becoming to her cheeks, made rosy by the fine winter air. She was drawing a sled. The boy drew a sled, too.

"Come, Annie," he said, "let's go down to Pine Hill, now; it's splendid coasting there; and we shall have time for first-rate slides before dark."

"I must go and ask mother first, Henry," said Annie. She did not draw out the words dolefully, as if she did not like to have to ask her mother; but she spoke in a very pleasant and cheerful tone. She hurried along with her sled, and Henry after her. I soon lost sight of them; but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself how safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule—"I must ask mother first!"

I know children who have sometimes got into a great deal of trouble because they did not "ask mother first." Remember it is unsafe to do anything you think impossible your mother would not like to have you do.

Children, I mean boys as well as girls, you will be saved a great deal of unhappiness if you ask mother first.

Total Abstinence.

A young lady who was a firm advocate of total abstinence, when riding from her father's country seat to a neighboring village, met a young man on foot carrying a suspicious looking jug. She at once reined her horse and asked him what he had in his jug.

Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and snatched his lips, to indicate that it contained something good.

The young lady, supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance; but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her just one simple little question.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"It is this," he replied. "Why is my jug like your side saddle?"

She could not tell.

"It's because it holds a gal-on!" said he.

"What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued, "Young man do you not perceive—"

"Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, "and then I'm done. Why is my jug like the assembly-room of a female seminary at roll call?"

"I'm sure I don't know," petulantly replied the young lady.

"Well," it's because it's full o' 'lasses," said the incorrigible auditor.

The fair lecturer touched her spirited horse with the whip and was soon out of hearing of the rude young man's laughter.

Replace the Stone.

One day General Washington and some of his officers, while staying at Boston, went to visit Chelsea. On their way they stopped to rest and refresh themselves at the mansion of Mr. Dexter, a beautiful spot, surrounded by stately elms and green fields. They alighted, and after securing their horses under the trees, went to partake of the good cheer within.

As they came out, one of the gentlemen accidentally knocked off a stone from the wall which ran before the house.—Washington told him he had better replace the stone.

"No," answered the officer; "I will leave that for somebody else."

Washington then went quietly and put the stone up again, saying, as he did so, "I always make it a rule in visiting a place to leave things in as good order as I find them."

Let every boy and youth remember this declaration of the grand and good Washington, and make it a rule of action through life.

"I Have Orders not to Go."

"I have orders, positive orders, not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a drinking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish! come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? come, show them to us, if you can show us your orders."

John took a neat little book from his pocket, and read aloud:

"Enter not into the paths of the wicked; and go not in the way of evil men.—Avoid it! pass not near! turn from it! and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, and by his help I mean to keep them."

Seth Scammon, of Stratham, N. H., has an Ayrshire cow, ten years old last spring, that has given a little over eight hundred pounds of milk in ten days.

Gayles, who advertised for an assassin to kill President Lincoln, will be tried at Montgomery, Ala., on the 28th inst.

A Wonderful Land with Stone Trees Six Hundred Feet Long.

In the *Eastern Slope* newspaper we find a report of many of the curiosities and the great riches of the Black Rock country, in the north-western portion of California. The reports of the singular features of that section are of many years' standing, but are so marvelous that they have seldom obtained credence. Among the wonderful stories we have heard is one that there is a petrified tree there seven hundred feet in length! The present report in part confirms previous statements, and establishes the fact that Black Rock is one of the wonders of the Pacific coast, like the Yo Semite, the Big Trees, the Geysers, etc. Besides the curiosities there appears to be an abundance of silver at Black Rock, but the ore is said to be of an unusual variety and very difficult to work; but it has been worked with very good results at the mills at Washoe. The quality of ore is so great that it is said it will justify the erection of a thousand mills. A gentleman who visited the section, has exhibited to the editor of the *Eastern Slope* very many natural curiosities peculiar to the country; strange petrifications from the ravines; curious, water-worn pebbles from the mountain-tops; knives, arrowheads and daggers, manufactured by Indian skill from solid flint; a superior quality, apparently, of oil blacking, said to contain six hundred dollars in silver to the ton; pebble tin, with its curious fracture, that admits no change of form, and a thousand strange and new things. The editor says:—He also tells us of many strange things that he saw, but could not bring with him, and many stranger things he heard of, but did not see. Among the latter list of wonders is a great basin that contains a petrified forest apparently floated there, many vast trees of solid stone, ranging from six to fifteen feet in diameter, and from three to six hundred feet in length. Doubtful as this tale may appear, shall we dare to dispute its correctness when we know this strange country has a boiling spring of fresh water, fifteen feet in diameter, that cannot be sounded, from which no drop of water ever runs; that in the same vicinity there is a flowing stream of cold and apparently good water, the drinking of which induces venereal disease, and that any water found by digging is as salt as salt can make it; that a half dollar deposited in the soil is eaten up by the salt, and after thirty days no vestige of it can be found?

How to Keep Warm.

There is no working man but would rejoice to have the way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches.—No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day at 10 cents, \$73; three cigars, one after each meal, \$109.50; board for a big dog, \$30—all in one year, \$212.50, sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pair of shoes. If you don't believe it, workmen, figure for yourself.—*Detroit Union.*

A Dangerous Counterfeit.

A new and dangerous imitation of the five dollar National Bank note has recently been put afloat. The engraving is said to be finely executed, and the bill, in the main, well calculated to deceive. Still it may readily be detected. In the genuine the group of Columbus and his companions is composed of five persons; in the counterfeit there are but four—the one in the background at the extreme end, and most extreme figure in the group is missing. In the counterfeit, also, the extended arm of Columbus is without a hand. Bills of this description on five different banks have already appeared, and others will doubtless soon follow.

In his report on the condition of South Carolina, General Sickles relates that in one case, where a freedman was murdered, the two men who killed him sat upon the coroner's jury, and united in the verdict that "the deceased came to his death by causes unknown." There is a sort of savage humor in this, which amuses while it makes us shudder. When a criminal puts on the robes of justice, and in her name decides against his victim, surely impudence can go no further.

Senator Yates of Illinois, in his speech at the Mass. Welcome given to Congress made the following most palpable hit:

Fellow citizens, the only man who has ever been executed for treason in this country is John Brown, who was executed in the State of Virginia, while Henry A. Wise, his executioner, upon whose skirts is the blood of thousands of our countrymen.—[Has the President's pardon in his pocket.—[Cries of "For shame!"]

Governor Curtin has signed the death warrant of Jas. Haddock, alias Fred. Haddock, fixing Wednesday, February 6, 1867, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, for the day of execution. Haddock was convicted in Montgomery county, of the murder of Julius Woelch, and was sentenced November 19, 1866.

A Connecticut Yankee has cleared his house of rats by catching one and dipping him in red paint. He then let him loose, and other rats, not liking his looks, left immediately.

Jealousy—The Effects of Reading Griffith Gaunt.

Mrs. Miller, a young married lady, living not far from Twenty-fourth street, has been reading "Griffith Gaunt," a story of jealousy as everybody knows.—Now Mrs. Miller is herself not a little inclined to jealousy, though her worthy husband has never given her cause for such a feeling. "What an awful thing it would be," thought the little woman, "if my husband should go off and marry another woman, as that wicked Griffith did." The bare thought of such a contingency made her feel nervous.

The morning after she had finished the book Mr. Miller started for Philadelphia on a matter of business, as he alleged.—This the wife believed till, in the course of the morning, she received a visit from Miss Green, an elderly young lady who was still a maiden. Evidently something was the matter as Miss Green's face indicated. After considerable questioning she revealed the secret. She had been to the depot to see some friends off by the train, and had noticed Mr. Miller stepping on board the cars with a pretty young lady of whom he seemed to have charge. Excited by the story, poor Mrs. Miller needed no other confirmation of her worst fears. Her husband was bent on bigamy, she was sure. "What would you do if you were in my place, Miss Green?" she asked with a sob. "I'd go after him and bring him back," said Miss Green, compressing her thin lips resolutely.

Mrs. Miller felt so miserable that she could not have a moment's peace until she had satisfied her doubts. She decided to follow the proffered advice. It was early, as Miss Green had come up directly from the depot. There was time to catch the ten o'clock train. Mrs. Miller dressed herself hastily, and, taking a Broadway omnibus, was on hand at the time. In due season she arrived at Philadelphia, and proceeded to the Continental Hotel.—Here she fell in with a gentleman whom she had known before her marriage.—Feeling helpless, she with many tears, communicated her suspicions, and besought, his advice, "Your husband will probably be at the theatre this evening," said Mr. B. "You had better go and confront him with the lady." "But I can't go alone." "I will accompany you with pleasure." This was arranged. Mrs. Miller and her escort occupied seats in the dress circle.

Looking anxiously about, Mrs. Miller finally discovered her husband occupying a seat not far off. *But he was alone!*—She began to hope it was all right. But just then the husband chanced to turn round and, to his astonishment, beheld the wife he had left at home, in company with a gentleman whom he did not know. He was not inclined to jealousy, but it looked bad. He instantly made his way to his wife's seat, and with a sternness she had never before experienced, demanded the reason of her presence. "In one word," said he, "tell me if you have deliberately become faithless to me."

"I faithless!" rejoined Mrs. Miller, horror-struck.

"Yes, madam."

"How can you dream of such a thing, Charles?" and she was ready to cry.

"Because I find you here with this man," said Charles, savagely, "when you ought to be at home."

"I—I thought you had run away with another woman," explained Mrs. Miller; "I really did, Charles; and so I—I came after you."

The story was told after a while, and it turned out that Mr. Miller's companion was a young lady placed in his charge by a friend. Somewhat ashamed, but very happy, Mrs. Miller transferred herself to her husband's charge, and returned the next evening, perfectly cured of her jealous imaginings.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Ancient Riddle.

The *Boston Transcript* got up the following riddle, and among a number of answers the correct one is annexed:

"There is a certain natural production that is neither animal, vegetable or mineral; it exists from two to six feet from the surface of the earth; it has neither length, breadth nor substance; is neither male nor female, but is often found between both; is often mentioned in the Old Testament and strongly recommended in the New, and answers equally the purposes of fidelity and treachery."

A majority of the writers give "Love" as the answer. The following is the best reply that has come to hand. The lady writer has given the true solution:

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—If I am not much mistaken this "natural production" is a "kiss." Although it cannot be measured, I beg leave to differ from the writer that it has no length.—The readers of the Bible cannot doubt its being mentioned in the Old Testament, nor that it is recommended in the New, in the sentence "Greet ye one another with a holy kiss." That it is a pledge of fidelity we would not deny; and we have only to refer to the betrayal of Christ by Judas to learn that it has answered the purpose of treachery.

Married Again.

Some two weeks since a divorce was granted to a gentleman of this city, from his wife, and on Wednesday last the two were again united in holy bonds of wedlock.—*Newark Courier.*

James Jopdan, a clerk in the Post office at Montgomery, Alabama, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years for stealing letters.

Speculation is a word that sometimes begins with its second letter.