

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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NO. 17.

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

**C. B. KELLER,**  
DEALER IN  
**Boots, Shoes, Leather,  
AND FINDINGS,**  
STROUDSBURG, PA.  
March 28, 1867.

**J. L. WYCKOFF,**  
WITH  
**HUSZ & WULF,**  
COMMISSION DEALERS IN  
**Butter, Eggs, and Country  
Produce,**  
No. 250 Washington Street,  
Between Robinson & Murry streets.  
March 21, 1867-ly.] New-York.

**S. HOLMES, Jr.**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL  
CLAIM AGENT.  
STROUDSBURG, PA.  
Office with S. S. Drcher, 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.

**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.]

**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.

**MT. VERNON HOTEL,**  
M. & T. P. WATSON, Proprietors,  
No. 817 & 819 North SECOND Street,  
(Between Arch and Rice),  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Close proximity to the business center of the city, excellent accommodations, and careful attention to the comfort and wants of guests are characteristics of the Mount Vernon. The House has been thoroughly renovated and new-furnished. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.  
October 11, 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, Sashes, 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.

**Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK,  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.**  
Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.  
April 25, 1867.-tf.

**IF YOU WANT A BEAUTIFUL SUIT**  
of Enameled Furniture in Colors, just step into  
McCARTY'S.  
May 17, 1866.-tf.

McCARTY is the only Furniture dealer in Stroudsburg who has a License to sell FURNITURE. [August 2, 1866.]

**Brown & Keller,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver  
Ware, Plated Ware, Books,  
Stationery, Wall Paper,  
Notions, &c., &c.**

They have recently purchased "MELICK'S OLD STAND," and with increased facilities for business, and a determination to please, feel justified in asking the continued patronage of the old customers of this establishment. In constant communication with Importers in New York and PHILADELPHIA, and in possession of peculiar advantages in this respect, they are prepared to sell CLOCKS, WATCHES & JEWELRY, of superior make and finish as well also as of cheaper character, at remarkably low rates.  
They also keep constantly on hand the best quality of  
Silver and Plated Ware, Tea Spoons, Castors, Spectacles, Razors, Pen-knives, Scissors, and all sorts of Cutlery; Toys of all kinds, Childrens Carriages, Bird cages, Fishing Tackle,  
Baskets, Guns and Pistols, Lamps of all kinds and Fixtures; Superior Sewing Machines, Clothes Wringers, School Books, Miscellaneous and Blank Books, Ledgers and Day Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c., &c.  
Photograph Frames, Wall Paper, Window Shades, and Fruit Cans of every description.  
Lamp Burners altered. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry attended to promptly and satisfactorily. Orders taken for Silver Ware and filled with dispatch.  
Stroudsburg, May 19, 1864.-tf

**NEW GOODS**

**Greatly Reduced Prices!**

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the public, that I have just made large additions to my already extensive stock and am now selling

**DRY GOODS,  
GROCERIES,**  
&c., &c., lower than ever.  
My shelves are loaded with  
MUSLINS,  
CALICOS,  
DE LANES, and  
GINGHAMS,

of the most celebrated makes, my charges for which will prove astonishing to customers. My stock of

**Dress Goods**  
embracing nearly every variety of style, color and fabric is well worth the attention of the Ladies, while in

**CLOTHS and CASSIMERES,**  
both plain and fancy, I can offer inducements to gentlemen which they cannot forgo without detriment to their finances. My stock of

**SHAWLS, YANKEE NOTIONS,**  
&c., is also full, and is offered low. My assortment of  
Coffees, Sugars Molasses, and Syrups, is very complete, and as usual held at a very low figure.

I have lots of goods the names of which could hardly be compressed within the limits of an advertisement, all of which will be sold cheap.

Remember, the place to buy, with the best assurance of getting your money's worth is at

**BRODHEAD'S**  
Cheap Store in Stroudsburg,  
March 14, 1867.

**A Thing of Beauty, &c.**

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS OPENED, in Dr. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House (Marsh's), Main-street, Stroudsburg, Pa., a full line of

**GREEN, DRIED and CANNED  
FRUITS,**  
comprising

**ORANGES, LEMONS, APPLES,  
PEACHES, RAISONS, CUR-  
RANTS, PINE APPLES,  
FIGS, &c., &c.,**

which he will dispose of at prices which will place them in the reach of all. He also designs keeping on sale, a full assortment of NUTS and CANDIES, and, in their season, a full line of

**GARDEN VEGETABLES,**  
which he has made arrangements to receive daily from first hands, so as to secure the greatest desideratum—freshness.

He respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. A. C. JANSON.  
Feb. 21, 1867.

**PHOENIX DRUG STORE.**

**DREHER & BROTHER,**  
(Opposite the "Jeffersonian" Office.)  
ELIZABETH-STREET,  
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Dealers in  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY,  
WINES and LIQUORS** for medicinal purposes, SASH,  
**DOORS and BLINDS.**

All kinds of  
**Painting Materials,  
Lamps and Lanterns**  
Burning and Lubricating Oils.

Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.  
G. H. DREHER. E. B. DREHER.  
October 4, 1866.

**BLANK DEEDS**  
For sale at this Office

**THE  
UNION PACIFIC  
RAIL ROAD CO.**

Are now constructing a Railroad from  
**OMAHA, NEBRASKA,**  
westward towards the Pacific Ocean, making with its connections an unbroken line  
**ACROSS THE CONTINENT.**  
The Company now offer a limited amount of their

**FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS**  
having thirty years to run, and bearing annual interest, payable on the first day of January and July, in the City of New York, at the rate of

**SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,**  
AT

**Ninety cents on the Dollar.**  
This road is already completed to Julesburg, 376 miles west of Omaha, and is fully equipped, and trains are regularly running over it. The Company has now on hand sufficient iron, ties, etc., to finish the remaining portion to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, 141 miles, which is under contract to be done in September of this year, and it is expected that the entire road will be in running order from Omaha to its western connection with the Central Pacific, now being rapidly built eastward from Sacramento, Cal., during 1870.

**MEANS OF THE COMPANY.**  
Estimating the distance to be built by the Union Pacific to be 1,565 miles, the United States Government issues its Six per cent. Thirty-year Bonds to the Company as the road is finished at the average rate of about \$28,250 per mile, amounting to \$44,205,000. The Company is also permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to an equal amount, and at the same time, which by special Act of Congress are made a First Mortgage on the entire line, the bonds of the United States being subordinate to them.

The Government makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, amounting to 20,032,000 acres, estimated to be worth \$30,000,000, making the total resources, exclusive of the capital, \$118,416,000; but the full value of the lands cannot now be realized.

The authorized Capital Stock of the Company is one hundred million dollars, of which five millions have already been paid in, and of which it is not supposed that more than twenty-five millions at most will be required.

The cost of the road is estimated by competent engineers to be about one hundred million dollars, exclusive of equipment.

**PROSPECTS FOR BUSINESS.**  
The railroad connection between Omaha and the east is now complete, and the earning of the Union Pacific on the sections already finished for the first two weeks in May were \$113,000. These sectional earnings as the road progresses will much more than pay the interest on the Companies bonds, and the through business over the only line of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific must be immense.

**VALUE AND SECURITY OF THE BONDS.**  
The Company respectfully submit, that the above statements of facts fully demonstrate the security of their Bonds and as additional proof they would suggest that the Bonds now offered are less than ten million dollars on 317 miles of road, on which over twenty million dollars have already been expended;—on 330 miles of this road the cars are now running, and the remaining 187 miles are nearly completed.

At the present rate of premium on gold these bonds pay an annual interest on the present cost of

**NINE PER CENT.,**  
and it is believed that on the completion of the road, like the Government Bonds, they will go above par. The Company intend to sell but a limited amount at the present low rate, and retain the right to advance the price at their option.

Subscriptions will be received in New York by the CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau St., CLARK, DODGE & CO., BANKERS, 51 Wall St., JOHN J. CISCO & SON, BANKERS, No. 33 Wall St., and by BANKS and BANKERS generally throughout the United States, of whom maps and descriptive pamphlets may be obtained. They will also be sent by mail from the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street, New York, on application. Subscribers will select their own Agents in whom they have confidence, who alone will be responsible to them for the safe delivery of the bonds.

**JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,  
NEW YORK.**

June 13.-3m.

**MR. AND MRS. NUDKINS.**

"John Nudkins, if you don't stop drinking there'll soon be a stop to everything."

"Don't fret, Polly Nudkins, I don't drink more'n I allers did."

"Goodness Mercy! And 'sposen' you don't! Hain't you allers drank enough to kill a hog?"

"Hogs is brutes, Polly, an' they can't stand what a man can."

"I want to know if they be? My gracious, if you don't come about as near being a brute as anything I ever saw, then my eyes are deceptive. John Nudkins, you are worse than a brute. A brute would not do as you do."

"Of course they wouldn't, Mrs. Polly Nudkins, 'cause brutes don't know nothin'."

Polly Nudkins, as was her wont, started to heap abuse upon her husband's head and he, as he had learned it was safest for him to do, was prepared to bear it meekly; but somehow, just then a different spirit, possessed his wife. She had that morning seen her cupboard bare, she sent her children off to school hungry and ragged, and gaunt poverty stared her in the face upon every hand. For the moment she felt sad and downhearted, and thus weighed down, she spoke in a tone and manner that was strange to her lips.

"John, what are you coming to? We

have nothing in the house to eat, our children ain't half clothed, and things are growing worse instead of better.—What sort of an example are you settin' to your boys? How do you think they'll grow up? My soul, John, if you don't stop drinking, we shall all go to the poor-house together."

John Nudkins scratched his head.—This speech had completely taken him aback. He had braced himself for a torrent of abuse, intending to hear it patiently through, and then go and get something to drink, but he had no excuse yet for flight, so he sat still and mute.—And the wife, seeing what a strange effect her words had produced, continued, in the same strain:

"John, only think how much better off we might all be if you would only stop drinking. Do you ever think of it?"

"John caught at the idea which had often floated through his mind, but which he never had the courage to present to his wife. He caught it, framed it for his speech, and then, with some shrinking, as though he expected the pent up torrent to follow its delivery thus presented it:

"Polly Nudkins, I'll tell you what I'll do. Just as long as you'll go without looking a cross look or speaking a cross word, I'll go without drinking a drop of rum. There! I'll stick to that I swear I will!"

"John Nudkins, you're a fool!"

"I s'pose I am. At any rate I won't deny it!"

And with this, John picked up his rimless hat and started for the door.

"John, come back here!"

John stopped and looked at his wife. There was anger upon her face, but doubt and perplexity were striving to overcome it. With a mighty effort Polly lifted herself above the angry tide.

"John Nudkins, are you in earnest?"

"Polly Nudkins, I am."

"And will you keep your word?"

"I will, as true as preachin'."

"You won't drink another drop of rum till I look a cross look, or speak a cross word?"

"I won't, so help me Jerusalem."

"Give me your hand, John. There—now go out and leave me alone. The garden wants weedin', and you might be doing that, while I'm fixing up the house."

Three glasses of the best old Jamaica could not have brought such a glow to John's face as did those few words his wife had spoken. She had spoken to him of his neglected garden, and had done it kindly. He could not remember when such a thing had happened before.

John Nudkins was five and thirty years of age, and was a house carpenter by trade. His father had been a hard drinking man and profane man, and John had been brought up without any regard to moral or religious education. Very fortunately for him, considering the influences that surrounded his childhood and youth, was naturally kind hearted and honest, so he instantly went clear of any vices that beset his path, but his associations were low, and he did not rise above them.

Polly Nudkins had once been Polly Perkins. Her father died when she was quite young—died from the effects of strong drink—and Polly had been brought up by a hard working, cross-grained mother, who treated her children as though they were so many animals, loving them in her way, but never showing that she regarded them as possessed of tender hearts and important souls. If Polly had good qualities of disposition they had never been nourished by her mother, but her muscles were trained vigorously, for she was brought up to work.

The elder Nudkins and Mr. Perkins had once been close companions, and thus John and Polly became intimate in childhood. John grew up to be a good looking man, and Polly grew up to be a buxom lass, and in time John proposed and was accepted.

Some women said that Polly was fortunate. They said so because John was free-hearted and handsome. They did not know how very far short of making a good husband these qualities might come.

The people had said John had gained a prize in his wife. They judged her as they would an ox or a horse—she was a worker.

And John and Polly were married.—John was free-hearted still, and Polly worked. But John did not make any change in his old habits, and Polly brought to the married life the same influence that had surrounded her at home. As soon as the cloud came she became cross and petulant; and when things grew worse she went on to be morose and tyrannical. She did not know better because she had never been taught to do any better. She did not strive to improve herself because she saw no occasion; and as for studying the great problem of life, it was something that had never entered her mind. She saw her husband going down hill—going from bad to worse—and she felt that she had just cause for all she had said and did. She still worked early and late—worked and fretted and scolded—worked until work seemed almost useless to save herself and children from the poor-house—and then she faltered.

To John Nudkins the way down hill was simple and easy enough. Inclined by all his early education that way, it is no wonder that his feet held to the downward path. He had never been a hard working man; but he had been eminently a social one; and when he could not find a social comfort at home, he sought it

elsewhere. In fact his home had come to be a very unpleasant one; and though in his sober moments, he was well aware that he was to blame for much of the domestic ill, yet he could not bring to himself to feel that there could be any use in trying to get sunshine in where his wife was.

And so they lived on, both with good enough in them to have made a happy peaceful home if they could only have found that good and plucked out the foul weeds of bad education and habit that checked down the better fruit.

And so we came to the time of which we write, when the clouds were darkest, and when all that was left as a home to the misguided pair was about fallen to ruin, and destruction. We have heard of the conversation that took place on that June morning after the children had gone to school. John Nudkins went out into the garden as he had been bidden, and Polly was left alone in the kitchen.

"Goodness gracious!"

The towering Alps, with their frowning battlement of eternal snow, arose not more sternly in the path of Hannibal than arose the task which she had taken upon herself before John Nudkins.

"Goodness graces! How in the world shall I set about it?"

And she sat down and thought the matter over.

"I ain't to look cross, nor speak cross. It'll come hard. But I'll try it. I believe I can stand it. I can stand it as long as he can. He promised not to touch a drop—NOT A DROP. I'm blessed if I believe he can do it. I should be ashamed to be the first to back down, and I won't. We'll see how long John can stick and hang."

Polly washed her dishes—they were poor, cracked, mismatched things—but she washed them as she would have washed better ones, and set them away; and when this was done, she peeped through the window into the garden, and there she saw John busily at work pulling up weeds and hoeing around the tender plants. At eleven o'clock he came in after a drink of water.

"By gracious!" he muttered, as he wiped the sweat from his brow. "It kind o'takes hold of me."

Had Polly followed the old bent of her inclinations she would have taunted him with being lazy and good for nothing; but she dared not to do that now; yet she felt obliged to say something, because she knew that the spirit of her promise required that she should be pleasant.

"Come into rest, didn't you, John?"

"No, I just come in to get a drink of water, that's all."

"Wouldn't a glass of spirits taste better?"

"No, Polly—not now. You know I've made the promise; and I mean to keep it if God gives me strength."

The wife's next words were spoken from the impulse of her heart:

"Hold on, John, let me get a pail of fresh water that's been standing."

"I can get it, Polly."

"No,—still from the heart—"you are too tired. I'll get it for you."

And away she went; and very shortly John had a drink of pure water, fresh from the well and when he had drank it he felt no thirst for anything stronger.

Was it the cold water which John had drunk that lightened his hoe when he resumed his labor? No, it was something that had reached down into his soul further than that, a KIND WORD. And for the remaining hour of the forenoon he worked away, feeling that kindly spoken word lightened his spirits as a glass of rum would never have done.

And how was it in the house?

In half an hour Polly Nudkins was humming to herself a tune—an old tune—and it was something that she had not done before for a long time. Surely something must have occurred to send a ray of sunshine across her path, because such people do not sing in the lowering of gloom. Could it have been the effect of her own kindly word to her husband?

Noon came and dinner was ready.—John came in quite weary, and under the influence of the new spirit which Polly had called up she really sympathized with him. The provisions for the meal were very meager, and if she had followed the habit of years, she would have pointed out to her husband upon his head; but she could not do that now. The humming of the old tune had so softened her voice that without much effort she kindly said:

"It's a poor dinner John, but it's the best we have."

And John, with all his good nature aroused by the magic tone of kind words, replied:

"Never mind, Polly, we'll eat what we have to day, and perhaps to-morrow we'll have something better. If I don't drink any more rum I shall save in two ways; I shall earn more, and I shan't spend so much foolishly."

As Polly Nudkins heard these words she asked herself, if she had her husband's welfare in her own hands? Aye—had not only that, but with his welfare, the welfare of herself and his children? But he would keep his promise?

And a still small voice whispered within:

"Keep your promise and hope for the best."

On the following morning when John awoke, he heard his wife at work in the kitchen, and when he had dressed himself he crept out like a culprit, expect-

ing to be abused for his laziness. He did not think it within the bounds of possibility for Polly to keep her promise, but she had been schooling herself, and was ready for the labors of the day.

"Well, John, how do you feel this morning?"

He had been feeling, to use one of his own expressions, "kind o' streaked," but those kind spoken words, and the smile which accompanied them lifted his spirit up in a moment.

"By glory!" he cried, shaking himself, I feel first rate."

He ate his breakfast and then went out to work, but he did not work as long as he had the day before. Towards night he came in looking sad and dejected and sat down with a groan.

"What's the matter, John?" and his wife came and sat down by his side.

"Polly, I'm afraid you'll have to give it up."

The wife was startled. She was just beginning to dream of peace and comfort. Could it be possible that the half formed fabric was going to tumble to pieces.

"John ain't you going to keep your former promise?"

"Oh, it isn't that Polly. God knows I want to do all I can, but I am weak and faint. I can't work as I mean to work. I have drank rum so long, and drank so much, that it pulls me down terribly to break off as I am going now. It will take me two or three days, perhaps a week, to get strong again, and in that time I can't work. I'm all of a tremble now. Oh, you don't know how weak I am."

"No, no!" cried John vehemently, "I don't want any such thing."

"Then what do you want?" asked the wife earnestly. "What can I do for you?"

The husband looked up wonderingly: "Polly," he said tremblingly; "I mean to keep my promise; but can you keep yours if I ain't able to work?"

There was much of fear—so much of prayerfulness in the fainting man's look as he spoke, that the wife felt her heart warmed toward him as it might have warmed toward a suffering child. His face was a mirror upon which she could read all his thoughts and feelings. He wanted to succeed—he wanted to conquer these nemes, and he wanted help. He knew his weakness, and he feared that in the hour of his sore distress, his wife's kindness would fail him. She read it all—all this and much more as plainly as could be spoken. At that moment she could not, had she tried, have spoken harshly: When he came to her so humbly and beseechingly for help, she could not cast him off, and it cost her no effort to put her arm around his neck and say to him:

"John, fear not for me. I will keep my promise if you will keep yours; and if weakness and sickness come upon you from your drinking I will be a good kind nurse, and help you all I can."

And then John let his head sink upon his wife's shoulder, and there he cried like a child.

This was a new experience to Polly Nudkins; but it was a very sweet one.—How her heart softened and melted beneath the influence of those tears!—softened and melted never to grow hard and callous again! Who would have thought that the woman had such a heart? Aye, who would have thought it when herself did not know it? The capacities of the heart are like some of those rare capacities of mind, which may not manifest themselves until some wondrous emergency calls them to the light of day. Many and many a poor wayfarer of earth has plodded darkly and wearily over life's rough and rugged road, outcast and forsaken, degraded and denounced, sinking at length into a dishonored grave, who had a rich mine of wealth in his own heart—only the vein was never struck, and the heart wealth was never brought to the surface.

John Nudkins became very weak, and his limbs shook as though he had the palsy; but it did not last a great while.—At the end of a week he was quite strong, and Mr. Wainwright who had heard of the reformatory movement, came up to see if he could hire him upon a building that he wished to erect as quickly as possible. Help was very scarce, and it was almost impossible to obtain house carpenters at any price.

John went to work at once, and his wages were more than he had thought of asking. The summer passed and John kept his promise, and Polly hers. From the keeping of John's promise came neatness and thrift to all outside; while from the keeping of Polly's promise flowed peace and comfort within. And it had come to pass that neither kept the promise because of fear that the other might fail.—They kept their promise as the Psalmist would keep the statutes of the Lord; because "in the keeping of them there is great reward."

It was Christmas evening. The children were away in one corner playing with the toys, which had been found in their stockings that morning, while the husband and wife sat by the cheerfully blazing fire.

"I declare, Polly," cried John, the reflection of the ruddy blaze upon his plump face giving him very much the appearance of a bluish, "if folks should see us action so, they would think we was two old fools!"

"And who cares if they do," exclaimed the wife in reply, at the same time giving her husband a hearty smack. "I tell you, John, we commenced to be good, an' lovin', an' happy so late in life that we'll have to hurry up if we expect to get anywhere near our full share of comfort."