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

M. D. COOLBAUGH,
Sign and Ornamental Painter,
SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
Opposite Woolen Mills,
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Respectfully announces to the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all who may favor him with their patronage, in a prompt and workmanlike manner.

CHAIRS, FURNITURE, &c., painted and repaired.
PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.
June 11, 1868.—ly.

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.—ly.

C. W. SEIP, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office at his residence, on Main Street, nearly opposite Marsh's Hotel.
All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—ly.

DR. D. D. SMITH,
Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, STROUDSBURG, PA.
Teeth extracted without pain. August 1, 1867.

A Card.
Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
Begs to announce that having returned from Europe, he is now prepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointment to persons living at a distance who may wish to consult him, he will be found at his office every THURSDAY and SATURDAY for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations.
Dec. 12, 1867.—ly.

WM. W. PAUL & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES.
WAREHOUSE,
623 Market St. & 614 Commerce St.
above Sixth, North side,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 19, 1868.—ly.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

HOLLISHEAD'S ITCH & SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.
No Family should be without this valuable medicine, for on the first appearance of the disorder on the wrists, between the fingers, &c., a slight application of the Ointment will cure it, and prevent its being taken by others.
Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
W. HOLLISHEAD,
Stroudsburg, Oct. 31, '67. Druggist.

BEEF,
IRON AND PURE BRANDY,
BY DR. HARTMAN,
Regular Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.
It will positively cure Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and all diseases of the Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.
It has been the means of RESTORING THOUSANDS to health who have been given up beyond the reach of medical assistance. It does more to relieve the Consumptive than anything ever known. Unequaled strengthener for delicate Ladies and Children. EACH BOTTLE CONTAINS THE NUTRITIOUS PORTION OF TWO POUNDS OF CHOICE BEEF.
The cure of Consumption was first effected by the use of RAW BEEF and BRANDY in Russia, afterwards in France, in which countries I have travelled for years.
I have used it with perfect success in my own family. In presenting this preparation to the public I feel confident that every afflicted one who reads this (even the most skeptical) may become convinced, by a single trial that it is truly a most valuable medicine.
Circulars and medicines sent to any address. Price \$1 per bottle—\$2 for \$5.
Laboratory 512 South Fifteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Wholesale Agents, French, Richards & Co., Tenth and Market streets; Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street; R. Shoemaker & Co., Fourth and Race streets, Philadelphia.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Cheap Feed.
GRAIN AT 25 CENTS PER BUSHEL.
Apply at the BREWERY,
July 30, 1868.—ly. East Stroudsburg.

Soliloquy.

I wonder if he loves me?
I'd give the world to know
If what he said the other night
Is true and really so.
He said that I was pretty,
And looked extremely well—
I wonder if he meant it!
How I wish that I could tell.
I wonder if he meant it,
Or did it for a lark,
When, going home, to dim the light,
And kiss me in the dark?
I never can get angry,
He's such an awful quizz;
And then he comes so often—
I don't know how it is!
I wonder if he meant it!
The saucy, endless tease,
To place his arms around my waist
And give me such a squeeze.
I'm sure he thinks I love him,
Because I don't refuse
To please and entertain him
Whenever he may choose.
I really think he loves me,
For, just before he went,
He kissed me twice, and once again,
And said 'twas only lent.
To-morrow night he's coming,
To tease me just the same;
So if there's any damage done
I'm not the one to blame.

WRONGHEADS.—Among the most unpleasant people one is compelled to rub shoulders with on life's highway, are the class whose minds take hold of everything, as it were, the wrong end foremost. They are usually as obstinate as perverse, and the false inferences they draw from misapprehended promises they adhere to with as much tenacity as if they were gospel truths. One knows not how to deal with such incorrigibles.—Good-humored rallying they are as likely as not to mistake for studied insult, kind words for humbug, endeavors to instruct and convince for airs of superiority, and what every one may do or say with a view of benefiting them, for insidious attempts to get on their blind side. Their field of moral vision is filled with a mist of suspicion, which distorts every thing, and it is in vain to reason with them, for you can no more do away with their absurd impressions than you can wipe out graven letters with a sponge. Errors, we suppose, is to them what truth is to the right-minded men and women, and they cling to it because they believe in it. They are objects of commiseration, yet being unattractive nuisances, it is prudent to give them a wide berth. It is really a sad thing to be predisposed by nature to misconceive and misunderstand; but it is equally unpleasant to be misunderstood and misconstrued.

A LESSON IN SAVING.—When I got married, Mrs. O'Lanus and myself passed a joint resolution that we would get rich.—Getting the furniture took all our capital in hand, but I was to give Mrs. O'Lanus all the money I got; she was to buy only what was wanted, and put the rest in the savings bank.

The first year we wanted more than we could buy, and the bank account came out without a balance.
The next year my salary was increased. So was the family.
Likewise the expenses.
Bank account same as year before.
Third year, ditto.
We continued to accumulate at the same rate for several years in succession.

Then the war broke out, and we concluded not to put money in the bank for the present, because things were then so uncertain.

Since then, living has been high, and we have concluded to postpone the accumulation of a fortune until the income tax is abolished, and groceries become reasonable.

A POSER.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-possessed young lady, in a village "down east," received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who after prologuing her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which brought her thither.

"I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C.— Now, if folks inquire again if you be or not, what shall I tell them I think!"

"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unflinching steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them you think you don't know, and you are sure it is one of your business."

ADVERTISING.—It is a poor argument that a merchant brings forward in support of his plea, "that advertising does not pay," when he tells you he never did such a thing, and does not care about beginning now. Dr. Campbell says of advertising:—"The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping the corn is growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, nor never would had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the paper."

If you want some fun, take a pencil, shut your eyes and commence making, on paper, the picture of a pig, beginning with a curved tail, following the line of the back and the face down by the feet, and back to the natural union of a pig and his tail. Result, when you look at your effort, astounding.

The boy who was caught looking through the future, has been arrested for trying to see the show without payment.

A fellow that doesn't benefit the world by his life, does it by his death.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Suggests a Haven of Rest for the Distressed Souls who are in Danger of Losing their Places.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1868.

We had a meeting, in Washington last night to consider things. There are many things to consider just now, and it was deemed proper to consider em. It wuz a lodge uv sorrow. There wuz faint glimmers uv hope onto the countenances uv a few uv those present, but nothin uv certainty—nothin uv assurance. Secretary Randall remarkt that so far ez he wuz concerned he hed made up his mind. He shoold not take offis under the incomin administrashen. He mite yeeld in other matters (for he wuz uv a yeelin nacher), but on this he wuz inflexible. McCulloch and Browning were also determined, but Seward had other ideas. He chirped in that the oldest man, couldn't tell what sixty days would bring forth.

"What shall we do?" askt a Postmaster from Ohio.

"I sejest for President Johnson," sed Randall, "that he apply for the Spanish throne. He woud be acceptable to the Spanish people, for he ez all his life been puttin the Bourbon down."

Randall hez no longer any fear uv the President.

"Gentlemen," remarkt I, "I hev an idea, which if acted onto will put us out uv our sea uv troubles."

"Speek!" exclaimed they all with one breath, "speek!"

"My idea is Cuba. Cuba, the gem uv the Antilles—the briest jewel in the crown uv Spain. Let Sekretary Seward, who hez a talent for reel estate, buy it now before the new Government hez its internal revenue system established, and while it is hard up for money. Let Cuba be the politike Botany Bay uv this country. Let it be bought by Seward and then let the President go to work to wunst a fillin offis for its government, while he still hez the power uv appointin. He must not wait for 'em hold eekshuns, for we alluz succeed better in gettin offis by appointment than by eekshuns. Wat a Heaven I see open before us! I hev been readin Cuba up, and find that Island pays the Home Government \$25,000,000 per annum. If the Spanish Government kin git \$25,000,000 out uv em, we kin double it with our experience. There's enuff for all uv us—Give Randall a place correspondin with that he now holds; make Ben Wood Sooperintendent uv the Havana Lotteries; make Frank P. suthin else, wat it don't matter, ez he'll take anything; make good places for Ross, Fullerton, Binkley, Mrs. Cobb, Vallandigham, Brito, Mrs. Perry, John Quincy Adams, jr., Frank Peerce, General Forrest, Jim Steedman, Rosso, Doolittle, Cowan, Dixon, Sekretary Welles, and all uv that unnumbered throng uv hungry soles, who hev lived on pap so long that any other diet soods on their stumicks. And then—"

"But sponin Congress, when it meets refooses to ratify the purchis by makin an appropriashen?" askt a doubter.

"Refooze to make the appropriashen! Refooze! Ha! Put before General Grant the prospect uv never again seein the Amerikin people the hope uv never seein agin the faces uv any uv the men I hev menushand, with the thousands uv others uv similar tastes, habits, and necessities, and wat wud twenty or thirty millions, more or less, be to em? Nothin! Congress wud vote it instantaneously, and the people woud all say 'Amen!' Lord, how quick the bill wud go through, and how quick Grant wud sign it."

"But sponin Congress shoold refooze, wat then? Jest as well. The Blairs wud hev their posishuns, and the Cuban officials, if they are versed in American politike history, know ef they know anything, that when the Blairs get into a place, nothin but death loosens em.— We shoold hist the banner uv Independence— we shoold point onto that banner the inscripshen. 'Offises for all, in a country where liker is not taxed!' and in a week's time an army uv Dimokrats, big enuff to eageher Spain herself wud be on them shores! And who could stand afore em? Whisper 'Postoffs' in their ears, and they'd wade knee deep in blood. Lord, how the Spanish soljery wud go down afore em! How Frank Blair wud go for Lersundi! How all the trained cohorts uv Dimocriy, wich hev bin abstainin from offis so many years, wud risk their all for a taste uv the sweets uv posishen!"

"Oh! the deliciousness of the prospect! Think uv an island with enuff niggers onto it to do our labor, and enuff white Cubans who can't read to vote for us! Why, it wud recall recollectshuns uv them happy days before the war when the Dimocriy wuz thus constituted. I hunger and thirst for sich."

"Roll swiftly round ye wheels of time. And bring the happy day."

"Then Giral Grant could hev peace! Then he wud only hev the Ablishists on his hand! Then the niggers uv the United States mite hev suffrage, for it wud make no difference to us. We wud hev offis to live onto, and pure niggers to look down upon, and wat more cood we wud want? The only difference wud be, we wud hev to accustom our stumicks to Santa Cruz rum in place uv whiskey, but that we cood do. The effect upon the bowels is the same—it differs only in taste, and I am told that when both are new there snt much difference in that."

The segestion wuz favorably received, and I hev no doubt it will be acted upon.

Eff it is—but why this "if." It must be done—it shal be.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Which is Postmaster.)

Important to Railroad Employees.

Many persons are not aware of the law which we publish below. We commend it to a careful perusal. It will be found most important information for railroad employes, and travelers.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same: From and after the passage of this act, if any person or persons, in the service, or employ, of a railroad or her transportation, company, doing business in this State, shall refuse, or neglect, to obey any rule, or regulation of such company, or by reason of negligence, or wilful misconduct, shall fail to observe any precaution, or rule, which it was his duty to obey and observe, and injury, or death, to any person, or persons, shall thereby result, such person or persons so offending, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine, not exceeding five thousand dollars, and to undergo an imprisonment in the county jail, or in the state penitentiary, not exceeding five years: *Provided*, That nothing in this act shall be construed, to be a bar to a trial and conviction for any other, or higher offence, or to relieve such damages as may have been sustained.

SECTION 2. It shall be the duty of the prosecuting attorney of the city or county, where any such injuries may have happened, as soon as he shall have notice of the same, and taken immediate action and legal measures, for the apprehension and arrest of the person, or persons, who may be charged with causing the injuries aforesaid, and to direct subpoenas to issue from any justice of the peace, to witnesses, to appear and testify on the part of the commonwealth, touching such offenses, charged aforesaid, and to prosecute the offenders as in other cases of misdemeanor: *And Provided further*, That no conviction of the employee shall relieve the company from any liability for any such injuries, or death.

The Boston Journal says that in connection with the election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency, and only second to it in point of interest, is the promotion of Mrs. Grant to the post of "Lady of the White House," it is gratifying to think that the position is one which Mrs. Grant will fill with the true simplicity of an American woman. There will be no attempt to vulgar the grandeur of a regal court, and no vulgar striving after mere sensation. Mrs. Grant is a lady who has maintained, through every event which has marked the vicissitudes of her husband's life, a marked propriety of demeanor. She has been his helpmeet in days of adversity, and his shed his hours without being dazzled by the position, or contaminated by the foolish adulations of those who worship at the shrine of success.

Gov. Cox, Commissioner of Pensions, has prepared his annual report. This states that the total number of pensions, of all classes, on the rolls on June 30th was 169,642, paid at an aggregate rate of \$10,224,183.95. The number of pensions added to the rolls during the year was 28,921, and the number dropped by reason of remarriages, deaths, and other causes, was 14,752. The number of pensions increased during the year was 32,029.—The total amount actually paid for pensions during the year, including arrears and disbursement, was \$24,010,988.99, exceeding by 5,391,935.53 the amount paid the previous year.

Fatal Accident.

Mr. John Jordan, of Greenville, was run over by a train of cars on the D., L. & W. R. R., in front of the Lack. I. & C. Co's store, in this city, on Thursday morning of last week, and so seriously injured that he lived but a few hours. He was standing on the track talking with a friend, and seeing a train approaching he stepped on the other track just in time to be run over by a train approaching from another direction. His son was brakeman on the train that ran over him.—City Journal.

The Spanish Minister at Washington has expressed considerable uneasiness at the reported movements of Cuban filibusters throughout the country, and has issued several communications to Mr. Seward on the subject. Mr. Seward has assured him that no vessel will be allowed to leave any of our seaports for the purpose, and that he himself gives no credit to the reports.

It is said that Gen. Grant is likely, in his first message to advocate such an amendment of the Constitution as shall make the President ineligible to re-election. It is a good thing to do, albeit not one to be often expected from a popular President in his first term, and it would be just like Gen. Grant to do it.

Mr. J. Russel Young, managing editor of the New York Tribune, gave a breakfast, Nov. 16, at Delmonico's to Gen. Grant, Horace Greeley and Gen. Bedeau. This is the first time Gen. Grant and Mr. Greeley have ever met.

Mr. Lancaster, of Texas, was unpleasantly surprised on a recent evening by a party of his neighbors, who took him out and hanged him.

A Remarkable Story—A Widow Married to Her Own Brother, Who She Had Never Seen in His Youth.

[From the Detroit Free Press, Nov. 25.]

There passed through this city yesterday, en route to Chicago, a lady whose history is one of the most remarkable ever brought to public notice. For reasons which all will see the propriety of, we withhold her name, merely relating the facts as they were communicated to our reporter by one who had heard her "strange, true story" from her own lips.

In 1838 her parents emigrated to this country from England, leaving behind them an only son some ten years of age, who had engaged as cabin-boy on a merchant vessel in the East India trade—her landing in New York, where, a few months later, the subject of this sketch was born. While she was yet a helpless infant, both her parents died, and she was sent to the Foundling Home, where she remained some time, when she was finally adopted by a lady and gentleman who then resided in Elmira, New York. Of course she knew nothing of her sailor brother, and she grew up in the belief that she was really the child of her foster parents. At the age of eighteen she married an industrious young mechanic, and set out for the great West. After traveling in various States, they finally settled in Missouri, where they continued prosperous and happy until the storm of war burst upon the country. Then her husband, in common with the thousands of his countrymen, enlisted in the service of the rebellion, and was assigned to General Price's army. He served faithfully during the first eighteen months of the war, but was finally killed in one of the southern engagements. From the breaking out of the war, the lady of whom we write had lost all trace of her foster parents, owing to the disturbed condition of that part of the country in which she resided, and after her husband's death she removed to St. Louis, where she sought to maintain herself by sewing. In 1863, she again married, and her husband embarked in business in St. Louis. This last marriage was a thoroughly happy one, and in the course of time two children were born unto them. The husband gradually extended his business operations, so that much of his time was necessarily spent in traveling about the country, and during one of his business visits visited Chicago, where he became acquainted with a lady and gentleman, who, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, he ascertained were the long-lost foster parents of his wife. Delighted at the discovery he had made, and pleased, no doubt, with anticipations of the joyful surprise he should give his wife, the husband at once concluded his business with the intention of returning to St. Louis, and bringing her to Chicago, for the purpose of reuniting her with her friends, without having first prepared either party for such an event. On the night of his contemplated departure for home, while conversing with Mr. and Mrs. —, it happened that he was led into a recital of his adventures about the world, and before the narrative was finished his listeners knew that their adopted daughter had married her own brother, who before she was born, had sailed for East India. Horrified beyond expression, the wretched man fled from the house, since when no tidings of him have ever reached his friends. This was in March last, and a few weeks later the wretched sister-wife was rendered comparatively poor by the destruction of a large portion of the property left in her hands, by fire.—Although written to by her stricken friends, their letters never reached her, and a few weeks since she started for Elmira, her early home. Upon her arrival here she learned the address of her foster parents, with whom she at once communicated, giving them full details of her experience since she first had them farrowed upon setting out for her western home. Their answer to her letter contained a statement of the terrible discovery of the identity of her husband and brother, together with an affectionate invitation to come to them with her children and stay at their home. Heartbroken and nearly crazed by the strange denouement of her happy married life, the wretched woman hastened to accept the offer, and this morning will doubtless see her reunited to her earliest and dearest friends.

An Epitaph.

The following inscription on the head-board of a grave in Sparta digging, California, is old but good: "In the memory of Mr. John Smith, who met with violent death near this spot 18 hundred and 40 too. He was shot by his pistill. It was not one of the new kind but an old fashioned brass barrel, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"My son, hold up your head and tell me who was the strongest man?"

"Jonah."

"Why so?"

"Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

Here is a queer announcement, which appears in the columns of the Helena (Arkansas) Shield; "May inquiries are made for the Judge of this district. For general information, we will state that his name is Bennett, and he resides in New York, where he is at present with his family."

If you would thrive attend to business

Nature's Convulsions—Meteors and Earthquakes.

The following extract from an Australian paper deserves full attention from the wise men who seek to know the secret of earthquakes. To those who have watched and studied the extraordinary shakes on the west coast of South America, the facts contained in the following extract will prove invaluable, for they are uncolored, frank and spontaneous, as all such scientific notes should be. The facts already given in connection with the famous earth quakes of August 13-16, 1868, in South America seemed full enough and clear; but the corroborating evidence contained in this simple recital, deserve attention from those who give more than a passing notice to earthquakes and their probable cause, meteors:

The Brisbane Courier of the 25th of August states that several of the vessels just arrived from the south ward reported that there was a great deal of electrical atmospheric disturbance on Monday and Tuesday nights, but whether it was the effect or simply coincident with the eclipse our informant could not say. In one case it was attended with fatal results, and a man was killed on board the schooner Cranin by the explosion of an electric meteor. The vessel was off Crowdy Head on Monday, August 17, about midnight, when a heavy southerly squall came on, and all hands were called to shorten sail. A seaman named H. G. Sales was steering, and at half past 12 A. M., on Tuesday the 10th, a meteor, like a ball of fire, fell immediately over the stern of the vessel and exploded with a loud report, resembling that of a heavy piece of ordnance. Sparks of fire were scattered all about the deck, and the steersman was killed by the shock. Every one on board felt a violent shock like that of a galvanic battery but none of the crew were injured except Sales. His body showed no marks, but appeared to be blackened, and some six or seven hours after decomposition set in and the poor fellow was buried over the side. He was a young man, about twenty-three and a smart seaman. The fireball apparently traveled with the wind, which was from the southwest, and when it burst, the flash was so intensely brilliant that the steward, who was lying in his berth below, declared that he saw the fire thro' the seams of the deck. The cabin at the same moment was filled with smoke, which blackened papers lying about. Captain Johnstone says that the discoloration of the paint was like that produced by smoking the ship with charcoal. A peculiar and indescribable smell was perceived for some time after the explosion, and a quantity of flakes like scattered about. Captain Millman states that on his last trip to Sydney a fireball was observed passing ahead of his ship, about 1 A. M., on Monday, the 17th. It traveled in a horizontal direction from northwest to southwest. Apparently it was so near that the officer of the watch alrether course to avoid it, when it burst, and for the moment the whole heavens seemed to be in a blaze of light, and a terrific thunder also. Lightning and thunder continued at intervals through the night and next day (Tuesday) until about half past eight o'clock, when the weather cleared up.

A STORY OF LAWYERS.—Some years since, in the "Quaker City," two men went to law, as they sometimes do in other cities. One of them went to an attorney of his acquaintance a friend, to engage him for his case. "I am very sorry," said the lawyer, "that I cannot serve you, but I am retained on the other side."—After mutual regrets, the gentleman said: "Can't you recommend some member of your profession whom I can engage?" "Oh! yes," said Legatus, "with great pleasure." So he took his pen and wrote an introduction to a good brother of the bar, and after sealing it handed it to the man, who took it and started for the lawyer. On the way he thought he should like to know what was in the note; so he opened it, which read after this fashion: "I am happy to introduce you to Mr. A., a friend of mine who has applied to me to attend his case in court; I should have been pleased to have done it, but am retained on the other side, and have recommended you. N. B.—Two fat geese; you pick one, and I will the other."

PETER HACKET, a veteran printer, who used to work on the New York Tribune, considerably excited Horace Greeley one day. Horace had written "William H. Seward," in his fearful style of chirography, and Peter set it "Richard the Third." The quotation "Tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true," Peter made to read, "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; and fifty 'tis 'tis, two." "Greeley sent for Peter and 'sailed in steep'—'Can't you read the copy?" snarled Horace, "Sure an I can't," said Peter.—"Then, said Horace, "you ought to go to school a month longer." "Fax, Horace, it woudn't do you a bit o' harm to take a lesson or two in pinmanship yourself." There was no more said.

PRETTY TOUCH.—A farmer who was sympathizing with his neighbor Jones on the death of his son, said:

"You should remember, Mr. Jones, there is no loss without some gain. John, you remember was always a monstrous eater."

"I know he was," responded the be-caved parent; "but to think he had laid up all the winter, and died just in having time, is pretty tough, be'g'or Jesus—pretty tough!"