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TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid in the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
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JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

Valuable Property FOR SALE.

The subscribers offer for sale, their residence in Stroudsburg. The lot has a front of 145 ft. on Main Street, with a depth of 250 feet.

The buildings consist of a convenient dwelling-house, store house, barn and other out buildings.

There is an abundance of choice apples, pears, plums, grapes and small fruits, with excellent water.
May 16, '72.] A. M. & R. STOKES.

LACKAWANNA HOUSE,
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,
East Stroudsburg, Pa.
B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.

The BAR contains the choicest liquors and the TABLE is supplied with the best market affords. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-1f.

DR. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most careful and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner.

Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also, to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.

Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.
April 13, 1871.—1f.

DR. C. O. HOFFMAN, M. D.
Would respectfully announce to the public that he has removed his office from Oakland to Canadensis, Monroe County, Pa.

Trusting that many years of consecutive practice of Medicine and Surgery will be a sufficient guarantee for the public confidence.
February 23, 1870.—1f.

Geo. W. Jackson. Amzi LeBar.
Drs. JACKSON & LeBAR

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHERS,
Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg, Pa.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON,
Stroudsburg,

is the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson Residence in Wyckoff's Building.

DR. A. LeBAR,
East Stroudsburg,

office next door to Smith's Store. Residence at Miss E. Heller's.
Feb. 8 '72-1f.

DR. N. L. PECK,
Surgeon Dentist,

Announces that having just returned from Dental College, he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner, and to fill decayed teeth according to the most improved method.

Teeth extracted without pain, when desired, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.

Office in J. G. Keller's new Brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Aug 31-1f.

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law,

Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Burson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Jan 15-1f.

KELLERSVILLE HOTEL.
The undersigned having purchased the above well known and popular Hotel Property, would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has refurnished and fitted up the Hotel in the best style. A handsome Bar, with choice liquors and Segars, polite attendants and moderate charges.

CHARLES MANAL,
Proprietor.
Oct 19 1871. 1f.

Found out why people go to McCarty's to get their furniture, because he buys it at the Ware Rooms of Lee & Co. and sells it at an advance of only twenty-two and two-thirds per cent. Or in other words, Rocking Chairs that he buys of Lee & Co. (through the runners he don't have) for \$4.50 he sells for \$5.50. Pays him to buy some good Furniture.
LEE & CO.
Stroudsburg, Aug. 18, 1870.—1f.

PLASTER!
Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, PENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PA-LING, and POSTS, cheap.

FLOUR and FEED constantly on hand. Will exchange Lumber and Plaster for Grain or pay the highest market price.

BLACKSMITH SHOP just opened by C. Stone, an experienced workman. Public trade solicited.

N. S. WYCKOFF,
Stokes' Mills, Pa., April 20, 1871.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Wil-hamsburgh, N. Y.) Recipe for CON-SUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully com-pounded at

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.
67 Medicines Fresh and Pure.
Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

THE MOUNTAIN FIRES.

A Visit to the Burning Mountains of Pennsylvania—Scenes and Incidents How the Fire Traveled.

[From the New York World.]

PORT JERVIS, May 23.—Strange, very strange, and most unsightly is the ghastly appearance hereabouts of blackened fields, charred and ruined homesteads, and withered brooks, all showing where the scorching tornado of flame has eaten its blasted track. I feel myself at a loss for proper words in which to adequately give an idea of the horribly bare, black desolation stretching for miles into the surrounding country. Fertile fields, gleaming with the vividly glinting green of growing oats or wheat, giving promise of full, abundant crops; stately trees, rejoicing in the unhampered development of years, and shining in the adorning bravery of many leaved spring; and even the numerous intersecting fences which bore token to the farmer's care and skill, have all vanished from the surface of earth, leaving no trace save the melancholy cin-dery fragments which strew the ground far and wide.

For over four weeks not a drop of rain fell upon the parched and thirsty soil; the earth was dry and crumbling, and every breeze, however gentle, floated away thick, powdery puffs of dust, the streams sank daily lower and lower, leaving ex-posed dense banks of ooze mud from which arose the wan shapes of malaria; many of the mountain brooks were dried entirely; springs ceased to flow, and wet buckets came in contact with the bottom, and the Delaware river could be waded at this spot, for the water was lower than one's knees. A fearful drought had settled upon everything with a universal, all absorbing blight. Overhead, thick, dense, and impalpable hung the cloud of smoke curling ever upward from the burning woods. Dimly shone the hazy sun, its beams obscured and looking like a dull ball of clouded light, the darkly op-pressing glare experienced in the heat seeming to portend some great destruc-tion, vague and vast. Fierce showers of charred twigs and bits of burned leaves still glowing with evanescent sparks pat-tered down in weary sequence, and from the distance, faint and dim, came the muffled roar of the fiery tempest.

In Pike county, Pennsylvania, just across the river, the fire swept with its besom of destruction, covering as it went more than seven miles, a large extent of much of the best land in the vicinity.— Looking hence, the progress of the storm could be marked by an appearance like that given to the Israelites of old—a cloud of smoke by day, and at night a glowing mass, transfused and shot through by arrow fires. Futile efforts were made to stay its advance, but vainly. Like an inevitable torrent, it flowed steadily on-ward, with the might and calm impres-siveness of fate. It seemed some horrible monster, conscious of its work and glory in its power; insatiable, and demanding the more the more was given, and never glancing back. Old landmarks vanished in its glowing embrace. A thin stream of fire would run in advance of the coming wall of flame, leap upon the side of a barn, and sit over the cracking, gum-exuding boards in impish glee, then dive sudden-ly into the interior. Faint blue smoke would arise tremblingly and drift away into lazy motion; then a quick jumping stream of fire would follow, light issue from all parts at once, and almost instan-taneously the barn would become the vor-tex of the flaming whirlpool that roared and raved around it as the centre. By this time the wall of fire would have ap-proached and all would be engulfed with-in the larger flood, and barns, houses, and cattle-sheds be whirled away in ashes and smoke. Ahead, but all too short a way, the frightened family would be fleeing along the road, often times saving only the clothing they wore, carrying the little ones, whose lagging feet would have cost their lives, and followed by what domestic animals they could have persuaded to come—dogs, horses, sheep, cows, oxen, hens, and even geese pressing forward in a con-fusedly mingled mass, flying with common accord from the huge, wide stretching wall of fire that ran after them with such terri-ble rapidity, thrusting out long arms, eager to clutch, and roaring like the wind.

Many were the instances where the fire hurried on so swiftly that it seemed as though it but designed to plant the seed, leaving that to develop as best it might. The flaming wall would in some cases rush past with the whirl and dash of a plunging cataract, and in its track would be seen the parched fields faintly flickering, and houses and trees fiercely burning, while the main body of flame be-tens of rods away. At the lumber vil-lages of Carter and Gould, Pa.—the two separated only by a stream, named Lar-ry's Creek—the fire came upon the in-habitants so very quickly that scarcely anything was saved. Terrified, hemmed in, surrounded by a blazing wall, they sought refuge upon the thousands of logs lying in the mill-pond near one of the villages. And here occurred one of the most curious incidents of the fire. As though determined not to relinquish any substance which could be made to burn, the flames came down to the water edge, pounced upon the half submerged logs, and drove away the frightened occupants in dismay. Dashing on, the fire swept over this large mass of floating timber, and, in a short time, three thousand logs were blazing at more than furnace heat

blown by a tornado. Think of this vast collection of wood, crackling and roaring in one huge flame, while around its lower edge was a continual sizzling as fire came in contact with water, bellowing of rush-ing flames mingled with sharp hissing.— It was a picture as grand as it was awful. Finally came the blessed rain. Big surly clouds strutted high into the sky, and there collected in threatening port-ent. They grew blacker and blacker; once in a while a keen dazzling flash of lightning sped across their sombre fore-heads, followed at an interval by the hoarse, low rumble of tar off thunder.— Thousands were collected in all the coun-ties scourged by the fires, with heads up-turned and eyes a-stare, gazing wistfully, painfully at the clouds, praying and hop-ing, yet hardly daring to hope. In this vicinity the streets were crowded with wide eyed gazers, all keeping a perfect silence, intent only upon the darkening heavens. A big drop of rain fell upon a man's head; he lifted his arm and looked at it almost wonderingly. Then came another, and still another, and quickly down poured the sheet of driving, drench-ing water. But who cared for being drenched; relief had come, and fires would be stayed. Large, muscular men sobbed audibly, women threw themselves upon their knees and passionately thanked God in inarticulate words for the sweet boon of heaven's charity, and little children joined in the general chorus of thank-giving. Down poured the rain and down fell the fires, fighting to the last, but at length stifled and choked. The thirsty smoke ascended the billowy masses, sul-len and reluctant, but defeated and retir-ing. So ended the great fires of the spring.

It is not possible at present to even es-timate the immense loss caused in Sul-livan, Delaware and Ulster counties, New York; Sussex county, New Jersey; and Pike, Wayne and Monroe counties, Pennsylvania; but it cannot fall short of many millions of dollars. This will in-clude the destruction of crops, timber, cut and uncut; saw mills, with the stock of machinery and logs and boards; bridges, plankroads, farm houses, barns, sheds, cattle, domestic animals, stored produce, fences, and several small villages, where the destruction of individual property has been almost complete. Fortunately I can hear of no lives being lost.

In the Saddle.

A cavalry camp immediately after re-ville, says Gen. Custer in his "Life on the Plains," always presents an animated and most interesting scene. As soon as the rolls are called and the reports of ab-sentees made to headquarters, the men of the companies, with the exception of the cooks, are employed in the care of the horses. The latter are fed, and while eating are thoroughly groomed by the men, under the superintendence of their officers. Nearly an hour is devoted to this important duty. In the meanwhile the company cooks, ten to each company, and the officers' servants, are busily en-gaged preparing breakfast, so that with-in a few minutes after the horses have received proper attention breakfast is ready, and being very simple it requires but little time to dispose of it. Im-mediately after breakfast the first bugle call indicative of the march is the "General," and is the signal for the tents to be taken down and everything packed in readiness for moving. A few minutes later this is followed by the bugler at headquarters sounding "Boots and saddles," where horses are saddled up and the wagon train put in readiness for "pulling out." Five minutes later "To horse" is sound-ed, and the men of each company lead their horses into line, each trooper stand-ing at the head of his horse. At the words "Prepare to mount," from the commanding officer, each trooper places his left foot in the stirrup; and at the command "Mount," every man rises in his stirrup and places himself in his saddle, the whole command presenting the appearance to the eye of a huge machine propelled by one power. Woe betide the unfortunate who through carelessness or inattention fails to place himself in the saddle simultaneously with his compan-ions. If he is not for this offence against military rule deprived of the services of his horse during the succeeding half day's march, he escapes luckily. As soon as the command is mounted the "Advance" is sounded, and the troops, usually in "column of fours," move out. The com-pany leading the advance one day march in rear the following day. This suc-cessive changing gives each company an opportunity to march by regular turn in advance. Our average daily march, when not in immediate pursuit of the enemy, was about twenty five miles. Upon reach-ing camp in the evening the horses were cared for as in the morning, opportu-nities being given them to graze before dark. Pickets were posted and every precaution adopted to guard against a surprise.

A fine quarry of lithographic stone has been discovered in Kentucky, on the line of the Lexington and Big Sandy railroad. There is but one other similar quarry in the world.

An immense mackerel, probably the largest of its kind ever caught, was cap-tured off Norfolk, Virginia, the other day. The monster was thirty inches in length, nineteen in girth, and weighed sixteen pounds.

Female Gamblers at the German Spas.

Baden, Hamburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems have each their feminine noblesse from the leading nations of Europe. They compose, indeed, some of the best known habituées; can be met, while they are alive, in the Dichtenthal avenue, the Wilhelmstrasse, or on the Mahlbey-Kopf with as much certainty as the tail-leur with his imperturbable face, rigidly polite manners, and perpetual "Faites votre jeu, messieurs."

One of the most noted players of rank is the famous Countess Kisselef, whom all frequenters of Hamburg must remem-ber as a large gray-haired woman hob-bling about with a crutch, and often carried by her servants in an invalid chair to the gaming table, which she seldom quits. She must be seventy five now, and has been reported dead again and again. Her portly and crippled figure was conspicuous in the Cursaal last season, and will be again this, I am sure. She could hardly forego the pleas-ure of occupying her accustomed seat during the last gambling year, when she has for nearly a quarter of a century breathed the genial summer air of the Taunus Mountains. She is, or rather was, the wife of the former Russian minister to Rome, and all kinds of stories are told her. She is said to have separat-ed from her husband because he insisted that she should give him up or give up gaming, and she adhered to the latter as the more attractive of the two. The gossipers declare that up to her fortieth year she was a beautiful basilisk of fasci-nation, and her figure (who ever saw a very fat old woman that had not once been a modal of Bismarck's grace?) so light and symmetrical that St. Petersburg and Moscow followed it with adoring eyes. (If this be so, it is only another corrob-oration of my aesthetic theory concerning the tendency of rank to awkwardness and avoirdupois.) The hour of beginning the game is almost invariably anticipated by the countess. She is at the table before the croqueter, day and night, week days and Sundays, and her glances to her familiar chair. Roulette is her life, and her last words, as the ball of death goes swinging round the circle of her being, will be, no doubt, "Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus."

Her losses at Hamburg are stated to have been enormous—not less during the last twelve or thirteen years than eight or ten millions of florins. She has done much to improve the little town, has built many of its best houses and opened a street, which is named in her honor. But all her property has been mortgaged, and it is questionable if she now has left, out of a colossal fortune, more than a modest independence. She no longer bets with her former audacity, staking rouleaux of napoleons upon a simple chance, but limits her mise to a few florins, in consequence of her compara-tively straitened circumstances. To her more than to any other one person the Direction is indebted for the large divi-dends, averaging about twenty per centum per annum, which it pays to its stockholders, after deducting its very liberal expenses. All the tables at the springs are owned in this manner, though, as may be presumed, the companies are supremely close corporations, and the shares are no more purchasable than the correct biography of Prester John. As divided paying stocks they probably have no rivals in all Europe.

A lioness at Baden is the Princess Suvarrow, a Russian lay of distinction, who devotes herself almost as zealously to rouge et noir in the Conversationshaus as the Countess Kisselef does to roulette in the Cursaal. She must have been ex-cceedingly pretty; indeed, she is very good-looking now, although full five and forty, if it be allowable to conjecture a woman's age, and she still has a fine presence and engaging manners. Always dressed richly—yellow silk, trimmed with black lace, is her favorite costume, set-ting off her brunette beauty to advantage—and having a really grand air, she draws the fire of many glances. Accord-ing to general report, she has played as sad havoc with the funds of the Baden bank as she has with the hearts of men all the way from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Constantinople to Antwerp. She is said to have won as much as her notorious country woman has lost, and she bears the credit of having again and again ex-hausted the treasury of the tailor. Her reputation as a lucky player is diffused throughout the grand duchy, and she is often implored to make bets for others, as persons believed fortunate are apt to be.

Full of bonhomie, she generally yields to persuasion, albeit she avers she has little leisure to look after other stakes than her own. She is deemed the best authority on systems in the entire valley of Oel bach, and appears to have studied them to some purpose. I have been im-formed that she has thousands of the little prickled cards (having noted the course of the game for many years) care-fully arranged in her archives according to date, and that she gives the late hours of the night to their diligent investiga-tion. She must be a feminine Anastasius, if all the *on dit*s concerning her are to be trusted. She has been everything and done everything; speaks all languages; has traveled all over the world—in, in a word, a paragon of imprudence and en-chantment, of folly and generosity, of wickedness and charity, of tenderness and temptation. She is a Greek, a Russian,

an Italian, a Spaniard, and a French wo-man; the much-fathered daughter of a Grand Vizier, of the Pope of Rome, of the Emperor William, of a Russian ad-miral, of a Spanish grandee, and of a French general. Everybody at Baden knows something about her nobody else knows; and what each knows is also-gathered different from the general knowl-edge of this singular woman, who seems pleased with the mystery surrounding her, and nowise averse to deepening it by a con-tinuation of eccentric courses and in-explicable vagaries.—*Junius Henri Broene.*

The Will of James Gordon Bennett.

The late James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald always betrayed a de-sire to retain the ownership of the Herald up to the moment of his death. He lived only for that purpose, and any commenda-tion was ever a key to his heart and good will. But he was not unmindful of the duty of disposing of his property. Shortly before his wife and daughter went to Europe, the venerable journalist made a will which was satisfactory to the family. He dealt out his wealth with a princely hand, and each of his three heirs are now the absolute owners of millions of dollars. The following are said to be the principal provisions of the will:

To his son, James Gordon Bennett he gives the Herald establishment and Herald Building on Broadway, and also the property on Fulton, Ann and Nassau streets, formerly the site of the Herald. It is said that the will also provides that young Mr. Bennett shall not sell the Herald, and that it shall remain in posses-sion of the family.

To his widow he gives the mansion, corner of Thirty-eight street and Fifth avenue, with other real estates up town.

To his daughter, Miss Jeannette Ben-nett, he gives his mansion and grounds on Washington Heights, and also some personal property and mementoes.

The above are said to be the provisions of the will made by Mr. Bennett a few weeks before his wife sailed for Europe. It is asserted that he neither altered it nor made another will. The whole period of his recent illness was used by him solely to prepare for his last end.

Miss Jeannette Bennett is now about eighteen years of age. Her father and brother literally doted upon her. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart—and so anxious was young Mr. Bennett to have her remain there, that when a governess whom he had em-ployed sent her to a different institution in his absence, he discharged the tutor and took Miss Jeannette back to the sisters.

How California Fields are Plowed.

The fields are plowed with what are called gang plows, which are simply four, six or eight plowshares fastened to a stout frame of wood. On the lighter soil eight horses draw a seven gang plow, and one such team is counted on to put in 640 acres of wheat in the sowing season; or from 8 to 10 acres per day. Capt Gray, near Merced, has put in this season 4,000 acres with five such teams—his own land and his own teams. A seed sower is fast-ened in front of the plow. It scatters the seed, the plows cover it—and he work is done. The plow has no handles, and the plowman is, in fact, only a driver; he guides the team; and the plows do their work. It is easy work, and a smart boy, if his legs are equal to the walk, is as good a plowman as anybody—for the team turns the corners, and the plow is not handled at all. It is a striking sight to see, as I saw, 10 eight horse teams following each other, over a vast plain, cutting "lands" a mile long, and when all had passed me, leaving a track, 40 feet wide, of plowed ground. On the heavier soil the process is somewhat different. An eight horse moves a four gang plow, and gets over about six acres per day. The seed is then sown by a machine which seatters it forty feet, and sows from 75 to 100 acres in a day, the ground is then harrowed and cross-harrowed. When the farmer, in this valley has done his winter sowing, he turns his teams and men into other ground, which he is to summer fallow. This he can do from the first of March to the middle of May; and by it he secures a remunerative crop for the following year, even if the season is dry. This discovery is of inestimable impor-tance to the farmers on the drier part of these great plains. Experience has demonstrated conclusively, that if they plow their land in the Spring time, and then let it lie till the Winter rains come on, then sow their wheat and harrow it in, they are sure of a crop; and the Summer will have killed every weed, beside.

The Arctic wolves hunt together in companies, and if they meet an animal which they have not the courage to at-tack openly, they form into a semi-circle or crescent, and rush down upon it, un-til the creature, terrified by the number of its enemies, hurries over a precipice, and is dashed to pieces, when they search out the body and enjoy the feast.

Three fourths of one per cent. of ash of corn cobs is pure carbonate of potash. Is potash. If all the corn cobs annually raised in the United States were man-ufactured for their potash, it would yield 115,500,000 pounds of the commercial alkali.

A Close Shave.

We have heard of a great many mean transactions in the way of close bargains and shaving, but we don't remember to have met anything closer or smaller in that line than the following:

Paran Judkins was a justice in a west-ern district—a grasping, miserly, close-fisted, flint-hearted man, who had grown old and gray in money-making. One day he hired a poor man to come and do some work about his house. Upon removing his coat, preparatory to setting at work, the laborer's pipe slipped out upon the ground, and old Judkins saw it, and pick-ed it up. After working while the man thought he would smoke, but upon look-ing for his pipe it was not to be found. Judkins came out while he was search-ing, and asked him what he had lost.

"I've lost my pipe," said the man.

"Is this it?" asked Judkins, holding up the pipe.

The man said it was, and reached out his hand to take it.

"Hold!" said Judkins. "It is a small thing, I know; but since I am a justice, we may as well proceed legally. In or-der to make a proper avowal of owner-ship you must be sworn. Hold up your hand."

The man held up his hand, and Jud-kins administered the oath, after which, the laborer still persisting in his owner-ship, the pipe was surrendered.

When the job for which the poor fel-low had been engaged was done, he came for his pay. He had worked half a day, and wanted fifty cents.

"All right," said Judkins. "You owe me half a dollar, so we are just square?"

"I—I—owe you, 'squire?"

"Yes. The law allows me half a dol-lar for administering the oath? Don't you see?"

The poor man saw to his sorrow; for upon that basis Judkins forced the set-tlement.

Scene in a street car.

The following amusing scene in related to have occurred recently in a Washing-ton horse-car. As the car was passing down Pennsylvania avenue, a well-dressed young man was standing on the rear platform, with one foot on a trunk. He was approached by the conductor, and his fare demanded, which was promptly hand-ed over.

Conductor—I demand 25 cents for the trunk.

Young man (hesitatingly)—25 cents? Well, I think I will not pay it.

C.—Then I shall put the trunk off.

Y. M.—You had better not, or you may be sorry for it.

Conductor pulls strap, stops car, dumps trunk on the avenue, starts car, and af-ter going some two squares approaches the young man, who was still as calm as a summer morning, and in an angry mood, says: "Now I have put your trunk off, what are you going to do about it?"

Young Man (coolly)—Well I don't pro-pose to do any thing about it; it's no con-cern of mine, it wasn't my trunk.

Conductor (fiercely)—Then why didn't you tell me so?"

Y. M.—Because you did not ask me, and I told you you'd be sorry for it.

C. (furious)—Then go inside the car.

Y. M.—Oh, no! you're good enough company for me out here.

At this juncture a portly German emer-ges from the car, and angrily says, "Hi! Yor feller, where is my trunk?"

Young Man—My friend, I think that is your trunk down on the avenue there.

German—Who puts him off? I hate demonish to pay him. I will see about dot.

The car was stopped, and shortly after-wards the conductor was seen to come perspiring up with the trunk on his back—a part of the performance he did not enjoy half as well as did the passen-gers.

Anecdote of a Dog.

A narrow log lay as a bridge over a deep ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there start-ed to cross it a big Newfoundland dog, and a little Italian greyhound; of course, they met in the middle; of course, there was not room for them: pass, neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one to the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix! The lit-tle dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose in the air and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound—as if to say, "be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was a silence and seeming confabulation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bridging the log on the extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully.—The little dog sprang through the open-ing like a flash. When they reached the opposite shore the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the New-foundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievement—as he surely had a right to do.