

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 30.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., JULY 11, 1872.

NO. 10.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, at the rate of \$1.50. Each additional square, 30 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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.

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 of the market. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4f.]

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 his long and constant practice, and the most exact 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, material and skillful manner.

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 25, 1870.—4f.

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,
is next door to Smith's Store. Residence at Miss E. Heller's. Feb. 8 72-4f.

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 31-4f.

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 13-4f.

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.
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 twenty-five 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.—4f.

PLASTER!
Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, FENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PAINTING, and POSTS, cheap.

FLLOUR 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.

REWARD A. WILSON'S (of WILSONSBURG, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at

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

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby at Home—The Corners Finally Brought to the Sport of Mr. Greeley.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(which is in the Stait uv Kentucky.)

I hed a severe time uv it at the Corners gettin our people to consent to takin in the great and good Horris Greeley to their buzzums, and embracin uv him the same ez tho he hed bin Breckinridge, Hoffman, or sum sich man wich they hed bin more familiar with. It took four days uv persistent swearin afore I could convince them that I hed eny ize uv supportin a man, wich they hed heard me denounce ez the vilest Ablishen despot on orth a thousand times. Alas! they don't know the full elastisity uv the Demokratie mind.

I called a mection and give em an account uv my stewardship at Cincinnati.

I comment my remarks by sayin that I went to Cincinnati with a view uv nominatin that sterlin patriot, Judge Davis, who, tho in offis ez a Republikin, hezen't enuff Republikanism about him to hurt him, or that other sterlin patriot, Charles Francis Adams, the son of John Quincy Adams, wich hezen't anything uv the Adams about him but the name. It wuz a gatherin uv the people, not an offisholders convenshun; and that wuz what wuz the matter with us. Not one uv the delegates had a government posishen, and not one uv us hed any chance uv gittin one under Grant. "Grant be d—d" wuz the cry in chorus. "Give us anybody else."

I confest, tho, I wuz somewhat disappointed. The convenshun hed throwd off on Adams and Davis, and nominated Greeley.

"Hang him!" shouted the people. "I kin lick any man in a minute who asks me to vote for him!" shouted Kernel McPelter.

I paid no attenshun to these compliments. "I hed no idea uv supportin him, and wuz glad uv his nominashun only ez I bleevd he would draw off enuff Republikin votes to enable us to elect a sound Constitute-honel Demokrat."

"That's what we want—a sound Constitute-honel Demokrat!" shouted Kernel McPelter, late uv the Confedrit servis. "But I hev notist that the great majority uv the Demokratie papers—[I kin read my brethern and hev that advantage over you]—insist on adoptin him at our convenshun, and if so he is our candidate."

"We'll see him—"
"Hold!" said I quickly, "no good Demokrat kin bolt a regular nominashun, and after all Horris is not the wust one we kin hev. Our motto wuz 'Principles, not Men.' We carried it out to the letter. We adopted principles; and ez for men we come ez near nothin ez possible under the circumstances. Troo, he is a high protective tariff man, wich don't sate Elder Pennibacker, but the Elder must remember that the versateel. Horris is willin, ef we will support him, to treat that ishoo ez one to be settled by the people elsewhere. He wuz an oppressor uv the South Kernel McPelter wood say. Troo, he wuz at times, and then agin at times he wuzn't. I hev waich the great and good Greeley closely for many years. There ain't no question that I now remember uv (except slavery and the price uv the Noo York Weekly Tribune) that he ain't been on both sides uv a dozen times. Like the intoxicated indivjuel who coodent git in bed coz the room wuz whirlin round, and who determined, finally, to lay still and wate till the bed come round to him, all that eny question hez to do is to stay still and Horris is certain to come round to it. He bleevd slavery wuz unconstitushnel and yet was for payin the nigger owners for the nigger. He defuded John Brown's raid and opposed secesshun—Then immediately thereafter he favored secesshun, then insisted on war agin us for secedin, then urged the Federal birielias on to Richmond; then tried to patch up a peace with us. He hez bin a Radical and a Conservative, a Fourierite and a believer in bran bread. He opposed Taylor and supported him; he supported Lincoln and opposed him; in short he hez bin on all sides uv all questions—one side to day and other to morrow, and very frekently both at the same time. In short I don't know uv nothin that he hezen't bin, and can't imagine nothin that he ain't extremely likely to be. I read his rekord yesterday, and wuz wuss tore up in my mind than ez tho I hed bin on a drunk for a week. I never knowd more confusin or intoxicatin readin."

"But," said Deekin Pogram, "are we Democrats to be compelled to vote for sich a bundle uv contradichshuns?"

"My aged friend," I replied, blandly, "wood you like to receive from me the triflin sum uv one hundred and eighty dollars, which I owe you? Wood Bascom? Wood—"

From every indivjuel in that awjence there came up like the roar uv a torrent, "Yes!"

On the question uv payin my debts the people at the Corners are singularly yonanimous.

"My brethin, the way to my liquidatin is Post Offis, and Post Offis only. Ef I wuz in my old place now occupied by that disgustin nigger, Lubbock, you wood hev at least a chance for your money. Ef that great and good Greeley is elected that nigger goes out and I go in. Pollock

goes out of the Collector's Offis, and in goes Isaker Gavitt or Kernel McPelter. Watkins, the nigger Assessor, woodn't be allowed to hold his place a moit, and that saint Deekin Pogram, or that other saint Elder Pennibacker wood be immediately installed, and—"

"Hear! hear!" from Isaker Gavitt, Elder Pennibacker, McPelter and Pogram—Kernel McPelter earnestly lickin a man who indulged in lafer.]

"In short, my brethin, we want the offis. We hev bin eaten grass, like Nebeschadexzer, since 1860 (wich the excesshun of Johnson's blessed years,) and Pharaoh's lean kine ain't nothing to us. We hunger and thirst for em. Uv course I'd rather git my place back agin under Breckinridge, but rather than not hev it I'd take it from Wendell Phillips himself. Ef Greeley is necessary to gettu them I go for Greeley. He may shift ez fast ez he pleases, I kin follow him. Put that post oris in front uv me, and ef he kin shift faster than I kin, I hev overestimated my powers in that line. And we shel git the offis under him. He will insist upon qualifichshens strenuously, but he hez his own standard. He believes that them as admires Horris Greeley are ex effisho fit for any place under any government, and them who don't ain't wuth a d—n for anything. I am talented at admittin such men, I am."

Pogram, Pennibacker, McPelter, and Isaker Gavitt wuz entirely convinced, but there was still murmering among the others.

"You idiots," sed I sternly, "is Grant a Republikan?"

"He is, he is."

"Hev you, ez Democrats, anything to expect from him?"

"We hev'n't," they replied.

"Do you know the pekooyarties uv the great and good Horris? We know what he is to-day; we know what he wuz yesterday, and such uv you ez kin read plain print and write without running yoor tongues out kin assertrate wat he wuz before that. Wat he hez bin you know, but wat he will be only the Almity, who knows all things, can tell, and no one but himself supposes he is uv sufficient account to be made the subject uv prophecy. We are very certin uv a Republikin ef Grant is elected—we may hev a Republikin or a Dimokrat ef Greeley succeeds. It is an even chance where he lites, with the per cent. in our favor, for uv course the Republikans will make fun uv him, wich ez the only thing he never forgives. Ez an uncertainty is better for us than a certainty, rah for Greeley!"

They wuz convinst, and immediately a Greeley club wuz organized. In Cincinnati I hed embark in a speculashun. I hed twenty dollars left from the money I hed borrowed uv Judge Davis' committee, and I invested em in fifty white hats uv an ancient pattern, expectin to sell em to the Greeley club wich I inteded to organize, at say \$1.50. After the club wuz organized I stated to em that the uniform must be like the dress uv our beloved chief, a white hat and the left pantaloons leg on the top uv the boot leg, and that I hed sekoored white hats enuff to supply the club. Here a difficulty okkurred. In the entire party there wuzn't a pair uv pantaloons wich wuzn't worn off at least three inches above where a boot top would be, and it being warm weather the aujence wuz all barefooted. However they took the hats readily, and I stashed myself at a table to receive the money for em. A profit uv fifty-five dollars wuzn't so bad. Alas, how human hopes are blighted! Bascom said he would take them hats, collect the money for em, and credit me on account! and he did it. I didn't get a dollar uv it.

I swallowed it as best I mite, for it ain't no good to make a row about it.—No one in the Corners opposes Bascom for he has all the likker there iz. But we hed a jollifichshun over the organizashun. It was a cheerin site to see fifty men in Greeley white hats drinkin the health uv the great Horris in Bascom's new whisky. It wuz a cheerin site to see the zeal wich the admirers uv the white coated philosopher, all in white hats, went for sich niggers ez they found in the street that nite. I don't despir uv seein niggers flogged under them white hats.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY
(wich wuz Postmaster.)

A Chicago family were much surprised the other day at the sudden appearance of their cat, which was lost during the catastrophe of the fire, and was supposed to have been burned. After an eight months' absence he had returned to his old haunts, where a new house had been built and an entire transformation taken place.

It is said nearly all the Williamsport editors were robbed at Barnum's show while in the city. One of them lost a Barlow knife, another an empty "wallet," and another a briar pipe. The Fiji (?) woman is suspected as the thief. So says the Jersey Shore Herald man, whose loss, we believe, was a pound of dog-leg tobacco and a brass rule.

A friend of ours, says "B. Dadd," who worketh like an adder, estimates that not less than 9,000,000,055,000.72 flies will lose their lives by falling into molasses and things this summer. If our readers think this is a wild exaggeration, they are at liberty to travel around and count the flies.

Tom.

There is a picture for sale in a neighboring city with which there is connected a curious story. On the back is scrawled, "T. A., Obiit 1865." The artist died by his own hand, for a cause of suicide more common than love, or religious mania, or despair; and as poor Tom was well known, and near akin to many of our readers, the history of his picture and himself seems to us worth telling.

As for the picture, it is in execution nothing but a crude, strong dash or two of color; only a bit of sandy beach, a dead woman washed ashore, a man keeping watch over her, and a bird, the solitary living thing in the world, disappearing in the stormy sky, leaving him alone with his dead. But there is the subtle something in it which touches us, as do all great utterances of truth or human feeling; it is one of the inspired words, painted, or spoken, or written, that are strong as love, or grief, or death, and share their nature.

There was something about the painter, too, from the time he was a boy, that set him apart from other men as one who had a message given him to utter. After all, God does give nowadays to certain men special errands to their fellows; and whether it be to make them cry or laugh, or to call them to be heroes or saints, or to show the stupendous joke of misery or comfort under life, or to explain fishes, or, like Bezaleel, to be "filled with the spirit of God in working with iron and brass," they carry about them the signs of their commission as plain as the shining on Moses' face when he came down from the mountains with the tables of stone. Even as a boy, Tom knew that he had an errand. It might be but a petty thing, a picture to paint, or a crayon sketch or two to finish. But it was his work, which no man could do but himself. He caught hints of it everywhere in the glass of water flickering in his hand, or the stone under his feet as much as the song nobly sung or the life of some other man greatly loved. It was clear enough to him; but flickering light or songs and loves of others would not make it clear to the world. There were times when the desire for its utterance so strong upon him that if he could have accomplished his work he would have been ready, shy, hearty, young fellow as he was, to cry, "Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace." He did not fall into the usual mistake of genius as to the ease of delivering his message. He had a slipshod dependance on winged Pegasus to carry him, or draughts from Helicon to give him divine strength. Slow and incessant work, and unfinching integrity to his errand, he knew only would carry him safely to his jourey's end, and he set out on his career most gallantly.

But Tom was poor, and—Tom married; married a woman who thoroughly recognized him and his errand. They lived in a shabby little house in the suburbs of New York, where their first baby was born; a house where the roof leaked, and where the floors were carpetless. But going there, you found their talk furnished with such high and noble thoughts, their daily lives so rich in love, so gay in jests and fancies, so sweet and admirable in temper, that the background of want seemed only meant to throw into relief these sunshiny figures. Books, too, music, nature, and art meant so much more to them than to other men and women; they drew such strength and wealth out of even the blades of grass at their gate or the sunlight on their bare floor, that one could not but envy the rich heritage that they would bequeath to their boy.

It was about this time this picture was painted. Men found in it something of a message from the gods struggling to be heard; they looked curiously at Tom and said, "Presently we shall have a great man among us." But they did not buy the picture. They did not buy any of Tom's pictures.

As years went by this fact forced itself closer and closer upon the painter. The more he fixed his eyes upon the stars the more his empty pocket took life and gnawed like a fox at his vitals. He and his wife could have always found food and royal clothing for themselves in their consciousness of their great work for man kind, but for their boys they wanted broadcloth, beef, and potatoes to equal those of their neighbor's children across the way. One day a picture auctioneer offered Tom a place as "hack." "Give up this Flemish accuracy and this peculiar fancy which struggles through all your work. You can dash me off two or three bold studies a day; something to catch the public eye. Course as you please. You need never put your name to them." The wages offered were a competency. It was an everyday transaction; the man had simply to make a choice between poverty with his own work and wealth without it. To Tom, however, it seemed a choice between God and Mammon. It threatened to reach soul and body asunder. But the children had their hands upon him. Should they not have their share of the world's comfort, gentility, style? Tom went into the road where all hacks tramp together their treadmill round which leads nowhere in life or death. He had meant to be deaf and blind if any Voice summoned him out of it. But he never heard again the heavenly Call. His body is alive yet, goes about, with those of his wife and children, well fed and well to do. Their floors are carpeted with cheap Brussels, and in their clothes they follow the fashions scrupulously and

promptly. But Tom, finding this old picture exposed for sale the other day, scrawled on its back, "T. A. Obiit 1865."

There are so many Toms in studios, in newspaper offices, in the pulpit, that we have thought it worth while to tell his story. We do not know whether he ever questions what the loss in his choice has been to himself, his children or the world; but it may not be too late for some of them to pause in theirs, and ask themselves, "Was this well done?"

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A WIFE.

A Man Chains His Wife to a Heavy Weight and Burns Her Mouth with a Poker to Prevent Her Dringing.

[From the Pittsburgh Leader, Thursday.]

Last night one of the Mayor's patrol had his attention drawn to a bare headed, lightly draped woman, who had a heavy chain padlocked to her neck, and a large metal weight, weighing fully thirty pounds, attached thereto. Thinking she was an escaped lunatic he at once took her into custody and lodged her in the lock-up. She gave her name as Eliza Martin, and stated while they were relieving her of her bonds that the chain and weight had been placed on her by her husband, and that his cruel treatment had been such that she left home with the intention of drowning herself. She was met on Market street by a couple of young men who dissuaded her from the rash act, and she was, when captured, wandering about the streets in an almost exhausted condition.

This morning Mayor Blackmore instituted an investigation, and there she informed him that her husband's name is Arthur Martin; that he had been in the habit of treating her in the way that was seen the night before. She also said that on last Friday he had deliberately heated a poker red hot, and burned her with it, and that his object in doing so was to prevent her from drinking liquor. The woman's appearance was miserable in the extreme, and if her statements are correct, we have here a sample of cruelty in our midst hardly second to that practiced by the most savage barbarians. Martin was arrested this morning.

His statement is briefly this: He is a drayman for S. P. Shriver & Co., and with his earnings supports a family including himself, wife and eight children, at his house on Seventh avenue, near the foot of Prospect street. For a long time back Mrs. Martin has been so addicted to drinking that she has not only been perfectly useless in taking care of her children, but has made away with considerable of his money, and brought reproach on his good name. In order to stop this he concluded to take the law into his own hands, and in order to do so effectively, purchased a chain and secured her to a bed every morning before going to his labors. It did not appear to work well, however, for nearly every time she managed to break away, and would be absent when he returned to dinner—in short, would not be at home again until he would send the children skirmishing around the neighborhood for her, when she was generally picked up in some out of the way place in an intoxicated condition.—He had applied this treatment for several days back, we don't know how long, and he will not state the length of time. But last evening she broke loose, and was locked up. He says the injury on her mouth was occasioned by a fall; though in relation to his burning her on the mouth with a poker he is reticent.

A hearing was given the prisoner this morning, and the information having been read to him, he acknowledged he had chained her, and detailed the reasons he had for doing so as given above.—He attempted to justify himself because of the trouble the intemperate habits of his wife had given him, and described at some length how she stole money from his clothes wherewith to satisfy her cravings for liquor. No longer ago than Monday he says he missed a ten dollar note from his pocket book. When asked whether he had burned her mouth with a poker, he equivocated and said he did not remember of having done so. The Mayor held him in \$1,000 bail to answer a charge of aggravated assault and battery, and at last accounts he was in search of the requisite bondsmen.

The chain with which she secured her is heavy enough to hold a dozen women. It is just long enough when doubled, as he was in the habit of rigging it, and being attached to her neck, and the weight to hold her in a very uncomfortable stooping posture while sitting down. The outrage in this binding her, was one that not even the serious cause which he alleges can excuse, and it is more than likely that justice will make such an example of him that similar inclined individuals will adopt some other method of family discipline.

EMIGRATION: German emigration to this country increases so rapidly that the German Parliament is alarmed at the threatened depopulation of the Fatherland. In one district of 50,000 inhabitants, 1,500 emigrated this spring, and they still continue to leave at the rate of about 200 a week. The young go, leaving the old and infirm at home to shift for themselves or be supported by charity, and the Landwehr is losing half its men. The blame for this bad state of things is laid at the door of the Emigration Agencies and some parties would have them suppressed.

KEEPING CREAM.
Next in importance to having milk perfectly pure and sweet, and free from all animal odors, comes the matter of keeping the cream after it is taken off the milk there is with the cream at the time it is set in the cream jar, the better. A great deal of carelessness is shown in this matter, for it is known that milk makes cheese, while the cream only makes butter, and the more milk there is in the cream at churning time, the more cheesy-flavored will be the butter, and therefore the more likely to spoil afterwards unless excessively salted. Really pure, good butter requires very little salt, while butter as ordinarily made will soon spoil unless well salted, or kept covered in brine.

Secondly, the cream jar must be of the very best quality of stone ware; thick glass would be still better; and it must have a cover that will exclude all dust and insects.

Thirdly, the cream jar should be kept in a place where no noxious odors or gases can be absorbed when the jar is open to add more cream, and also where the temperature can be kept cool and equable, say at about 60 deg., and lastly, the cream is to be made into butter as soon as it just begins to sour, and when the jar is emptied it is to be thoroughly cleaned and scalded in boiling water before being used.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

A FEW WEEKS ago the community was shocked by a lad in the New York House of Refuge murdering one of the keepers. The evidence elicited on the trial of this boy for murder discloses a state of affairs that makes the blood curdle. The unfortunate boys, some of parents addicted to intemperance and vice in every form—children of the streets—whom the refuge is to make honest and humane citizens, are punished in the most cruel manner for trivial boyish offenses. Tying up by the thumbs, severe foggings and brutal kickings are daily, nay, hourly occurrences in the New York House of Refuge.

And this harsh and brutal treatment of friendless boys, in need of moral sunsion as no other human beings are, as related on the witness stand by the keepers in a cool matter of fact way that would be astounding were it not revolting. The Keeper, CALVERT, who was stabbed to death by the lad now on trial for his life, goaded his young assassin to fury by kicking and cuffing him for the heinous offense of hallooing to a comrade if he wanted any tobacco. Notably the resort for the young ruffians of the street and the haven for the unruly lads not disposed to yield to parental authority, the Houses of Refuge should be the last institutions in the land to resort to brute force for the training of their inmates. The New York House of Refuge sadly needs a different set of men from those who now cuff, kick, beat and torture the poor ignorant boys, who need nothing so much as kind and considerate treatment to make them good and useful men.

An Indiana justice compels his grocer to make oath to the correct measurement of the kerosene sold to his honor. The beauty of this arrangement is that the fee for taking the affidavit exactly offsets the charge for the oil.

The fruit crop of Illinois promises to be immense.

The Wisconsin apple crop is not promising well.

Wheat in the southern part of Illinois is mostly cut and yields well.

"All Hands Below."

A story is told of a parrot who had always lived on board a ship, but who escaped at one of the Southern ports and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled and the minister began preaching to them in a regular red hot fashion, saying that there was no virtue in them; that every one of them would go to hell unless they speedily repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, out spoke the parrot from his hiding place.

"All hands below!"

To say that "all hands" were startled would be but a mild way of putting it.—The peculiar voice, from its unknown source, had much more effect upon them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment, and then, a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning.

"All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit, and looked anxiously around, inquired if anybody had spoken.

"All hands below!" was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying his best to be first, and during all the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling:

"All hands below!"

There was an old woman there who was lame, and could not get out so fast as the rest, and in a very short time was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out the parrot flew down, and alighting on her shoulder again yelled in her ear:

"All hands below!"

"No, no, Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here; I go to the other church across the way!"

KEEPING CREAM.
Next in importance to having milk perfectly pure and sweet, and free from all animal odors, comes the matter of keeping the cream after it is taken off the milk there is with the cream at the time it is set in the cream jar, the better. A great deal of carelessness is shown in this matter, for it is known that milk makes cheese, while the cream only makes butter, and the more milk there is in the cream at churning time, the more cheesy-flavored will be the butter, and therefore the more likely to spoil afterwards unless excessively salted. Really pure, good butter requires very little salt, while butter as ordinarily made will soon spoil unless well salted, or kept covered in brine.

Secondly, the cream jar must be of the very best quality of stone ware; thick glass would be still better; and it must have a cover that will exclude all dust and insects.

Thirdly, the cream jar should be kept in a place where no noxious odors or gases can be absorbed when the jar is open to add more cream, and also where the temperature can be kept cool and equable, say at about 60 deg., and lastly, the cream is to be made into butter as soon as it just begins to sour, and when the jar is emptied it is to be thoroughly cleaned and scalded in boiling water before being used.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

A FEW WEEKS ago the community was shocked by a lad in the New York House of Refuge murdering one of the keepers. The evidence elicited on the trial of this boy for murder discloses a state of affairs that makes the blood curdle. The unfortunate boys, some of parents addicted to intemperance and vice in every form—children of the streets—whom the refuge is to make honest and humane citizens, are punished in the most cruel manner for trivial boyish offenses. Tying up by the thumbs, severe foggings and brutal kickings are daily, nay, hourly occurrences in the New York House of Refuge.

And this harsh and brutal treatment of friendless boys, in need of moral sunsion as no other human beings are, as related on the witness stand by the keepers in a cool matter of fact way that would be astounding were it not revolting. The Keeper, CALVERT, who was stabbed to death by the lad now on trial for his life, goaded his young assassin to fury by kicking and cuffing him for the heinous offense of hallooing to a comrade if he wanted any tobacco. Notably the resort for the young ruffians of the street and the haven for the unruly lads not disposed to yield to parental authority, the Houses of Refuge should be the last institutions in the land to resort to brute force for the training of their inmates. The New York House of Refuge sadly needs a different set of men from those who now cuff, kick, beat and torture the poor ignorant boys, who need nothing so much as kind and considerate treatment to make them good and useful men.

An Indiana justice compels his grocer to make oath to the correct measurement of the kerosene sold to his honor. The beauty of this arrangement is that the fee for taking the affidavit exactly offsets the charge for the oil.

The fruit crop of Illinois promises to be immense.

The Wisconsin apple crop is not promising well.

Wheat in the southern part of Illinois is mostly cut and yields well.