

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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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 arrears are paid, except a full option of the Editor.  
Advertisements of one square of (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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

## 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.]

## D. R. 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 earnest 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 12, 1871.—1f

## DR. H. J. PATTERSON,

OPERATING AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

Having located in East Stroudsburg, Pa., announces that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner. Also, great attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All other work incident to the profession done in the most skillful and approved style. All work attended to promptly and warranted. Charges reasonable. Patronage of the public solicited.

Office in A. W. Loder's new building, opposite Ananias House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1872.—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

## Geo. W. Jackson. Amzi LeBar.

## Drs. JACKSON & LeBAR

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHERS.

Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg, Pa.

## DR. GEO. W. JACKSON,

Stroudsburg,

in 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. 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

## 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 13-1f

## 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.

## BARTONSVILLE HOTEL.

This old established Hotel, having recently changed hands, and been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, will reopen, for the reception of guests on Tuesday, May 27th.

The public will always find this house a desirable place of resort. Every department will be managed in the best possible manner. The table will be supplied with the best Market affords, and connoisseurs will always find none but the best wines and liquors at the bar.

Good stabling belonging to the Hotel, will be found at all times under the care of careful and obliging attendants.

May 23, 1872. ANTHONY H. ROEMER.

## NASBY.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

MR. NASBY DREAMS A DREAM IN WHICH THE FUTURE OF A "GREAT AND GOOD" MAN IS FORESHADOWED.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,  
(which is in the State of Kentucky),  
May 24th, 1872.

I am gettin old and am feelin my years—Time wuz when ten or a dozen drinks more than yoousual didn't make any difference with me, but it's quite different now. It tells on my old body, and I hev to be guardid.

We had a ratificashen meetin last nite, at wich I did indulge more than I shood, and I fell asleep in a chair at Bascom's and dreamed a dream.

In my dream I saw a high, elevated plain, bounded on three sides by a steep, precipitous bluff. On the top of that plain (wich a pleasant and breezy place it wuz), and back somewhat from the edge of the bluff, stood a bieldin wich is the Meeca to wich all Dimocrats hev bin turnin their eyes for the past 12 years, the White House. On the very edge of the precipice wuz a group of individuals wich I hed no difficulty in identifyin.—There wuz Grant and Colfax, and around em stood Morton, Butler, Sherman, Shel-labarger, and a thousand others wuz sich, while jist over their heads there wuz a floatin in the air the spirits of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln and all our them decessit individuals wich would hev sympathised with the Republikkin party of they had continooid in the flesh.

Down at the foot of this precipice there wuz a low, swampy, marshy, malarious deestrik, wich was the most uncomforable seckshun uv kentry I ever see. The ground wuz full of cess pools, uv quagmires and quicksands. There wuz bones of niggers scattered all over it—there wuz rooms uv old skool-houses; and there wuz groceries and 'sloons scattered all over it in wild profusion; there wuz broken printin presses, and the cheerful gallowstree on wich John Brown hed bin hung wuz distinctly visable. Attempts hed bin apparently made to kiver up the burnt skool-houses and broken printin presses and the gallowstrees with resolosheens, but the kiverin wuz too thin, and they showed thro very plainly. This spot wuz tenanted by Boss Tweed and Hoffman, surrounded with Connelly, Oakey Hall, and all uv them fellows, and over their heads wuz the ghosts of Wigfall, Yancey and Benedict Arnold. I thought I saw His Majesty, Satan the I, sailin about with the ghost of Yancey, but it mite hev bin some one else. There wuz one quicksand marked where Seward went down—in a very bad smellin pool chace wuz floatin about on a board marked "Supreme Bench," makin feeble attempts to land somewhere. There wuz a few solid spots uv ground, Noo York, Kentucky and Maryland, and on them the live men were standin. From this unpromisin locality there wuz a path up to the heights above, but it wuz narrow, broken, crooked and steep, and besides that, passage from the lower to the higher region wuz desperately opposed by the array of men who okkaped it.

I noticed that the party on the bluff all wore a sad expression. The ghost of Linkin let fall a sperit tear, and Grant and Morton lookt ez sad ez tho they wuz losin their fathers. Colfax, in pertikeler, seemed enconsolable, and wuz a tearin his hair with grief. Curious to know wat it wuz that wuz causin all this commoshen, I shifted my posishen so ez to get a view of the entire arrangement, and I saw it at once. Tweed and Hof-man had histed up along ladder to the top of the bluff, wich wuz really a curiosity. The sides wuz made out of hickory campane poles wich hed done servis from the time uv Polk down to Seymour; and the rounds were spokes from the wheels of Confedrit cannon.—The ladder wuz labeled "Cincinnati," and the rounds "civil servis reform," "one-term," and so on. Holman and Connelly wuz a holdin the feet of the ladder steady, and Boss Tweed stood by em, holdin out a scroll labeled "Presidency." On the top of the bluff stood Horis Greeley, clothed in glory, and perfectly radiant in his attire. His old head wuz crowned with laurels—in fact he wuz a walkin arbor uv em. He had one foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Come back!" shouted Colfax.

"Come to us!" shoutid the crowd below.

"Come back to your friends, yoo idiot!" sed Morton.

"Come to us, and yoo shell hev this!" sed Tweed, flauntin the scroll.

That settled him. His face changed from the innocence of the lamb to the hungry eagerness of the wolf, and down he went. He made a misstep and parshel-ly fell, knocking off all his laurels. His appearance changed, and wuz full of splinters. His ekal rices cloak caught on one uv em and wuz torn off. A nail head on the next round stripped off his proteckshen coat, another on the next knocked his acci-corrupsheens vest into smithereens, his civil rices pants wuz taken off by the next, and by the time he got to the fourth, he wuz divested uv everything under heavens wich made him sizabe, and stood there shiverin in the wind, a mizabe, deformed, weak, shaky, dimi-native, shrunken man, with nothin under Heaven remarkabe about him but his white hat, and the fact that he hed one boot and one shoe on.

Tweed and his friends saw this shriek-

ing process goin on ez he approached them, and they become alarmed.

"Good Lord," sed Okey Hall, "of he ain't any bigger and more muskeler than he looks now we can't make any yoose uv him. He'll never be strong enough to pull us out uv this!"

Them on the bluff wich hed regarded his deparcher with sich looks uv sadness, bust out into peels of laffure.

"There ain't a hundredth part ez much uv him ez we supposed," shoutid they. "We've nothing to fear from him!" and they laffed vociferously at the ridiculous figger he wuz a makin uv hisself.

All this time Horris wuz a standin on the One Term round of the ladder, wich wuz the thinnest uv all uv em.

"Come down to us!" shoutid Tweed.

"I can't go any further down than this!" replied Horris, shudderin ez he saw the plite he wuz in.

Whereupn Tweed and Hall and the others run up the ladder to support him. They wuz drippin with the nastiness from the slum below, wich kivered the poor old man ez they rubbed agin him. Then they threw upon him a Tammany banner and a Confedrit flag. To keep him stiddy both uv em run up the ladder and got on the same round. Sam Sinclair, John Cochran and sum others come down close behind him, to assist, and the yoonited weight wuz too much. The ladder broke in two and Tweed, Hoffman, Greeley, Sinclair, Tribune and all plunged into the quagmire. There wuz a splash, a gurgle or two and the entire bieldin uv em sank out uv site.

The splash wawoke me, and I meditated a half hour over this singular dream afore takin another drink and goin home. "Kin it be," tho I, "that all there is in Horris is his Republikkinism?" Hez trooly bin so with all our venchers.—Chase comes to us, but when he stepped over the line, he left all his strength behaid him. Seward, insted uv bein a help to us, proved to be a load to carry. Hev we taken Horris to our bozzoms only to find him a helpless dead weight to be carried insted of a Giant strong enuff to carry us? Is this dream prophetic? Is the Cincinnati ladder too weak to hold Greeley and us, and will it break down with our yoonited weight? I fear so.

And pensively I dreaned my glass, and carelessly goin thro the reglar form uv tellin Bascom to mark it down, went sadly home. I fear me the day uv our delverence isnt yet at hand.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

(wich wuz Postmaster.)

## The Grisly Bear.

The grisly bear is the largest and most formidable of the quadrupeds of California. He grows to be four feet high and seven feet long, with a weight, when very large and fat, of 2,000 pounds, being the largest of the carnivorous animals, and much heavier than the lion or tiger ever get to be. The grisly bear, however, as ordinarily seen, does not exceed 800 or 900 pounds in weight. In color, the body is a light, grayish brown about the ears, and along the ridge of the back, and nearly black on the legs. The hair is long, coarse and wiry, and stiff on the top of the neck and between the shoulders. The "grisly," as he is usually called, is more common in California than any other kind of bear, and was at one time exceedingly numerous for so large an animal; but he offered so much meat for the hunters, and did so much damage to the farmers, that he has been industriously hunted, and his numbers greatly reduced. He ranges throughout the State, but prefers to make his home in the chaparral, or bushes, whereas, the black bear likes the heavier timber. The grisly is very tenacious of life, and he is seldom immediately killed by a single bullet. His thick, wiry hair, tough skin, heavy coats of fat, when in good condition, and large bones, go far to protect his vital organs; but he often seems to preserve all his strength and activity for an hour or more after having been shot through the lungs and liver with large rifle balls. He is one of the most dangerous animals to attack. There is much probability when shot he will not be killed outright. When merely wounded he is ferocious. His weight and strength are so great that he bears down all opposition before him, and he is very quick, his speed in running being nearly equal to that of the horse. In attacking a man, he usually rises on his hind legs, strikes his enemy, with one of his powerful fore paws, and then commences to bite him.—If the man lies still, with his face down, the bear will usually content himself with biting him for awhile about the arms and legs, and will then go off a few steps and watch him. If the man lies still, the bear will believe him dead, and will soon get tired and go away. But let the man move, and the bear is upon him again; let him fight, and he will be in imminent danger of being torn to pieces. About half a dozen men, on an average, are killed yearly in California by grisly bears, and as many more cruelly mutilated.

There have been opened in Connecticut during the last year one hundred and fifty-seven miles of road, making now in operation eight hundred and eighty-one miles of road, one hundred and twenty-nine of which is with double track, with a paid-up capital of \$1,000,000, and a funded floating debt of \$19,000,000.

## Sunday Employments.

By law, every citizen has the privilege of not doing on Sunday what he is obliged to do on other days. The very practical question meets him, what different things he can do which will make this Sunday privilege a profit or a delight. Nobody is compelled to go to meeting or to sing psalms, or to learn catechism, or to read sermons to fill up his time. It is of no use to object to Sunday as a Paritan Sunday, for the law makes it a free day, and forbids work so that it shall be free. It is a somewhat singular fact, that with this chance of a free day so many can find nothing better to do than to do business and work just as on other days, as if we did not all work hard enough from Monday morning to Saturday night. It is also something of a commentary on the capacity of many people for improvement and enjoyment that after a little extra scrubbing and dressing is finished on Sunday morning, they don't know to do with themselves for the rest of the day, and only consent to go to church because tis a little less stupid than to sit at home and gaze at their own dullness instead of a preacher's. Some try a cigar and a novel, others a big dinner and a nap, others sitting around a big stove and spitting at it. But after all these resources have failed the only thing left is to wish for Monday and go to bed very early.

We wish to suggest some things which can be done, to add interest to the Sunday of those who find its freedom dull. Take an hour Sunday mornin and sit down alone, and think what you have done during the past week, and affilate the question whether you have done just as you really think is best, and mean to keep on doing. Have you told any lies the past week? Count them on your fingers, if you can, and seriously consider whether you always mean to be a liar?

Have you abused your neighbor, run down your competitor in other stores, slandered other politicians, or hurt anybody's reputation the past week? These things are unseemly mean; you know they are. God be thanked if you haven't done them! But somebody does them. I ask that somebody whether he always intended to be a mean fellow?

Have you cheated anybody in the last ten days? Have you deceived any employer or kept back the just pay of any workman? Have you advertised deception of any kind? Does any money stick to you, which belongs to any body else? Are you going to make a permanent cheat of yourself?

Are you not smoking too many cigars—running up debts which you don't know how to pay; making a larger swell than your capital justifies—and getting ready for a smash and a run? We hope not. But all these things happen, and if any one is overdoing himself in these days, ought he not to know it, and settle whether his course is best?

Take another hour on Sunday to do somebody some good for which you haven't the time on any other day. Write a letter to the mother, or brother, or sister, whom you have forgotten for a long time. Hunt out a friend who has disappeared from your interest, and renew a cordial acquaintance. Find out somebody who is suffering, and carry fresh cheer to him or her. Go to see the folks who would be glad to see you, but whom you are not always glad to see. Help to put some kind of a home feeling into everybody who is homeless. There are plenty of good acts, which are not common—and on Sundays you want to do something uncommon. That is what the day is made for. I'm talking to people who find Sunday dull and the church unmeaning, and do not care to pay religion much attention. I do not want to drive you where you do not want to go. But we ought all of us to make of Sunday a finer day than the rest of days, because we have the chance. Our daily toil makes us dull. Sunday ought to wake us up. Our daily temptations make us deceitful, hard and selfish. Sunday ought to loosen out the chords of affection and humanity and give us hearts of flesh. The daily life of men is burdened with sin and ugliness—streaked with deceit, fould with lust and appetite. It deserves to be improved. Sunday is improvement time. I believe that when any one begins to improve his time, he will soon find what a good church Sunday will do, and the value of religion. Friends, try my advice a little while!—J. M. Smith.

After all the grubbing, the crops in Minnesota will be magnificent.

Ostriches are now raised for the feathers in Africa, and yield fifty dollars per year.

Macon, Ga., disputes Brooklyn's claim as the "City of Churches." She has a church to less than every thousand inhabitants.

Wisconsin is exciting itself about a little girl whose head is said to weigh seventy-eight pounds. How they managed to weigh the head without the body is not stated.

In the San Joaquin Valley is a grain patch thirty five miles long and eight miles wide, covering an area of 179,200 acres; the average yield is estimated at sixteen bushels, which will give a total of 2,867,200 bushels, or 86,015 tons.

## Symptoms of Sunstroke.

SOMETHING TO KNOW IN HOT WEATHER.

The symptoms of sunstroke are at once uniform and diverse—uniform in their general outline, and diverse in their especial details. In the ordinary form—that which may be spoken of as the cerebrospinal variety—after more less distinct warning, in the shape of such premonitory symptoms as headache, disordered vision, intense weariness, etc., the subject becomes unconscious, sometimes more gradually. The laborer will fall senseless in the street; in the hospital the comrades of a sick man will have their attention attracted by his heavy breathing only to find that natural sleep has passed by sensible degrees into fatal coma or stupor. With this insensibility there is always associated intense heat of the skin. To the hand the surface feels intensely hot; nor is the sensation a deceptive one—the heat of the body exceeds that attained in almost any other affection. A thermometer placed in the armpit, instead of indicating ninety eight degrees, Fahrenheit, the temperature of health, rises generally to one hundred and nine degrees, in some cases even to one hundred and thirteen degrees. From the peculiar pungency of this heat the technical term *calor mordax*, or biting heat, has been applied to it.

The surface may or may not be pale; very often it is dusky, with a livid bluish purple hue. The eyes are sometimes wild and restless, sometimes fixed and glaring, sometimes dull with a leaden hue of approaching death. The pupils at first are generally contracted; in the later stages they are often widely dilated.—With these symptoms of intense fever are others betoken nervous disturbance. In some cases those are of the nature of paralysis, the patient lying apparently in the deepest sleep, not a muscle moving, not a limb raised, not an eyelid quivering. In other cases this peaceful though deadly calm is replaced by a wild tempest—raging delirium, wild screams as though of intensest agony or uncontrollable passion, furious convulsions following one another, like the rapid discharge of a galvanic battery, throwing the body in all directions, twisting it into every conceivable shape, the countenance mocking the derisive laughter of the maniac, or knotted into an expression of agony.

In another and perhaps more common class the unconscious patient is simply restless, muttering incoherent words, tossing about on the bed, showing, perhaps, also signs of local paralysis. There appears to be a curious connection between this variety of symptoms and the difference of races. The Anglo Saxon rarely becomes wildly delirious, whilst this is the most common symptom amongst the Latin nations. Frenchmen thus attacked often become melancholic, and develop an irresistible tendency to suicide, so that soldiers on the march will suddenly shoot themselves.

Whatever may be the form of the attack, generally as the minutes pass the symptoms are intensified; the quick pulse of the first onset becomes more and more feeble, the labored breathing noisy and stentorian, the surface darker and darker as respiration fails; and death at last is brought about by asphyxia, and sometimes by the almost instantaneous fading away of respiration and circulation.

The one great symptom, the centre of the group in all forms of the disease, is the high temperature. If the skin be cool the case is not sunstroke. After death the high temperature continues, and is said sometimes to rise higher.—Decomposition follows with exceeding rapidity. On post mortem examination the only features of striking importance are—a condition of blood similar to that seen in low fevers, a rigid, contracted state of the heart, in which it feels like wood, and a great tendency toward the rapid but transient development of that peculiar stiffening which at some time after death takes possession of the muscular tissues.—Lippincott's Magazine.

## The Butter Trade.

Few people have a just idea of the immense amount of capital invested in the butter trade. According to statistics, the dairy products of the United States aggregate in value \$600,000,000 annually. From official sources the total sales of dairy products of the United States, for 1870, from 8,935,332 cows, was: butter, 514,992,682 lbs., at an average of 30c. per lb., or \$171,364,239; cheese, 53,492,153 lbs., exclusive of factory product, statistics of which are not at hand, at an average of 15c. per lb., or \$802,382.20; milk, 235,509,539 gallons, at an average of 30c. per gallon, or \$70,652,879.70; making a grand total of \$242,819,488.—This is exclusive of the enormous amount consumed by producers that cannot be reached, as it goes into consumption without sales or account, and can only be estimated. This, with the increase of production since 1870, is currently estimated to make up the balance of the \$600,000,000, which, without statistics given, might seem too high. The butter trade in New York centres in Orange County to a considerable extent, furnishing that city over half a million pounds during the season of six months. Probably there is not a trade of the same magnitude that is so wholly without organization as the butter trade and has so many errors and abuses.

## HINTS TO CARPENTERS.

The American Builder believes that there is much labor in vain in the ornamentation of houses, especially wooden houses. It tells carpenters before making and fixing a quantity of ornament to be sure that it is good, and goes on to say: There are many things that you do and many others that an architect—if there be one in the case—will often instruct you to do, which are neither tasteful nor in good construction. Of course there are exceptions. You may be sure of this, however, that the more elaborately and covered with ornament and carving the building is, the more you are going on the wrong track. Real beauty consists not in added features but in the body of the work itself, and this fact should always be borne in mind.

The principle of carving wood for outside ornament is wrong. We would not say it is to be discarded altogether, but still we have that leaning. Cut work, and that of the simplest kind is the best. Complexity in forms and ornament is mostly bad. It not only requires unnecessary labor to produce, but there is actually vexation in the mind of the spectator. When people see a thing that is so crowded with intricate work, that it takes them trouble to make it out, it is tolerably good evidence that such work is not exactly what is wanted.

Give great attention to the sizes and proportions of doors and windows and pay especial attention to the sizes and construction; and never if possible, conceal its principles, but let them form the basis of ornament. Mouldings, cornices and miters are not to be put in exposed positions. It is surprising what an excellent effect can be produced by cutting, even with little or no moulding or carving.

## A Millionaire in Sackcloth and Ashes.

A Saratoga correspondent of the Albany Times says: Among the recent arrivals at Saratoga is a young gentleman of great fortune who is a regular summer visitor here, and who has invariably made a great display. This season he proposes to do the place on a quieter scale, on account of his mother's recent death. This is how he goes about it. He has a suit of rooms at the Congress, that under his supervision, have been so arranged as to present a rather sombre appearance, for out of respect to his mother's memory, they have been put in mourning. A deep black border runs around the ceilings, while the wall paper is of a very gloomy color; the furniture which arrived to day, is from Egypt, and is exceedingly grotesque in appearance and mysterious in style; nothing like it has ever before appeared in Saratoga. The gentleman announces that he will not enter the ball room this summer, but will entertain his friends in his rooms—in an elegant and closely manner, of course—no levity. He is to drive a four-in-hand, his groom and coachman are to be attired in mourning; lap robes, like funeral palls, are to be spread over the seats of his carriages, which will be painted in keeping with the habitations of woe. For these emblems of sackcloth and ashes he pays \$500 per week. Shoddy society calls this "filial devotion" and speaks of him as "such a good son," but so odd and eccentric; while common sense people are unkind enough to call him a snob, and one of the most *outré* kind.

## The Man That Didn't Like Tripe.

Liston, the actor, delighted in peculiar sort of practical joking in the streets.—Walking one day with Mr. Miller, a theatrical bookseller, he happened to mention casually that he was going to have tripe for dinner, a dish of which he was particularly fond. Miller who hated it said:

"Tripe! beastly stuff! How can you eat it?"

That was enough for Liston. He stopped suddenly in the crowded thoroughfare, in front of a house, and holding Miller by the arm, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"What, sir! Do you mean to assert that you don't like tripe?"

"Hush!" muttered Miller. "don't talk so loud; people are staring at us."

"I ask you sir," continued Liston, in still louder tones, "do you like tripe?"

"For heaven's sake hold your tongue!" cried Miller; "You will have a crowd around us."

And naturally people began to stop and wonder what was the matter. This was exactly what Liston wanted, and again he shouted:

"Do you mean to say you don't like tripe?"

Miller, making a desperate effort, broke from him, and hurried away in consternation, followed by Liston bawling after him:

"There he goes! That's the man that doesn't like tripe!" to the immense amusement of the numerous wayfarers, many of whom recognized the popular comedian, till the horrified bookseller took to his heels and ran as if for like, pursued by his very doorstep by a pack of young ragamuffins, who took up the cry:

"There he goes! The man that don't like tripe!"

Let us make the best of life, nor render it a curse, but take it as we would a wife, 'for better or for worse.'