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

WILLIAM S. REES,
Surveyor, Conveyancer and
Real Estate Agent.

Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
FOR SALE.

Office next door above S. Rees' news Depot
and 21 door below the Corner Store,
March 20, 1873-47.

D. R. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Wadsworth's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he offers himself for all branches of dental practice and the most careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the most delicate and successful manner.

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

D. R. J. H. SHULL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office 1st door above Stroudsburg House,
residence 1st door above Post Office.
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., from 3 to 5
and 7 to 9 P. M. [May 3 '73-1y.]

D. R. G. W. JACKSON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.

In the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson,
residence, corner of Sarah and Franklin street.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
August 8, 1872-47.

D. R. 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 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 Anabonick House, East Stroudsburg, Pa.
July 11, 1873-1y.

D. R. A. 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 approved 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 L. G. Keller's new brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Aug 31-47.

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law.

Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Barson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Jan 13-47.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Knott, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurnished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.

April 17, 72-47. D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,
HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.
169 Main street.
Proprietors.
January 9, 1873.—1y.

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 afford. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-47.]

WATSON'S
Mount Vernon House,
117 and 119 North Second St.

ABOVE ARCH,
PHILADELPHIA.
May 30, 1872—1y.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Wilkes-Barre, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at

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

The Wild Horse of Wind River.

A FIERY, UNTAMABLE STEED—TOO SAV-
AGE FOR THE INDIANS—SNAPPING
LOG CHAINS—THE WONDERFUL CHASE
IN A CIRCLE—TIRING OUT A REGIMENT
OF HORSES—REMARKABLE TIME.

At Camp Brown, in the Wind River country, we saw a wild horse which had a history worth relating. Some years ago the Cheyenne Indians stole him in Kansas, and sold him to the Utes, who in turn sold him to the Sioux, from which tribe he was bought or stolen by the Snake Indians, and brought to the Valley of the Popoagie. Here he escaped, and for a long time baffled all efforts to recapture him. At length he was caught and sold to a Mr. Gallaher; but while being taken to the settlements he broke a strong chain and got away into the mountains. In time he reappeared on his old stamping ground, and again the Indians laid plans to take him. He was so fleet he could outrun their best horses, and no number of them could run him down. When surrounded or cornered, he bit, kicked, and fought so fiercely it was impossible to hold him. One day he was surprised in a canyon by a body of warriors, and lassoed before he could get out. Securely tied with ropes he was brought to the Indian camp, and starved, beaten, and choked into semi-obedience. An ambitious Indian attempted to ride him, and away he went to the hills. Late at night the Indian returned to camp sore and tired, but without the horse; he had been thrown and the animal was once more at large. He was often seen after this, but defied all attempts to take him. One afternoon an Indian who was out fishing saw the wild horse grazing under a bluff, and tying a large stone to his larlet he crawled to the edge of the rock and threw the noose with unerring precision. The horse dragged the rock for some distance, but choked by the thing he staggered, fell to the plain, and was once more bound hard and fast. The Indians now tied him with a log chain to a tree, but even this he managed to break and fled to the hills.

He was not seen for a long time; but, soon after the founding of Camp Brown, a sentinel reported a horse on the bluffs, and, on examining the animal through a glass, it was found to be the famous wild horse. On attempting to approach him, he fled like the wind into the mountains; but next day was again seen perched on the bluff, quietly looking down at the camp. The commanding officer ordered him not to be disturbed, and next day put some mules on the bluff to graze. He came down and remained with them all day, but returned at night into the mountains. The next day he came down to the cavalry herd on the plain, but seemed greatly excited, and kept running about nearly all day. The commanding officer directed that no one should pursue him as long as he kept in motion, and by gentle alarms, he was made to gallop in wide circles about the herd, but, as if charmed, would constantly return to it. Late in the afternoon parties of cavalry, men on mules, and a company of infantry were sent quietly out of the fort, and occupied the passes and hill tops for miles. It was known he would break through any small circle, and so an immense one was formed to run him down.

The pursuing party were twenty seven in number, and stationed at long distances. No two were to pursue the horse at once, unless a signal for all to close in was given. The chase began, and, as is the custom of animals when hard pressed, the horse ran nearly in a circle. The trap had been adroitly laid, new pursuers constantly keeping him at his nether, while the old ones dropped out to occupy their stations in the great ring.

The rapidity and length of time which he ran were incredible. The log-chain he had on when he made his last escape from the Indians was still about his neck, and the end of it threshed his fore legs until the hair, and even the skin, was beaten off and the blood ran down. On he went like the wind, shaking off cavalryman after cavalryman, and opening wide gaps between him and his pursuers. It was getting near dark, and still the wild chase continued, the horse showing no great signs of distress.

As his astonishing powers became more and more evident, the desire to capture him increased, and shouts of admiration went up from the little group of officers gathered on the lookout at the fort when ever he distanced his pursuers.

At length the signal to close in was given, and then began the scramble. Men mounted on horses and mules, and on foot, moved forward, and the circle gradually lessened, until a wall of human flesh bound in the noble horse on every side. Round and round the circle he went, his nostrils distended and his eyes flashing fire. For a time he kept ahead of his pursuers, and the cavalry horses, one by one, dropped behind; but the mules showed their superior toughness, and closed on him. One old saddle mule, who became excited in the chase, kept close up, with tail erect, and finally headed him. As the horse swung round, and turned once more toward the fort, the air rang with buzzes, for now his capture seemed almost certain. The old mule, with surprising speed

KIDNAPPED AND FOUND.

Remarkable Search for a Stolen Child—
It is Found in a Mountain Wilderness,
Five Miles from Canton, Pa.

The following account of the kidnapping of a child from Mrs. J. B. Adams, wife of Editor Adams, of Scranton, will be read with interest. It is from the Binghamton Republican, of Friday, and is of a purely local nature. From the fact that Mrs. Adams in her search visited Williamsport, and that after her tedious wanderings she found the child near Canton:

"Mrs. J. B. Adams, of Scranton, was in this office last evening, with the little child for which she has been searching all summer. It will be remembered by most of the readers of the Republican that early last July Mrs. Adams was in the city, advertising and inquiring for her child, and searching at the schools and in homes, and wherever she could hear of a deserted or an adopted child, for hers. She expressed fears that her child had been kidnapped, and procured the services of Colonel Brown and other officers to assist her in the search, when official protection was necessary. Colonel Brown went with her to Greene, where they learned the child had been, but there all traces of it were lost sight of.

"Mrs. Adams, nevertheless, continued her search as a detective, and appears to have been for the most part unaided, except where she would engage an officer, as she did here, to protect her on occasions when she expected to place her hands upon the child.

"It is probable that some more experienced detective, with money at his disposal, would have been successful in a shorter space of time, but the loss of the child so preyed upon Mrs. Adams' mind, and so unstrung her nervous system, that she could not rest unless engaged in the search herself. Like Evangelina in search of her lover, she would wander to far off places where the lost one was last seen, only to learn that other persons had preceded and removed the loved one to another locality, and where that was no one could inform her. In the disguise of a peddling woman she would travel on, inquiring when she dared to and observing when she dared not inquire.

"Now her presence in Montrose would be announced; and by a personal in the Williamsport papers would say she was visiting the schools in that city; soon her presence in Elmira would be noticed; then she would be going through the schools of Owego, or traveling with her baskets in the suburbs or along the country road.

"Thus the summer wore away, and the autumn was two-thirds spent when the distracted woman came upon her missing child last Friday night, in a lonely, wild spot, away up in a mountain wilderness, five miles from Canton, Pa. On that occasion she was accompanied by an officer, and the child was at once legally secured. A Mrs. Niffus, who was keeping it, made no objections to parting with the little girl, but appeared very much concerned about getting her pay for her board for three months, on which she had not received a cent.

"The little girl, Minnie, is ten years old, and is Mrs. Adams' child by adoption. She is the daughter of Mrs. Adams' brother, Martin Snooks. Snooks some time ago parted from his wife, and she, who is the mother of Minnie, became insane over domestic trouble. Mrs. Adams then adopted the child for the purpose of affording it a home, simply as a matter of duty, and not from love to the child. She became so much attached to the child, however, that when her brother got another housekeeper, and wanted the child again, Mrs. Adams would not give her up. Snooks resorted to stealing the child, but was forced by the courts to restore it.

"Mrs. Adams, having secured the child, is now preparing to prosecute those engaged in kidnapping it. In her long search and wanderings she came in possession of much valuable information for the trial. She has learned that the child was probably coaxed away from her home in Scranton by a notorious dress maker of that city, assisted by a woman from Syracuse. At Binghamton she was placed in charge of a seamstress, who secreted her four days and then sent her to Greene. From Greene the child was taken to Elmira, and from there to the lonely, unfrequented and unvisited cabin on the Canton mountain. The cabin is three miles from a school, and a great distance from any neighbor, and, as Mrs. Adams said, 'the child learned nothing, good or bad.'

"At the time the child was stolen, Snooks was living at Whitney's Point, and was employed by his brother as engineer in the sash and door factory. In consequence of this affair, and other scandals, he was discharged, and is now living in Elmira. He never went to visit the child once while it was kept upon the mountain, and, according to the woman who boarded it, he did not pay a cent to keep it from straying.

"Mrs. Adams went to Syracuse last evening, to ascertain the truth of some important rumors about the woman suspected of taking the child from its lawful home."

Presentation to a Street Car Conductor.

A good "take off" on the prevailing style of "watch presentations" was that which occurred on Thursday evening at the Relief Fire Engine House on Fifth avenue. Mr. George R. Beecher, one of those good fellows we meet with occasional frequency, was formerly temporarily connected with the Relief Company. George being out of employment at his trade has recently accepted a position as conductor on the Oakland Railway—a place where just such men as Mr. Beecher are needed at this time. The position requires the holder to have a good time keeper, and the Relief boys arranged for the manufacture of a good sized one for the new conductor. The presentation took place on Thursday evening, as stated, and the Superintendent was present to witness it. The presentation speech was delivered by Joseph Busha, engineer of the company, who remarked that employees of the Oakland Railway had heretofore been poorly supplied with good timekeepers, as every one who patronized the road well knew. The Relief company was determined that their former companion should not be "short" in this respect, that while he directed a car the patrons of the road, so far as George was concerned, should not be behind time, and that he, Mr. Beecher, should have such a timepiece as could be seen on the darkest night and with the poorest glimmer of light the Oakland company was famous in furnishing.

Mr. Beecher, in accepting the handsome testimonial, was somewhat overcome at the kindness of his friends, but his spirits soon rallied and he replied in touching language. He was pleased to know that the horse stock of the Oakland company was famous for strength and pluck, and that they were not to be "stuck" by loads of large men or women and plenty of them, and that at mammoth pocket time pieces they would "scare worth a cent." He was filled with gratitude at the foresight and generosity of his firemen friends, and would cherish their gift as long as time would let him. He would wish to live a thousand years that he might exhibit to continued generations the wonderful piece of mechanism gotten up by the eminent mechanics of the Relief fire company.

After congratulations, the time piece was exhibited to the admiring gaze of a large crowd of persons in attendance. It is about one foot in circumference, the case being the rim of a fine turnip, the inside works of suitable strength and proportions, with iron chain and key capable of fastening securely a good sized door.

Patrons of the Oakland road will be anxious to catch Beecher's car daily, and the management may look to him for the largest "run" of any conductor on the road.—Fittsburg Commercial.

The Fox in Ireland.

In ancient times in Ireland the fox was regarded with superstitious dread, and, although Master Reynard was hated, great respect was paid to him for fear of his working harm. The old belief still lingers in the Celtic districts, and the good housewives, as in the olden days, lay wool on the bushes as a peace offering to the fox, or make mittens out of lambs' wool for his feet, leaving them at the entrance of his den. They believe that the fox wears mittens on cold nights when he goes on a foraging tramp, and in gratitude will not carry off the chicks of the donor. In West Mayo and Donegal the fox is always called the "red fellow," the "gentleman," or some other polite name; for it is thought that he would spitefully kill every fowl belonging to a person bold enough to utter his name without due respect.

A MURDEROUS ASSAULT IN COURT.

THREE SONS ATTEMPT TO REVENGE
THEIR FATHER'S DEATH—ATTEMPT
TO KILL A PRISONER IN THE DOCK.

PHILADELPHIA, October 28.—While Judges Paxson and Ludlow were on the bench in the Oyer and Terminer Court to day, a striking episode took place. The case on trial was that of James Kingsmill, charged with the murder of Francis Malone, James I. Nevein was addressing the jury on the part of the defense, and urging with a fair show of success that his client had struck the fatal blow in self defense. The prisoner was likely to be acquitted even of the charge of manslaughter, the minor offense, for which alone the Commonwealth was pressing, and was sitting in the inclosed dock with a satisfied expression on his face, when a young man was seen to pass up the main aisle, which is closed by the back of the dock and opens into the space occupied by the lawyers and jury. The stranger stood against the railing of the gateway, and it was thought by an observant juror that his fixed and vindictive gaze at the prisoner, who sat a little distance off, had more significance in it than that of a mere looker on. He called the attention of one of the officers of the court to the man. The tipstaff addressed the usual questions to the stranger as to whether he was a juror or a member of the bar, and the reply being in the negative, told him he must go back and take his seat or go out. Refusing, the officer climbed down out of his seat by the dock and opened the gate with a view to passing out and compelling the intruder to take his seat, when with a bound and a vicious push the young man sprang past the official through the gate, dashed round to the rail of the dock, and, with a yell of rage grasped the prisoner, who had his back to him, by the collar with one hand and with the other whipped out a villainous looking dagger from his bosom, and made a terrible lunge with it at his would be victim's throat. His rage was so great, however, that the swift blow struck wide of its mark, and expended itself in the air. He had thrown the whole force of his strength into the attempt, and before he could recover for a second blow, a second officer seized his upraised arm and with the assistance of other trp staves forced the murderous assailant away, still kicking and struggling with the strength and viciousness of a madman. The prisoner sprang terrified over the railing of his dock and coughed trembling under the Judge's desk. Meanwhile the infuriated assailant engaged in a fearful struggle with the officers, brandishing his weapon and shrieking imprecations and threats at the poor prisoner. While the struggle was going on, another young man was seen to come up and join in it against the officers and take the knife away, and it was then lost sight of. He too was arrested, as was a third man who had made a demonstration.

The most intense excitement prevailed in the court room, which was crowded to excess by those interested in the pending murder trials, and all was in confusion; the Judges' voices trying to restore order were unheeded. Inquiry brought out the facts that the three men arrested were sons of the deceased, for whose murder the prisoner was on trial. John, Henry, and Francis Malone were their names. John was the wielder of the dagger, Henry snatched the weapon away, and Francis concealed it. Commitments were made out and the three brothers were sent to the county prison. The motive for all this arises in the revenge felt by the three sons of the deceased man against the alleged murderer, for whom his counsel, it was plain to be seen, was about to secure "an acquittal, as the result of the trial subsequently proved.

The jury subsequently brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." The whole Malone family are fighting men, and the deceased had served a term of imprisonment, many years ago, for the crime of murder in the second degree. The acquitted man was so alarmed by the threats made against him that he asked to be sent to prison.

Proverbially So.

It is difficult to tell how much or how little fortune hazew do with the success of envy ones.

All the unlucky people in the world that I know have im provident ones.

A regular, old fashioned, thorough lie don't do much hurt—it is the half breeds that do the mischief.

Silence is safe. The man who hasn't spoke always has the advantage over him who has.

There is a grate deal more talent among mankind than there is love or affection.

The more we know of human nature the more we will hate it.

There never was a man yet so grate or so powerful, but what, when he was over taken with poverty and misfortunes, he could count his friends on his fingers.

The lazy ones are generally good natured, and that is what makes their acquaintance and example so pernicious.

Those who have least followed it are those most fond of giving good advice to others.

In a square fite, the heart is always twer match for the head, and I am glad of it.—Josh Billings.

Patrons of Husbandry—Grasshoppers and tater bugs.

City vs. Country Boys.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the small boy of the city is more wicked than the rural lad; that he is, in fact, such a bad fellow that when placed beside his country cousin the latter appears a shining saint. Such an opinion has obtained for all time, and possibly will for all time to come. But it is libel upon the children of the street, and has no foundation in fact. We intend to explode this bubble, and have justice done to our gamins. It is true that they are very wicked and they play in the gutters, pick pockets, go in swimming from the pier-heads, throw stones at each other, break windows, steal mats, get up behind cabs, and perform many other freaks of like nature—but is that any reason why we should paint them with the sombre brush of condemnation, and pat the boys of the fields upon the head, and hunt in our pockets for pence to bestow upon them? The popular idea of the rural boy is very wretty as a mental picture. He is industrious, and carries his little hoe a field, with which to touch up the sprouting corn. He is studious to a fault, and it is a favorite habit of his to sit up all night and read Latin books on astronomy by the light of a pine torch. We never witnessed this operation, but have it on good authority that it is looked at as the correct thing for the country boy to do. No slogger is he; but when the first flush crimson of the Eastern sky he bounds from his bed, pulls on his jean trousers and rawhide boots and goes to work in the stables or at chopping wood. In the winter he walks ten miles through the snow to school, and draws his little sister upon his sled. In time he comes to his own farm, then he marries, builds a church, becomes a justice of the peace, dies, and is buried in the village churchyard, a hundred-dollar tombstone informing a passing world, in a very expensive manner, of his many virtues. This is what the country boy is supposed to be, but we know the statement to be a swindle. As we have often seen him, he was an adept in all sorts of mischief. Dog fights are his delight; a circus his heaven. To get into the circus, he will appropriate money that was intended for the conversion of some little leather boy; and that scheme failing, he will crawl under the tent. It is a grim satisfaction to know that he is often punished for this sin. In one instance the performing elephant accidentally stepped on three little boys who were squirming in, and mashed them so that their different parents were at a loss to tell which was which, and so had to shake their names up in a hat, and draw for it. When such sad scenes are possible, is it well to claim superiority for the boy of the country?

What Shall we do with Our Daughters.

Bring them up in the way they should go; give them a good substantial, common school education; teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals; teach them how to wash and iron clothes; teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons; teach them how to make their own dresses; teach them to make skirts; teach them to make bread; teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining-room and parlor; teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents; teach them that the less they live within their income, the nearer they get to the poor house; teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen; teach them a good, round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives; teach them to wear thick, warm shoes; teach them to do the marketing for the family; teach them to foot up store bills; teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model; teach them every day, hard, practical common sense; teach them self reliance; teach them that a good, steady, greasy, mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen oil pated loafers in broadcloth; teach them to have nothing to do with imtemperate and dissolute young men; teach them to climb apple trees, go fishing, cultivate a garden, drive a road team, or a farm wagon; teach the accomplishment—music drawing, painting—if you have the time and money to do it with; teach them not to paint and powder; teach them not to wear false hair; teach them to say no, and mean it, or yes and stick to it; teach them to regard morals, not the money, of the beau; teach the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time let them marry.

Rely upon it, that on your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.—E. C.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" cried a celebrated tragedian. "Wouldn't a jackass do as well?" inquired an affected young man, rising in his seat. "Yes," triumphantly exclaimed the actor, "just step up this way, sir." The young man sat down.

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on soap."

To keep warm on a cold day, the women double the Cape and the men double the Horn.

Beef steak is hi, h. It was higher the time the cow jumped over the moon.

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