

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 31.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 27, 1873.

NO. 29.

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 advertising until all arrears are paid.  
 Except at the option of the Editor.  
 For a list of advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, see page 2, 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.

**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 2d door below the Corner Store.  
March 20, 1873-if.

**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 twenty years' constant practice and the most exact and careful attention to all matters pertaining to the profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and successful 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.—ly

**D. R. J. H. SHELL,**

**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-ly.]

**D. R. GEO. 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, 1873-if.

**D. R. 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 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. Leder's new building, opposite Ansonink House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1873—ly.

**D. R. 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-if.

**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-if.

**AMERICAN HOTEL.**  
The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Kursh, 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-if. D. L. PISLE.

**KIPPLE HOUSE,**  
**HONESDALE, PA.**

Most central location of any Hotel in town.  
169 Main street,  
**B. W. KIPPLE & SON,**  
Proprietors.  
January 9, 1872.—ly.

**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-if.]

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

ABOVE ARCH,  
**PHILADELPHIA.**  
May 30, 1872.—ly.

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

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

### The Children.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
 And the school for the day is dismissed,  
 And the little ones gather around me  
 To bid me good-night and be kissed:  
 Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
 My neck in a tender embrace!  
 Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face!  
 And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
 Of my childhood too lovely to last;  
 Of love that my heart will remember,  
 When it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
 A partner of sorrow and sin,  
 When the glory of God was about me,  
 And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows as weak as a woman's,  
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
 When I think of the path, steep and stony,  
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go;  
 Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er their heads;  
 Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;  
 Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy  
 As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,  
 They are angels of God in disguise;  
 And his sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
 And his glory still gleams in their eyes.  
 Oh! those trants from home and from heaven,  
 They have made me more manly and mild!  
 And I know how our Saviour could liken  
 The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not life for the dear ones,  
 All radiant, as others have done,  
 But that life may have just enough shadow  
 To temper the glare of the sun;  
 I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
 But my prayer would bound back to myself;  
 Ah! a scraph may pray for a sinner,  
 But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
 I have banished the rule and the rod;  
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
 They have taught me the goodness of God;  
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
 Where I shut them from breaking a rule;  
 My frown is sufficient correction;  
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
 To traverse the threshold no more;  
 Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones,  
 That meet me each morn at the door;  
 I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,  
 And the gush of their innocent glee,  
 The groom on the green, and the flowers  
 That are brought every morning to me.  
 I shall miss them at morn and at evening,  
 Their song in the school and the street;  
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
 And the tap of their delicate feet,  
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
 And death says "the school is dismissed!"  
 May the little ones gather around me,  
 To bid me good-night and be kissed!

### THE LITTLE LADY.

I was stopping at the Hotel Windsor, at Rue de Rivoli, Paris.  
 One morning I was smoking in the colonnade, when a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman asked permission to light his cigar by mine. I saw at once that he was a Frenchman, although his "Eng-lish" was nearly perfect.  
 "Have you heard the news," he inquired.

"No."  
 "Is it possible! Why, all Paris is alive with it at this moment."  
 "What has happened?"  
 "The Countess de Marville, the fairest of the fair, was found murdered in her bed last night, her bureau broken open and 10,000 francs missing from it. It was terrible! The brute who did the deed effected his entrance through the window of her chamber, near which, unfortunately, was a tall tree planted by the distinguished grandfather of the Countess years ago. Little did he imagine what a terrible use would be made of it!"

"This is bad news. How many men could harm a woman thus in cold blood is more than I can imagine."  
 "Ah, Monsieur, if you had ever seen the Countess you would wonder still more. She was beautiful—beautiful as an angel," he added, striking his whiskers with an unmistakable air of vanity; "I knew her well!"

"Indeed!"  
 "Oh, yes. There are in Paris few pal-ly women unknown to me."  
 His manner now was decidedly con-cited, and I felt disgusted. My cold-ness evidently repelled him, for he soon left me.

Afterward I heard other accounts of the late tragedy.  
 Among the details of the affair was one which peculiarly impressed me—and which my first informant had not spoken of—an oversight which surprised me, as the occurrence he had not mentioned was of that kind which would be most apt to strike the fancy.

Upon the throat of the Countess, the murderer, in throttling her, had left a mark from a ring he wore—the impres-sion of a chariot wheel with a star in the center.  
 "This," said my latest informant, "may lead to the discovery of the murderer. Jean Mosqueau is already visiting the jewelers' shops to find out from which and by whom a ring with a chariot wheel device was purchased."

"Who is Jean Mosqueau?"  
 "What, Mosqueau, our famous detec-tive? Although his courage is well known, you would not, to look at his fair,

delicate face and form, believe that he could fight a goat!"  
 A week later I was aboard the steamer, bound from Calais to Dover.

Among the passengers I beheld one whose face looked familiar to me. I was not long in recognizing this person as the same I had seen in front of the Hotel Windsor, and who had first informed me of the murder of the Countess.

He was certainly a very handsome man, although his conceited air was a blot upon his good looks.

He moved languidly hither and thither, turning his brown eyes admiringly upon the pretty lady passengers, while stroking his whiskers with one white hand, upon the middle finger of which was a superb diamond ring.

I am rather of a suspicious nature, which, combined with a lively imagina-tion, had often led me into singular er-rors.

Now, a strange impulse moved me to advance and hold out my hand to the man whom I had involuntarily disliked from the first, in order that I might have a chance to glance at his ring. Some how the idea possessed me that I should discover a chariot-wheel device upon the glittering bauble.

The stranger did not at first recognize me. He soon did, however, and frankly extended his left hand, which was not the one containing the ring.

My brain fairly replied; the man's be-havior was a confirmation of my suspi-cions.

"The other hand, if you please," I said, in a low, stern voice.

"Monsieur, will you please excuse me; my other hand is lame with the rheuma-tism."

He beheld me glance toward the half-hidden ring, and I was sure I saw him start and turn pale, at the same time look-ing much surprised. He, however, open-ed his right hand, as if perfectly willing for me to shake it if I chose to.

Then I had a good look at the ring, and felt ashamed of my suspicious. The device was a common heart, which cer-tainly bore no resemblance to a chariot wheel.

After a general conversation to recover my self-possession, I turned away, resolv-ing in the future to have a better opin-ion of my fellow creatures.

The stranger's good looks seemed to at-tract the attention of a good many of the ladies. One especially, a modest looking little thing, attired in black, kept direct-ing furtive glances at the handsome pas-senger. Finally she glided so close to him that in turning he brushed against her.

An apology, smilingly received by the little lady, a remark about the weather on the part of the gentleman, and the two were soon conversing with animation. Meanwhile the blushing cheek and bright eyes of the fair one seemed to betoken that she was well pleased with her com-panion, whose air was more conceited than ever.

"I am afraid we shall have a storm," she remarked, pointing toward a dark cloud upon which the captain of the boat was gazing anxiously.

"We may, but do not be alarmed, mad-ame."  
 With an air of nonchalance he pulled a red cigar-case from his pocket and asked his companion if she objected to a smoke. Then he started, and quickly returning the red one to his pocket, pulled forth another of a blue color.

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?" inquired the lady, evidently amused at the sight of two cases.

The other colored, and it struck me that his voice slightly faltered and his hand trembled, as he made some laugh-ing reply.

Soon the storm came pouncing down upon us. We were midway in the chan-nel, so that we caught the full force of the sea and gale. Both were terrific.

The sea swept the boat, which lay so far over that her machinery was soon damaged so that it would not work. The wild, screaming like a demon, threw her over still further.

Suddenly we observed the sailors en-deavoring to loosen a long boat on the davits at the stern. Meanwhile, there was an ominous grinding, smashing noise under the counter. The truth could not be concealed; we were sinking.

The ladies screamed, the handsome pas-senger lost his self-possession, one ran higher and thither.

The cool behavior of the little lady in black contrasted strangely with the agi-tated demeanor of those around her.

There she stood calm and immovable, her bright steel-blue eyes fixed upon the handsome stranger, of whom she did not lose sight for a moment.

"Keep quiet ladies and gentlemen!" rang out the Captain—"Keep quiet, and don't crowd around the boat so! There will be room in it for you all, and besides there is a schooner coming to our assist-ance," pointing to vessel bowling to-wards us before the wind.

There was, however, a panic among those addressed. The moment the boat was lowered, into it they all bundled, among them the handsome passenger.  
 A huge sea coming along, roaring like thunder, parted the tackles, tearing the boat from the steamer before the lady in black or I could enter it. The handsome passenger, losing his balance, fell over the gunwale, and being unable to swim, wild-ly threw up his arms.  
 I must acknowledge that I was so en-

grossed with the perilous situation of my fair companion and myself—now the only two left aboard the steamer—that I paid little attention to the drowning man.

The steamer was, in fact, going down fast,—was already nearly engulfed in the stormy waves, her heated and half sub-merged boilers hissing as the steam came gushing out like the spout of a whale.

I was advancing to throw an arm around the little lady, fearing to see her washed away, when, quietly motioning me back with one hand, she seized a coil of rope and threw the end to the hand-some passenger. He caught it, when, turning to me, the lady requested me to help haul the man aboard. I complied, marveling at the love and devotion thus shown by a woman to an acquaintance of an hour.

His power over the female sex must be great, I thought. He is conceited, but not without reason.

The idea flashed clearly across my mind in spite of my danger. The schooner, however, was very near, and I had every reason to believe that we should be picked up.

I was right. We were all taken aboard the schooner, the handsome pas-senger among the rest. Then the lady in black pulled forth a revolver, pointing it at the head of him whom she had re-scued.

"Out with that red cigar case!" she said, sternly. "I would like to see what Monsieur carries in it!"

"Why—why," stammered the stranger; "what is—"

Before he could say another word, the little Amazon thrust her disengaged hand in his pocket, pulled forth the red cigar case, and opening it, a ring dropped to the deck.

The ring she picked up, and holding it up before us all, exclaimed—  
 "I have it at last. The jeweler as-sured me it was the only one of the de-vice in Paris—a chariot wheel! This person is the murderer of the Countess de Marville!"

The handsome passenger stood as if frozen to the deck, making no resistance as the lady in black slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists.

"By what right," he then stammered, "do you—"

He paused as the other threw off her dress and false hair, revealing the person of a slender man with delicate girlish fea-tures.

"I am Jean Mosqueau, the detective!" he quietly remarked, "and I robbed the sea of this man that the scaffold might not be cheated."

There is little more to add. The main proof having been obtained, other proofs on the prisoner's trial were brought forth, showing him guilty beyond doubt.

Long before his execution his name was ascertained to be Louis Rosseaux, a noted adventurer and gambler, who, how-ever, by cool effrontery and a winning address, backed by his good looks, had been enabled to move among the first circles of Parisian society.

### A Big Blow.

Last evening, while the chief engineer of a lung tester was expatiating upon the benefits to be derived from the free use of his instrument, a cadaverous individual stepped out of the crowd and remarked to him:

"Mister, do you think it would help me any to blow into that can?"

"Yes, sir; certainly; it would expand your chest, give elasticity to your lungs, and lengthen your life. Why, you'd soon be able to blow 500 pounds and win the \$5 prize."

"Why, does a fellow get \$5 when he blows that many pounds?"

"Yes, sir; wouldn't you like to make a trial?" with a knowing wink to the crowd.

"I don't care if I do," said Greens, walking around and planking down a dime of the greasy shipplaster sort.

Then taking the mouth-piece in his hand, he made ready. He opened his mouth into the hole in his face looked like a dry dock for ocean steamers, and began to take in wind. The inflation was like that of the Graphie balloon, Iu not so disastrous. That fellow's chest began to grow and distend until he re-sembled a pouter pigeon more than a man, at which point he put the mouth-piece to his lips and blew with such force that his eyes came out and stood around on his cheek bones to see what was the mat-ter—but that can top went up like a flash, and the needle of the indicator spun around like the button on a country school-house door, until it stood still at 500 pounds! The crowd cheered, and the keeper of the can paid over the \$5 in stamps, with a manner of astonishment. But Greens pocketed them coolly, and turning to the spectators, said:

"Look here, gents, that ain't nothing to do at all for a man who has been a bugler in a deaf and dumb asylum for seven years, like me!"—*New Orleans Herald.*

One of the young ladies at the Elgin watch factory, it is said is at work upon a patent watch, which will have hands so made and adjusted as to seize the wearer by the coat collar every evening about ten o'clock, and walk him off home.

Death is as near to the young as the old. Here is all the difference: death stands behind the young man's back, but behind the old man's face.

### WHAT IS LEPROSY.

A visit to the Settlement of Lepers in the Sandwich Islands.

The leprosy of the Sandwich Islands, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, is a disease of the blood and not a skin disease. It can be caught only, I am assured, by contact of an abraded surface with the matter of the leprosy sore; and doubtless the habit of the people, of many smoking the same pipe, has done much to disseminate it.

Its first noticeable signs are a slight puffiness under the eyes, and a swelling of the lobes of the ears. To the practiced eyes of Dr. Trousseau, the attending physician, these signs were apparent where I could not perceive them until he laid his finger on them.

Next follow symptoms which vary greatly in different individuals; but a marked sign is the retraction of the fingers, so that the hand comes to resemble a bird's claw. In some cases the face swells in ridges, leaving deep furrows between; and these ridges are shiny and without feeling, so that a pin may be stuck into one without giving pain to the person. The features are thus horribly deformed in some cases; I saw two young boys of 12 who looked like old men of 60. In some older men and women, the face was at first sight revolting and baboon-like; I say at first sight, for on a second look the mild sad eye redeemed the distorted features; it was as though the man was looking out of a horrible mask.

At a later stage of the disease these rugous swellings break open into festering sores; the nose and even the eyes are blotted out, and the body becomes putrid.

In other cases the extremities are most severely attacked. The fingers, after being drawn in like claws, begin to fester. They do not seem to drop off, but rather to be absorbed, the nails following the stumps down; and I actually saw finger nails on a hand that had no fingers. The nails were on the knuckles; the fingers had all rotted away. The same process of decay goes on with the toes; in some cases the whole foot had dropped away; and in many the hands and feet were healed over, the fingers and toes having dropped off. But the healing of the sore is but temporary, the disease presently breaks out again. Emaciation does not seem to follow. I saw very few wasted forms, and those only in the hospitals, and among the worst cases. There ap-pears to be an astonishing tenacity of life, and I was told they mostly choke to death, or fall into a fever caused by swallowing the poison of their sores when these attack the nose and throat. Those diseased give out soon a very sickening odor, and I was much obliged to a thoughtful man in the settlement, who commanded the lepers who had gathered together to hear an address from the Doctor to form to leeward of us. I expected to be sickened by the hospitals; but these are so well kept, and are so easily ventilated by the help of the constantly blowing trade wind, that the odor was scarcely perceptible in them.

You will perhaps ask how is the disease contracted. I doubt if any one yet knows definitely not from all I heard. I judge that there must be some degree of predisposition toward disease in the person to be contaminated. I believe I have Dr. Trousseau's leave to say, that the contact of a wounded or abraded surface with the matter of a leprosy sore will convey the disease; this is of course inoculation; and he seemed to think no other method of contamination probable. I was careful to provide myself with a pair of gloves when I visited the settlement to protect my hands in case I should be invited to shake hands; but I noticed that the doctor fearlessly shook hands with some of the worst cases, even where the fingers were suppurating and wrapped in rags.

There are several women on the islands, confirmed lepers, whose husbands are at home and sound; one, notably, where the husband is a white man. On the other hand a woman was pointed out to me, who had three husbands, each of whom in a short time after marrying her became a leper. There are children, lepers, whose parents are not lepers; and there are parents lepers whose children are at home and healthy.

There are three white men on the island, lepers, two of them in a very bad state. So far as I could learn the partic-ulars of their previous history, they had lived flagitiously loose lives; such as must have corrupted their blood long before they became lepers. In some other cases of native lepers I came upon similar his-tories; and while I do not believe in a ma-jority of cases, involves such a career of vice, I should say that this is certainly a strongly predisposing cause. And as to the danger of infection to a foreign visitor, there is absolutely none, unless he should undertake to live in native fashion among the natives, smoking out of their pipes, sleeping under their tapas, and eating their food with them; and even in such an extreme case his risk would be very slight now, so thoroughly has the disease been "stamped out" by the energetic action of the Board of Health. In short, there is no more risk of a white resident or traveler catching leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands than in the City or State of New York.

I have heard one reason why this dis-ease has been more frequent in the last ten years. About that time the islands were visited by small pox. This disease made terrible ravages, and the Govern-

ment at once ordered the people to be vaccinated. There seems to be no doubt that the vaccine matter used was often taken from persons not previously in sound health; this was probably unavoid-able, but intelligent men, long resident in the islands, believe that vaccination thus performed with impure matter had a bad effect upon the people, leaving traces of a resulting corruption of their blood.

**Salt-Rising Bread.**  
 A correspondent of Household gives the following receipt for making salt rising bread, which is said to be superior to common yeast bread, and is considered by some as more wholesome.

"Put three teacups of water, as warm as you can bear your finger in, in a two-quart cup or bowl, and three-fourths of a tea-spoonful of salt; stir in flour enough to make quite a stiff batter; this is for the rising, or emptying, as some call it. Set the bowl, closely covered, in a kettle, in warm water as warm as you can bear your finger in," and keep it as near this temperature as possible. Notice the time when you "set" your rising; in three hours stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, put it back, and in five and one-half hours from the time of setting, it will be within one inch of the top of your bowl. It is then light enough, and will make up eight quarts of flour; make a sponge in the center of your flour with one quart of water of the same temperature as rising, stir the rising into it; cover over with a little dry flour, and put it where it will keep very warm, but not scald; in three-fourths of an hour mix this into a stiff dough; if water is used be sure it is very warm, and do not work as much as yeast bread; make the loaves a little larger and keep it warm for another three quarters of an hour; it will then be ready to bake. While rising this last time have your oven heating; it needs a hotter oven than yeast bread. If these rules are followed, you will have bread as white as snow, with a light brown crust, deliciously sweet and tender."

A very strange proceeding occurred in a wake down town Wednesday night; it was not only strange it was bar-barous. The deceased was a man named Kenedy, whose place of abode when he lived was somewhere in the vicinity of the Hill and Washington streets. The house was small, the party was large and refreshments plenty, and as soon as the good cheer began to tell the party be-came frisky and wanted to have a dance. The room was too small to dance in un-less the corpse was removed, and there was no other room in which the body could be stored. For a time the dance was postponed, but more refreshments made the party more clamorous, and at last an attempt was made to set the body on a chair and put it on one side of the room.

This failed, and as a last resor-t the corpse was taken off the table on which it had been placed and stood up in a corner, and the dance went on. We have heard of rows and fights, and in fact all kinds of revelry taking place at wakes, but never before have we heard of anything occurring in a civilized community so barbarous as this.—*Way Times.*

Things were affecting at Iowa City on election night. The *Press* man corded Brainard of the *Republican*, the post mas-ter, and his partner, in a fire brigade saloon, singing:

I want to be a granger,  
 And with the grangers stand—  
 A horny-headed farmer,  
 With a haystack in my hand.

And anon, his partner, a nice young man with a good voice, joins in:  
 Beneath the tall tomato tree  
 I'll swing the glittering hoe—  
 And snite the wild potato-bug  
 As he skips o'er the snow.

When the post-master continued:  
 I've bought myself a Durham ram  
 And a gray alpaca cow,  
 A lock-stitch Osage orange hedge,  
 And a patent-leather plow.

Heektown, Lehigh county, has physi-cian worthy of notice. The *Allentown Democrat* relates that Dr. G. J. Scholl has now been practicing his profession for an uninterrupted term of fifty four years, during which time he was present at the birth of more than seven thousand infants, some of whom are now not only mothers but grand-mothers. He is now in the seventy fifth year of his age, with as clear a mind, as elastic a step, and as black and sparkling eyes as most persons of forty. He is in the full tide of practice yet.

The Mayor of Reading received a let-ter from an anonymous source, threaten-ing to destroy half the city by fire if rents were not immediately reduced two dollars per month on each house. As the Mayor controls all such business as that, and as "his is a gang of fifteen of us," "detorment," according to the writer, to carry out the fiery programme, a reduction in rents may be looked for in the capital of old Berks.

Do not run in debt to the shoe-maker. It is unpleasant not to be able to say your sole is your own.

There is nothing so effective in bring-ing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high-spirited flea.