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JOB PRINTING,

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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 29, 1873-tf.

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 offers himself for all the various 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 assured.
All persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance. April 12, 1873.—1y

DR. 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-ly.]

DR. 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, 1872-tf.

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 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 Anzelmink House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1873-1y.

DR. 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 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-tf

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-tf

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Kuecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurbished 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 and satisfaction of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. April 17, '72-tf. D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,

HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town. R. W. KIPLE & SON, Proprietors. 169 Main street. January 9, 1872.—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 affords. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-tf]

WATSON'S

Mount Vernon House,

117 and 119 North Second St.

ABOVE ARCH,

PHILADELPHIA.

May 30, 1872-1y.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Willsboro, 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 paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them;
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 group 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 lesson 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 in-
quired.
"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, un-
fortunately, was a tall tree planted by the
distinguished grandfather of the Coun-
tess years ago. Little did he imagine
what a terrible use would be made of it."
"This is bad news. How any man
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 po-
pular women unknown to me."
His manner now was decidedly con-
ceited, and I felt disgusted. My cold
nose 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 concealed 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 strok-
ing 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 opinion
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
wind, 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, and 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 tacks, 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 leizing unable to swim, wil-
dly 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
handkerchiefs 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 cir-
cles 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 until 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 Graphic balloon, but
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 matter 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
before 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 peo-
ple, 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 resem-
ble 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
to some older men and women, the face
was at first sight revolting and baloon
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 be-
ing 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 sores
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 dis-
ease 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 that in
every case, or indeed perhaps 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 ris-
ing bread, which is said to be superior to
common yeast bread, and is considered
by some as more wholesome.

"Put three teaspoons of water, as warm
as you can bear your finger in, in a two-
quart cup or bowl, and three fourths of a
teaspoonful 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 heated; 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; as
was not only strange it was barbarous.
The deceased was a man named
Kennedy, 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
table.

This failed, and as a last resort
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.—Troy
Times.

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

Hecktown, 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
"their is a gang of 15000 of us," "teter-
ment," 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 shoemaker.
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 sea.