



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1874.

The Arkansas Troubles.

And now the muddle is in Arkansas. And a pretty muddle it is too, with danger of bloodshed and disgrace to the State. In November, 1872, an election for Governor was held in that State, and Elisha Baxter and Joseph Brooks were candidates. In January 1873, the Legislature met and after opening and counting the votes, declared Baxter to be the Governor elect. In pursuance of this decision Baxter was sworn in and proceeded to discharge the duties of the office. Brooks and his friends were dissatisfied with this, insisting that they were cheated out of the count and, of course, out of the office. Two suits at law were at once inaugurated to oust Baxter and place Brooks in possession of the office. One was by the Attorney General, in shape of *quo warranto* in the Supreme Court, citing Baxter to show by what right he held and exercised the office. On this proceeding the Court decided that it was without jurisdiction, and that no Court had jurisdiction to decide a contest in relation to the election of a governor.

The other suit was brought about the same time by Brooks on his own account in the Circuit Court, against which, in view of the decision of the Supreme Court, Baxter's lawyers filed a demurrer. The case lingered until Monday last week, when Brooks's Counsel, in the absence of Baxter's representatives informed the Court that it was agreed that the case should be submitted without argument. After two days consideration the Court over-ruled the demurrer, and without notice of its action to Baxter's attorneys, who were absent, allowed judgment to be entered on the demurrer, and a writ of ouster against Baxter to be issued. There was nothing like fairness in the action of the Court, and the whole subsequent proceedings look as though the Judge had intended to Brooks what its action would be, for the latter was prepared to act vigorously at once. He had a body of armed men ready and, the Sheriff accepting their services, in less than five minutes after the writ was issued the office of Gov. Baxter was carried by *coup de main* and he turned out *molens colens*. The result is a civil war in Arkansas, its capital occupied by armed men, and two Governors endeavoring to render confusion worse confounded, in a State which has never yet since the rebellion began, enjoyed the blessings of peace.

What the result will be cannot well be told, but the haste to steal a snap judgment, and the total want of fairness on the part of Brooks and his adherents in their efforts to obtain control of the gubernatorial chair, while the lack of his opponent was towards them, neither reflects credit upon them nor promises much for the prosperity of the State.

The Sanborn Inquiry.

It must be a comfort for the people to be able to pick up a paper, without having the eye blurred with the heading of the "Sanborn Contracts." For months this matter has filled the city dailies, until at last it had become a nuisance almost unbearable. But the inquiry is at last ended, and it now becomes a duty on the part of Congress to wipe out the real iniquity, in shape of a law which has allowed the Treasury to be swindled out of more than quarter of a million of dollars, under pretense of paying for services in collecting but twice that sum. Under ordinary care, and really in the natural course that collections were making, the gross amount of uncollected taxes, from railroads and estates, say \$500,000, would have gone into the Treasury. But there was a nice nest egg for partizan favorites just out of the law as it was, and hence a new law was passed and Sanborn & Co., were afforded a chance to slip their arms into Uncle Sam's pockets clear up to the shoulders. They took advantage of the situation and feathered their nests to the tune of \$250,000, by merely copying from railroad guides and official records, thus drawing into their nests dollars which were already on the way into, or really in, the Treasury. The swindle exposed, the means by which under a show of law it was consummated should be wiped out without a moments hesitation. Congress will be greatly derelict in its duty until this redress of a most grievous wrong is accomplished. The people have become tired of being robbed, and the sooner they are relieved from the grasp of the robbers the better will it be all around for those in power.

Civil Service Reform.

The report of the civil service commission, covering the progress of the reform for the past year, with an accompanying message from the President, has been presented to Congress. From this it is gained that the reform has not proved a complete success. So far as it has worked in the Departments its action has in a measure been good, but in places outside of these the rules adopted have proved impracticable. It is alleged that if the Senate sanction the rules, and agree to be held by them, general success of the system will be the result, and the President, members of Congress and heads of departments be relieved from influences prejudicial to good administration. In conclusion the President recommends appropriations to continue the work in its present form, &c.

We may be in error, but we see no reason to coincide with the President in this matter. Instead of giving the matter of appointments into the hands of a set of pedantic political pecksniffs, we conceive that the Civil Service would be vastly benefitted by abolishing the present system altogether, and forming the whole people into a commission for the pur-

pose of filling the offices properly and profitably for the Government. Have the rules so arranged that Congressmen and mere politicians should stand aside, and the people be enabled to bring forward and recommend their men, and there is no room for doubt that every office throughout the country would be well filled and thoroughly administered. The evils of the system heretofore in vogue, have not grown from the want of a civil service, but from the fact that Senators and Representatives in Congress have doted on the offices as rewards for pot-house services rendered, instead of capacity and honesty on the part of the applicant. This is the experience of the country for an age or two back.

We must change this system and let the people feel that the responsibility of having our offices well filled rests upon them solely, and that their recommendations only will receive consideration from the appointing power, then cases of defalcation, incompetence and disgrace will prove the exception instead of the rule as now and heretofore.

We hope yet to see the day when these humbugs of political quacks, who arrogate to themselves all the intelligence of the day, will have passed into that oblivion which they so richly merit.

Massachusetts has at last got a Senator to take the seat made vacant by the death of Charles Sumner, Hon. William B. Washburn having been elected on the thirty-third ballot, he having received 152 votes. The struggle for the seat has been a long and a rather bitter one between Congressmen Dawes and Hoar. They may both feel complimented by the loyalty of their respective friends in the Massachusetts Assembly, who stuck by them until there was no longer any chance for either to be chosen. Mr. Washburn is a member of a distinguished family of statesmen, and, while his election was the result of a compromise, it would have been difficult for Massachusetts to have found a fitter representative in the Senate of the United States. All accounts declare him to be a gentleman of unquestioned integrity, great energy of character, and having excellent abilities as a legislator. All's well that ends well, and evidently this Massachusetts Senatorial struggle has ended as well as could have been desired.

Mrs. Young, one of the numerous wives of the prophet Brigham, who is lecturing about the country on some of the peculiar institutions and practices of the Mormons, delivered an address in Washington City, a few evenings ago, to an audience composed largely of members of Congress and their families. The pith of the lecture was contained in its opening words. She said: "I know that you come to hear me from curiosity. I do not know why there should be anything curious in my being the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young. Polygamy is sanctioned by you in the national councils. While George Q. Cannon, of Utah, a polygamist with four wives, sits there, the peer of delegates from other Territories, Congress is responsible for the system which makes a plurality of wives possible in the Mormon country." The principal value of these strangely sounding sentences consists in their literal truth. And now, what is Congress going to do about it, and how soon?

Attorney General Dimmick is giving notice to those justices of the peace who have not taken the oath under the new Constitution that their acts are invalid. Although the Attorney General has in all cases advised justices of the peace to take the oath presented in the new Constitution, his opinion is the opposite of that contained in the foregoing paragraph.

It is gratifying always to hear of success attending the business enterprises of Monroe County boys. The following which we clip from the Carbon *Advocate*, will prove of interest to the many friends of the parties mentioned hereabouts. Marsh, Butterfield & Co., are well known throughout this county, and the success of their business recently established at Weissport will be heard of with pleasure. That the Dollars may flow in upon them is the wish of all.

The Messrs. Butterfield, Marsh & Co., of the new Emery Wheel Manufacturing, in Weissport, turned out their first wheel on Monday last. It was a beauty, and all concerned are elated at their success. The firm is now prepared to resume orders which will be filled at short notice and at lower prices than any other house in the county.

We visited the new Emery Wheel manufacturing, of Messrs. Butterfield, Marsh & Co., in Weissport, on Thursday morning last, and found all hands busy as bees. We witnessed the brightening of screw heads and the sharpening of edge tools, and must say it is one of the greatest inventions we ever saw—the wheels do the work quick and well. We are informed that they have already a number of orders on hand.

The New Instruments for our New Band reached here last week. They are an elegant and excellent set. On Monday evening Prof. Moran made his appearance among us and gave the members their first lesson. The first evening exercise developed good material, and though we may for a time be afflicted with horrible tootings, there is abundant reason to believe that the day for the discourse of sweet sounds is not far distant. Professor Moran is evidently master of the situation.

INFORMATION WANTED.—The undersigned is desirous of securing information concerning the whereabouts of his father Levi Strouss who left his place of residence on Saturday evening, the 4th inst., since which time nothing has been heard of him. Mr. Strouss is about 5 feet 8 inches high, stoutly built, has dark complexion, black hair sprinkled with gray, and is about sixty years of age. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by MORRIS H. STROUSS, Paradise Valley, Monroe Co., Pa.

A Woman Shot by her Husband.

On Saturday last our town was thrown into a state of excitement by the appearance on the street of a man under arrest. Upon inquiry we learned that the man's name was Jerry Miller, that he was a resident of Portland, and that he was arrested for shooting his wife. The shooting took place at about four o'clock p. m., nearly opposite Stauffer's Foundry, East Stroudsburg, on the road leading from the Iron Bridge towards General Brown's residence, and was witnessed by George Mount and James Van Buskirk, both of whom were standing in the foundry door at the time. From Mr. Mount we learned that Miller and his wife and another woman were standing in the road and that there appeared to be some trouble between them. From the appearance of things Mr. Mount and Van Buskirk both judged that the woman was endeavoring to get away from Miller, as on her companion pulling Mrs. Miller by the shawl, and as she was turning, Miller drew a pistol and shot her in the head, immediately back of the ear, inflicting a wound that can hardly fail to prove fatal. Immediately after the shooting, Miller ran, but was pursued by Mr. Mount and others and was arrested on the opposite bank of Brodhead's creek, near William Frankensfield's residence, in Stroud township, and brought to Squire Rees's office who committed him to prison for further hearing.

The cause of the shooting it is alleged, was the refusal of Mrs. Miller to live with her husband because of his neglect to properly provide for her support. Mrs. Miller, whose given name is Ellen, is a daughter of Peter Dildine, who for a number of years worked in the Tanneries in and near this place.

Since the above was in type, we have learned that Mrs. Miller is in a fair way of recovery.

Mrs. Hineine, who was with Mrs. Miller at the time of the shooting, when called upon by one of our reporters, made the following statement:

I went to town shortly after dinner, in company with Mrs. Miller, for the purpose of purchasing some furniture and doing some shopping; after making my purchases we started home and after crossing the Iron bridge over Brodhead's creek a man [whom I learn was her husband] stepped up to Mrs. Miller's side and laying his hand upon her shoulder said, "hello, Ella." Turning around, she replied, "hello, Jerry." He then walked along by her side and told her that he wanted to speak to her. We walked on together for two or three hundred yards when I walked on a head of them; when a short distance from them I turned around and looked back when I saw him with his arm around her shoulders and she struggling to get loose; I walked on as far as Albert's house, again looked around and saw that she was still trying to get loose; I went home and put my things in the house and went into Mrs. Stone's house and told her what had happened and that I feared he might do some mischief. I then hurried back to where I had left them and found that he still had hold of her and she struggling to get loose; when I came up close to her I saw that she was crying; stepping up to her I asked her "what was the matter?" she replied, "Jerry wants me to take a walk with him along the railroad." I asked her if he was her husband? She said "yes." I asked her to come along with me as I wanted to go home; she told me to hold on and she would go with me. He said he wanted her to take a walk with him along the railroad and unless she did so he would shoot her. I told him to come to my house where he could talk to her. He replied, no, I want to talk to her alone. I told him no one would interrupt him at my house. He said he would keep her until night if she did not take a walk with him. I then told him I would not leave her, for if anything happened I would be blamed. He then had hold of one of her hands and his one arm was around her shoulders. I then took hold of one of her hands and he held fast to the other; she entreated him to let her go, but he said he would keep her there until dark unless she took a walk. I told him that if he did not let her go I would call for assistance. I saw three men coming across the bridge and I called them. As they continued on I thought they did not hear me and I beckoned to them to come over; as I did so Miller turned his head around and saw them coming. He then took his arm from around her shoulders, still retaining hold of her hand, and reaching to his side drew a pistol and shot her. He then let loose of her hand, jumped over the fence and ran through the fields. She was placed in a wagon and brought to my house.

Had he succeeded in getting her to take a walk with him down the railroad he would no doubt have completed the terrible crime. Once through the Forge cut, no one could have seen them or heard her cries for help. The bloody deed done he could have concealed the body and made good his escape.

Dr. Brst attended to her wound. The ball passed through the scalp, entered the occipital bone, about two inches from the ear, posteriorly, where it remains embedded in the bone.

We have been requested to announce that the Hon. T. A. Thompson, Secretary of the National Grange, P. of H. will address the Council to be held at Snyder'sville on the 5th of May next. All who desire to learn the workings and purposes of the order—patrons and strangers—are cordially invited to attend. The hour fixed for the meeting of the Council is 2 o'clock p. m.

THE NEW TOWN COUNCIL, which was elected in February, and organized on the 8th inst., is officers as follows:

Chief Burgess.—Theodore Schoch. Councilmen.—J. Kern, Jacob K. Shaffer, Joseph L. Bowers, Wm. Huntsman, Wm. Wallace and Wilson Dreher. Secretary.—Benjamin S. Jacoby. Treasurer.—Wm. Wallace. Street Committee.—Wm. Huntsman and John Kern.

Fresh ground Plaster is now for sale at Stoke's Mill. Grain wanted in exchange at highest market price. April 23-24. N. S. WYCKOFF & SONS.

OUR town was visited by a refreshing thunder Shower on Monday evening, as the closing up of a twenty-four hour storm. The air was delightful, balmy and spring-like on Tuesday morning.

DECKER of the cheap auction store takes up a portion of our advertising columns this week with the announcement of more choice bargains secured for his many customers hereabouts. Call and see them.

NEIGHBOR FRIED has illuminated the front of his extensive Clothing Emporium with an umbrella, neatly finished in red and white. He had some trouble in getting it to stick, but once fixed it began to show far at a distance.

DIST. DEPUTY REINHART, assisted by the Hon. Peter Gruver, organized a new Grange of P. of H. at Stockertown, Northampton County, on Thursday last. George Frank Messinger was appointed Master, and H. E. Ealer, Secretary. The Grange will be known as Northampton Grange.

What We heard and Saw within the Week.

The *Dia* created by the fairy queen down town, drumming on the piano, 'smore than the "brunette's" sensitive nerves can stand. Cheer up, it is only a "passing dream." Joe looks fatherly with a beautiful black haired infant sitting upon his knee. Nothing like learning the young ideas how to shoot, Joe.—"What we heard and saw," a lady exhibiting a panorama illustrative of "our corner" in the church. The fair lecturer was more interesting than the "pictures."—The reason her hair curls so beautiful, is she does it up in the *Jeffersonian*.—"The sleeping beauty" is not dead as reported. She was in church last Sunday night oblivious to the gaze of those around her. Fly time will soon commence.—A strange face occasions as much of a flutter in the hearts of our fair maidens as a hawk among a flock of chickens.—Rather a bold operation—married women flirting in church. Shame.—A Jersey sandwich is made by placing a young man "upon whose tongue there is no guile" between two angels, minus wings.—The balcony is a splendid place to gaze upon "poor mortals here below" young men can truly say, that angels hover near them when they imbibe and shed a halo of light over them as they pass out.—Splendid coal fires are kept up all night in school houses in the vicinity of Quakertown, for the accommodation of travelers. So says the Foot Brigade of Stroudsburg.—"Dory" and "Jake" look so much alike that the girls in the "west end" cannot tell them apart. Good enough.—Since "Tannery's" discovery of the spoons, he claims a relationship to Ben. Butler.—Prof. Lee, the handsome, graceful, and petite colored tenorial artist, says, since his removal into his new saloon he can give his customers an "ecstatic" shave and a "recherche" hair cut.—"Not dead, but sleeping" is the ominous inscription on the post office door in our "burg." Who can explain it?—Black court-plaster is good for boils.—"Swarty" is as good natured as ever, but he will get lost when within quarter of a mile of town. But then it was a dark night, you know.—Two "old stagers" on the war-path last Monday. Both full of "balloon juice." Have a quarrel which results in a fight. Blood flows freely, but sorry to say, no bones broken. Ladies occupy reserved seats.—*Sticken* is a very useful article to carry with you when traveling. It trades readily for tin buckets, potatoes, &c.—"Wind pudding" is a luxury relished by travelers, but it contains very little nourishment.—The advance agents of "DeVere's Varieties" came in town last week. They intend stopping here a few weeks previous their departure for Europe. They don't advertise.—For a few days past a "drummer" for some city establishment has been creating quite a sensation among some of our extremely dark brunettes, or as our "devil" terms them, "foreigners from Africa." It appears he fully indorses the fifteenth amendment and believes in amalgamation. There is no accounting for a persons tastes, and his case is no exception to the general rule. Whether some of our "young Americans" grew jealous or not we cannot say, however, the "green-eyed monster" did make his appearance, and on Monday evening last, a party of them concluded to keep an eye on the gay and festive "drummer," and at early hour threw out skirmishers. They had but a short time to wait until he made his appearance on Main street with a pair of "distinguished foreign females," one gracefully reclining on each arm. They were billing and cooing like a trio of doves. The swan-like neck, alabaster cheeks, pearly teeth and cherry lips of the one, caused him to gaze with admiration upon her queenly form. He was infatuated. They strolled along leisurely, whispering words of love and pledging eternal devotion to each other. When in front of Robert Boys' store, the gentle heavens shed copious tears at the sad and demoralizing sight. They sought refuge from the drenching storm under Mr. Boys' porch. "Young America" came to a halt. They could no longer contain their pent up fury. Securing a good supply of mud, of which there was an abundance in the street, they made a charge on the "drummer." Thinking the day of judgement had come, or that a volcano, emitting a shower of "old" eggs had broken out, he deserted the object of his love and ran up Main street at a 2:40 gait, pursued by the irate "young Americans," who at every step increased his speed with a volley of stones, sent promiscuously after his retreating form. We have been informed that he took his departure on an early train, on the "Black Oak Railroad," bound for *Nigger-angua*.

Letter from Sand Cut.

SAND CUT, April 18th, 1874. About midway between Scranton and Stroudsburg, on D. L. & W. R.R., is situated the little village of Sand Cut. There is, probably, no place in the country, that does an equal amount of business, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants. A stranger passing by this place, "on rail," might deem this statement very much exaggerated, nevertheless from this hamlet go forth annually millions of feet of lumber, and thousands of tons of bark. It is an outlet to a large scope of country heavily timbered. The village, itself, is a very unpretending affair; knowing that modesty is a jewel, it is perfectly contented to be passed by unnoticed, yet its inmates are always "flush" and have the ready cash when the occasion demands it. But we do not wish to speak at this time, particularly, of its business relations, but rather give a brief sketch of Sand Cut, as a place for recreation and amusement.

THE ATMOSPHERE. The village is situated about 1800 feet higher than Stroudsburg, which leaves its atmosphere dry, pure and healthy. During the hot sultry nights of July and August, when the air is oppressive and stifling in the large cities, there is always a strong cool breeze here, which calls forth, from the stranger, expressions of joy and satisfaction and makes it, in the language of many "perfectly lovely." Instead of panting and gasping all night for breath, you can store yourself away snugly under the cover and enjoy solid comfort and a good nights sleep.

THE SIMON HOUSE. This large and well regulated hotel is at present under the management of S. A. Haley, who spares no time and trouble to make his guests comfortable and happy. Within the last few years, the house has been enlarged and remodelled with a view to convenience and comfort, and neatly furnished, which gives the stranger all the advantages of a first class hotel. The table is abundantly supplied with substantial and the delicacies of the season. As far as comfortable quarters and good " grub" are concerned, the stranger need have no fears. If any one should doubt this statement, we can only say "come and see."

THE PLANK ROAD. Another attractive feature of this place is the plank road, leading from here to Gouldsboro, a distance of eleven miles. The greater part of the road is shaded by tall hemlock trees, whose branches in many places meet and form a complete arbor. The Lehigh river gurgles along on either side, sometimes to the right and again to the left. The scenery is constantly changing; at one place a ravine at another a cliff, here a valley and there a hill, thus presenting a variety of aspects to the lover of nature. It is, probably, one of the most interesting and pleasant drives in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

THE FISHING GROUNDS. All other attractions, though valuable, sink into insignificance when compared with the fishing grounds of the Lehigh and its tributaries at this place. There is not only a little pond here with a few trout in it, but dozens of pools, besides numerous rills, filled with trout, flowing into the Lehigh. Those, who can not spend several hours along its banks with profit and pleasures, are certainly not fond of handling a nice mess of speckled trout. There are many very renowned fishing places, the most noted, perhaps, is the "Still Waters," a short distance from the hotel (about ten minutes walk), where a person, by rising early, can accomplish two things, namely, a good appetite and a mess of trout for breakfast. The "Falls," about three miles from the hotel is another place often visited by strangers. But in order to make full time and put in a whole day, "Trout Creek," three miles from the terminus of the plank road, is most likely the desirable spot. The only objection to it, is the great abundance of trout there, which prevents any show for skill and patience, and encumbers the angler with a burden of fish. Thus we might speak of many similar places and explain their advantages, but they can only be appreciated by actual experience.

A SUMMER RESORT.

Why so few of the many seeking comfort and pleasure, find their way to this place is a question which has often puzzled our mind. It certainly is not for the want of attraction and natural advantages, but must be owing to the ignorance of the people in reference to the place. For healthfulness of climate, beauty of scenery, places of recreation, pleasure drives, comfort and luxury its equal is not easily found. True some find their way here every summer, but the number is limited. It remains for the future to make Sand Cut, what it probably will be, one of the most noted summer resorts in the state. What is to prevent it? Do not people leave the cities during the "heated term," on account of the oppressive atmosphere, and seek cooler air and healthier climate? Then why not take advantage of this locality; inhale the pure mountain air and drink the clear sparkling water?

ANOTHER WICKED MINISTER.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., April 10.—Early in the present year the Rev. R. H. Williamson, pastor of St. Stephen's Episcopal church in this city, was charged with frequenting houses of ill fame and with other conduct unbecoming a minister of the gospel. He denied the charges, but the vestry, acting upon what they considered strong proof, deposed him from his pastorate and lately appointed a committee of investigation; and this week Mr. Williamson appeared before them and confessed to his improper habits. No final action has yet been taken in regard to his case.

A letter from Champaign county, Central Illinois, March 24, says that the sky, for 100 miles in breadth, had been filled with a flight of wild fowls for the last twelve hours. They had been going north for the previous two weeks, but a sharp turn of the weather to cold had sent them scolding back in the great multitudes.

Six thousand dozen clothes pins are manufactured daily at the factory of Washburn & Howell, Forest Mills, Wayne Co. Twenty-five men are employed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The birthplace of Robert Burns is now a public house.

The professors are getting ready for the coming transit of Venus.

People in Boston are expecting something to happen, presently.

The Grangers talk of commanding a pro-rata redistribution of the weather.

Hon. Winthrop W. Ketchum will visit Europe next month.

The State Medical Society will meet in Easton on the 13th of May.

There are nearly 4,000 children in the public schools of Harrisburg.

In New York on Friday last, Patrick Gilligan was sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of Philip Howard.

Preparations are being made to run the Switch-Back railroad to its full capacity during the coming summer.

An Eastern paper suggests that the crusaders adopt this motto: "The horn of the ungodly shall be put down."

Bruce town, Kentucky, has a colored girl, nine years old, who remembers every word she ever hears read or spoken.

The 7,000 hens of Pottstown ate 35,000 eggs on Easter Sunday, at a cost of \$641 74.

The Pennsylvania Railroad now carries emigrants from New York to Chicago for four dollars a head.

Memphis is an enterprising city. It has mosquitos, sandflies and caterpillars, already.

One hundred years ago this month Kentucky was first settled. The occasion will be celebrated in Bourbon.

New York is going to pass a bill making the payment of fares in horse cars dependent upon seats furnished. Sensible.

It is a noticeable fact that at least one State in our Union publishes more newspapers than the whole Asiatic continent.

The most extensive manufactory of files in this country is at Beaver Falls, Pa. The establishment now employs 200 workmen.

In Lancaster county the supervisors sell their roads to the lowest bidder, to keep them in repair for the year, and it is said the plan works well.

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone it is when a line full of clothes comes down in the mud.

Farmers in various sections of Camden and Burlington counties say that the recent cold snap has killed most of the early fruit buds.

There is a smart rivalry between Chicago and Brooklyn as to religious sensations. Also as to infractions of the Decalogue.

Senator Sumner's house has been closed to visitors, as the crowd has been so great that it was found impossible to receive them.

The Egyptians brewed beer four thousand years ago. They brew it still, and they call it Boozza. Some of them get boozed on it.

China has streets paved with granite blocks laid over three hundred years ago, and as good as new. The contractors are dead.

Louisiana has eight hundred and sixty-four schools, in which are employed 1,476 teachers, on an average salary of \$12 50 per month.

In England, for every 103,000 to 116,000 tons of coal raised, a death is certain. In our American coal mines no such mortality as this prevails.

A band of forty five robbers and horse-thieves in Eastern Kentucky, has just been scented, and an army of police is on the malefactors' heels.

Alabama coal is in a fair way of making a stir in Cuba. The shipments made there have given satisfaction, and extensive orders are expected.

The annual product of the British coal mines increased from 104,566,959 in the year 1868 to 112,875,525 tons in 1870, and 123,393,853 tons in 1872.

Thirty thousand sojourners are now in Florida, nearly all from the North. The great charm is the climate; next to that the privilege of eating oranges.

Indianapolis boasts of a city tax levy of only 11 mills on the dollar, which produces \$459,347 revenue. This indicates a valuation of over \$41,000,000.

A female coiffure constructor is New York, advertises herself as "hairdresser to Miss Nellie Grant." No commendation has followed the announcement.

Expensive business. Getting born costs the people of the United States \$220,095,000 annually; getting married, \$250,000,000; getting buried, \$73,839,450; total, \$543,984,450.

A boy baby, born in Bedford, a few days ago, weighed nineteen pounds. It is usual to call upon envious neighbors to "beat" such phenomena; but it would be cruel in this case.

It is to be feared that our government is materially weakening the cause of abolition by delaying the distribution of the Alabama money, which foots up about \$15,500,000.

The State of Georgia declines to subscribe for Centennial stock upon the lofty ground that the celebration is a "Northern" affair, and because she never did like Philadelphia.

The past season has been harder in New York than any the city has known for thirty years, and a real estate is feeling it, severely, with little prospect of improvement.

York borough, with a population of 11,000, has a corporate debt of \$11,000, or \$1 per capita. Lancaster city, with a population of 20,000, has a debt of \$500,000, or \$25 per capita.