



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1874.

OUR DEFEAT AND THE CAUSES.

The result of the recent elections teach an important lesson, which cannot but be of great benefit to the Republican party if the leaders make up their minds to thoroughly learn it. We do not propose going into the full merits of the lessons themselves at this time, but merely to touch them lightly by way of hint to whom it may most concern. Leaving out the lessons imparted by other States, what do we learn by the lesson taught by the result here in Pennsylvania? And what was that result? Look at it. From a majority of seventy odd thousand for Gen. Grant two years ago, and with a majority of but little less for Gen. Hartranft, with steady majorities ranging from eight thousand to the maximum figure above named, year after year for the last fourteen years—with a legislature for the same time always strongly Republican—with a congressional delegation in which the same stripe of politics always strongly predominated, and with the United States Senatorship always strongly in our hold, we have dwindled down to a minority in everything. Literally, to-day finds us, as a party, bankrupt in all save the good deeds of the past and the manly spirit which prompts us to be up and doing for the future. And why is this the case? Why are we so surrounded with discouragements as to almost make us as a party forswear the partisan contest, and leave sublimity things generally to go to the dogs? It needs no great stretch of memory—no wrenching drafts upon the imagination—no mere guesses to arrive at a conclusion unmistakably pertinent to the question, even though it may not be absolutely encouraging in its truth. There is a reason—an overwhelming reason for this great change which has so worked to our disadvantage; and though not pleasant it is certainly right that we should look it squarely in the face and speak of it as it deserves.

Notwithstanding the many and potent reasons which have been already urged as the cause for our defeat, we conceive that those who promulgate them light upon them merely because they, from providential motives, considered it better to select these rather than to go farther and find others still more potent but very much less congenial. It would have been easier still, and just as satisfactory, if they had arrived at the conclusion that we failed to be successful because we failed to get votes enough to secure success. But such reasoning would not satisfy those among whom votes are gained and lost—we mean the people. Nor would it satisfy us if we were compelled to depend upon this staple diatribe for an answer to the many questions put to us from day to day by those who, year after year, have put their shoulders with ours to the wheel and pushed hard to roll the party into power and to maintain it there. There are other grand reasons, over and above any we have yet heard broached, for our defeat, and entertaining this belief we deem it our duty as a faithful Republican partisan to lay them plainly before our readers. We conceive that a physician's curative hold upon a disease can never be surely perfected in a cure, until he has traced the effect, through all its ramifications, to its cause. As in medicine so it is in politics; with this advantage in favor of the latter, that the proper remedy, which is always at hand and is truly specific, properly applied, is always sure to restore the vitality necessary to perfect health.

If we look for the causes of our defeat with a desire to arrive at the exact truth, and that only, we cannot divest ourself of the belief that we can only find those causes by canvassing the doings of the leaders of our party. From President Grant, down through all the gradations occupied by our partisan nabobs, we can find a continued and a continuing trace of the means by which we were defeated. It was not because the masses tired of Republican principles, but it was rather because men, elected and sustained in office as Republicans, smothered the principles of the party under personal ideas, and thoughtless of the demands of the people than they did of a selfish exercise of their official power. President Grant is by no means exempt from the weight of the charge, and his understrappers have delighted in nothing more than in yielding him a loyal following. In all, or nearly all of the appointments of the administration, every connection is marked by favoritism. From the premier-ship in the office of Secretary of State, down to the humblest watchman in the government employ all have been appointed, and many in direct opposition of the will of the people who were to be affected by their appointment, because of relationship or for mere personal and social connection with the President, or because some Senator or Representative on whom he depends for support had a debt to pay for services, often disreputable, rendered in placing them in position far above their deserts. Our own little one horse post office is a case in point, and the manner in which it was secured, against the overwhelming wishes of our people, would furnish a rare and racy chapter in the history of political germandering. What has been our experience, has been the experience of the whole country; and the offices, instead of being conferred upon worthy party workers and voters, have been bestowed upon women without the shadow of a claim, and upon men whose courses have been so vassalating that they would hardly themselves tell whether they were Republicans or Democrats or even good mortals in politics. There is sound sense in the maxim—"to the victors belong the spoils," and no administration will disgrace itself in its appointments that so lives up to it, as that while all the appointees

shall have been fighting men in the great grapple for success, all too should be capable for the position for which the petition of the people indicates them to be worthy.

We know that the President pretends to ignore party, and politicians, and yet to both he owes all that he is, whether as general in the field or as President of the United States. Indeed politics is the chief corner stone of our Union; and without politics and politicians we should soon become the most god-forsaken country in the world. Separate the gold of politics from its dross, and we have the precise material upon which is found not only American liberty, but the Christian religion as well. What folly then to attempt to excuse ingratitude upon the pretence of ignoring an evil which has no existence, except in ignorance or unrelenting unlikeliness. And right here we have the very essence of the cause of our late overwhelming defeat, in that unlikeliness which led President Grant to override people, law and almost everything beside which failed to pander to his pride of independence.

Our article has already reached so great a length, that we are reluctantly compelled to allow it to stand as introductory to something more to be said on a subject, in which every true Republican has a deep and an abiding interest.

JUDGING from the appearance of a headline over the leading editorial in this week's Democrat, AMANDUS OREYUS must contemplate turning his hick-spittle organ into a Molly Maguire sheet. We can't expect much else from the great I am, but do pity the poor, dear Aunt Miram.

And pray, thou truly good and sober AMANDUS OREYUS, what kind of whiskey did your right hand torch bearer indulge in the night of your grand jollification, that it should take him the whole of next day to recover from its effects.

Just hear the great AMANDUS OREYUS talk about home guards. And what brigade did he belong to? Echo answers, the foreign brigade.

THANKSGIVING day will be generally observed in this place. All places of business will be closed and religious services held in the various churches.

MUCH BEET.—Mr. Jacob H. Fetherman, of Stormsville, brought to our office on Monday, a beet weighing thirteen pounds and a half. If anybody can beat this beet, let them trot it out.

THE Stroudsburg Cornet Band under the leadership of Speering Shaffer we learn intends to put in an appearance at Brodheads ville on Friday next, on the occasion of a Democratic pole raising, in jollification over their recent victory.

Who will start the ball for the establishment of a Normal School in our midst. He who does it will in after years earn the name of having been a public benefactor. Come Jerome bestir yourself. You did well last fall, and we know of no one hereabouts better calculated to take the initiative in, and secure the success of the project now. Imperishable honors await the accomplishment of the fact for some one.

COME boys, the time is now here when you should be looked to your sleighs and buffalo robes and spandies. The snow will come directly, and then the girls will be looking for sleigh rides and sleighing parties and a good time generally. Why not get together and inaugurate sleigh rides to Tannersville, or Bartonsville, or Snyder'sville, or Bossardsville, or Kellersville, or Brodheadsville, or Snylorsburg, or the Gap, or all of them. The landlords at all these places know how to take proper care of all guests who call upon them and there is no better way to secure a proper amount of fun for the outlay. Let us think upon the thing, and practice upon it, and be prepared to act upon it when the snow comes.

ON Thursday last, about 4 P. M., Mr. G. A. Tranger, who resides near Mill Brook, N. J., while engaged loading coal at Experiment Mills, in this County, his horses took fright at No. 22 down coal train, and dashed off up the track, and in attempting to cross the Railroad bridge, the near horse got fast between the ties, and in his struggles pulled down the other horse. The near horse was badly injured. The skin of the left foreleg was cut entirely around the leg just above the knee joint, and stripped down full six inches, laying bare the bone and splitting one of the tendons three inches in length. It took about two hours to get the horses out of the bridge. After the horses were relieved, the injured one was cared for, the skin being replaced and sewed up. Mr. T. has hopes of his speedy recovery.

A DANCING school properly conducted, would not be a bad thing here this winter. In fact it would be a nice thing, and many a pleasant, sociable evening could be spent in indulging the ritual of Terpsichore. Y. M. C. A.'s and prayer meetings and all that sort of thing, are well enough in their way, but they do not fill the whole demand of life's bill of fare. We do not believe that the angels spend all their time laying idle on clouds of zore and singing hosannas. Nor do we believe that the precepts of christianity teach the perpetual indulgence of long faces, else the creator would not have endowed us with an appreciation of fun, and with heels that, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, will keep beating time to the behests of music. Let us have the dancing school, and, if it be necessary, let it be started under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. so that proper religious watchfulness make keep saten from the fold and secure to the enterprize a full measure of pleasure uncontain noted by the ally of wickedness.

BURR T. WOLF, aged 17 years, son of Edward L. Wolf, of Scranton, and formerly resident here, was shot and severely injured in that city a week ago last Monday. Many rumors having got afloat here, and we have been at some pains to get at the exact facts of the case. In response to our inquiry we learn that Burr and his youngest brother, Duane, were playing in the sitting room, just before the supper hour, Burr laying on the floor. In the roughness of the play the little one was hurt, and stepping away seized a gun standing in the bed room adjoining, and not thinking it loaded, set the hammer and pulled trigger. Unfortunately the gun had been loaded to shoot rats, and the whole charge went into the wrist, hand and neck of the victim. Fortunately, too, Burr at the time was laying on his stomach and resting his neck between his hands, or his death must have been instantaneous. Dr. Leet who was called to the case pronounced it the most lucky accident he ever heard of, the wrist and hand serving as a protection to a thoroughly vital part. As it was, three of the shot entered the neck within an eighth of an inch of the carotid artery. His many young friends here will be pleased to learn that though having some fifteen or twenty shot in his wrist and hand and eight in his neck, and the skin being somewhat powder burnt, Burr is getting along finely and will soon be about his business again. From the position of the boy the muzzle of the gun could not have been more than a foot from Burr's neck when the shot was fired. The shootist is not yet seven years of age. The father was setting within six feet of the boys at the time of the accident, and as can readily be conjectured a big scare was the result.

THE SHORTEST WILL ON RECORD.—The Scranton Sunday Times gives the following history of what is probably the shortest will on record. According to the decision of the Luzerne Court there is no need of having a lawyer and an overly quantity of "fuss and feathers" when it comes our time to dispose of our property. "gather up our feet in bed," like the patriarchs of old, "and yield up the ghost." The Times says:—"Last spring there was a will filed in the register's office which must take its place among the many curious ones in the world, and is probably the shortest one ever admitted to probate anywhere. The following is a copy: "Emily R. Miner is my heir. SARAH K. MINER."

It was written on one sheet of note paper with lead pencil, and on the envelope enclosing the same, written with lead pencil, were the words, "Read this when I am dead." It was not found, being mixed up with other papers, until three or four months after her death. After due deliberation it was admitted to probate and letters of administration cum testamento annexo granted. The writing was in her own hand. She was an aged maiden lady, and daughter of Hon. Charles Miner. She will be remembered as the blind poetess, and is spoken of in Peck's History of Wyoming.

What We heard and Saw within the Week.

Since the departure of "Fanchon the Cricket," our friend "H," keeps late hours and dirts with the case of a professional. "When the cats are away, the mice play."—"Beautiful" is no longer the watchword; consequently the verses are laid over.—Exit Booth; enter "Buckey," last Thursday night.—The dulcet voice of the "blonde," blending with the tones of a piano accompaniment is charming in "Silver threads among the gold."—"Stickers" frequently exercises himself hunting for mice. He generally starts out when the shades of Evening are lowering.—"Billey," the handsome cigar-maker, has been testing the Emery-grinders of the Tanite Company. Wonder if he will buy?—We know of a young lady down town that has "sitins up" seven nights in a week, and still she is not happy.—"Greely" says, don't put me in this week. No, we won't, but then you should not be so sweet on that little "gal" at the quarry.—Getting up designs for barns, chicken coops, and other out buildings, on Sunday, is out of order, my christian friends. The buildings have been completed and "Sue" calls one a "chickery," but we never saw a "chickery" with a cellar and a cupola.—Those hats are perfectly charming. So are the fair faces that sparkle beneath them.—The original John says the "Sewing circle" are the most amiable young ladies in town. So say we.—If you want to hear a good story, a regular side-splitter, ask our esteemed friend "Sue" to relate the story of the "quince" or the "little black pigs" at Waverly fair.—Since the commencement of Prof. Perkins singing school, our friend Simon is continually humming "do me ra fatle dollar." Prof. P. says he possesses a splendid voice and with a little cultivation can sing oysters and clams.—No wonder every thing is so "beautiful" in Danbury, Conn. It is the home of Dally, the funny man of the News and "Fanchon the cricket."—He arrived last Saturday night and our fair friend in Hoboken was happy.—"Buttermilk Frank" and the "blonde" were out airing themselves behind a 2-40 nag last Monday. They looked charming.—Young ladies should see that their bustles are properly adjusted before going to church. Neglect in doing the same oftentimes causes much embarrassment, as was the case last Sunday night.—The helpmate of Adam has "sifted" from the garden of Eden.—J. W. F., has returned from a cruise to Binghamton. He is loud in his praises of the "brunette" and two "blondes" at the fashionable millinery establishment, No. 15 Court street. From the description; we rather admire the "chief engineer," especially her luxuriant golden tresses.—"Dawdle" is putting in all his spare time on his little wagon.—Since birds have become a fashionable ornament on ladies bonnets, little sparrows fly high.—A new way to sweat—stand along side of friend Simon when he is singing. Morey is our authority.—Our good natured friend got her fingers burnt but she won't tell how. We pity her and only hope she won't say "cuss" words in her sleep.—Alas! poor "Oofy," "scout" or buy a wig, for "hell hath no fury like a woman corned."

PENNSYLVANIA.

TABLE OF OFFICIAL MAJORITIES.

Table with columns: Obsolete, Latta, Adams, Allegheny, Armstrong, Beaver, Bedford, Berks, Blair, Bradford, Bucks, Butler, Cambria, Cameron, Carbon, Centre, Chester, Clarion, Clearfield, Clinton, Columbia, Crawford, Cumberland, Dauphin, Delaware, Elk, Erie, Fayette, Forest, Franklin, Fulton, Greene, Huntingdon, Indiana, Jefferson, Juniata, Lancaster, Lawrence, Lebanon, Lehigh, Luzerne, Lycoming, McKean, Mifflin, Mercer, Monroe, Montgomery, Montour, Northampton, Northumberland, Perry, Philadelphia, Pike, Potter, Schuylkill, Snyder, Somerset, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Union, Venango, Warren, Washington, Wayne, Westmoreland, Wyoming, York, Total, Majority.

\* Estimated. Temple's majority 4,084; McCandless' 4,625.

Thanksgiving Day.

HARRISBURG, November 7.—A proclamation of the President of the United States designates Thursday, the 26th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving, and I recommend that the people of Pennsylvania reverently dedicate that day to making acknowledgment to Almighty God for the blessings vouchsafed to us during the past year. Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord 1874, and of the Commonwealth. J. F. HARTRANFT, By the Governor: M. S. QUAY, Sec. of the Commonwealth.

A legal question has arisen in regard to the time when the newly-elected County Commissioners should enter upon their duties. The new Constitution provides that all elective officers shall begin their terms of service on the first Monday of January next after their election. The matter has already been judicially acted on in Schuylkill county, where the newly elected County Commissioner appeared to take his place in the board. The Court unanimously decided that the old incumbent should remain in office until the 4th of January, 1875. It also appears that the new Constitution makes no provision for electing Commissioners this year to serve until 1876, when full boards are to be chosen for a three-years term. But this consideration will hardly be allowed to affect the status of the officers elected this fall.

A well-dressed man in Chicago attracted considerable attention the other day by sitting upon the edge of the sidewalk for some time with his head between his hands, as if in deep meditation. At last a sympathetic stranger approached him and said, "Friend, you seem to be in trouble; can I assist you in any way?" The man sprang to his feet, and taking off his hat, parted his hair carefully, and said, "Stranger do you see that cut? My wife did it this morning with a flat-iron, and then sent me down town to buy her a new bonnet, and I have been sitting here for an hour trying to decide whether I will buy it or not, and blame me, stranger, if I haven't almost decided to get it."

Here is a new game very popular in the country just now: A young man takes a chestnut, cuts around the hull with a sharp knife, and then takes one-half the chestnut in his mouth, and they pull and the hull comes right off. There may be quicker methods of hulling chestnuts, but none more soothing to the feelings of the young folks; and they don't get mad and dance wildly around if the hull doesn't come off for five minutes or so. Country games are not to be despised, after all.

The Cincinnati Gazette tells of a thrifty woman named Mayhugh who, supposing her husband, who had been absent eight years, to be dead, sold his farm to one Robinson. Five years after, Mayhugh turned up, and Robinson had to buy his interest to make the title good. Afterward Mayhugh died, and the widow sued Robinson for her dower in the very land she had conveyed to him. The court sustained her claim, so that Robinson had to pay for the farm three times.

The rolling mill of the Messrs. Light, in Lebanon, has been closed on account of financial embarrassments. This throws about one hundred men out of employment.

EXTRACT FROM MINUTES OF QUARTERLY CONFERENCE OF STROUDSBURG METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

WILLIAM FRANKENFIELD, a Class-Leader, Exhorter and Trustee of this Church, a man of singular earnestness and Christian devotedness, having passed away from his earthly to his heavenly home, very suddenly, on Wednesday morning, the 28th instant, at about half past 8 o'clock, the members of this Quarterly Conference desire in this minute, to record their appreciation of his great worth as an unassuming sincere, true man of God, whom we shall greatly miss, but whose influence will long survive him for good in the Church, the home, and community, where all were compelled by the sanctity and purity of his life to respect and venerate him; and we hereby direct that a copy of this paper be presented to the bereaved family with the assurance of our tenderest sympathy, and published in the County papers as an expression of our estimate of the public loss we have sustained. WILLIAM B. WOOD, President. JOHN B. STORM, Secretary. Stroudsburg, Pa., Oct. 30th, 1874.

When the announcement was made a few weeks since of the death of this worthy citizen, unmistakable tokens of grief were generally manifested. A large concourse assembled at his funeral to testify their respect for his memory, and the general remark on the lips of all who knew him was, "a good man has been taken from our midst." This estimable and useful man was born in Middle Smithfield township in this county, on the 19th of September, 1818, and died on the 28th of October, 1874, in the 67th year of his age. His whole life was spent in this community, and for him to have claimed as he has done, the respect and esteem of such a wide circle of those who have had an acquaintance with him more or less intimate for a longer or shorter period during this more than a half a century is no small evidence of his great worth. He was brought in contact with men in many ways, during his entire life, for he filled many positions and was never idle but always industrious and so transparently pure was his character, so thoroughly sincere and honest his goodness, that I have yet to find the first person who would whisper aught against his unsullied excellence. In his domestic relations he was lovely and beloved. His widow mourns his loss as one of the kindest and best husbands; his children as one of the very best fathers. The desolation which comes to the home of such a man when he is smitten down, and especially with such suddenness as in his case, is intense. Few desolated homes have more occasion for grief than William Frank-enfield's, because few lose so much in the head of the family as they have done, and yet few have so little, because he was so certainly prepared for death, sudden as it was, and has entered by death upon a career of unmixt felicity and dignity. Our departed brother has been for thirty five years a consistent and most worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and it may be said of him that he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour, in all things. His brethren honored him and for years he was an office-bearer in the church, filling most acceptably the offices of trustee, class-leader and exhorter. His piety was joyous, steady and consistent. The night before he died he met his class and told them he did not expect to live long, though he was then almost in usual health, but told them also of his full preparation of death, for said he, "Job nearly two thousand years before Christ could say, 'I knew that my Redeemer liveth' and so can I nearly two thousand years since the coming of Christ, adopt his words and say—'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'" His last words on earth were those of praise and prayer, and his ceaseless language in the bright world to which he is gone is that doubtless of exultations and triumph.

JOHN F. CHAPLAIN. Stroudsburg, Nov. 14th, 1874.

Chicago has raised ten thousand dollars for the relief of the Nebraska homesteaders who have been robbed by the grass-hoppers.

Information from Texas says thirty days of fine weather last month added sixty thousand bales to the cotton crop of that State, worth three million dollars.

A Reading man has an oyster shell that weighs ninety-one pounds. It is two feet and eight inches in length and twenty-one inches in breadth. It came from the South Sea Islands.

Loot out for Mr. Thompson, who is pensively perambulating the country in search of greenbacks. He says he has lost his house by fire, and the Titusville Herald says he is a scalawag and never had a house.

The largest and wealthiest village in the country is Kalamazoo, Michigan, which has 11,350 inhabitants, five railroads, several millions of manufactures, and half a dozen banks and colleges. It has never applied for a city charter.

Accounts from Virginia say that in almost every direction in the Dismal Swamp and its environs the fires originated almost a month ago by the drought are burning with alarming rapidity. Valuable timber lands are a prey to the flames.

One of the buildings connected with the Hamilton Powder Company's Works, of Cumminsville, Ont, was partially destroyed by an explosion on Saturday morning. Fortunately no person was injured.

On Saturday night the Roanoke smoking tobacco works, Ramey's machine shop and box factory, and Crews Rodenhesier's flouring mills, at Danville, Va., were destroyed by fire. Total loss, \$100,000. No insurance.

The horse railway just opened in Paris promises to be very popular and successful. The cars are small, being arranged for twenty-eight passengers, ten of whom stand on the platform; but (and here is a suggestion for an improvement in our own horse-car system) those who stand up are counted as second-class passengers, and pay a reduced fare.

FARMERS and others interested in producing milk are invited to attend a meeting at the Van Doran House, Washington, N. J., Friday, November 20th, at 11 o'clock, a. m. November 12-21.

The Hessian fly is ruining the wheat in the Eastern counties.

There were 266 deaths in Philadelphia last week.

A Lehigh farmer swallowed his test. A doctor got 'em out for him.

Some of the iron working mills of Lancaster county are resuming operations.

The wages of the men employed in the Oil City barrel factory have been reduced.

The poor people of Meadville are complaining of the high rents that landlords demand.

The puddle mills of the Valentine Iron Works, Williamsport, will start up in a few weeks.

A two-year-old daughter of Frank Callahan, of Bethlehem, ate the phosphorus of forty-two matches, the other day, and died.

The government has brought suit against an Iowa whisky distiller for the trifling sum of \$75,000 taxes fraudulently evaded some years ago.

A San Francisco paper says there are 200 Chinese gambling houses in that city, carrying on business night and day.

What's all that interminable Washington safe-burglary trial about? Did somebody steal something?

Gold ore, near Dahlonega, Georgia, is said to be yielding the enormous amount of ten thousand dollars a ton.

The colored people of Alabama have between six and seven million dollars' worth of property in their possession.

That animated cobweb, Bill Allen, still labors under the delusion that he is to be the next President of the United States.

As the pot boils, the steam rises to the surface. They talk of Toombs for the next United States Senator, down in Georgia.

It is an actual fact that in Boston, with a less population, and with Prohibitory law, there are more grog shops than in Chicago.

Artificial butter is becoming quite an important article in trade. Large factories are in operation in Hamilton, Canada, and other places.

The citizens of New Jersey have discovered a way to make run out of cranberries. That accounts for the recent Democratic victory in that state.

The ex-slaveholders of the South are beginning to feel better. They think their chances for receiving pay for their emancipated "property" are improving.

The work devolving on the Democratic party is, according to its promises, to make everybody healthy, wealthy and wise, without having it cost anybody a cent. There must be no taxation, or it is gone up.

If a person in a house on fire has the presence of mind to apply a wet cloth or handkerchief to his mouth or nostrils, a passage can be effected through the densest smoke without any serious inconvenience.

A firm in Reading promises to distribute one hundred leaves of broad pen work among the poor of that city, during the entire winter.

The Erie blast furnace has started up after a rest of several months. This furnace has been changed from the manufacture of common pig iron to the best quality of charcoal, or white iron.

A number of Titusville girls have formed themselves into a society for the development of the muscular system. One of the exercises on their programme is to assemble in a yard with a high fence around it and kick at a mark. Some wicked young men have cut holes through the fence.

Old Commodore Vanderbilt, one of the most successful business men in New York, gave the following rules to men in Wall street during the panic last year.—1. Never use what is not your own. 2. Never buy what you cannot pay for. 3. Never sell what you have not got.

The Deposit Courier says that near Scranton, a short time since, a Mrs. Skinner died aged one hundred and four years. She distinctly remembered hearing the cannons roar at Bunker Hill, and seeing the red coats of the Britishers pass her father's door.

California has a curiosity called the Gas Spring. It is among the mountains; the water is ice-cold, bubbling and foaming, but no living thing is found within a hundred yards of it. If birds fly over it, they often fall dead. It is said that if a human being inhales the gas it will kill him in twenty minutes. Standing near the spring for five minutes will give one a dull, heavy sensation, the result of the carbonic acid gas.

The following notice, verbatim et literatim, was found posted on a tree in Berks county:—"Notice I have lost a cow or I cant find her She is A White yellow pided spotted cow her years short and round-ling and marked there I do not no the Mark ther iz A hole in one year the I do not no which year it iz in She is a heavy set cow in good fix and was yet giving some little milk when she left She has Bin gone 10 days Any person noing of her will please let it Bee none to—"