

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Kitchin, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurnished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.  
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McCarty & Sons are the only Undertakers in Stroudsburg who understands their business? If not, attend a Funeral managed by any other Undertaker in town, and you will see the proof of the fact.  
June 18, 74.—4f

**BLANKS OF ALL KINDS** for Sale at this Office.

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The Letter of the Vice President.

WASHINGTON, January 16, 1875.

To the Editor of the Springfield Rep.

I find in your journal a statement that I agree with you that the Republican party is dead. I beg leave to say I do not agree with the *Republican*, or with any man or set of men, in the opinion that it is dead or hopelessly defeated. On the contrary, I believe that the Republican party has it in its power to recover what it has lost and to elect the next President. In saying this I am not unmindful of the grave questions at issue and which are pressing for solution, of the disasters that have fallen upon it, nor of the hopes, expectations and strength of the Democratic party—a party whose strength and power I have never underrated. I believe it can recover all it has lost, win back its former prestige, and still retain its power in the Government; and I believe this because I believe it to be a necessity of the country. The grand work of liberty and patriotism it has performed imperatively demands that it should continue to guide the policy of the nation. Liberty, law, order, protection and civilization cannot afford to have it permanently defeated. I saw quite as early as any one the perils of the Republican party, and more than thirteen months since I warned my political friends of the danger of losing the next House of Representatives. The party has made mistakes, and is now paying the penalty of those mistakes; but its ideas, principles, and general policies have not been condemned. It has been taught by recent disasters that it is mortal, and if it is wise it will heed those lessons. It would seem that neither selfishness nor stupidity could fail to understand them, or could misinterpret their import. If the Republican party now dies, it will die by the hand of the suicide, for there is no arm other than its own present enough to strike it down. It cannot, I think, hope to recover its lost prestige; and power by a policy of rewards and punishments, or by party discipline. There are hundreds of thousands in the Republican party to-day who spurned the bribes and frowns of power, and left the Whig and Democratic parties for the sake of principles deemed by them important and sacred. These men cannot be seduced by the blandishments of power, nor greatly moved by threats of discipline. Mere politicians, who think they can govern by the whip of party discipline, will find that they cannot thus reach or control the thoughtful and independent men who struck the lash from the hand of the slave-masters. Nor can we recover what is lost in Massachusetts or in the country by the impudent intermeddling of office-holders in nominations and elections. Office-holders should learn from the recent elections that they can serve the Republican party best by performing their official duties with scrupulous fidelity. The people should be left free to manage in their own way, and without official interference, their primary meetings and elections, for, rightfully or wrongfully, they have been compelled to believe that there are those holding office in Massachusetts, in the country, and especially at the South, some of them in important positions, who do not fitly represent the desires and wishes of their localities, and who have not the public confidence. The party burdened by such is not likely to be led to victory by their obtrusive interference, either in Massachusetts or in the country, North or South. The disastrous division of the Republican party in 1872 was to me a distressing event. It seemed to me to be the unnecessary separation of comrades who had toiled together for so many years for noble purposes and a glorious cause. I did all I could by remonstrance and appeal to prevent it, and have since sought to reunite what was then so disastrously and unnecessarily broken. And I would now throw the doors wide open for the return of those who voted for Mr. Greeley in 1872, and earnestly invite them to unite again with their old associates. Indeed, at any moment since that election, I would have pursued a generous and magnanimous policy toward the men who then left us, and now, without the loss of a single hour, I would, in all sincerity, extend the hand of reconciliation. I would appeal to you, Sir, and to your associates of the press in that unfortunate division, to unite with the great party which, with all its errors, faults and mistakes, has made a glorious record for the country, freedom and progress. I do not ask you to refrain from criticism, nor to leave unnoticed its mistakes; for a party that cannot tolerate that is already in its decadence. There has been, and now is, a class of men in the South, Douglas Democrats, and old-line National Whigs, who were dragged into the rebellion, but who have very little sympathy with the Democratic party. I have believed, and now believe that these men should be invited to co-operate with the Republican party and share in its responsibilities and honors. I believe that peace in the South, the blotting out of divisions on the line of race, the advancement of real reconstruction, permanent Southern prosperity and the success of the Republican party demand that all honorable efforts should be made to withdraw such men from association with those who led them into rebellion, brought such fearful and indescribable ruin upon them, and who still adhere to the "lost cause." It seems to me that Republicans everywhere, in office and out of office, should subordinate all personal desires, aspirations, and ambitions; sacrifice their interests if need be, rally again for the party, invite everybody to crowd its ranks,

and bring to the front, to the important positions of the Government, all the experience, ability, ability, and character they can command. A broad, wise, and magnanimous policy should be promptly inaugurated, and steadily and honestly pursued. When the country clearly sees, as it will see, the only alternative presented, the real issues involved, the policies and men to be supported, their record in the past and their present affiliations, who and what shall prevail if the Republican party be set aside? When the country sees where the loyal men of the land are found and where they stand, who believe in the perfect equality of the races, and who, come victory or defeat, life or death, mean to maintain in its completeness the equal rights of American citizens of every race, nationality, and faith, then will the Republican masses rally again, achieve new victories, and give the party a new lease of power. Truly yours,

(Signed) HENRY WILSON.

## The Colosseum at Rome.

The Colosseum deserves to stand for other than architectural reasons. It is the greatest monument of that wild thirst for blood and cruelty which distinguished Rome above all other nations of the world. There have been in every country times when atrocious and horrible punishments were devised, slow ways of tearing life bit by bit from the body, ingenious and fiendish devices for prolonging and intensifying pain till the sufferer could feel no more. But the punishment and the torture were meant to be regarded with horror. In Rome alone they became the favorite spectacle of the people, and it was through the debased rulers of the empire that a ferocious craving for the sight of suffering was cultivated and developed. On the arena of the Colosseum not only did gladiators fight with each other and prisoners with lions, but dramas were enacted the plots of which were taken from some well-known tale of antiquity. They were plays which required no libretto, because the story was known by every one of the eighty thousand spectators. And they had the great and absorbing interest that nothing was acted—all was reality, and the catastrophe, eagerly expected, was not simulated. The hapless actor who had to wear the shirt of Nessus knew that when he put it on, lined and smeared with pitch, it would be set fire to, so that he should represent in actual torture the agonies of the dying hero. Actors knew that the dogs would be loosed upon him when the time came, and would tear him to pieces amid the applause of the people. Medea stabbed her children *coram populo*; Dirce acted her part knowing that she would be tied by the hair to the horns of the bull, who would drag her, till she died. This was the favorite spectacle of the Romans, gentle and simple. Such shrieks, such shouts of applause, have echoed from these walls as no other theatre has ever heard; such tragedies have been enacted as no other play-goers have ever dreamed of; the citizens were insatiate; the roads that led to Rome were thronged with prisoners coming to take part in the sports; the old could at least be torn by the beasts—the young could fight. And these sports continued for 400 years, until the Emperor Honorius stopped them. Later on they were partially revived, but only for combats of beasts, by Theodoric; and a bull fight was held in the old arena so late as 500 years ago, at which the noblest of the Romans fought. Since then the Colosseum has rested in silence.

A whole literature has grown up around this great amphitheatre, the modern aspect of which has hitherto presented insuperable difficulties in any attempt at understanding the old accounts. For, if it were true that the arrangements were such that wild beasts could be let loose by hundreds, and prisoners by thousands; if, also, the arena could be flooded with water, so as to admit of the representation of a sea fight, in which all was real except the hostility of the combatants, by what means were the beasts kept ready and loosed upon their prey? where were the prisoners kept so as not to interfere with the audience? and how was water drained off after every sea fight? Partial excavations were commenced sixty years ago, but were discontinued after a short time. They made confusion more hopeless by revealing a number of walls below the surface running about in several directions, and seeming to answer no purpose. But within the last few months Signor Rosa has commenced fresh excavations on a scientific plan on a large scale, and has already been enabled by his discoveries to settle most of the disputed points. The proper level of the ground is twenty-one feet below the present surface. The arena itself has been found, with the original "herring-bone" pavement, perhaps that laid by Titus. What has been hitherto supposed the front of the podium—the lowest wall separating spectators from actors—is really, the back; and, in clearing away the newly-found front, three great arch-ways were discovered, which have already so far been cleared out as to show what was their original purpose. These were the entrances of the actors. By these avenues marched the morituri, sturdy prisoners of war or shrinking women; by those their bodies were dragged away an hour or two later. And below the arena Signor Rosa has found the great drain, the cloaca which carried away the water used for the sea fights. In the corridors still stand the bronze sockets on which, perhaps, swung the doors which divided the animals into their various groups; and there have been found marble slabs on which are represented the gladiatorial contests—men with men,

men with beasts, beasts with beasts. The engineer does more with his spade than the scholar with his books for archaeological research, and we congratulate Signor Rosa on his success. We can now realize more vividly the scenes of the Roman amphitheatre, but while we wonder how ladies highly born and delicately cultured could take delight in witnessing torture, we may remember that it is not many years since badger-drawing and barbaric were favorite English sports, and you may see a bull worried and baited even now in Spain; and that school boys have never ceased to find their keenest pleasure in watching a fight. If Nero and Queen Elizabeth were to visit the Crystal Palace, while the former would miss the gladiators, the latter would deplore the absence of the bears.—*London News.*

## Having Moral Courage.

Moral courage is a big thing. All the good papers advise everybody to have moral courage. All the almanacs wind up with a word about moral courage. The Rev. Murray, and the Rev. Collyer, and the Rev. Spurgeon, and lots of other reverends tell their congregations to exhibit moral courage in daily life. Moral courage doesn't cost a cent, everybody can fill up with it till it can't eat half a dinner after going without breakfast.

"Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket," is one of the "moral paragraphs." Mr. Mower read this one, and determined to act upon it. One day his wife handed him five dollars, which she had been two years saving, and asked him to bring her up a parasol and a pair of gaiters. On the way down he met a creditor and had the courage to pay him. Returning home his wife called him 157,000 pet names, such as "fool," "idiot," etc., and then struck him four times in the pit of the stomach with a fat iron. After that he didn't have as much moral courage as would make a leaning post for a sick grasshopper, and his wife didn't forgive him for thirteen years.

"Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him," is another paragraph. That means if you keep a store and old Mr. Putty comes in and wants a pound of tea charged you must promptly respond:

"Mr. Putty, your credit at this store isn't worth the powder to blow a mosquito over a worth string. You are a fraud of the first water, Mr. Putty, and I wouldn't trust you for a herring's head if herring were selling at a cent a box."

Mr. Putty will never ask you for credit again, and you will have the consciousness of having performed your duty.

"In providing an entertainment have the courage not to go beyond your means," is another paragraph. If your daughter wants a party and you are short don't be lavish. Borrow some chairs, make a bench of a board and two pails; and some molasses and watermelon, and tell the crowd to gather around the festive board and partake. They will appreciate your moral courage if not your banquet.

"Have courage to show your respect for honesty," is another. That is, if you hear of anybody who picked up a five dollar bill and restored it to its owner, take him by the hand and say: "Mr. Rambo, let me compliment you on being an honest man. I didn't think it of you, and I am agreeably disappointed. I always believed you were a liar, a rascal and a thief, and I am glad to think that you are neither—shake."

"Have the courage to speak the truth," is a paragraph always in use. I once knew a boy named Peter. One day when he was loafing around he heard some men talking about old Mr. Hangmoney. Their talk made a deep impression on Peter, and he spoke the truth. He said:

"Mr. Hangmoney, when I was up-town to-day, I heard Baker say you were a regular old hedgehog, with a tin ear."

"What?" roared the old gent.

"And Clevis said that you were meaner than a dead dog rolled in tan bark," continued the truthful lad.

"You imp—your villain!" roared the old man.

"And Kingston said that you were a bald-headed, cross-eyed, cheating, lying, stealing old skunk under the hen-coop?" added the boy.

Then old Mr. Hangmoney fell upon the truthful Peter, and he mopped the floor with him, knocked his heels against the wall, tore his collar off, and put his shoulder out of joint, all because that boy had the moral courage to tell the truth.

And there was young Towboy—it was the same with him. He had the moral courage to go over to an old maid and say:

"Miss Fallsair, farther says he never saw such a withered-up old Hubbard squash as you are trying to tap a man!"

"He did, eh?" mused the old maid, rising up from her chair.

"Yes, and mother says it's a burning shame that you call yourself twenty-four when you are forty-seven, and she says your hair dye costs more than our wood!"

"She said that, did she?" murmured the female.

"Yes, and sister Jane says that if she had such a big mouth, such freckles, such big feet, and silly ways she'd want the lightning to strike her!"

And then the old maid picked up the rolling-pin and sought the hump in which Towboy resided, and knocked down and dragged out until it was a hospital. Then Towboy's father mauled him, his mother pounded him, and his sister denuded him of hair—all because he had moral courage in his daily life.—*Comic Monthly.*

## The Economy of Charity.

The State Board of Public Charities in its annual reports to the Legislature has repeatedly urged the principle that the prevention of crime, by the care of the destitute and neglected children of the Commonwealth, is not only a high duty, but the very best economy. The cost of training a child in the way of virtuous living, as compared with the maintaining of a criminal in the penitentiary, or the insane pauper, who has destroyed his own dissipation, in the almshouse, is so trifling that the Commissioners of Public Charities have continued to press upon the Legislature the great importance of providing by law for the better care and education of these neglected classes; and the wisdom of this policy is being rapidly recognized by intelligent people.

One of the most startling illustrations of the fearful cost which neglected crime inflicts upon the state, and the dreadful inheritance of wretchedness and pauperism thus entailed upon society, has recently been given by a most reputable physician of New York, Dr. Harris, who has recently stated a case known to him, the truth of which, amazing as it is in its record of perpetual crime, we have no reason to question.

Dr. Harris states that in a small village in a county on the Upper Hudson, about seventy years ago, a young girl was set adrift on the usual charity of the inhabitants. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, and her progeny has cursed the country ever since. The county records show two hundred of her descendants who have been criminals.

In one single generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children; of these three died in infancy and seventeen survived to maturity. Of the seventeen, nine served in the State prisons for high crimes an aggregate term of fifty years, while the others were frequent inmates of jails and penitentiaries and almshouses! Of the nine hundred descendants, through six generations, from this unhappy girl who was left on the village streets and abandoned in her childhood, a great number have been idiots, imbeciles, drundards, lunatics, paupers and prostitutes; but two hundred of the more vigorous are on record as criminals.

This neglected little child has thus cost the county authorities, in the effects she has transmitted, hundreds of thousands of dollars in the expense and care of criminals and paupers, besides the untold damage she has inflicted on property and public morals. Seventy years ago the people took small concern about such matters. They had little appreciation either of the moral or economical obligations which the State owed to itself and to its children. And out of this common indifference and ignorance have grown results such as these; results whose influence most project themselves into the future generations of this poor child of crime and neglect, for all time to come.

And if from a single root, not only two hundred criminals, but a long line of idiots, drunkards, lunatics, prostitutes and paupers have sprung to be a burden and scourge and cost upon society, how shall the aggregate results of similar neglect in thousands of other cases be estimated?—*Evening Bulletin.*

## A Good Suggestion.

A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best savings bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the women would imbibe it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and when they are not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a security in a storm time and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to work in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to have an account kept of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. When from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a prompting of avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon the woman as well as upon the man.

## Novel way of Destroying Woodchucks.

James J. Webb, of Hamden, Conn., who is a very thorough and intelligent farmer, being troubled with woodchucks, adopted a novel mode of destruction, which he affirms is a *sure cure*. In the first place, make diligent search to discover if the burrow has more than one entrance; if it has, thoroughly close all but the principal one by means of stone and earth. Having done this, fill a four ounce vial with powder, and insert into the same a coil of fuse, putting in a cork to prevent its being too easily pulled out; then put the vial as far into the hole as possible, and thoroughly close the entrance earth, cut off the fuse which has been imbedded in the earth, with a protrusion sufficient to be easily ignited, then light the same, and after the discharge of the powder, the woodchuck will never be heard of more. The ground may be slightly lifted, but no injury is done; but by means of the concussion aided by the sufficing effect of the confined smoke, the work is accomplished.

## The D. L. & W. Railroad.

EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENTS AT HOBOKEN.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad company have so improved their terminus at Hoboken that they will cease shipping coal to Elizabethport after March 1, 1875, and will then sell all of their property at that point or will remove it to Hoboken. By an agreement entered into between the two colossal corporations several years ago, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad company was pledged to pay a certain percentage on every ton of coal that passed over the rails of the Central railroad to Elizabethport from the junction of the two lines, forty-eight miles from Hoboken. The agreement had a proviso, giving the first named company the privilege of withdrawing from the contract in case they gave six months' notice. This has been complied with. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad company, by June, 1875, expect to possess the most carpaious coal, iron and general merchandise docks resting on the North river. The vast marshy track of ground lying between Jersey City and Hoboken has been filled in by mud dredged from the river, and the whole area will soon be covered with a network of tracks extending to the coal bins facing the river. The different bins will have a capacity of three hundred thousand tons, or just one-half more than at present. Five of these coal docks extend into the river a distance of twelve hundred feet, and trains from the Lehigh coal regions discharged during the past nine months 1,500,000 tons of coal. The company is now also engaged in building an immense canal, which extends inland three thousand feet from the North river. It will be one hundred feet in width and will have a depth of twenty-four feet, thus affording good anchorage for the largest class of vessels. Fire-proof warehouses will be erected along either side, and in the spring ground will be broken for a new depot. These improvements are based on "great expectations" in the future of the coal trade, and who can doubt that their expectations in this will be realized. This trade doubled in the last ten years, and may again double in the present decade. The improvements of the Pennsylvania railroad company at Harsinuss, opposite New York, are even greater than those of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company at Hoboken.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## Profit of Rats.

If bright eyes and smooth fur are the points of animal beauty, a rat should not be an object of disgust and aversion; but when the rat appears "in his thousands," he certainly inspires the greatest possible loathing in the human breast. The notion of swarms of rats running over each other to reach some hapless victim, and forming a seething mass insatiate with hunger and thirst, is one ever present to sufferers from nightmare or students of historical novels. These unfortunate persons avoid Paris, for, if we believe some statistics lately published of the number of rats in that metropolis, the "joyous city" is a complete rat's nest. Thirty thousand were killed last year in the Central Halles, 190,000 in the Market Halles, 120,000 in the slaughter houses, 40,000 in the butchers' shops, 300,000 in the grocers' shops, 900,000 in the tanners' yards, 110,000 in the canals—a total of 1,790,000, to which sum must be added about 3,000,000 rodents which eluded capture, so that Paris boasts of a standing army of something like 5,000,000 rats. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of this loathsome host from the fact that if a procession of Parisian rats, running ten abreast, were to start from Paris to Berlin, the vanguard would reach the German capital while the rear guard was issuing from the gates of the French metropolis. But then there is a profit for all in them. Of the 4,790,000 killed perhaps nearly all went to the glovers, where their skins are turned into "prime kid!"

## A Simple Disinfectant.

One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water and poured down a water-closet, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. On board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other public places, there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperas, dissolved in anything under the bed, will render a hospital or other places for the sick, free from unpleasant smells. In fish markets, slaughter houses, sinks, and wherever there are offensive gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smell will pass away. If a cat, rat or mouse dies about the house and sends off offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will purify the air. Then keep clean.

## Crystallization of Honey.

The action of light causes honey to crystallize. The difficulty may be obviated by keeping it in the dark, the change, it is said, being due to photographic actions; and that the same agent that alters the molecular arrangements of iodide of silver on the excited collodion plate causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. It is to this action of light that scientists attribute the workings of bees by night, and they are so careful to obscure the glass windows that are sometimes placed in their hives. Therefore, keep honey away from the light.