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JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

MERCHANTS' HOUSE,

413 & 415
North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Reduced rates, \$1.75 per day.
HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r.
L. R. SNYDER, Clerk.
Nov. 26, 1874.—6m.*

DR. J. L. ANTZ,

SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Still has his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Watson's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most earnest and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful and skillful manner.
Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also, to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver, or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.
Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance. April 15, 1874.—4c.

DR. N. L. PECK,

Surgeon Dentist.

Announces that having just returned from Dental College he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner, and to fill decayed teeth with gold, or the most improved method. Teeth extracted without pain, which is effected, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Insertions of all kinds neatly done. All work warranted. Charge reasonable.
Office—J. G. Keller's new brick building, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa. [Aug. 31, '74.—4c.]

WILLIAM S. REES,

Surveyor, Conveyancer and

Real Estate Agent.

Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots

FOR SALE.

Office nearly opposite American House and 24 door below the Corner Store.

March 20, 1874.—4c.

DR. HOWARD PATTERSON,

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,

Office and Residence, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., in the building formerly occupied by Dr. S. P. Prompt attention given to calls.

Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

April 16, 1874.—4c.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.

In the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, residence, corner of Sarah and Franklin street.

STROUDSBURG, PA.

August 8, '74.—4c.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Kuecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurnished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.

April 17, '74.—4c. D. L. PISLE.

WILSON PEIRSON,

AUCTIONEER,

Real Estate Agent and Collector.

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April 17, '74.—4c. D. L. PISLE.

DAVID S. LEE,

Attorney at Law,

One door above the "Stroudsburg House," Stroudsburg, Pa.

Collections promptly made.

October 22, 1874.

KIPLE HOUSE,

HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.

100 Main street. Proprietors.

January 9, 1875.—4c.

DON'T FORGET THAT WHEN

you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarty & Sons in the Old Fellows' Hall, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it.

June 18, '74.—4c.

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT J. H.

McCarty & Sons are the only Undertakers in Stroudsburg who understand 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.—4c.

A. ROCKAFELLOW,

DEALER IN

Ready-Made Clothing, Gents Fur-

nishing Goods, Hats & Caps,

Boots & Shoes, &c.

EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.

(Near the Depot.)

The public are invited to call and examine

Goods. Prices moderate. [May 6, '75.—4c]

A Discontented Poet.

Man's a fool!
When it's hot he wants it cool;
When it's cold he wants it hot—
N'er contented with his lot.

When it's dry

He for showers is heard to sigh;
When—to meet his wish—it rains,
Of the wet foot complains.

Hot or cold, dry or wet,
Nothing suits that he can get;
I consider, as a rule,
Man's a fool.

The Cost of an Incompetent Legislature.

It costs, in round numbers \$500,000 to hold a regular session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. The salaries and mileage of two hundred and fifty-one members, and the salaries and mileage of the officers of the two Houses, cost \$350,000, and the items of postage, printing the *Legislative Record*, and other incidental expenses, will cost the remaining \$150,000. We are therefore safe in treating the cost of a regular session at half a million of dollars.

For this large sum the State deserves to receive a proper attention to its interests and necessities from those to whom or for whom it incurs so great an expense. The members of both Houses certainly owe to the State whose interests have been confided to their hands, that attention to the various projects of legislation proposed which their importance demands.

Yet what do we see? The Legislature has now been a month in session, and what has it done? It has passed two laws, one a general bill, and the other a local one, for Philadelphia, and it has passed a joint resolution to adjourn finally on the 18th of March. Beyond that, the joint action of both Houses amounts literally to nothing. The Republican Senate meets regularly, disposes daily of the business before it, attends promptly and properly to whatever is submitted to its consideration, and is fully up with its work and its duties. Its members seem to be conscious of their responsibilities, and conscientious in the discharge of them. But what of the Democratic House of Representatives?

That body was captured at the election of 1874, upon pledges and promises of "Reform," that were made so profusely as to deceive the people into trusting those who made them. It met in Harrisburg under a general expectation that the huge promises of "Reform" made by the majority of its members, before their election would be redeemed, or that an attempt would be made, at least to show that there was a willingness to try to redeem them. Yet this "Reform" body commenced its session by electing or appointing more officers than the law allows, trusting to chance for the payment of the officers thus illegally put into place, the majority being utterly unable otherwise to satisfy the enormous greed for petty place developed by their victory, and the session thus illegally begun has been protracted, now, for five weeks, without accomplishing anything in the way of legislation whatever. The House has concurred in two bills which originated in the Senate, but beyond that has done literally nothing, except to cover itself with that degree of suspicion which usually results in disgrace.

The history of Pennsylvania is without a parallel to this. No House ever assembled before of which it could be said that it had been five weeks in session without being able to perfect one piece of legislation, or get sufficient public business in readiness to keep itself employed; and we venture to say that no legislative body ever before met at the seat of government that was so utterly incapable of comprehending, much less of discharging, its duties.

It is fair to presume, from the experience of the five weeks which close to-day, that the House does not intend to try to face the duties incumbent upon it; but will trifle the public time away until the day of final adjournment, when it will disperse, to the total neglect of the public business. The legislation needed by the State will receive no attention; the wants of the community will be unheeded; and the State will have the privilege of paying the sum of half a million of dollars for the support of a body utterly useless to it through the neglect or incapacity of the popular branch of it.

The responsibility for this state of things must rest where it properly belongs. The Republican Senate has faithfully performed its duty, so far, and stands prepared to do its share of the work which is incumbent upon it. No blame is due, there. Whatever the State has a right to look for, from that branch of the Legislature, will be performed. It is upon the Democratic House of Representatives, alone, that responsibility must rest. It, alone, is obstructing the public business; and it, alone, neglecting its public duties.

The failure of this Democratic branch of the Legislature to meet the wants of the State, and its incapacity to adapt itself to the necessities of the situation, come in, happily, to prove how incompetent the Democratic party is to meet or satisfy, or comply with any want or wish of the people. "Reform" is not its vocation. It has been trusted by the people, in this instance, with the work of bringing about salutary changes and inaugurating improved methods of government; and it has responded by greedily grasping at the spoils of office and refusing to do anything else whatever. It is a sorry ending to a delusive beginning, but if the people of Pennsylvania learn from it never again to trust the lying promises of a party incapable, from its very

composition, of accomplishing anything good, the half million spent in learning the lesson will not have been utterly thrown away.—*Pittsburgh Commercial*, Feb. 13.

A Mardi-Gras Incident.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]
The Mardi-gras procession on Tuesday was witnessed by a large crowd, and the ludicrous impersonations of character will live long in the memories of the masses, who laughed until their sides ached.—Among the motley host who perambulated the streets in the procession was a long, cadaverous-looking fellow, representing a Comanche Indian. His face was painted red, his suit well made up. Upon his ponderous feet were a pair of new moccasins, hanging from the beaded girth that incircled his body where half a dozen "hoss pistols" and as many scalps. Inside this belt stuck a cheese-knife and a scythe-blade. His long black hair was banded with a brass hoop, from which stuck about a dozen of turkey and goose feathers, and in his right hand he held with an iron grasp a tomahawk, red with some victim's blood. Any one who had read or heard of the famous Indian warrior, Bloody Nose, would have said he had arisen from the dead and joined that procession. But it was not the blood-thirsty rover of the forest. It was Skinner who personated him, and he did it to perfection. His appearance was a terror to women and children, while his war-whoop, and the revolutions of that bloody tomahawk were certain death to "de cullid population." Everybody saw the wild Indian, but nobody knew it was Skinner.

While the procession moved through the various streets, Skinner would get dry, and break ranks by dodging into the bar-rooms and taking in his usual dose of "fire-water." By the time Skinner had "war-whooped" ten or fifteen blocks, and hid about half a keg of "fire-water" about his person, he was in "fine trim" to play Comanche, and began to think he was "Bloody Nose" sure enough, for he tried to "scalp" no less than a dozen darkies that fell into his hands.

The procession passed within a square or two of Skinner's house. Skinner has a wife, and she is the mother of five little male and four female Skinners. Skinner's wife does her own work; in fact, she's "boss" of Skinner's house, and instead of her rushing off with a string of little Skinners after her to see the procession, she kept the little ones at home, and stayed in the kitchen attending to cleaning the pots, kettles, and pans after dinner.

A new idea struck Skinner. He would go home and scare Mrs. Skinner and all the little Skinners. He cut loose from the procession, took another dose of "fire-water," and by the time he reached his front gate, he was the most reckless looking Comanche the world ever beheld. Picking up new courage he rushed into the front room where the little Skinners were "playing circus." His appearance was accompanied by wild yells and fancy dancing, while he made that tomahawk fly around the room over the children's heads as if he meant business, the little Skinners shouting, "O! Mr. Injin, don't!" "mother!" "murder!" "fire!" and there were such screams as would have made any "sure enough" Indian run.

Skinner was just in the middle of his fun, when the screams of the children and the war-whoop of the Comanche brought Mrs. Skinner to the scene, armed with an iron skillet. She slipped up behind the "playful Indian," drew a bead on his nose, and landed that skillet with the force of a sledge-hammer and the rapidity of lightning against it. The hand let go the tomahawk, the feathers flew, the belt burst, and the scalps, pistols, and knives fell to the floor. There was a flesh-and-blood spot in the middle of his face where that nose was a moment before the skillet mashed it. It now looked like a bursted tomato spread all over his face. There was a groan, a fall, a somersault or two and all was quiet. That Comanche had found the "happy hunting grounds."

Instead of Mrs. Skinner sending for the doctor and bathing his face, she looked down into his mutilated face, and, shaking the skillet over him with her right hand, exclaimed: "I'll war-whoop you. You thought you'd scare somebody, you durned old fool; but I know'd you, soon as I smelled your feet, and smelt your breath."

P. S.—kinner has an Indian masquerade suit for sale cheap. He won't be able to be out until he gets done breathing through his ears. The doctor says his nose may grow out again by the time the next Mardi-Gras takes place. We advise Skinner to get a brass nose and "go West."

Woman Suffrage.

Our State Superintendent of Common Schools says:—"It seems strange that a body of wise men should deny a woman the right to vote for a person to fill an office to which she may be herself elected." He alludes in these remarks to our late Constitutional Convention, which made a provision enabling women to hold any office under the school law, but not allowing her to vote for such officers, thus actually sanctioning the principle that certain persons are not capable or qualified to vote for the recipient of an office, the duties of which they are fully fitted to perform. Our Superintendent is not alone in his astonishment. No reasonable person can justify such action as being consistent, and I have no doubt a majority of the members of the Convention themselves, if they have thought at all on

the subject, will acknowledge the inconsistency. I do not wish to censure the Convention for what it did in this matter, but for what it left undone. It did not go far enough; it did not give women the right to vote for those whom they considered capable of holding those offices. Had they done this it would have been a step in the right direction, and been entirely consistent and proper.

"One-half the citizens of our country are slaves," says a certain writer. This seems to be a weighty charge against our model Republic, but it is nevertheless true.—Slaves are persons who have no rights, legally, except such as the governing class may confer upon them. Now this is exactly the position of women in this "land of the free and the home of the brave" at the present day. They have just such rights and privileges as the governing class [men] see proper to bestow upon them, and no more; and any or all of these rights can be taken away at any time by the power that granted them. In a truly Republican government there is no servile class, because all belong to the ruling class, and until we have equal rights for all—high and low, rich and poor, black and white, male and female—our loud boasts about a Model Republic are as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

The following, relative to Wyoming Territory, where women are allowed to vote and hold office, is from the *Christian Union*, a responsible and reliable paper:

"Women have voted there now for four successive years, and not one of the evil results so much dreaded has ensued; but, on the contrary, the measure has worked so well that citizens of all parties agree in declaring that it has proved a complete success. The Laramie City (Wyoming) *Sentinel* says that in every position in which women have been placed in that Territory—in office, in the jury-box, at the polls—they have discharged these new and arduous duties with credit to themselves and usefulness to the community. Those who three years ago made an effort to repeal the law have spent a good deal of time since in trying to clear their political characters from the stigma they thus brought on themselves, and in the last Legislature not a member of either House could be found who would disgrace himself by introducing a bill for the repeal of woman suffrage. Those who were in the first place most bitterly hostile to the measure now smile at their own former fears, and generally heartily endorse the result. If there is now any considerable hostility to woman suffrage in the Territory it will be found only in the ranks of men engaged in those pursuits and occupations which are always regarded as demoralizing and detrimental to the community, and who fear their craft is endangered by this new exercise of woman's power and influence. The *Sentinel* continues:—We can't believe there is a calm-thinking man in Wyoming who does not feel that woman's presence at the ballot box has worked for us in the matter of elections alone the greatest reform of the age. Our elections used to be a general public row and riot, which would put to shame a Donnybrook fair. Now they are as quiet, orderly and peaceable as any other assemblage, no matter how heated and excited will be the campaign."

When will our State rise up to Wyoming's level? Not until the people arise in their might and teach politicians justice and truth; for you might as soon expect to see a donkey climb up a crab apple tree as a mere politician to carry out the principles of equal right and justice to all.

AN INCIDENT.

On the train the other day a very solemn looking man, dressed in black and carrying a hat-box, came along and dropped into half my seat.

'It is a fine day,' I remarked, desiring to be friendly.

'It is a fine day, but, young man, how is it with your soul?' he replied, rolling up his eyes and looking still more solemn.

I asked him what he meant, and he said: 'Where would you go to if you died? How does your record stand in Heaven?'

I told him that I was jogging along peaceably like, paying my debts, saving a little money, and dropping something into the contribution box as it passed.

'That won't do—ah!' he said, as he folded his hands and closed his eyes. 'You're a sinner, ah! a baneful sinner. There is no mansion laid up for you in the land beyond the skies—ah. Do you ever pray?'

'Once in a great while,' I told him.

'The Devil is in your heart—ah,' he went on. 'You pray not neither do you sing. Like a flower you shall be cut down, and the stem shall wither and decay, and be seen no more among the fields.'

'What would you advise me to do?' I asked, feeling a little meek.

'I am but a poor worm myself,' he answered meekly, 'like unto a puny insect.' 'A cockroach, for instance,' I put in as he paused.

'Only a poor struggling wor-um,' he went on, never minding me, 'yet I am trying to do any appointed work. Away over the sea in Africa, millions are living in ignorance and vice, knowing nothing of Heaven, having no good in their hearts, living like beasts of the field. In my poor humble way I am trying to save a few benighted heathen—trying to redeem a few souls.'

them, that they may have the word of life.'

There was a pause for a moment, and then he laid his hand on my arm and continued—'Young man, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver? Out of your abundance contribute something for the cause of the benighted. Even though you are not a Christian, your good act will be put to your credit in that land where all is joy and bliss.'

I asked him if he could change a \$20 bill and give me back \$19.25? and he turned away and seemed weary.

We rode on for about a mile, and then he took a strap from his pocket, laid it on his knee in a way to make two separate loops in it, and then he said—

'Young man, thou art a sinner, and thou wilt not contribute to the cause of the benighted?'

'Which the same is true,' I murmured. 'On the heathen and my cause, I desire to bet five to three that thou canst not put thy finger in the loop that will catch, he said smiling sweetly.

'It's the old strap game—seen it more than forty times,' I answered.

'Solely on account of the benighted heathen do I wish to bet five to three that thou canst not locate the joker, he went on, producing three thimbles and a pea.

'Played it in the army—for four years,' I replied, turning away with a mournful heart.

'Then you are will that the heathen shall struggle on like the beasts of the field and the birds of the air?' he asked, putting up his thimble.

'Yes, truly,' I answered.

'Tis sad that one so young should be so sinful,' he murmured, and he went to the other end of the car and succeeded in fleeing an old man out of \$34 and a watch on the cheek game—for the cause of the heathen in Africa.

Vaccination in China.

It has been stated that the Emperor of China's death was caused by the small-pox, whence it might be inferred that vaccination is not practiced in the Celestial Empire. This however (*Galignani* says) is not the case; the virtues of the cow-pox were known to them many years before Jenner discovered it in our part of the world. Their historians fix it at about the twelfth century of our era. Now, as we got the small-pox from the Arabs towards the end of the tenth century, when Rhazes first described it, the question arises as to whether that disease existed in China before.

A physician of that country, who has written an extensive work on medicine, says on the subject that small-pox was unknown until the middle of the reign of the Cheou dynasty, which flourished about the sixth century before Christ, and that it was only towards the end of the Song dynasty, answering to our twelfth century, that inoculation was practiced on young children as a means of protection from the spontaneous malady. The experiment was first tried on the Emperor's grand-son, and succeeded perfectly, and for more than fifty years the reputation of this treatment grew in the minds of the people, but it became gradually apparent that the remedy was not infallible, especially when the disease assumed an epidemic character.

As for the cow-pox, the missionaries at Peking sent over accounts of it as early as 1779, while Jenner only published his discovery in 1795. The way in which the Chinese inoculate the cow-pox is this:—The dry virus, in a pulverulent state, is blown through a silver tube into the left nostril, if the patient be a girl, and into the right one in the case of a boy. A second and more modern method consists in dissolving the dry virus in four or five drops of clear water; this is then taken up in a little cotton, which they thrust into the right or left nostril, according to the sex, as above stated. The third way consists in performing the same operation with fresh virus, which is taken on the spot from a healthy child.

Chinese Private Life.

Here are some hints which may be useful to some of our cooks: They have a large screen before the door-way, which gives privacy sufficient for their need. The window shades are closed either by a sort of Jalousie of thin matting. They do not surround their domesticities with the same mysterious and secret precautions with which we envelop those proceedings in Europe. Human nature, they argue, has to sleep, and here is the mat upon which it stretches itself. Why conceal it? it also wishes to eat, and it satisfies its appetite no matter how many eyes are gazing. Tell a Chinese cook you are hungry, and he will immediately fetch his fire, his cooking utensils, his provisions, and cook under your very nose. He has no idea of concealing his operations in some far away back region, yeelp kitchen. He squats down anywhere, makes a fire on or in anything, a basin, dish, pan or pot; there is no limit to his invention. He will cook in the middle of the street, or in the centre of his guests in a restaurant. Upon one occasion, when on board a Junk, I observed a man cooking his own and his neighbor's food together in a tub, and an earthenware sauce containing the charcoal. Wonderful creatures they are those despised Chinese, with a dexterity of finger and ingenuity of patience unsurpassed by any nation under the sun.

Schuylkill county paid \$343 for tobacco for prisoners last year.

Who can move it? The deacon having been asleep as usual, woke up just in time to catch the query, thinking the pastor referred to the meeting house, rose up in his seat and exclaimed: 'I'll bring over my yoke of steers, and they'll jerk it along the whole distance, if you'll keep plenty of hard wood rollers under it.'

The deacon never slept in meeting after that.

The Missouri Democrat says an order with 21,000 Grangers and 1,500,000 members, to whose ranks accessions are being steadily made at the rate of 400 Grangers, with at least 18,000 members every calendar month of the year, which has saved to its members at least \$23,000,000 thus far, which has \$1,000,000 invested in business operations, and which is daily increasing the sphere of these operations, can scarcely be said to be collapsing.

No Room for Loafers.

Sure enough there is no room for loafers anywhere in this working world. They are not wanted in the busy workshop, nor in the editor's sanctum; they are a nuisance in a country store, spitting and spewing about the stove and at the post office in everybody's way. They are forever out of place—except when in the almshouse or jail. A dead weight upon society, they are a hindrance and a bore. They form no part of nature's plan; it absorbs them, as it does a vacuum. While the world around them is going forward, they are standing still, or rather gliding imperceptibly backward into seedy vagabondism. A loafer soon grows rusty. It is only use which keeps our faculties bright, and the idle man gets dull, stolid and muddled-headed. Yet some of these fellows seem to think very well of themselves. You will see them strutting along the sunny side of the street, lounging at corners, hanging about hotel doors with fine clothes upon their backs, and a well satisfied smirk upon their vacant countenances. The poor creatures look down upon a working man as a being of an inferior order! No doubt the drones effect to despise the busy bees—until they are driven from the hives to starve, while the workers feast upon the honey. A loafer setting himself above the man who labors with his hands! Why, he is as far beneath the common horse. A young mechanic, in his working dress, and with his tools in his hands, is every way a more agreeable object than the best dressed loafer in existence. There is always room for him. He is never out of place, for he is keeping step with the universe. He has an aim, and a purpose, and he stands for something. His faculties are trained to use, and he is of value to the world for what he can do. The skilled workman is to the idle man what the manufactured article is to the raw material. He has an additional value above that of mere manhood. The world cannot get along without him, while it could spare every loafer in it, and be all the better for their absence. Reader, whatever you do, don't loaf.

The Omaha Boy Set It Up on a Conductor.

A good joke was played on Conductor Billy Smith, who ran out on Tuesday afternoon's train for the East over the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, by some boys at Dexter, who, just as the train was leaving that place, fixed upon the rear platform of the sleeper a "dummy" man. They had taken a suit of clothes, stuffed them full of straw, fixed up a head by means of a mask, and had put an old stove-pipe on the top. The dummy was seated on the steps, one arm around the railing, and the other supporting his weary head as if asleep.

Conductor Smith came along, and seeing the supposed man sleeping there, took him for a "dead beat," giving him a slight kick demanded, "Your ticket, sir."

No answer. Smith stirs him up again, and says, "Here, you fellow, wake up." Again there was no reply, and Smith then discovered the "sell," as he took hold of the dummy's shoulder.

Going forward to the brakeman, he informed him that there was a dead man on the rear platform, and he wanted him to watch the body till they got to Des Moines.

The brakeman did as commanded, but was so tender-hearted that he did not examine the remains, but sat on the inside of the car, and kept an eye on them.

On the arrival of the train at Des Moines, the dummy was slyly tumbled on the track, and the Chief of Police was informed that a man had been killed.

The Chief of Police immediately sent down two policemen to take charge of the remains until the coroner arrived to hold an inquest. The two unsuspecting "beaks" kept guard of the "corpse" till the coroner put in appearance. He came in haste, fully expecting to make the customary fee but his chagrin as well as that of the two policemen, may be easily imagined when he discovered the sell.

MOVING THE ROCK OF AGES.

The good people of the town of E— were talking of moving their meeting house to a more agreeable locality, among the advocates of the movement none were more earnest than old Deacon A., who, by the way, has an uncontrollable habit of sleeping in church. No matter how interesting the discourse, the old deacon was sure to drop off about such a time. On the Sabbath preceding the day appointed for moving the house, the pastor preached an interesting sermon on "The Rock of Ages." Growing eloquent in his remarks, the good minister finally added with great emphasis:

"Who can move it?"

The deacon having been asleep as usual, woke up just in time to catch the query, thinking the pastor referred to the meeting house, rose up in his seat and exclaimed: 'I'll bring over my yoke of steers, and they'll jerk it along the whole distance, if you'll keep plenty of hard wood rollers under it.'

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