



# The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1875.

We are pleased to see that our distinguished neighbor over the way has, in one respect, come back to first principles, and in hating arguments in condemnation of some of the acts of Congress and of the national administration, does not hesitate to quote freely from those sterling Republican sheets, the Philadelphia Inquirer, the Boston Advertiser and the Utica Herald. The fact is that true Democracy runs in those channels, and when the bogus articles, as set forth in the Monroe Democrat for the last twelve or fifteen years, turns its eyes in those directions for political light, it is infinitely a better showing than was the Coon's in his remaining out in February when he thought he saw his shadow, when, really, he should have gone into his hole because he did not see it. The fact is, that the Democrat might have found, nearer home, an authority upon which to base a leader that, in the general run of the acts of the administration, relative to southern affairs, there was a Democracy which ought not to have been over looked, and which could not be, without endangering the superstructure upon which the Republican party rested. The Jeffersonian has been no ways mealy mouthed in condemning acts which the administration thought necessary for the salvation of the country first and the party afterwards is the country first because that is always to be considered before all party, and the principle should be to sink everything, if necessary, to maintain the country and the rights and liberties of the people intact.

But our neighbor is not used to an independent, manly course. Even in a little rough and tumble scramble for the "loaves and fishes" within his own party, he has not thus far, dared to speak out openly for the best incumbent for whom the party was seeking. He was afraid really, because he did not know which side was going to win—forgetting that as the organist of the party it was his duty to lead the singing, and pipe the tones to which his co-partisans were to dance. And often times we have felt constrained to go to his rescue; and as often have we successfully brought about peace among the brethren, and made Democracy a unit, when otherwise, but for the Jeff, it would have been loose at ends, and a family quarrel of nomenclature magnitude would have been the result of his weak-kneedness. Why, for several years past, because in a contest for a three dollar job of post office printing he happened to underbid and defeat us he has hardly dared to venture a word of his own in condemnation of the administration—believing, verily, either that that job had bound him to silence, or that, in the far distant future, another job might loom up, which an independent expression of opinion would endanger.

It was not because of want of will, nor discrimination, nor capacity, that our distinguished neighbor acted thus. He possesses all these to a remarkable degree; and, barring an idiomatic trait possibly, can handle them to an infinitely better degree than even his favorite contemporary the New York Tribune. But his knees, politically speaking, are weak, and when it comes to the question of "dare to do," he lacks the manly spirit to do in spite of all daring. And just here lies the difference between the independence of the Jeff, and the subserviency of the Democrat—the former dare condemn where the latter must keep quiet. The one is moved by right, the other by the mere politician's policy. The one professes to be a captain in the grand march of the army of progress, and leads successfully—the other is a lumbering baggage wagon, lumbering on in the rear, and following only in the track in which it is led.

It is not remarkable that the Democrat did not recognize the Jeff, in its comments upon the administration wrongs. That would have been an acknowledgement of its own lack of independence, and our distinguished neighbor is too wise for that; and yet he shows a great lack of wisdom in endeavoring to ignore the Jeff, because the people are cognizant of its existence, rely upon its integrity and manhood, and generally act upon its suggestions. Whether it is a Judge, a Congressman or a Legislator that is wanting the Jeff, shaped public opinion, even in Democratic Monroe, when the Democrat dare not, politically call its soul its own. It was the Jeff, which elected Judge Dreher, John B. Storm and Wm. Kistler, and later still Frank D. Collins—or rather the Jeff's influence, which, as Democrats had to be elected, pointed out the best men for the party to select, and it did so because the Democrat did not like to for fear of giving offense.

Keep it before the people that those cisterns are a prime necessity for our safety from the ravages of fire. They will cost but little comparatively with the good they would secure in case of necessity, and our citizens should not lose a moment in pressing upon the "borough fathers" the duty of building them. If one but considers that there are but few points at which the creeks or the race can be reached, in order to make the work of the "Pocemo" effective, the truth is at once made apparent that we are badly prepared indeed to battle with anything like such a conflagration as we are at any moment subject to. We need the cisterns, and we must have them, if we would not one day feel cause to regret our criminal negligence at not having had them built.

The total value of property in Massachusetts exempt from taxation is \$55,088,522, of which Boston's share is \$18,713,100.

GET your seeds and garden tools ready.

MARCH is over half gone.

ALL-FOOLS day close at hand.

APRIL showers will soon be here—in a hour.

WHAT a world of rejoicing there will be when the stones get loose.

WHERE are you going to move to? is now an every day question.

SLUSH, snow, rain and mud—these are the mixtures we have been taking lately.

FOR the bold, the snow and the slush this winter we expect to find a liberal compensation in August.

OUR town has been unusually free from snow this winter, for which we have all reason to be thankful.

AND soon will come the whippoorwills to wail a plaintive accompaniment to the "swinging on the gate."

SCRANTON had a big day over the parade of St. Patrick's yesterday. It was "St. Patrick's day in the morning," you know.

MONEY is as scarce here as white mice, and we have none of these since neighbor John's died. No body is flush just now.

THINGS are progressing so gently and neatly towards, that we apprehend no danger from the ice gorges on our mountain streams.

OUR young friend, Mr. E. L. Wolf, Jr., of Scranton paid us a flying visit on Tuesday last. The latch string is always out for such as Ned.

PORT JERVIS used a hundred barrels of naphtha on Saturday last, in trying to burn up the ice gorge but it was no go. It would not burn worth a cent.

THE next regular monthly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in their rooms Friday evening, March 19th, 1875. All are cordially invited.

WE commenced a new feature a couple of weeks ago—that of publishing a summary of town council proceedings. We design continuing this feature monthly, or as often as our borough fathers meet.

C. H. HANEY, Esq., of Chestnut Hill, who has been seriously indisposed for some time past, is, we are pleased to learn, getting around again. Hope to hear, very soon, of his complete restoration to health.

THE Rev. Dr. Chaplin preached his last sermon previous to conference, last Sunday. Many persons here, both in and out of his congregation, will regret any action of the conference which may locate him elsewhere.

THE "beautiful snow," of which we have had such a superabundance all winter—and the "glittering ice" which has kept even march with the "beautiful," are rapidly softening and wearing away, and it is not apparent that any one regrets their departure. Strange isn't it?

THOSE of our readers who design raising fancy chickens, should read Mr. B. T. Wolf's advertisement in another column. We have seen Burr's stock, and as it is the product of premium imported fowls can confidently recommend it as a starting point for successful breeding. A finer lot of birds can scarcely be found.

THE robbers, or rather the advance friend of these cheerful warblers and cherry thieves put in an appearance here on Friday last, and a dove was seen hopping around P. H. Robeson's barn yard on Thursday. We rather think the feathered songsters got their foot in it, and evidently had not remembered the vagaries of "gentle Spring." They will have to go back, and come again after a while, when Winter has surely departed and Spring has set her house in order to receive company.

MR. MORRIS SMILEY, from boyhood a resident of Stroudsburg, and more recently of Hoboken, N. J., died at the residence of his brother, in Stroud township, this county, on Friday last. He had been in poor health for several years. His remains were followed to the grave in the Stroudsburg Cemetery, on Sunday by a large number of relatives and friends, including among the latter the members of the Phoenix Fire Company, of which organization he was a member. Mr. Smiley's life was marked by characteristics, which drew around him a large circle of warm friends, who sincerely mourn his death.

NOW push the gas project—don't let it lie idle a moment—don't suffer the possibility of its dying out—don't allow anything to operate as a brake to retard its rolling on to a speedy completion. There is no knowing but that mother McGinnis's cow is, at this very moment, practicing with her heels to kick over the kerosene lamp that is to furnish us with a Chicago conflagration in miniature. Let us do away with the kerosene, and then let the cow kick as much as she pleases. Gas should be burning in our houses and along our streets by the first of May at farthest.

SCRANTON uppertendom is just now enjoying a sensation, growing out of an attempted skeddadle on the part of an unloving "hubby dear" from his overmuch loving "partner of his luzzum. Wifey, however, was too smart for hubby. She "smelled a mice" of more than ordinary proportions, and when "hubby dear" thought himself safely ensconced in the cars on Friday evening last, along came "wifey," a constable, and a warrant, and hustled "hubby dear" before Alderman Falter, who held the absquatulator in \$3,000 for his appearance at court, to answer the charge of desertion. Scranton is overly blessed with excitements of the sensational kind. No wonder the mines are compelled to sink occasionally, under its loads of sin.

SCRANTON'S biggest lug bear, is Scranton's Mayorality. At the recent municipal election in that city of magnificent distances, it appears that R. H. McKune—the Twelfth ward candidate—was elected by a handsome majority, and although the present incumbent, Mr. Loftus, refuses to resign his official position until November next. Mr. McKune still asserts his executive authority. A question of authority has now arisen between the two mayors, which promises to be finally settled at the next term of court.

ALREADY the movers have begun to move, and business changes are being made hereabouts. We have the following to move this week:

Mrs. Jane Hollinshead has removed to Port Jervis, where she designs making her future home. Mrs. H., and her accomplished daughter, Miss Lizzie will be much missed by the social and religious circle here, which during their long residence here, their presence so much graced.

Mr. John T. Hoffman has sold his interest in the brick yard, on the road to Stokes Mill, in Stroud township, to Garret G. Ramsey, of this place, and moved to Bloomsburg, Pa. John was an industrious citizen, and made warm friends here by his kindly disposition and genial cleverness, who will regret his departure.

Mr. George Beer, of Easton, an employee of the Stroudsburg House has taken the house vacated by John T. Hoffman, and occupies it with his family.

Garris & Morgan, of East Stroudsburg, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Morgan will continue the business at the old place. Mr. Garris has taken the store-room of Mr. Richard Storm, and will commence general merchandising on his own account at once.

Daniel R. Brown has taken the house vacated by Mrs. Jane Hollinshead, and will occupy it as soon as some conveniences, which are in course of addition are completed.

### Resolutions of Condolence.

At a special meeting of Phoenix Steam Fire Engine and Hose Co., No. 2, held at their Hall, Friday evening, March 12, 1875, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, An all-wise Providence, has in his Divine wisdom, been pleased to call away from our midst Morris Smiley, a member of our Company, and

WHEREAS, In his death the Company has lost a faithful member, his family a kind and affectionate father and society an upright christian man. Therefore be it

Resolved, That while we deplore our loss we submit to the will of our God and maker; and be it further

Resolved, That as a testimony of our respect to his memory our Hall, Engine and Hose carriage be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days; and be it further

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family in their irreparable loss and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to them; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Company and a copy be presented to each of the county papers for publication.

BENJ. F. BUTTS,  
HORACE HUSTON,  
JOHN KLECKLER, } Committee.

### PUZZLES.

HENRYVILLE, March 12th, 1875.

THEO. SCHOCH:—Dear Sir:—In your issue of the 4th inst., you say my solution of J. Zabriskie's "puzzle" is "incorrect." Now it does not make any material difference to me whether you call it the one thing or the other, but I am not convinced yet that the solution as given by me is "incorrect" and I have good authority to bear me out in that assertion. Prof. Stoddard, who has published a whole series of Arithmetical books, which are of a high standard too. In his Mental Arithmetic he has a similar question to the one referred to, and he gives the explanation, as I gave it. The first lot at the rate of 7 for 3 cents and the remainder at 9 cents each. Now as far as the condition of the question is concerned, I can see no difference in the two solutions given. I do not dispute the correctness of the solution, as given in your paper, but I do maintain that if the one is right, the other is right also, for the principle is all the same, the only difference is, in the one case the price of the apples as sold, is proportionally three times higher. Therefore I say in conclusion (and I think you will agree with me when you have examined it carefully) that both ways are correct. In the one case they all received 10 cents for their apples and in the other 30 cents.

I see in this week's paper you have a good supply of "puzzles" on hand so I will not send you any at this time. May do so occasionally.

Your's Respectfully,

S. DATESMAN.

ANSWERS.—The answer to "J. W. McK's" puzzle is "The Jeffersonian."

Mr. Zabriskie's postal card puzzle is the alphabet reversed. Read Mr. Zabriskie's "Pi," puzzle backward and you will have the answer.

Harris Price, Henryville, your answer to Mr. Zabriskie's card puzzle is correct. Let us hear from you again.

"Pottanatomine," is the answer to "G. W. W's," puzzle of last week.

The answer to the following is an old adage very familiar.

He sty eyes Tea He Best Pea O wel I see.  
STILL WATER.

Fianigan, will please forward answer to his Arithmetical problem and we will publish it next week.

The Democrats are great economists. In Schuylkill county, where they control everything, they recently built a barn on the County House property, in which 1,500 feet of lumber was used; and the warrants drawn on the Treasurer to pay for it amounted to only \$29,000.

The ice gorge on the Juniata is fourteen miles long.

Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, has just ground out one hundred and seventy new doctors. Pennsylvania will be physicked by ninety-two of them.

The following are the graduates from Monroe county:

J. Pace Mutchler, of East Stroudsburg, a student of Anzi LaBar; Horace Bush, of Smithfield, a son of Dr. P. M. Bush, and student of Dr. Lewis Bush of East Stroudsburg; A. Lewis Kirkbuff, of Hamilton, a student of Dr. George W. Jackson. They have our best wishes as they certainly deserve of all men.

Mr. Gen. T. Oplinger, of Slatington, is the owner of an orange tree at present having hanging on it 167 oranges in different stages of growth.

The House of Representatives at Harrisburg presented on Friday last a scene of disgraceful rowdiness that has never been equalled. The session, which lasted all night, is described as having been far worse than a Fourth ward political meeting. The greatest disorder existed, and no attention was paid to common decency by either the Speaker or the mass of the members. Dozens of bills were rushed through without reading or consideration, so rapidly that the clerks gave up the job of keeping even a list of them. Patterson, the Speaker, after the House had been declared adjourned, called it to order again and kept it in session until morning. Questions of order were decided without the slightest regard to parliamentary rules, but only to suit the controlling majority. It is long since the State has been disgraced by performances of this kind, which appear to be particularly enjoyed by the Democrats who control the House. It is fortunate that the Senate remains steady and true, for upon that body rests all the responsibility of correcting the foolish and partisan vagaries of the other branch. If the people of Pennsylvania are not already heartily sick of the Democratic House they elected last fall, they are in a fair way to become so before their term is ended.—Bucks Co. Intelligencer.

The Kentucky lottery, the tickets for which were lavishly advertised all over the country—in this State in violation of law—turns out to have been the biggest kind of a swindle. It appears that much less than the whole number of tickets had been sold at the time of the drawing at Louisville, and the prizes were all sealed down accordingly. After they had held the drawing, nobody was able to tell who held the fortunate cards for the larger prizes, while the "approximate" prize list is even yet unsettled. It is now said that legal proceedings will be taken to compel the managers of the fraud to fulfil their promises. The only certain thing about the whole business is that thousands of people have been induced to buy the lottery tickets, often with money that they could poorly afford to spare, in the delusive hope that they might possibly receive a fortune. This money has gone into hands from which it cannot be reclaimed, and there is very little probability that a cent of it will ever go to the "library" about which so much was said. There are a good many newspapers in this part of the country which helped along this swindle, knowing at the same time that they were transgressing the law as well as aiding a most nefarious business.

Thirty-one years ago a little boy, four years old the son of Daniel Hutchins, of Burlington, N. J., while playing outside the door of the home of his parents, was kidnapped by two men and taken to Philadelphia on board of a steamboat. From that city he was soon afterward taken to the West, where he grew up under the charge of his captors. Upon arriving at the age of manhood he started out in life for himself, and traveled nearly every part of the civilized world. At the time of his disappearance from home his parents became almost frantic with grief because of his loss, and had the Delaware river and its tributaries, together with the surrounding country search for his whereabouts, dead or alive but all in vain. The people of Burlington showed the deepest sympathy for the sorrow-stricken parents and large rewards were offered for the recovery of the lost one, notwithstanding which the event remained shrouded in mystery for the long space of thirty-one years, when the lost one appeared at the scenes of his childhood in quest of his parents. In the meantime the father and mother died, it is supposed from pure grief, thinking that their boy must be dead. After fighting the battles of the world and making for himself a snug competence, the young man became convinced that he was not the child of the men with whom he had been living, and he determined to find his parents. He entertained a slight recollection of his old home, and he finally ascertained that he could find tidings of his parents in New Jersey, and aided by inquiry, he fixed upon Burlington as the place, arriving only to find his parents dead.

Successful Blasting at Port Jervis. PORT JERVIS, March 15.—Blasting is still being carried on, and quite successfully. By night the keystone of the gorge will have been blasted through, thus, to a certain extent, weakening the dam and making future operations more rapid.

### Breaking Up in the Alleghany.

PITTSBURG, March 15.—The heavy gorge existing in the Alleghany river at Kittanning for some weeks, broke up at four o'clock this afternoon and reached here at 8:20 P. M., and is running now.

The ice is very heavy, and the river running full. There was no serious damage along the Alleghany as far as heard from, but fears are entertained for the safety of the lower coal landings.

The Kiskiminetus gorge broke this afternoon, carrying away the county bridge at Leitchburg. Reports from the upper Alleghany show good prospects of a general break up.

Trout fishing will be legal after the 1st of next month.

Hot lemonade is claimed to be the best known remedy for a cold.

The woolhat factories of Reading will suspend operations on April 17.

Sixty-two inches of snow in Anthony township, Lycoming county, this winter.

A German infidel was refused his naturalization papers in Philadelphia last week.

Kansas promises soon to produce silk at lower figures than any other country in the world.

One Reading man has paid, since February 7th, nearly \$10,000 tax on whiskey.

It is rumored that Tweed's lawyers are confident of his release before the fall "primaries" are held.

The Financial Chronicle estimates that there is now over \$300,000,000 of specie in the United States.

George Wheeler colored, was hanged at Easton, Talbot county, Md., on Friday for the murder of Mrs. Whitman in July last.

It is not generally known that the butter crop of the United States is now greater in value than the wheat crop. Yet such is the fact.

Joshua Griffin, colored, was hanged near Belair, Md., on Friday, for the murder of Miss Susan Taylor, near Aberdeen, Harford county, in October last.

The saucy Brooklyn Argus believes if Jay Gould could run a railway train to Heaven, he'd take Brooklyn piety as a head light for the locomotive.

There were 116 births and 43 deaths in Allentown, during the months of January and February. The population of that enterprising city is increasing.

A Mrs. Evans, residing in Seymour, Connecticut, on Monday, cut the throats of her two children, aged three and six years, and then cut her own throat.

A number of buildings in Allentown are cracking, owing, it is supposed, to the settling of the foundations. In Pottsville the frost has been raising the foundations.

Young man, go East. Good farms in Aroostook county, Maine, may be bought of the State at fifty cents an acre, payment to be made in labor on the public highways.

Mr. Joseph Walker, manager of the Opera House in Scranton, was the lucky holder of a ticket in the Kentucky lottery scheme which has drawn the sum of \$9,504.

It is rumored that Carl Schurz will practice law in New York, and that he has already been engaged as counsel of the Hamburg Steamship Company, at \$10,000 annually.

New Jersey has just passed a law imposing a fine of five thousand dollars and imprisonment for a term of one year upon any person who shall transfer his property to avoid taxes.

From February 1 to March 1 there was an increase of fifty distilleries with a daily capacity of 95,038 gallons. There are 406 distilleries in all, with a total capacity of 295,815 gallons.

Mrs. Mason D. Custard, of Egypt Mills, Pike county, died at her late residence Wednesday evening of last week. Deceased was the largest woman in the county, her weight being upwards of 300 pounds.

All the scientists of Europe are rushing to Paris to see a man whose nose took a sudden start and grew half an inch longer. Such is the desire of humanity to see a man whose nose more than any body else.

Joseph Augustine, of Eastville, Clinton county, is the champion shaver, not of noses, but of shingles. He shaved eight hundred shingles in nine hours, or an average of one shingle in forty and a half seconds.

At the annual meeting of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company it was shown that the receipts of the year were \$1,932,321; deducting the expenses this leaves a balance of \$415,265 to the credit of the dividend fund.

A Susquehanna county lawyer drew a writ, the other day, which a deputy sheriff went to serve, and found the party had been dead for a week or two. The officer returned the paper indorsed, "Present place of abode unknown."

A finely dressed lady who slipped and fell the other day, and the boot-black who assisted her to her feet inquired, "Did you break any bones madam?" "No I guess not she replied; but I am just as mad as if I had broken a dozen of 'em."

A Montana editor bemoans the calamities of 1874, in the following touching strain: "Firt, that Beecher business, then the grasshoppers, then the Democratic victories, and now an increased tax on whiskey. What is this poor country coming to?"

A rather curious arbitration came off at Selingsrove last week—the parties being Henry Walter and Eli Hartman, and the contention a bond of \$1,000, which the latter had given conditioned that he was not to visit the former's wife. The arbitrators gave judgment for \$1,010.

Joseph Mishow, of Williamsport, celebrated his one hundred and first birthday March 11th. It is claimed as a remarkable fact that he has never had a single hour of sickness in his life, and at the present time is reported to be in the enjoyment of good health, and daily moves about among his friends and acquaintances.

Wm. Lanjar, of whom we spoke in the Democrat sometime ago as having been found sick, with some of his limbs frozen in a farmer's barn in Smithfield township, about the holidays, died on Thursday, the 4th inst. He said he came from Detroit, Michigan, was about 38 years of age, was 5 feet, 8 inches in height, sandy hair, fair complexion, light built, and at times seemed to be deranged in his mind. Any one identifying the person by this notice can obtain further information by addressing Finely Bush, Shawnee P. O., Pa. Exchanges please copy.—Demo.

Two persons, both of whom reached the high age of over one hundred years, died in Baltimore last week. One of them was Mrs. Mary Smith, a white woman, who had been for some years an inmate of the hospital in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor, on McKim's Hill. She is said to have reached the age of one hundred and eleven years. The other was Mrs. Susan Carr, a colored woman, one hundred and five years old. Her mental faculties were not impaired until a few weeks before her death.

The Reading Eagle says: It will be recollected that Dr. B. Mishler erected in Lancaster city a two-story brick house in ten hours and a three-story brick house in nineteen hours. He now proposes to build on the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia, next summer, a two-story brick house, 24 by 40 feet, in eight hours! He has arranged with Capt. Geisinger, of Reading, for the furnishing of the cornice and door and window caps, which will be allowed half an hour in which to put up the cornice, though he thinks he can do it in a quarter of an hour.

Tweed has as many lives as a cat. On Saturday the Supreme Court of New York, in general term, rendered a decision in his case, denying his appeal and affirming the judgment of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, which had sentenced the fallen "Boss" on every count of the indictment upon which he was convicted. But the protection thrown around the criminal by the revised statutes of New York is almost indefinite, and we are not surprised to learn that in a few hours his ingenious and persevering counsel had secured from a Judge of the same Court, "sitting in chambers," a writ of error enabling them to appeal again. The case now goes to the Court of Appeals, whose decision will be final.

Out in Nevada a new preacher was delivering his first sermon, and endeavored to make his remarks more impressive by informing his hearers that they could not expect "to win the heavenly stake with the four acres of faith, hope, charity and virtue, while the Lord held a flush—'He got no further in his figure of speech—'also' he had not studied Schenck—for at this instant there was a hubbub in the main aisle, and as the preacher descended with frightful velocity from the pulpit and disappeared through the back door just ahead of a No. 12 boot, the voice of the most prominent deacon was heard to exclaim: "We don't want no snooter of a preacher who don't know as four acres beat a plain flush."

The Colorado Potato Beetle, the genuine "bug" having appeared last year in parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and in other Eastern localities not before visited, its appearance in full force may be looked for the coming season. The first beetles will come from chrysalis, which have been in the ground all winter. These will lay eggs, and the larvae from these change to beetles in about a month; this first brood will produce a second, and that a third, which will remain in the ground to furnish a stock for 1876. The vitally important thing to do, is to watch for the first beetles with the appearance of the first potato tops, and not wait until the ravages of hordes call for active measures. Vigilance, whether they appeared last year or not, is the one essential thing. Search, catch and kill, in the beginning. We will talk about poisons and other aids another time.—Agric. Culturist.

The old swindling device of the "patent safe" has recently gone into vogue on railway cars. It consists of a small brass padlock with several ingenious combinations for locking without a key. The swindle is generally conducted as follows: One of the swindlers approaches a person whom he considers verdant enough for his purpose, and exhibits the padlock, asking him if he can open it. If the man "bitzes" he will undertake to open the padlock and fail, by which it is unlocked. At this moment a confederate approaches and inquires what puzzle they have. He is shown the padlock, undertakes to open it, fails, and offers to wager ten dollars that no one in the crowd except the owner can open it. Verdant gentleman takes the bet, puts up the money, tries to open the padlock, and fails, a second combination having been changed by the confederate.

Colorado was admitted as a new State in the last hours of Congress, but the bill admitting New Mexico was rejected. There was a majority vote for both, but the "two-thirds" vote which prevails in the last days of the session was the cause of New Mexico being rejected, the bill for that State not receiving the necessary two-thirds vote in the House, whilst the Colorado bill did receive it. Colorado is not to be admitted until 1876, however, and her new Senators and members cannot take their seats until after Presidential election, in which the people of the new State will not participate. By the census of 1870 Colorado had a population of 39,864, whilst New Mexico had 91,874. The prospective new State of Colorado, in 1870, did not have as much population as either of three wards Philadelphia—the Fifteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth—whilst the Twenty-sixth Ward very nearly approached it.

A curious suit will come up in the May session of the County Court at Millford, Pa. It is a twenty-year-old affair, and grew out of an election bet. During the Buchanan-Fremont Presidential campaign, Major Colvin L. Seymour bet with Abraham Westfall several hundred acres of land that Fremont would be elected. Title deeds to both pieces of property were placed in the hands of Daniel Van Anken, District Attorney of the county. Of course Seymour lost. The property has now risen in value tremendously. Several famous stone quarries have been in operation there, and Mr. Seymour repents his bet. He brings suit against Westfall, on the ground that the whole transaction was illegal. Betting debts being usually classed by civilized nations among "debts of honor," the attempt to evade one nearly twenty years after its payment should characterize Mr. Seymour's suit as an action of dishonor.