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Residence: Benjamin Dungan, Cherry Valley, MONROE COUNTY PA.
May 13, 1875.—ly.

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March 23, 1875.—lf.

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Office and Residence, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Saip. Prompt attention given to calls.
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STROUDSBURG, PA.
August 8, 72-tf.

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Real Estate Agent and Collector.
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DAVID S. LEE,
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One door above the "Stroudsburg House," Stroudsburg, Pa.
Collections promptly made.
October 24, 1874.

MERCHANTS' HOUSE,
313 & 315
North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Reduced rates, \$1.75 per day. *
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Office nearly opposite American House
and 24 door below the Corner Store.
March 20, 1873-tf.

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Still has his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eight years constant practice, and the most earnest and conscientious 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 Continous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.
Most persons know the great folly and danger of trusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.
April 13, 1874.—tf.

R. MAINONE,
Maker, Tuner, Regulator and Repairer
OF
Pianos, Organs and Melodeons.
Parties residing in Stroudsburg and vicinity, wishing their instruments thoroughly tuned, regulated and repaired at a most reasonable price, will please leave their orders at the Jeffersonian Office.
Persons wishing to purchase Pianos or other Instruments will find a practical experience of over twenty-six years in the musical line. I am prepared to furnish the latest and most improved instruments at the lowest possible prices. I have located myself permanently here and solicit your favors.

DO YOU KNOW THAT J. B. 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-tf

JOB PRINTING, of all kinds neatly executed at this office.

SOMETHING NEW!
A SHOE MANUFACTORY.
The undersigned would respectfully give notice that they have established at Williams' Hall building, corner of George and Monroe streets, Stroudsburg, Pa., a

SHOE MANUFACTORY,
for the making of all kinds of Lady's and Gentlemen's and Children's Boots and Shoes and Uppers. Particular attention paid to
CUSTOM WORK.

Persons having deformed feet, bunions or corns, or children's weak ankles, or crooked limbs, can have their shoes made to suit their cases.
Having had large experience in New York we feel confident that we can suit customers as to qualities and price, all of our goods both for general and special sale are warranted to be as represented. Please give us a call, examine our goods and materials consisting of Sargol, glazed French, Mat and French Cal Kid, long grained, French and Pehbled Goat Morocco, French and American Galf and Kid Skins, all of which will be cheerfully shown to those who may call. Intending to make a first rate wearing article we have nothing to conceal, either in stock or make from the public, but would invite their closest scrutiny.
July 8, 75-tf. R. E. CROMMETT & CO.

FARM FOR SALE.
The undersigned offers at private sale, his Farm, situated in Hamilton township, Monroe County, Pa., near Rossmoreville, and miles from Stroudsburg, County-seat of Monroe, containing
75 Acres,
about 5 Acres Timber Land, the balance improved land, line stone wall, in a high state of cultivation. The improvements are

Frame House, containing nine rooms; Barn 22 by 45 ft. with Wagon Shed, Hessian 13 by 20 feet, with Carriage House attached, and all other necessary out-buildings; a never failing well of water near the dwelling. There is an excellent Orchard

Choice Fruit Trees
on the farm, consisting of Apple, Peach, Cherry, Plum, Prunes, Raspberries, Grapes, standard and dwarf Cherries, etc.; a Lime Kiln, and one of the best stone quarries in the valley. The kiln has capacity enough to turn out one hundred and fifty bushels of lime per day.
The crops and stock can be bought with the Farm. Here is a good chance for a bargain.
PETER W. SHAFER, Rossmoreville, July 1, 1875.—4t.

LEANDER EMERY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Carriages and Buggies, Two-seated Carriages for Livery stables and private Families, Platform Spring Wagons,
of the latest style and for all kinds of use, kept on hand or made to order.
SINGLE-SEATED CARRIAGES,
with top or without top, all styles.
Delivery and Express Wagons,
of different styles, shipped to order. All work warranted in every particular for one year. I will make to order any style of carriage or light buggy that may be wanted. None but first class work leaves my shop. I use only first class stock and employ first class workmen, and feel confident that I can give entire satisfaction to all who may purchase my work. All orders by mail shall receive prompt attention. Hoping that I may be able to furnish the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity with anything that they may want in my line. Address all orders to
LEANDER EMERY, Marengo, Calhoun County, Michigan.
April 22, 1875.—ly.

G. H. Dreher. E. B. Dreher
PHENIX
DRUG STORE,
(2 doors west of the "Jeffersonian Office.")
ELIZABETH STREET,
Stroudsburg, Pa.,
DREHER & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery
and Toilet Articles.
Paints,
OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS & PUTTY.
Abdominal Supporters and Shoulder Braces.
Seeley's
Hard RUBBER TRUSSES—Also
Ritter's
TRUSSES OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.
Lamps and Lanterns—Burning
and Lubricating Oils.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
N. B.—The highest Cash price paid for OIL OF WINTERGREEN.
may-4tf.

BLATCHLEY'S
Improved CUCUMBER WOOD PUMP is the acknowledged STANDARD of the market, by popular verdict, the best pump for the least money. Attention is invited to Blatchley's Improved Bracket, the Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without disturbing the joints, and the copper handle which never cracks, scales or rusts and will last a life time. For sale by Dealers and the trade generally. In order to be sure that you get Blatchley's Pump, be careful and see that it has my trade-mark as above.
If you do not know where to buy, describe the agents, together with the name and address of the nearest you, will be promptly furnished by addressing, with stamp,
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 Commerce st., Philadelphia, Pa.
March 4, 1875.—9m.

BLATCHLEY'S
WOOD PUMP is the acknowledged STANDARD of the market, by popular verdict, the best pump for the least money. Attention is invited to Blatchley's Improved Bracket, the Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without disturbing the joints, and the copper handle which never cracks, scales or rusts and will last a life time. For sale by Dealers and the trade generally. In order to be sure that you get Blatchley's Pump, be careful and see that it has my trade-mark as above.
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506 Commerce st., Philadelphia, Pa.
March 4, 1875.—9m.

Life among the Indians: Being extracts from the Journal of Thomas G. Battey.

6th mo. 16th.—Arrived at the Kiowa camps after three days travel, with a small party of Indians, who were sent to the agency for me, and to obtain rations. The distance about one hundred and fifty miles north-west from the agency. They are here making preparations for the great medicine dance. The whole Kiowa tribe, as well as nearly all the Apaches; about five hundred Comanches, besides several Cheyennes, Arapahoes and other Indians being together, makes a very large encampment. This is situated in a beautiful broad valley, through which flows a fine stream of clear water, nearly devoid of alkali. It is called by the Kiowas, Uggwoopol—Rice Creek.

Had a talk with several of the head men of the tribe respecting the change in the intention of government as regards the release of Satanta and Big Tree. They cannot comprehend why government should violate its pledge to them in consequence of the misdemeanors of the Modocs; a tribe living so remote from them that they did not even know of their existence. It looks to them as though Washington was very willing to class them as enemies, while they are doing all they can to prove their friendly intentions. I informed them of my writing to Washington; desiring them to refrain from any hostile manifestations until they should learn what Washington would do when he reads my letter.

The warriors are busily engaged hauling cotton wood trees for the medicine house, accompanied by music and dancing.

17th.—The music of the soldiers, who, if I understand aright, are not allowed to sleep during the erection of the medicine house, continued through the night. On going out early this morning crowds of Indians, old and young, were marching in companies towards a grove of small cotton-wood trees, and being invited to go along, I accompanied them. Soon, several small cotton-woods were cut down by the women, ropes attached to them, several hands to a rope making light work of the hauling, particularly as it was made a frolic.

After breakfast the hauling of larger trees proceeded with. They were drawn by horses, by means of ropes attached to the saddles. A young warrior and a girl rode upon the horses, several of which were hitched to one tree, and drawing abreast, some of the riders beating drums, and all singing. This business continued through the day, except for an hour or two in the middle of the afternoon, when the old women—the grand-mothers of the tribe, had a dance. The music consisted of singing and drumming, done by several old women, who were seated upon the ground in a circle. The dancers—old, grey-headed women—from sixty to eighty years of age, performed in a circle around them for some time, finally striking off upon a waddling run, one behind another; they came back and doubling so as to bring two together, threw their arms around each other's necks and trudged around the circle for some time longer, then sat down, while a young man circulated a pipe, from which each in turn took two or three whiffs, and this ceremony ended.

6th mo. 18th, 1873.—Work at the medicine house drew to a close. The large trees and brush were all hauled by the middle of the forenoon. The putting up of the long cotton-wood poles to support the covering, was hard work. They were thirty-five or forty feet in length, green and heavy, and required a great amount of noisy talking, loud hallooing, and hard lifting to get them to their places. This being done, and the brush thrown over them for a shade, the medicine house was completed a little past noon.

The soldiers of the tribe then had a frolic in and about it, running and jumping, striking and kicking, throwing one another down, stripping and tearing the clothes off each other. One tall Indian clasped me around for a back-hold wrestle, but though I did not attempt to throw him, by exerting my little strength in the right direction, he found it too nearly resembling work to lay me on the ground, and so gave it up. Before this frolic was over, a party of ten or twelve warriors appeared, moving a kind of shield to and fro before their bodies, making in some manner, (as I was not near enough to see how it was done,) a grating sound, not unlike the filing of a mill saw.

The medicine house is situated nearly in the centre of the encampment, is circular in form, about sixty feet diameter, having its entrance towards the east. It is built by erecting a forked post, twenty feet high, perhaps, for a central support, while around this, and at nearly equal distances, are seventeen other forked posts, forming the circumference of the building. These are from twelve to fifteen feet in height and all of cotton-wood. Small cotton-wood trees are tied on the outside of these with ropes of raw hide, limbs and leaves all on them. Outside of these, small cotton-wood trees are placed in an upright position, thus forming a wall of green trees and leaves several feet in thickness, in the midst of which many hundred spectators afterwards found a cool retreat, where they could observe what was going on without making themselves conspicuous.

Long cotton-wood poles extend from each of the posts in the circumference to the central post, and then cotton-wood limbs are laid across these, forming a shady roof, one-third of the way to the centre. The central post is ornamented near the ground

with the robes of buffalo calves, their heads up as if in the act of climbing it; each of the branches above the fork is ornamented in a similar manner, with the addition of shawls, calico, &c., and covered at the top with black muslin. Attached to the fork is a bundle of cotton-wood and willow limbs, a buffalo robe and horns, firmly bound together, so as to form a rude image of a buffalo, to which were hung strips of new calico, muslin, strouding, feathers, shawls, &c., of various lengths and qualities. The longer and more showy articles were near the ends. This was placed in a position to face the east.

The lodges of the encampment are arranged in circles around the medicine house, having their entrances towards it, the nearest circle being some ten rods distant. In the afternoon a party of about a dozen warriors and braves proceeded to the medicine house, followed by a large part of the encampment. They were highly painted, and wore shirts only, with head dresses of feathers, which extended down the back to the ground, and were kept in their proper places by means of an ornamented strap, clasping the waist. Some of them had long horns attached to their head-dresses, were armed with lances and revolvers, and carried a couple of long poles, mounted from end to end with feathers, the one white and the other black. They bore also shields highly ornamented with paint, feathers and hair. They took their station upon the side opposite the entrance, the musicians standing behind them. Many old women occupied a position to the right, and near the entrance, who set up a tremulous shrieking, the drums began to beat, and the dance began, only the party above described participating in it. They at first slowly advanced toward the central post, followed by the musicians, several of whom carried a side of raw hide (dried,) which they beat upon with sticks, making about as much music as to beat upon the sole of an old shoe; while the drums, the voices of the women and the rattling of pebbles in painted instruments of raw hide, filled out the choir. After slowly advancing nearly to central post, they retired backwards, again advanced a little further than before; this was done several times, until they crowded upon the spectators, drew their revolvers, held them up and discharged them in the air. Soon after, the women rushed forward, with a shrieking yell, threw their blankets violently upon the ground, snatched them up with the same tremulous shriek which had been produced before, and retired, which closed this part of the entertainment. The ornamented shields used on this occasion, were afterward hung up with the medicines.

Soon after followed the great buffalo medicine. Ninety Indians—men, women and children—disguised in buffalo robes, (having the pates and horns on them,) in imitation of buffaloes, collected upon the side of a hill, just outside the camp. At the proper signal, the great medicine chief standing some distance to the left of the entrance of the medicine house, holding something in his hand that made a smoke—when they came in a long procession, took several turns around the medicine house before finding the entrance, when they cautiously entered, nearly the whole population of the encampment standing about midway between the first circle of lodges and the medicine house; when the last buffalo had entered, all these started upon the run for the entrance, followed by a great many on horseback.

Upon entering the medicine house, the buffalo were found lying down, huddled together around the central post, heads either towards it or directly from it. The great medicine chief, daintily white, wearing a buffalo robe and fur head-dress, stood opposite and facing the entrance, holding in his hands something similar to the squirt gun of our boyhood days. He was accompanied by two old men, also wrapped in buffalo robes. After some fifteen or twenty minutes of silence, the two old men advanced and commenced an examination of the buffalo, feeling them, punching them, and talking to them, occasionally holding up a small stick, apparently pulled out of the side of a buffalo, and addressing a few words to the medicine chief, who would step forward and squirt a small quantity of the contents of his gun into the hair of the animal; one of the other men would then make a short speech, holding up the stick to view, and concluded by placing it upon the buffalo from which it was first taken. Hereupon the wild tremulous shrieking of the women filled the air. This was repeated several times, and finally at a signal from the medicine chief, the ceremony ended.

A THRILLING SITUATION.
MIDNIGHT RAID ON THE OXFORD IRON COMPANY'S OFFICE—SANGUINARY STRUGGLE WITH A GANG OF MASKED BURGLARS—A BRAVE WATCHMAN AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG "MAJON"—ONE OF THE BURGLARS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART AND ANOTHER MORTALLY WOUNDED.
The office of the Oxford Iron company at Oxford, N. J., on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, was the theatre of a most thrilling affair shortly after 12 o'clock on Saturday morning last between the watchman, Mr. Wm. Searing, and a gang of masked burglars, who broke in for the purpose of plundering the establishment. At twelve o'clock Searing went into the basement for some kindlings, and on his return to the office was startled by the appearance of a man in mask advancing towards him from the desk and another

coming in his direction from the middle office. It was a moment of supreme excitement. With wonderful presence of mind the watchman dropped his basket, and drawing his revolver fired upon the burglar in front of him, sending a bullet whistling through his heart. The ruffian rolled upon the floor, and a moment later was a rigid corpse bathed in blood. This brilliant coup de main on the part of Searing enraged the burglars, of whom there were three still to be disposed of, and in rushing into the middle of the room to escape the one approaching him near the cellar door, he was seized by a third, at whom he fired, and who, it is expected, is mortally wounded, as the bloody trail left in his path testifies to the efficiency of the watchman's shot. At his juncture another of the gang dealt the brave watchman a blow of a club with which he filled him to the ground, when they proceeded to manacle him. The struggle was most intense. Searing's cries for help brought to his assistance the store dog Major, and then calling as if to a companion "Come on, Gray, but don't shoot," the desperadoes became alarmed and fled through the office window, which was subsequently found covered with blood.

A few minutes later Messrs. Gray, Fred. Fowler, W. H. Searing, attracted by the watchman's cries, came upon the scene. The thieves had fled, however, leaving their dead companion behind them. Searing had a handcuff on one hand and a severe bruise on the head, where one of the ruffians had struck him.

Upon the mask being removed from the burglar's face it revealed a countenance of the most brutish type. The ruffian seemed about twenty-five years of age, had a well-knit frame, and was evidently about six feet high. On his person was found a quantity of nitro-glycerine, cartridges and other burglars' ammunition such as professional burglars employ in their nefarious work.

A story is told of a clothing merchant, on Chatham street, New York, who kept a very open store and drove a thriving trade, the natural consequence being that he waxed wealthy and indolent. He finally concluded to get an assistant to take his place on the sidewalk to "run in" customers, while he himself would enjoy his *otium can dig* within the store. Having advertised for a suitable clerk, he awaited applications determined that he would engage none but a good talker, who would be sure to promote his interests.

Several unsuccessful applicants were dismissed, when a smart-looking Americanized Jew came along and applied for the situation. The "boss" was determined not to engage the fellow without proof of his thorough capability and sharpness. Hence the following dialogue:
"Look here, you man! I told you some things. I will give you de street and walk me back dis shop just like I was countryman, unt you can make me buy a coat by you I will hire you right away quick!"
"All right," said the young man, "go ahead, and if I don't sell you a coat I won't ask the situation."

The proprietor proceeded a short distance up the street, then sauntered back toward the shop, where the young man was on the alert for him.
"Hi! look here! Don't you want some clothes to-day?"
"No, I don't want me noting," returned the "boss."
"But stop inside, and let me show you what an elegant stock we have," said the "spider to the fly," catching him by the arm and forcing him into the store.
After considerable palaver, the clerk expectant got down a coat, on the merits of which he expatiated at length, and finally offered it to the "countryman" at \$30, remarked that it was "dirty cheap!"
"Dirty dollar? My kreacious I couldn't give you twenty. But I don't vant de coat anyways!"
"You had better take it, my friend, you don't get a bargain like this every day."
"No, I don't vant it. I gone me out. Good day."
"Hold on; don't be in such a hurry," answered the anxious clerk. "See, here, now, the boss has been out all day, and I haven't sold a dollar's worth. I want to have some thing to show to him when he comes back, so take the coat at \$25; that

is just what it cost. I don't make a cent on it, but take it along."
"Young man, don't I told you three, four couple of dimes dat I don't vant de coat?"
"Well, take it at \$20; I'll lose money on it, but I want to make one sale. Anyways before the boss come in. Take it at \$20."
"Well, I don't vant de coat, but I'll give you fifteen tollar, and not one cent more."
"Oh, my friend, I couldn't do it! Why that coat cost \$26; yet sooner than not make a sale I let you have it for \$18, and stand the loss."
"No, I don't vant it anyways. It ain't vurt no more as fifteen tollar, but I wouldn't gif a cent more so help me kreacious."
Here the counter-fert rustic turned to depart pleased to think that he had got the best of the young clerk; but that individual was equal to the emergency. Knowing that he must sell the garment to secure his place, he seized the parting boss, saying:
"Well, I'll tell you how it is. The owner who keeps this place is an uncle of mine, and as he is a mean old cuss, I want to burst him! Here, take the coat at \$15."
This settled the business. The proprietor saw that this was too valuable a salesman to let slip, and so engaged him at once; and he may be seen every day standing in front of the shop, urging innocent countrymen to buy clothes which are "just de fit" sacrificial prices.

Preservative Power of Lime.
The *Scientific American* tells us that M. Lostal, Railway Contractor, of Fermoyn, has communicated to the Society of Mineral Industry, at St. Etienne, France, the results of his observations on the effect of lime in preserving wood, and his method of applying it. He piles the planks in a tank, and puts over all a layer of quick-lime, which is gradually slacked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to become thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time, according to its thickness. The wood acquires remarkable consistency and hardness, and, it is said, will never rot. Wood has been prepared in this manner for several miles, so that the plan will shortly be tested on a considerable scale. Beechwood has been prepared in this way for lammers and other tools for several iron works, and it is said to become as hard as oak without its elasticity or toughness, and to last much longer than when unprepared. It has long been known that wood set in lime or mortar is preserved from decay, but no systematic plan for its preservation has until now been attempted.

The experience which most of us have had with whitewash on farm buildings and fences, leads us to believe there may be something in this idea. We have known wood annually whitewashed to last much longer than some that has been carefully painted, tarred, or otherwise cared for. Indeed as regards tar, there is often no better way, short of actual burning, to hasten the destruction of wood. It is used because it keeps out water, and so far it is a benefit; but it is heat as well as water that hastens decomposition, and the dark color of the tar absorbs heat to an extraordinary degree. We can lay our hands on a whitewashed fence in summer time with a comfortable feeling; but to put one's hand on a tarred post in the full sun, is a sure precursor of an unseemly dance, with perhaps some hastily expressed sentiment concerning it. Of course, the hotter the climate, the more rapidly the dark color hastens decay, and it is more likely to aid above ground than beneath. A post dark painted, or tarred on the part beneath the ground, will therefore decay faster than one not so colored, but not so fast as one fully exposed to a heated atmosphere. It is not, perhaps, that there is much preservative power in the lime itself so much as in its light color.

A Situation.
During the war a Georgian started to Marietta with some chickens for sale. He met a squad of soldiers and they bought all his chickens but one rooster. He insisted they should take him, but they were out of money, and couldn't buy.
The old man said he hated to go on to town with only one chicken, and was greatly puzzled about it.
At last one of the soldiers said:
"Old man, I'll play you a game of seven up for him."
"Agreed," says the old man.
They played a long and spirited game. At last the soldier won. The old man wrung the rooster's neck and tossed him at the soldier's feet, and mounted his swab-tailed pony and started home. After getting some two hundred yards he suddenly stopped, turned round, and rode back and said:
"You played a far game, and won the rooster fairly, but I'd like to know what in— here you put up against that rooster."

Here is one of the latest:
Dear Rag Baby thou hast pestered,
E'en wind did make the hollow—
The people just sat down upon thee,
And basted thy inflated bowels.
Gone to meet the Southern Confederacy.
The New York Commercial perpetrates the following on the Ohio returns:
Put away his little fog-horn,
Let his toy balloon collapse,
While Sam Cary murmurs, "Dog-gone! Tilden and them other chaps."
Gone to meet Nasby out in the swamp.
At Pittsburg a piano is on exhibition which is valued at \$16,000, and another which was made in London a hundred years ago.

Upon the mask being removed from the burglar's face it revealed a countenance of the most brutish type. The ruffian seemed about twenty-five years of age, had a well-knit frame, and was evidently about six feet high. On his person was found a quantity of nitro-glycerine, cartridges and other burglars' ammunition such as professional burglars employ in their nefarious work.

A new "jimmy" was found under the safe in the office, and later in the day the dead burglar's overcoat and gloves, with some money and the photographs of two children were found, but nothing to lead to identification in the way of writing. The path taken by the decamping desperadoes was clearly in the daylight for a distance of half a mile by the heavy trail of blood marked by the bleeding burglar, and at the foot of a tree where he changed his clothing and left them behind him there was a large pool of blood. It is expected that he could not live many hours later. Along the railroad was discovered a valise containing a complete set of burglar's tools, showing that the men were professional "cracks." They entered the office in their stocking feet, and doubtless calculated on overpowering the watchman and then rifling the safe of its contents.

On Saturday a jury was engaged examining the office, and telegrams were sent in all directions that it was thought the thieves would take. Searing, the watchman, was the hero of the hour, and is today perhaps the most popular man in Oxford.

A Situation.
A story is told of a clothing merchant, on Chatham street, New York, who kept a very open store and drove a thriving trade, the natural consequence being that he waxed wealthy and indolent. He finally concluded to get an assistant to take his place on the sidewalk to "run in" customers, while he himself would enjoy his *otium can dig* within the store. Having advertised for a suitable clerk, he awaited applications determined that he would engage none but a good talker, who would be sure to promote his interests.

Several unsuccessful applicants were dismissed, when a smart-looking Americanized Jew came along and applied for the situation. The "boss" was determined not to engage the fellow without proof of his thorough capability and sharpness. Hence the following dialogue:
"Look here, you man! I told you some things. I will give you de street and walk me back dis shop just like I was countryman, unt you can make me buy a coat by you I will hire you right away quick!"
"All right," said the young man, "go ahead, and if I don't sell you a coat I won't ask the situation."

The proprietor proceeded a short distance up the street, then sauntered back toward the shop, where the young man was on the alert for him.
"Hi! look here! Don't you want some clothes to-day?"
"No, I don't want me noting," returned the "boss."
"But stop inside, and let me show you what an elegant stock we have," said the "spider to the fly," catching him by the arm and forcing him into the store.
After considerable palaver, the clerk expectant got down a coat, on the merits of which he expatiated at length, and finally offered it to the "countryman" at \$30, remarked that it was "dirty cheap!"
"Dirty dollar? My kreacious I couldn't give you twenty. But I don't vant de coat anyways!"
"You had better take it, my friend, you don't get a bargain like this every day."
"No, I don't vant it. I gone me out. Good day."
"Hold on; don't be in such a hurry," answered the anxious clerk. "See, here, now, the boss has been out all day, and I haven't sold a dollar's worth. I want to have some thing to show to him when he comes back, so take the coat at \$25; that

is just what it cost. I don't make a cent on it, but take it along."
"Young man, don't I told you three, four couple of dimes dat I don't vant de coat?"
"Well, take it at \$20; I'll lose money on it, but I want to make one sale. Anyways before the boss come in. Take it at \$20."
"Well, I don't vant de coat, but I'll give you fifteen tollar, and not one cent more."
"Oh, my friend, I couldn't do it! Why that coat cost \$26; yet sooner than not make a sale I let you have it for \$18, and stand the loss."
"No, I don't vant it anyways. It ain't vurt no more as fifteen tollar, but I wouldn't gif a cent more so help me kreacious."
Here the counter-fert rustic turned to depart pleased to think that he had got the best of the young clerk; but that individual was equal to the emergency. Knowing that he must sell the garment to secure his place, he seized the parting boss, saying:
"Well, I'll tell you how it is. The owner who keeps this place is an uncle of mine, and as he is a mean old cuss, I want to burst him! Here, take the coat at \$15."
This settled the business. The proprietor saw that this was too valuable a salesman to let slip, and so engaged him at once; and he may be seen every day standing in front of the shop, urging innocent countrymen to buy clothes which are "just de fit" sacrificial prices.

Preservative Power of Lime.
The *Scientific American* tells us that M. Lostal, Railway Contractor, of Fermoyn, has communicated to the Society of Mineral Industry, at St. Etienne, France, the results of his observations on the effect of lime in preserving wood, and his method of applying it. He piles the planks in a tank, and puts over all a layer of quick-lime, which is gradually slacked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to become thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time, according to its thickness. The wood acquires remarkable consistency and hardness, and, it is said, will never rot. Wood has been prepared in this manner for several miles, so that the plan will shortly be tested on a considerable scale. Beechwood has been prepared in this way for lammers and other tools for several iron works, and it is said to become as hard as oak without its elasticity or toughness, and to last much longer than when unprepared. It has long been known that wood set in lime or mortar is preserved from decay, but no systematic plan for its preservation has until now been attempted.

The experience which most of us have had with whitewash on farm buildings and fences, leads us to believe there may be something in this idea. We have known wood annually whitewashed to last much longer than some that has been carefully painted, tarred, or otherwise cared for. Indeed as regards tar, there is often no better way, short of actual burning, to hasten the destruction of wood. It is used because it keeps out water, and so far it is a benefit; but it is heat as well as water that hastens decomposition, and the dark color of the tar absorbs heat to an extraordinary degree. We can lay our hands on a whitewashed fence in summer time with a comfortable feeling; but to put one's hand on a tarred post in the full sun, is a sure precursor of an unseemly dance, with perhaps some hastily expressed sentiment concerning it. Of course, the hotter the climate, the more rapidly the dark color hastens decay, and it is more likely to aid above ground than beneath. A post dark painted, or tarred on the part beneath the ground, will therefore decay faster than one not so colored, but not so fast as one fully exposed to a heated atmosphere. It is not, perhaps, that there is much preservative power in the lime itself so much as in its light color.