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STROUDSBURG, PA.

Office, formerly occupied by Dr. Seip. Residence with J. H. Miller, one door below the Jeffersonian Office. Office hours, 7 to 9, 12 to 3 and 6 to 8. May 11, 1876—16.

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Office in Jas. Edinger's new building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank. Gas administered for extracting when desired. Stroudsburg, Pa. [Jan. 6, 1876—16.]

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.

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DR. J. LANTZ,

SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Still has his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. Wilson's old building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, and he has himself by his own hands constant practice and the most exact 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 whose work is of a shoddy nature. April 15, 1874—16.

Opposition to Humbuggery!

The undersigned hereby announces that he has removed his office to the old stand, next door to Hunter's clothing store, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., and is fully prepared to accommodate all in want of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

made in the latest style and of good material. Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call in Hunter's clothing store, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., and I will be glad to accommodate all in want of.
C. LEWIS WATERS.

ANOTHER TROPHY WON

BY THE

ESTEY COTTAGE ORGANS!

These superior and beautifully finished instruments so far surpassed their competitor in volume, purity, sweetness and delicacy of tone, as to carry off the first and only premium given to exhibitors of reed Organs at the Monroe County Fair, held September 25, 1874.
Buy only the best. For prices, list, address Oct 1—16.
J. Y. SIGAFUS.

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MONROE STREET,

Nearly opposite Kautz's Blacksmith Shop, Stroudsburg, Pa.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is now fully prepared to do all kinds of Paper Hanging, Glazing and Painting, promptly and at short notice, and that he will keep constantly on hand a fine stock of Paper Hangings of all descriptions and at low prices. The patronage of the public is earnestly solicited.
[May 16, 1872.]

Dwelling House for Sale.

A very desirable two story Dwelling House, containing seven rooms, one of which is suitable for a Store Room, situated on Main street, in the Borough of Stroudsburg. The building is nearly new, and every part of it in good condition. For terms see call at this office. [Dec. 9, 1875—16.]

Don't 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—16

TILDEN'S LAMENT.

BY E. P. HUSTON.

TUNE—Villikens and his Dinah.
I'm lonesome and weary, my story is sad,
My prospects for Tilden looks mighty bad,
The burden I carry is wearing me out,
Oh, I wish in my heart I had never come out,
Hi tored it toored it toored it—

The only support I am certain to get,
Is the Ku-Klux and rebels and all of that set,
The Democrats North show a different phase,
And I fear every one is for Governor Hayes.
There's Morrison, too, he is doing me harm,
With him at my heels, it injures "reform."
With that little word I thought I saw clear,
My way to sit in the President's chair.
And for every darkey down South we vote,
It only makes Hayes and Wheeler a note,
Oh, dear, I'm so sad, and I feel so forlorn,
T'wixt better for me I had never been born.
My letter of acceptance awhile I suppressed,
Till I'd hear from the people, I thought it the best,
For Thomas A. Hendricks, my Democrat "pard,"
Goes in for "soft money," while I am for "hard."
My railroad adventures they're bringing to light,
And deeds I had done under cover of night,
And even the Credit Mobilier affair,
Is damaging me nearly every where.
My colleague, Tom Hendricks, has trials like me,
His record is worse than I thought it could be,
It seems thro' the war he was a "stay-at-home" man,
And worked for the "Sons of Liberty" clan.
Our party is wanting, it is easy to see,
Defeated this fall I am certain to be,
But one thing consoles me, I can truthfully say,
I have plenty of money to last out my day.
'Tis a fact I confess, that we cannot disguise,
Our course through the war was very unwise,
A feeling too warm for the South yet is found,
And it keeps us continually in the back ground.
Clay Center, Kan., Aug. 1876.

AN "OPEN LETTER" TO SAM TILDEN.

BY TERENCE O'TOOLE.

My darling Mother Tilden,
We all war busy buildin'
Our hopes on you for President in this Centennial year;
When you took the "boys" by storm
With your war-cry of "reform,"
We thought you war invincible, with naught on earth
To fear.
But we are all onlasy
An' mighty near goin' crazy—
Would you tell us now, AVOUCENEFES, about that income
tax?
An' make an explanation
That will place this mighty nation,
Or I fear the "boys" will throw you to the devil of
their backs.
It's mighty bad, the phase is,
An' it's mighty glad that Hayes is,
An' the party go to pieces if you can't explain away
That statement of yer taxes;
An' all on earth I ax is,
That you'll say you didn't swear false or get such
awful pay.
Och! turf an' tare-en-eyes,
What mighty fine big wages
You med upon those railroads, Sam, in aly legal pay,
While myself an' Darby Grady
An' Mike an' Pat an' Thady
Had to work an' sweat our eyes out for a dollar every
day!
Truth, Sam, avick, I'm fearin'
The prospect isn't cheerin',
For they say as a "reformer," you're a demagogue—no
more!
An' they'll tare way the gibbils
Of yer lands, Sonny Tilden,
An' show you to the world as a man who falsely swore.
The "boys" say you're too weighty—
You are heavier than eighty—
Wid your income tax an' perjury an' other things as
well;
An' the Democratic party
Is not so very heavy—
So you'd better clear your skirts of yer taxin', or the "ship" 'll go
to the bottom. —Scranton Republican.
SCRANTON, Sept. 11, 1876.

He was Mistaken.

This morning, says the Cincinnati Times, a gentleman entered a shop on Fifth street, and asked the clerk
"What is the price of knit undershirts with brock pockets?" He added,
"I travel a great deal and carry large amounts of money, and I think that idea of pockets an excellent one, and I am surprised that some one has not thought of it before."
"Really, sir," replied the clerk, "I think myself it would be a good plan, but I am sorry to say we have none, and I did not know there were any made."
"You did not?" said the customer.—
"Well, that's singular. They are exhibited in your own window, and caught my eye as I was passing."
"You must be mistaken," said the clerk. "I know every article in the store."
"But I am not," persisted the gentleman. "Step around and see for yourself."
The wondering shopkeeper did as requested. He stepped briskly to the front of the window, looked in, then looked at the gentleman, then coughed, and acted as though he had just felt a sudden pain in the stomach, and then rammed a handkerchief into his mouth and stepped back behind the counter.
"Well," exclaimed the customer triumphantly, "ain't they there?"
"Ye-yes," said the clerk, appearing as though he had a fish bone in his throat.—
"They are there, sure enough. But, sir, those undershirts are not for men, and those pockets are"—and at this point he dived under the counter and disappeared, while a young lady clerk standing near smothered a convulsive giggle in a cambric handkerchief, and started off with a very red face on important business to the rear part of the store.

Two colored politicians of Vicksburg recently discussed the situation thus: Radical darkey—Up here in dis Democratic meetin' dey keep continerly talkin' about Tilden, Hendricks, and Ree Form. Who de h— is Ree Form? Dat one is mor'n we got in de Radikal party. Democratic darkey—Don't know Ree Form hay? He's our main man, he is. You Radikal negroes never did know nuthin'.

Fearful Turkish Atrocities.

A BLOOD-CURDLING RECITAL OF WARFARE IN EUROPE IN THE CIVILIZED NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A letter to the London "Daily News" says:—

In Phanigurishti we were shown in the ruins of the church, before where had stood the altar, a black spot speckled with calcined bones, on which lay aboutquet of flowers. This was the remains of a priest, Theodor Peoff, 85 years of age, who had been seized and tortured in the hopes of obtaining money, mutilated and maltreated in ways which only the foul imagination of a Turk could invent, then killed and burnt here before the altar. In another place we were shown a black spot where an old blind man, Dondje Streglyeff, was beaten half to death and then throvo senseless on a heap of wood and burnt alive.

There was an old man here, Zwatko Boyadjieff by name, a public benefactor, a liberal contributor to the school fund, who, in winter, supported half the widows and orphans of the place, who was renewed for his charities to Christian and Turk alike. He was likewise seized, tortured and maltreated. His eyes were put out, and, after undergoing the most fearful torments, he was thrown on a heap of wood fainting or dead, the people do not know which, and burned. They seized the priest Noster and cut off his fingers one by one to extort money, and, as the poor man had none to give them, they continued by cutting off his hands, and finally his head. We were shown in the yard of a neat little cottage, embored in trees, a grave, beside which a woman was kneeling as we passed. It was the grave of a young man of eighteen who had just returned from school when the troubles began, after an absence of two years, and who had taken no part in the outbreak.

They had seized him, and, in mere sport, cut off his hands one by one in the presence of his mother, and then killed him. What made these acts more terrible was that many of them were committed in the presence of the weeping relatives—wife, mother, brothers and sisters of the victims. And they were repeated by the hundred. But it was not only old and young men who suffered; women, young girls, children and infants were ruthlessly slaughtered. These Turks, these strong, bearded men, picked infants up out of their cradles with their bayonets, tossed them in the air, caught them again and flung them at the heads of the shrieking mothers.

They carried little babes about the streets on the points of their bayonets, with their poor little heads and arms dropping around the barrels of their guns, and the blood streaming down over their hands. They cut off the heads of children, and compelled other children to carry the still bleeding heads about in their arms.

I should, perhaps, beg pardon of my readers for dwelling on these harrowing details. But everywhere here I see the Turks looking upon the English as their friends and allies, counting upon us for aid and comfort, and believing—most expensively—thing of all—that they have our approval in everything they do.

How the Eye is Preserved.

There is dust on sea and land; in the valley and on the mountain top; there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisiest dungeon, and visits the deepest darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence. Every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, which is yet not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the eyeball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. This liquid, so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be sealing to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactory which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

GOVERNOR HAYES.

The following story of Governor Hayes was told at a Republican meeting recently held in Cleveland:

At South Mountain the boys of the Twenty-third having appropriated two stacks of straw for use in their dire distress, the general in command rode up to the regiment and ordered the straw returned. R. B. Hayes, then lieutenant-colonel, replied: "My boys have neither tents, blankets, nor overcoats. The mud is ankle deep, and the loss of the straw will cost more in quinine to the government, to say nothing of the suffering of the regiment, than ten times its value, and if the government will not pay for it, I will." And R. B. Hayes paid for that straw out of his own pocket, and this man R. B. Hayes—worshipped by his regiment—is the man whom the Copperhead Democracy would pollute by relating the infamous story that he appropriated the money of a bounty jumper to his own use. The boys of the Twenty-third fling it back in their teeth as a "dirty, infamous lie."

Canned vegetables will be twenty per cent. higher in price the coming winter than they were the last.

DUTY OF YOUNG MEN.

Young men should start right in all things. At the coming November elections many young men who have attained their majority since the last Presidential contest will cast their maiden votes. By their votes they will decide between the candidates and policies of the two great parties. They owe an important duty to the State and nation. They owe much to business and to family; but they owe much more to their country. They should always cling, therefore, to honest principles as the only true rock of safety. The Republican party embodies those vital principles. Whatever has thus far been done from the time we were emancipated down to the present moment, has been done by the Republican party; a party not without faults, not without grave defects, and not without bad followers, but still a party of noble record and a naturally high duty to perform. It behooves us therefore to exert every energy in the coming contest, and young men like those who organized last week the Antoine Cadets have started in the right way to vindicate the wisdom of their choice between the two parties. We understand that Governor Hayes does not represent the political shrewdness of the land, but he represents an honest desire for purity in our public affairs and for Republican simplicity and economy wherever it may be found. It is enough for us to know that he represents those who have made and will continue to make the Republican party the party of reform, and not a refuge for the wicked. He represents the great mass of the people who, when they saved the Union, purified it, and who are determined there shall be no step backward in the work they have undertaken. Our political future is in the backward movement that a Democratic success means, and we should see that by no votes of ours will that end be obtained. Our candidates for President and for Governor represent honestly and faithfully these vital principles of our party with sturdy common sense and with that self praise, which in the practical affairs of life outshines the more brilliant and glittering faculties which dazzle and astonish. To the standard of this party and these candidates, a standard of patriotism, of loyalty, and of political integrity, the State and nation call upon young men. Let us respond to the call, and by earnest and united help preserve blessings of free government.—New Orleans Weekly Gazette.

Didn't Understand It.

Perhaps if that box hadn't been in the way he would have gone by without tumbling down into the basement. When they separated him from what was once a rather respectable beaver, he sadly said:
"I suppose if I was Commodore Vanderbilt there would be half a dozen carriers at the door ready to convey me home, and a score of newspaper reporters asking me how I felt. But because my name is Joe Morgan, I have to go unhonored and unwept."
He slowly went out, and as he did so a bottle dropped out of his pocket and broke on the stone steps. He regarded it a few moments in silence, and then tragically uttered:
"And thou, too, the sole remaining link of all that bound me to myself, art thou, also, gone? Oho, heavens! I have I deserved all this?"

The Greatest Dronth.

The Paterson "Press" says:—We have recently come across an interesting record of severe dronths, dating back as far as the landing of the Pilgrims. All who think the dronth which we have just passed through was an exceptional one, for length, will do well to read the following account:—In the summer of 1622 there were 21 days in succession without rain; 1830, 41; 1658, 80; 1675, 45; 1689, 81; 1704, 62; 1705, 40; 1720, 61; 1762, 123; 1780, 93; 1802, 24; 1812, 26; 1874, 26; 1875, 28.
It will be seen that the longest dronth that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762, in which year no rain fell from May to September, making 123 days. Many of our countrymen were compelled to send to England for hay and grain and various articles of food for both man and beast.

Increased Powers of Notaries.

Among the important laws passed on the last day of the late session of Congress is the following which has not been heretofore published, and which will be found of interest to parties having business with the United States court:

Be it enacted, etc., That notaries public of the several States, Territories and the District of Columbia be and they are hereby authorized to take depositions and do all other acts in relation to taking testimony to be used in the courts of the United States, taking acknowledgements and affidavits in the same manner and with the same effect as commissioners of the United States circuit courts may now lawfully take or do.

A Democratic investigating committee investigated the administration of State affairs in Ohio covering the period Governor Hayes was in office. The committee reported: "Your committee take pleasure in reporting that, so far as elective officers and their subordinates are concerned, very commendable honesty and fidelity have been observed, and that in the official conduct of no public officer, whether elective or appointive, has corruption been disclosed."

The total coinage of the mints, the last month, was \$7,152,350.

The foreign exports from Baltimore last week were valued at \$1,106,186.

Twenty-one of the thirty-eight States elect Governors this fall.

There are 360 journals in the German language published in this country.

The foreign exports from Philadelphia, last week, amounted to \$1,218,866.

Bethlehem is going to number its houses and put names on its street corners.

Coldwater is a queer name for a liquor dealer. There is one in New York.

New York city has expended \$250,000,000 on new buildings in the last decade.

Baltimore canning houses are putting up all the fruit this season that they "can."

It is estimated that San Francisco will spend in education next year \$817,000.

A Reading terrier dog gets drunk on larger—the Times says so. How about the hogs?

Chester county jail has seventy-four prisoners—the largest number ever confined there.

Florida has just contributed to the list of curiosities a calf with a human head. No joke here.

The total quantity of salmon caught in the Canadian waters this year was about 950,000 pounds.

The Hon. Ben Wood of New York city, has bet \$400 against \$200 that Hayes will carry New Jersey.

A carefully revised summary of the gubernatorial vote in Vermont gives Fairbanks 23,732 majority.

A Lehigh county turkey gobbler recently hatched out five guinea hens and now cares for them like a—mother.

The Tamaqua Courier finds the surest remedy for potato bugs is to have a brass band play close by the potato patch.

General N. P. Banks has consented to be the Republican candidate for re-election to congress from the Fifth (Mass.) district.

They have cockroaches down in Florida four inches in length, and yet they complain of a lack of sporting privileges in that section.

They are beginning to estimate the coming cotton crop in the South. It is said that it will vary between 4,250,000 and 4,500,000 bales.

The number of shingles annually produced in this country is estimated at 2,265,000,000, and there's a good bit of country not yet roofed in.

The Democrats have lost their only Senator in Vermont and thirty of their sixty members of the House of Representatives, and they are talking about their "gains."

Three English children, acrobat performers in Murray's circus, were taken charge of by the society for the prevention of cruelty to children at Poughkeepsie, Saturday.

The New York World, a Democratic paper, has the following sly dig at Tilden: "There is money enough stolen every year from the railroads in this country to pay all their debts."

Colorado was the twenty-fifth State admitted in the Union since the Revolutionary war. The United States is composed of thirty-eight States, nine Territories and the District of Columbia.

A few days ago a leading Philadelphia Democrat remarked to a Republican friend:—"You needn't tell everybody, but the election is over!" That is the way a good many of them are feeling about it just now.

The number of veterinary surgeons is ridiculously small, compared to the live stock in the country. The last census shows the number of surgeons to be 1,100, and there are over 8,000,000 horses and mules.

A fatal disease has broken out among the cattle at Hawley, and large numbers have died. It is supposed to have been introduced by Western cattle, a herd of which was brought to that locality last spring.

It is said that the "silent population" of the cemeteries of Brooklyn, N. Y., outnumber its half million inhabitants by at least 100,000. The interments in Greenwood have reached 182,244, and in Calvary 270,000 are buried.

Vance, Democratic candidate for Governor of North Carolina, is the man who said he would "like to fill hell so full of Yankees that their arms and legs would stick out of the windows." These are the kind of men to govern the country.

A chap was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for stealing a clock. The judge told him that he had taken another man's time to begin with, he could now take his own time to reflect upon it, and sent him up for three months forthwith.

One of the notable features in New York harbor at present is the monster ship which Commodore Vanderbilt presented to our Government. It is three hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and can spread 24,000 square yards of canvas, and is the largest sailing vessel in existence.

It is probable that Wheden, the prize-fighter, who killed Walker in the ring a few days since, will be tried in New Jersey. There is one advantage of being tried in that State for such a crime. It stimulates a man to discount all chances, make his will and get ready to be hung.

Two little girls were lately prating together, and one of them said: "We keep four servants, have six horses, and a lot of carriages; now, what have you got?" With quite quite as much pride the other answered "We've got a skunk under our barn."

S. C. Ball, the defaulting cashier of the Hathoro Bank, is now called a bass Ball. He is "out on a fly," and will not make a "home run" until the officers get their hands upon him. The officers of the bank cry "foul" and "pitch" into him. Ball will be "bounced" when caught.—Norristown Herald.

The telegraph announces the arrest of Boss Tweed and his cousin William Hunt, on board of a Spanish merchant vessel, in the port of Vigo, Spain. The Boss was traveling under the name of Secor. Both prisoners were lodged in the fortress in that port, where they will be retained until extradited to the United States.

A mass convention of officers and representatives of the banks of the United States has been called to meet at Philadelphia on October 3d, 4th and 5th, for the purpose of discussing matters of importance to the banking interests of the country, and to complete the organization of the American Banking Association.

And now a farmer in Orange co., N. Y., has turned swindler. In a bale of hay recently shipped by him to New York, was found a stone weighing sixty-two pounds. It was returned to the swindler, the weight being deducted from the bale of hay, and freight was also charged for the return of the stone to its owner.

Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, who has been for years studying bees and bee keeping, and who has become known as the "Bee Queen," while in Davenport, Iowa, last winter uttered forged notes on which she raised money in considerable sums. She was arrested a few days ago at her home in Dakota Territory on a charge of forgery, and is now in jail awaiting trial.

The Republican conferees of the Fifteenth Congressional District, after several sessions at Towanda and an adjournment to Montrose, on Monday concluded their labors by nominating Edward Overton, of Towanda, for Congress. The contest lay between G. A. Grow, of Susquehanna, Edward Overton, of Bradford and C. C. Jadin, of Wayne.

A Harrisburg hotel keeper has been victimized by a fellow who had with him two boxes which were supposed to contain valuable goods. The individual remained at the hotel a few days, when he disappeared, forgetting to pay his bill, but leaving behind as an equivalent his boxes, which on being opened were found to contain nothing but scraps of tin.

The mails continue to bring news of terrible atrocities in Bulgaria by the Turks. At one place 3,000 people were killed, children of both sexes were carried about the streets on bayonets, and people were burned alive. At another place 1,000 persons who offered no resistance were killed, and a bag full of human heads was opened in the street before the house of the Italian consul, and eaten by the dogs.

Two-thirds of the willow for the manufacture of willow-ware in this country is imported from Europe at a cost of \$5,000,000. The cultivation of the willow is contemplated by some Americans, they thinking that by cultivating superior grades of the basket willow they can make a profit per acre of \$150. A manufacturer asserts that fully 5000 articles are constructed from willow shoots—chairs, sofas, and baskets being the most common.

Sixty years ago was the "year without a summer." Frost occurred in every month of the year in 1816. Ice formed half an inch thick in May; snow fell to the depth of three inches in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts in June; ice was formed of the thickness of common window glass throughout New York on the 5th of July; indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder in August, and farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815 for the seed of the spring of 1817.

An important decision, of interest to all who reside in cities, towns or villages, was recently made in the Lebanon county courts, by Judge Henderson. A man was indicted for an assault and battery on a neighbor because he claimed the fruit on the branches of the tree overhanging prosecutor's lots. Judge Henderson said that every owner of land is owner of it from his line upward as far as he desires to make claim of it. This being the law the prosecutor had the right to the fruit on the branches extending over his lot. This decision is important at this particular time, and is generally misunderstood by the people.

One evening, while Harper, the clown in Baruum's circus, was passing up Broadway, a little girl slipped from a three-story window, and came headlong toward the pavements. Harper at the instant, and it would seem almost providentially, caught sight of the child as it left the window above, and with the alacrity of a cat, placed himself in a condition to break the fall. When it came down to him he caught it with a firm grasp, and not only broke its fall, but held it from going to the pavement. The act was bold and dangerous, but successful. The athlete suffered some little injury, but not enough to speak of in connection with so extraordinary a feat.—Daily Sun.