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Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.
April 13, 1874.—tf.

Opposition to Humbuggery!
The undersigned hereby announces that he has removed his office to the old stand, next door to Fisher'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. Repairs promptly attended to. Give me a call.
Dec. 9, 1875-tf.
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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, 1875-tf.

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 &c., call at this office.
[Dec. 9, 1875-tf.

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

THE PRESIDENCY.

STIRRING ADDRESS BY CONGRESSMAN BLAIR, OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE—HAYES AND WHEELER ELECTED AND MUST BE INAUGURATED.

Hon. Henry W. Blair, of the Third District of New-Hampshire, was introduced in the Republican Convention at Concord on Wednesday, after his nomination for re-election, and made a speech of acceptance, in the course of which he forcibly said:

We do not know the events of the next two months. We hope for peace. Our recent history, the threats, machinations, and secret treacherous organizations and preparations of infuriated and turbulent demagogues among the Democracy, admonish us that insurrection is not impossible. We must preserve the Constitution and the laws, the right of suffrage in its integrity for all men, black and white, and enforce acquiescence in the decrees of the popular will when fairly ascertained, whatever may be the nature of the resistance which we encounter. This is the first duty of patriotic conservatism, and that duty we shall perform. Let it be so understood. There should be no room for misapprehension by any person or party. Let there be no fatal mistake. We shall preserve peace, peacefully if possible, but we shall conquer a peace if necessary. The calmness of the Republican Party is born of its conscious strength, the justice of its cause, and the lofty patriotism of its purposes. The party is not simply the support of Hayes and Wheeler. It is the country's only champion of order and law. Let not those whose capital has been bluster council, ferocity on the platform, fraud and enmity toward the ignorant and defenseless, and pusillanimity in the presence of stern sacrifices, which great exigencies of their own creation required of the American people—let not such men mistake the loyal quiet of the Republican Party for indifference or cowardice. Three months of intrigue and stealth and secret practice in the haunts of treason are not necessary to prepare the Republican Party—aye, the loyal men of this whole nation without distinction of party—for the crusade of liberty, if madmen and demagogues choose to precipitate blood. Forty millions of people would be armed and phalanxed in a day, and in the end an indignant nation would vindicate the uses of the gallows, and ornament its hideous timbers with these conspirators against the public peace. The Democratic Party, through the State Committee, tender to us in substance Tilden or revolution. We tender to them, as we propose to ourselves, submission to the Constitution and the laws, or to the severest penalties of their violation. When the crisis comes upon that issue, it must be, and it will be, sternly met. And it is a source of unflinching confidence and hope that God has placed at the head of our affairs a chief magistrate firm, sagacious, resolute, incorruptible, and patriotic, who has done as much for his country and mankind as any man in any land who ever drew the sword or controlled the helm of the ship of State.

Patriotic men of all parties—and the masses of all parties are patriotic—must be cool because there is danger. Let us follow the counsels, and we shall reach the solutions, of peace. Methods known to the law are all-sufficient. Let us hope that time and the presence of real danger will dog the tongues of these blatant conquerors and mollify the horrid front of this paper and platform war. But this is no case for compromise. There is nothing to compromise. Either Hayes or Tilden is elected—and one of them should be inaugurated, and will be inaugurated, while the other must not be inaugurated because, as his opponent has been so he has not been, and cannot be, elected either by the people or by the House. I firmly believe that justice and the unimpeached forms of law now demonstrate the election of Mr. Hayes; and I see nothing but successful treason, which is revolution, that can prevent his triumphant succession to the Presidency of the United States.

What may be hoped by the whole country from that event, may be inferred from his dignified bearing ever since, as well as before, his election, and from the elevated sentiments and broad patriotism which are exhibited in every act and utterance of his public life. To elect a President, and then to compromise away his inauguration under threats of revolution or of violence or for plunder—from any cause whatever—is destruction of constitutional government. It is the establishment of a president which will abolish elections—because in all future time, fraud and violence before, coupled with noise and threatening after, the decision of the ballot-box, will have only to follow that precedent in order to reverse the decrees of the people at the polls whenever it is more pleasant to threaten rebellion than to acquiesce in the result of the laws of the land.

A well known bald-headed banker, who always prides himself on being a self-made man, during a recent talk with a friend had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man. "W-w-hat d-did you s-say?" asked the friend, who stutters. "I say with pride that I am a self-made man—that I made myself," replied the banker. "Then while you were m-m-making yourself," stammered his friend, "why the dickens d-didn't you p-put some more h-hair on the t-top of your h-head!"

"BRACE up and have some style about you," said a boy to the gentleman who suddenly sat down on the sidewalk.

Thousands of base deceivers are hung every night—on the backs of chairs.

GRAND FATHER'S FIRST PRAYER.

It was a terrible winter—snow storm after snow storm, high winds every few days, so that we had enough to do, neighbor Eaton and I, to take care of our cattle, keep warm and keep the paths open. Toward the last of February we had another terrible storm. I worked pretty much all day shoveling, and was tired enough at night; so after I had tossed my feet and sipped my mug of beer, as it was about 8 o'clock, I told your grandmother I would go out and take a look at the cattle and go to bed.

I found them all right, and was standing just outside the door here a minute, thinking, when I heard "help! help!" in a woman's voice that sounded as if it really came from the moon.

"What's that, Polly?" says I.
"A woman calling for help. It must be from 'Thieves' Hole,'" said she, "and you must go and get Eaton and find out what it means."

I knew she was right, and I put on my snow shoes and went down to neighbor Eaton's.

At first I could not make them believe I had heard anything, but when I said Polly had heard it, too, they concluded that I was right, and Eaton began to get ready.

Over beyond the crest of that line of hills, a valley dips down, about half the height of the hill from the plain here, then rises up to a greater height beyond. A few years after this settlement was begun, a nest of English thieves broke ground there. They lived pretty much like brutes. At first we all joined and helped them get up their log houses, but we found out soon enough what a lot they were, and let them alone.

So we set off. It was a hard pull up the hill, but we had not got more than half way down to the huts—they were all close together—when we came upon a woman lying in the snow. She was almost dead, but as soon as we spoke she screeched out, "Stand off! Don't touch me, or you're dead men!"

We did not know what she meant at first, but she went on. "I'm most dead with small pox. We've all of us got it, and half of us are dead, I do no but we'll all be off 'fore morning."

After thinking and consulting a little, we pulled off our outer coats and tied the sleeves together, then spread them on the snow beside the woman, and she managed to roll on them, then we took hold of the corners, and carried her down.

You can't imagine the horrors those three log huts contained. Twenty eight souls there were, all told, and seventeen of them lay dead of the small-pox, and all the rest horribly sick. The woman whom we had brought in died almost as soon as she was within the walls.

Eaton and I went outside and sat down in the snow to talk it over. We arranged that he should go back at once and speak to our wives, then go to Hobart's and arrange to have him come up to the top of the hill every day, and we would go within speaking distance, and tell him what was wanted.

So he pulled on the coat the woman had laid in, saying: "It don't matter much now," and started off.

I began pulling the dead bodies out of the huts, and dreadful work it was, breathing my own death every moment. Before Eaton got back, I had cleared one hut entirely, and had all the sick ones in the other two.

We did all we could for them. The second day a doctor got there, but he said the moment he looked at them, they could not live. And so it proved. Before the third day drew to a close, they were all gone. We had been burying them as fast as we could, but the snow was so deep it was slow work.

Hobart found a man to nurse when our time came, and we got through as well as anybody could. During our convalescence the nurse had filled the huts up pretty well with the driest wood he could find, and when the doctor said we might go home next day, Hobart brought us up fresh clothes, and when we were ready to start, we set them all afire. I had never knelt down and prayed in my life; but when we were on the top of the hill, and looking one way saw three towers of yellow flame running up into columns of black smoke, and looking the other way, the slender thread of smoke blue, as the heavens above, rising from my own hearthstone, where the sweetest woman God ever made was waiting and praying for me, I fell down on my knees and thanked God for my life, and promised to my first object in the future to love and serve him as my wife did.

There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. By love we mean, of course, the true, pure love which is not a thing of the senses but of the soul—love that is the outgrowth of goodness. What will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? What will not one risk, or dare, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it?—any duty hard that ceases the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And anyone who has a heart and doesn't mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you needs only beauty. To be beloved, one must have truth, tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good and do good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a mooted question.

Some people appear to fall in love many times.

It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husbands, marry again and seem to love the second wife just as well as the first.

A BIG FIRE.

GREAT DAMAGE TO THE MINES IN THE LYKENS VALLEY.

A despatch from Harrisburg says: A terrific fire has been raging in the Lykens Valley anthracite mines of this county since Monday last, and all efforts to bring it into subjection have failed. It is hourly becoming more destructive and damage to the amount of \$100,000 has already been done. The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark thrown from a miner's lamp. It threatens to destroy the entire mining interests of this county which amount to over \$1,000,000 a year. In eight hours after the fire broke out an area of over 500 yards was burning, and now several miles of the mines are on fire. Already about 800 men have been thrown out of employment. All the miners escaped—some of them with great difficulty. The heat is causing the earth above to fall in immense pits. The course of Bear Creek, a small stream has been diverted into the mine but without visible salutary effects. The impression is that the fire will not cease until it has no fuel to feed it. It will require about a year to repair the damage already done. The fire this morning had burned its way a distance of 480 yards from the bottom gangway.

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* of the 5th inst. says: "The gentlemen connected with the St. Louis Kennel Club were very much gratified yesterday at the reception of several telegraphic dispatches stating that their entries had swept everything before them at the fair of the Maryland Poultry and Dog Fanciers' Association being held at Baltimore. To explain what follows it should be stated that when the St. Louis Fair Association decided to give a bench show last Fall two members of the Kennel Club were induced to take charge of the affair. As only \$100 had been devoted to this branch of the exhibition, the gentlemen referred to decided to confine the premiums to pointers and setters, thereby throwing out most of their own dogs; but even then the St. Louis Club carried off all the honors, the superiority of their entries being apparent to every one. The show at Baltimore commenced on Tuesday. The St. Louis Kennel Club sent on ten dogs and a number of pups to be exhibited with them. Of this number, however, only six were entered for prizes, namely, the imported English setter Rock, the imported Irish setter Elcho, Erin, Rose, and Loo 24, the native setter bitch Kate, and the pointer bitch Lily. Out of these six entries the St. Louis Club won three first and two second prizes, as follows: Best imported English setter dog, first prize, Rock; best imported Irish setter dog, first prize, Elcho; best imported Irish setter bitch, first prize, Loo; best native English setter bitch, second prize, Kate; best pointer bitch, second prize, Lily. To make the superiority of the St. Louis entries over all others more binding, if such a thing were needed, it may be added that all the special prizes were carried off by the St. Louis dogs, including the grand prize of \$100 for the best setter or pointer bitch; \$25 for the best setter dog or bitch, either native or imported; \$25 for the best English setter dog for stud purposes, taken by Rock; \$25 for the best brace of setters of any strain, taken by Elcho and a case of stuffed birds for the best Irish setter bitch, also taken by Loo."

ST. LOUIS PROUD OF ITS DOGS.

FALLING IN LOVE.
There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What it is; whence it originates; how it is brought about; these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen; a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home; traveled a little; pursued their studies; attended parties, and been a good deal in the society of other young people; yet they never took a very deep interest in anything in particular; neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lo! of a sudden, all is changed! Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in: the whole world seems changed. Life itself is changed: their whole being is changed, to be like what was, again, nevermore!

Love is often as sudden as this, but not always.

Sometimes it is of very slow growth. Persons have known each other for years, and been much in each other's society, and been intimate all this time, but never thinking of a tie stronger than friendship: when some incident of event—a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger—reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love.

Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight.

It is not mere friendship grown strong: it is a more absorbing, more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

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A CONJUGAL CONTRACT.

HOW A MASSACHUSETTS COUPLE MARRIED THEMSELVES.

From the Boston Herald, Dec. 31.

Those who know Moses Hull, and they are not few, that he is an avowed believer in what is termed free love, or mating without the ceremony of marriage as performed by preachers and Justices of the Peace, and that he practices what he preaches. He has, in many written articles and in speeches from numerous rostrums, demanded, and continues to demand, that all marriage laws shall be repealed, and that parties may be allowed to marry, and divorce themselves under a general law of contracts. The law-makers have not yet seen fit to comply with the demands made by Moses, but notwithstanding this fact, his teachings and practices have been followed by his daughter, Mary Florence Hull, a plump brunette, who has entered into a conjugal partnership with a good-looking and apparently vigorous young man, and the firm name is Hull & Johnson. Tuesday evening last, while a party of friends were gathered at the residence of Moses, to wish him a pleasant trip to Vineland, N. J., and a safe deliverance from the court there which summoned him to trial for practicing what he preached, his daughter, Mary Florence, and Horace Alvin Johnson, a clerk in a leather store on High street, walked into the room and requested Moses to read the following:

BUSINESS AND CONJUGAL CONTRACT BETWEEN MARY FLORENCE HULL AND HORACE ALVIN JOHNSON.

We, whose names are hereto fixed, do, on this twenty-sixth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six of the Christian era, enter into a business and conjugal contract: the firm to be known as Hull and Johnson.

We regard ourselves as, in every sense of the word, equal partners, promising to strive to treat each other, under all circumstances, as becomes such. We promise that we will not try in any other way than by advice or persuasion to control the actions of each other.

Believing that neither Church nor State have any business with our affairs, we propose to live on our own lives without reference to either, further than, if necessary, to give security to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that our children, should we be blessed with offspring, shall be, at least, as well cared for as are a majority of those born in legal wedlock.

We further contract that when mutual love shall no longer justify our conjugal union, we shall part, giving the State as little trouble in our parting as we have in coming together.

After the contract was read the parties called for criticism. If their union was not right, or the document was not right, they wanted to know it. Brief remarks embodying approval and good wishes were made by friends, after which Florence and Horace stepped forward and signed the copartnership document.

A reporter called at the house of Florence and Horace, No. 30 Hudson street, at 9:30 o'clock Saturday evening, and the newspaper Paul Pry was very politely informed by the masculine member of the firm, that they were very happy and contented.

A Race of Men with Tails Reported.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

A Wesleyan missionary, Rev. George Brown, has returned in safety from an exploration of twenty months on the unknown coasts of New-Britain and New-Ireland. He crossed the latter island which he found well populated. "No white man was ever seen inland before, but no opposition was offered to the explorers. A difficulty was experienced in getting the natives to go any distance from their villages, as they are so often at war with one another. Plenty of proofs of cannibalism were found. One of the party, on going into one house to light his pipe, saw a woman roasting the thigh and leg of a man who was killed the day before." The exploring party were interested in the curious legend of the tribe of "tailed men" which is met with in many uncivilized countries, but they did not, unfortunately, succeed in getting any further than second-hand testimony. "The natives," it is stated, "of Blanche Bay, New-Britain, affirm positively the existence of a race of men with tails at a place called Kali, and deny indignantly that they are monkeys, asking if monkeys could fight with spears, plant yams, make houses, &c." But it is significantly added that the interesting race dwell in the interior of the country, "where no white person has ever penetrated." Mr. Cockerell, a naturalist, who accompanied the expedition, had special opportunities of research. He was detained for some time as a hostage in New-Britain, and was engaged in "collecting" upon New-Ireland for five months. He found the natives "very friendly," but he does not otherwise give them a good character. "They are all dreadful cannibals, and there is a strange custom in New-Ireland which requires that a chief's daughter shall be kept in a cage within her father's house until she is of a marriageable age. The cage scarcely gives her room to move, and she cannot leave it during any part of the day, though she is allowed to take a stroll with near relatives after nightfall. When a chief dies his body is wrapped up and placed in a tree, and the poor people are put in canoes in the sea to float away. The natives have large plantations, and work about two days in the week. They live chiefly on bananas, coconuts, and pork, but they also indulge in human flesh."

A STUDENT OF DIVINITY.

A minister who does not believe in immersion for baptism, was holding protracted meeting, and one night he preached on the subject of baptism.

In the course of his remarks, he said that some believed it necessary to go down into the water and come out of the water to be baptized.

But this he claimed to be a fallacy, for the proposition "into" of the scriptures should be rendered differently, as it does not mean "into" at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain, etc. Now we do not suppose that either went into the mountain, but upon it. So with going down into the water; it means going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling."

He carried out this idea fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when he gave an invitation to any one who felt so disposed, to rise and express their thoughts.

Quite a number of the brethren arose and said that they were glad they had been present on this occasion; that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mr. preacher, I vos so glad I vos here to-night, for I has explained to my mind some things I never could believe before. Ve read, Mr. Preacher, that Daniel vas cast into den of lions, sand came out alive. Now, I never could believe dat, far do wild beasts would shust eat him up right off, put now it ish very clear to my mind. He vas shust cast close py or near to, and did not get into the den at all.

"Oh, I vas so glad I vas here to-night! Den ve read dat of Hebrew children vas cast into de fiery furnace, and dat, sir, always looked like a peeg story, too, for dey would have been burnt up; put it ish all plain to me now, for dey vas shust cast close py or near to de fiery furnace. Oh, I vas so glad I vas here to-night! And den, Mr. Preacher, it ish said dat Jonah vas cast into de sea and into de whale's belly. Now I never could believe dat.

"It always seemed to be a peeg fish story, put it ish all plain now; he vas not taken into de whale's pelly at all, put shust slumped onto his back to ride ashore. Oh, I vas so glad I vas here to-night! And now, Mr. Preacher, if you vill shust explain two more passages of descriptures, I shall be so happy dat I vas here to night. One of dem ish vere it says, de vicked shall be cast into de lake dat burns with fire and primums always.

"Oh, Mr. Preacher, shall I pe cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to—shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hopes you vill tell me I shall be cast shut py, good way off, and I will be very glad I vas here to-night.

"The other passage ish dat which says 'Pleased are dey who de dese commandments, dat dey may have a right to de tree of life, and enter in through de gates into de city.' Oh, tell me I shall get into de city, and not shust close py or near to, shust near enough to see vat I have lost, and I shall be so happy dat I vas here to-night!"

He sat down with the impression made on many minds present, that it would do to take the bible for only what it clearly says.

A HOUSEKEEPER sent Bridget out one morning to buy some heads of lettuce. She returned with postage stamps. When asked how she made the mistake she pertly answered, "An' sure, wasn't I told to get heads of letters?"

"Excuse this bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones, "but I must say that you are an infamous liar and scoundrel." "Pardon this bit of irony," said Jones to Smith, as he knocked him over with the poker.

The Huntingdon *Globe* says that a flagman on one of the passenger trains of the Pennsylvania railroad, during the late cold spell, had his nose and ears so badly frozen that they had to be taken off.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

A Boston man committed suicide because Tilden was elected. A Sedalia (Mo.) man has committed suicide because Tilden was defeated.

"I'm saddest when I sing," said a Sunday evening warbler. "And so's the whole neighborhood!" roared an unmusical voice in the street.

An editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them will be seized with a remittent fever.

Truth kin take care of its self, but a lie has got to be watched az careful az a sore thumb, says Josh Billings.

A man who drinks lightly is now called "a Darham," because he is of the "short-horn" breed.

When is the doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

All a man who is hard-up wants is to be let a-loan.