

gus Republican.

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY, N. Y., JULY 4, 1867.

[NO. 22.]

All Sorts.

—A young man in Hancock, Mich., lately went "courting," and while playing the affectionate, robbed the girl of \$15.

—A boarder in a fashionable boarding house took his pillows down to the landlady, and asked her what they were? "Pillows, you impudent fellow," she screamed. "Oh! I thought they were pincushions."

—A country editor describing the bonnets now in fashion, says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her eyes."

—A few days ago Mrs. Preston Claffin, of Lyme, Mass., mistaking a packet of powder for old onion seed, threw it into the stove, when an explosion took place and she was badly burned about the face and arms. It is doubtful if her eyesight can be saved.

—A boy of sixteen years, named Frederick Bohr, hung himself in Buffalo a few days since. This poor boy was turned out of the house of his mother and step father, and went away and hung himself.

—Much of the article known in this country as ivory is merely part of the shin bone of an ox. Mr. Peter Cooper contracts for the legs between the knee and the hoof of all the oxen killed to supply the city of New York with meat, 25,000 weekly, and the bones of the same are made up into parasol handles.

—Spodgers, who is averse to music, says he has at last found something worse than organ grinding. It is his tooth—a hollow one—which plays the deuce.

—A blind man had been sitting one day and pleasantly chatting with some visitors for an hour, when one of them wished the company good morning, and left the room. "What white teeth that lady has!" said the sarcastic blind man. "How can you possibly tell that?" said a friend. "Because," was the ready answer, "for the last hour she has done nothing but talk."

—One of our Western exchanges says:—"We notice in an Indiana paper the marriage of Mr. Thos. S. Lyon to Miss Mollie Lamb. Another scriptural prophecy in process of fulfillment: 'The lion and the lamb shall lie down together' and after awhile on little child will lead them."

—The following stanza has been attributed to a well-known seag.

We'll hand the Dais with a thousand dollar

Patrick H. Jones.

Mr. JONES is a gentleman of slight proportions, but plainly possessing powers of great endurance. He has a mild, calculating eye, a pleasant face, and a courteous, modest mien. He was born in the county of Westmeath, Ireland, November 20th, 1830. At the age of seven, he was sent to grammar school in the city of Dublin, where he remained for three years; and in 1840, at the age of ten, he came to this country with his parents, who settled on a farm in the county of Cattaraugus, New York. He was sent by his parents to the Union School at Ellicottville, then presided over by Professor Lowell, of Middlebury College, Vermont, where he was well grounded in the common branches of school studies. In 1850 being then twenty years of age, he became connected with a leading journal of this State, and traveled through the Western States as its correspondent. He subsequently became the local editor of the "Buffalo Republic," and one of the editors of the "Buffalo Sentinel."

The pursuits of a journalist do not appear to have been congenial to the tastes of Mr. Jones, for in 1853 he began the study of law in the office of Hon. Addison G. Rice, at Ellicottville, N. Y. Three years afterward, Mr. Jones was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law in partnership with Mr. Rice; he continued his partnership until the outbreak of the rebellion, when, like so many of his profession, he left the desk of a lawyer to enter the army, in which he was destined to rise to distinction. Much of the interest of this sketch, of course, centers in his military career. It was his bravery which brought him so early into prominence, and earned his elevation by the voice of the people to high official position, as a spontaneous testimonial of approbation and thankfulness for services rendered to his country.

He entered the service in 1861 as Second Lieutenant in the 37th Regiment, New York Volunteers, commanded by Colonel J. H. McCann now one of the Superior Court of New York city. His regiment was attached to the army of General McClellan, and Lieutenant Jones served throughout the famous campaign of the Peninsula, and was present at the battles of Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks, and the battles of the celebrated retreat to Harrison's Landing. For gallant conduct during this campaign, Lieutenant Jones was successively promoted 2d Lieutenant and Major of his regiment before the close of the Peninsula Campaign. That the ser-

An Unfortunate Plight.

The Dubuque Herald is responsible for the following humorous sketch of the misfortunes of an Iowa clergyman:

Thursday last, among the goods expressed from the West by the D & S. R. R. were a number of baskets of hen fruit. Two or three stations this side of that at which they were placed upon the car, an ex-minister of huge proportion stepped into the express car to speak to the messenger. The eggs were in the west end of the car, and our clerical friend accidentally took his position in front of them, with his back towards the eggs. While the train was conversing, the train suddenly started forward. The reverend gentleman was taken unawares by the unexpected jerk, and he lost his balance. He found it in the basket of eggs just in his rear. The result of this ministerial on set—if we may so term it—baffles all description. Of course the contents of the basket came to an untucky end. Ike Partington once set a hen upon fifty-two eggs, just to see her spread herself; here was a man not used to the business who had set himself on fifty two dozen, and successfully accomplished the same result, as any one could see. But though backward in getting into dignified position, he was by no means backward in getting out. He crept himself and examined himself. Any member of his church, if present, would have recognized in him not only a faithful fellow laborer, but an earnest yolk fellow. For a minute he stood motionless, except as he with spread and tremulous fingers in an undecided way waved his hands with the air of a man who had been egged on to desperation. He certainly presented a ludicrous aspect. As the previous eminent ran down across board, so the albuminous unguent ran down the preacher's trousers legs, spreading in translucent liquidness upon the floor about his feet.—The express messenger took the stove hearth and did what he could towards cleaning his friend out—a novel way of scraping an acquaintance.

How to Advertise.—There are always two ways of advertising, and each may be carried out in its proper mode in which it is applied. For want of experience and judgment, some modes of advertising are nearly as bad as one at all, and therefore a knowledge of the places and persons to whom a business man is going to advertise is of as much consequence to him as the advertisement itself. It may be said down by an indisputable fact that