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**JOB PRINTING,**  
OF ALL KINDS,  
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

**GEORGE L. WALKER,**  
**REAL ESTATE AGENT!**  
A large number of Farms wanted.—  
Residence at John Kern's, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa. [Oct. 17, 1867.]

**DR. D. D. SMITH,**  
  
**Surgeon Dentist,**  
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, Stroudsburg, Pa.  
Teeth extracted without pain. August 1, 1867.

**C. W. SEIP, M. D.,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
Has removed his office and residence to the building, lately occupied by Wm. Davis, Esq., on Main-street. Devoting all his time to his profession he will be prepared to answer all calls, either day or night, when not professionally engaged, with promptness.  
Charges reasonable. Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—if.

**DR. A. H. SEEM,**  
**DENTIST,**  
WILL be pleased to see all who wish to have their Dentistry done in a proper and careful manner, beautiful sets of artificial teeth made on Gold, Silver, or Rubber Plates as persons may desire. Teeth carefully extracted without pain, if desired. The public are invited to give him a call at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Seip, next door to the Indian Queen Hotel. All work warranted. [April 25, '67.]

**S. HOLMES, JR.,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL CLAIM AGENT.**  
STROUDSBURG, PA.  
Office with S. S. Dreher, Esq.  
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.  
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE. August 2, 1866.

**MT. VERNON HOTEL,**  
M. & T. P. WATSON, Proprietors,  
No. 117 & 119 North SECOND Street,  
(Between Arch and Race),  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Close proximity to the business center of the city, excellent accommodations, and careful attention to the comfort and wants of guests are characteristics of the Mount Vernon. The House has been thoroughly renovated and new-furnished. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.  
October 11, 1866.—if.

**GUAT JUST ENOL DO IHR LIEBE LEUT!**  
**A NEW FIRM**  
IN  
**STROUDSBURG, PA.,**  
PARTNERSHIP DISSOLUTION.  
**A DRUG STORE,**  
AND  
**A New and Cheap Stock of Goods.**

PETER S. WILLIAMS, of the firm of DETRICK & WILLIAMS, having sold out his entire interest in said firm, the business will hereafter be carried on by

**C. S. DETRICK & CO.,**  
at the old Stand as heretofore, a few doors below the Stroudsburg Bank.  
Their Stock consists of a large and varied assortment of  
Drugs, Medicines, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils, Glass, Window Sash, Blinds, Doors, Varnishes and Brushes of all kinds.  
Call and be convinced.  
Mr. PETER S. WILLIAMS, Jeweler and former Partner of the firm, has been engaged by the new business firm, Charles S. Detrick & Co., to superintend the Clock, Watch and Jewelry Business.

**BRANCH STORE**  
IN  
**East Stroudsburg, Pa.,**  
For the convenience of the inhabitants of East Stroudsburg and vicinity, the firm have also opened a Branch Store near the Depot, where everything in their line of business, together with BOOTS & SHOES, NOTIONS, &c., will at all times be found in full assortment, for inspection and purchase by customers. They have also on hand a fine stock of

**PURE WINES & LIQUORS,**  
of the very best brands, which they offer to Hotel keepers and others, at prices unusually reasonable. Drop in and see.  
C. S. DETRICK. S. S. DETRICK.  
July 25, 1867.

**STORE PROPERTY FOR SALE**  
In Stroudsburg.  
THE House contains 7 Rooms, besides Store-room, Cellar and Buttery. Lot 52 by 95 feet, with Stable on rear end. For further particulars, address Wm. M. JAMES, Stroudsburg, Pa., or call at the premises, on Centre Street, first door from Main Street.  
A small select stock will be disposed of with the property if desired.  
Stroudsburg, Sept. 12, 1867.

**BLANK LEASES**  
For Sale at this Office.

**CHARLES B. KELLER,**  
**BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.**  
You must have  
**BOOTS and SHOES.**  
You want, First, to get a **GOOD article.**  
You then want them as **CHEAP as POSSIBLE.**  
This is natural and right enough.  
The question is **WHERE to buy?**  
The subscriber's Store is on Main Street, a few doors above the Stroudsburg House (Marsh's), and is by all odds the most extensive concern this side of Philadelphia.  
I have on sale in all their most fashionable varieties.  
1st.—LADIES & MISSES' BOOTS, SHOES GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &c.  
2nd.—MEN'S & BOY'S BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS.  
3rd.—LEATHERS, BINDINGS and LININGS.  
4th.—FINDINGS in full assortment.  
5th.—BOOT TREES, LASTS and SHOE-MAKERS' TOOLS in endless variety.  
And these things I am determined to sell at prices to suit customers. Call, examine goods and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere, and you will not regret it.  
[Se. 12.] C. B. KELLER.

**NEW GOODS**  
AT  
**Greatly Reduced Prices!**  
I WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the public, that I have just made large additions to my already extensive stock and am now selling  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**  
&c., &c., lower than ever.  
My shelves are loaded with  
**MUSLINS, CALICOS, DE LANES, and GINGHAMS,**  
of the most celebrated makes, my charges for which will prove astonishing to customers. My stock of  
**Dress Goods**  
embracing nearly every variety of style, color and fabric is well worth the attention of the Ladies, while in  
**CLOTHS and CASSIMERES,**  
both plain and fancy, I can offer inducements to gentlemen which they cannot forgo without detriment to their finances. My stock of  
**SHAWLS, YANKEE NOTIONS,**  
&c., is also full, and is offered low. My assortment of  
Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, and Syrups, is very complete, and as usual held at a very low figure.  
I have lots of goods the names of which could hardly be compressed within the limits of an advertisement, all of which will be sold cheap.  
Remember, the place to buy, with the best assurance of getting your money's worth is at  
**BRODHEAD'S**  
Cheap Store in Stroudsburg.  
March 14, 1867.

**NEW BOOT & SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.**  
**PETERS & BROMLEY,**  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
TEMPORARY SALESROOM,  
Corner 4th & Spring-Garden Streets,  
**EASTON, PA.**  
THE best assortment of Eastern Manufactures, constantly on hand at the lowest prices.  
The firm possess great advantages in the selection and purchase of the best material and approved styles of work, and as it is their intention to pursue STRICTLY THE MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE BUSINESS, they hope to win the confidence of all engaged in the retail trade, and merit the patronage of the public.  
WM. N. PETERS,  
ALBERT H. BROMLEY.  
August 29, 1867.

**PHOENIX DRUG STORE.**  
**DREHER & BROTHER,**  
(Opposite the "Jeffersonian" Office.)  
ELIZABETH-STREET,  
STROUDSBURG, PA.  
Dealers in  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, WINES and LIQUORS** for medicinal purposes, SASH, DOORS and BLINDS.  
All kinds of  
Painting Materials,  
Lamps and Lanterns,  
Burning and Lubricating Oils.  
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.  
G. H. DREHER. E. B. DREHER.  
October 4, 1866.

## A Rural Story.

### The Counterfeiter's Daughter.

Amy Fisher sat in her easy chair, watching out into the calm moonlight. She looked unusually pale. There was at her heart that which troubled her, for at intervals she would lean forward and gaze intently in the direction of the high road. Two hours had elapsed since she took her seat there, and often words escaped her lips which might seem strange for one of her years. Amy was seventeen, tall, fragile, and light in motion as a fawn; a soft clear complexion, a rounded cheek, and tender and melancholy blue eyes. Her rich tresses of light wavy hair fell loosely down upon her shoulders, and swept back over her forehead, confined by a beautiful star clasp which she seldom wore except on certain occasions. Amy was allowed by her sex to be a comely girl. Everybody lauded her as a model of gentleness and virtue, and it need scarcely be said that Amy had many lovers.

Amy had lost her mother at an early age. The sad remembrance often cast a sorrowful expression over her fair face; yet she had always been caressed tenderly by her father, whose only comfort lay in the indulgence of his child. But Reuben Fisher was a drunkard and a bad man. He was a cool, calculating man, whom everybody feared, and whom all shunned with the impression that he was a stranger in the society to which he belonged. He cared little for mix in politics—seldom voted even for those to whose party he avowed to be attached, and entered his house at unusual hours. No one knew, or even cared, when he was at home. He received no visitors, and had few acquaintances, so that Amy was her own mistress, and no wonder then that her free course of action led her into trouble and pain.

The clock on the mantel-piece struck eight. Amy arose from her chair and listened. She heard the sound of men's voices in the hall, and her heart beat violently. The voices she had never before heard, and she concluded that something was amiss. She advanced cautiously to the head of the staircase, and paused to listen; but at that moment a gentle tap was given at the window, and she turned round. She heard footsteps in the garden, and throwing a thin woolen shawl around her, she descended the stairs leading to the back entrance. A few seconds more and Amy had disappeared.

Next morning the town of B— was in a state of alarm, a rumor having been spread that Amy Fisher had been arrested for having in her possession a number of counterfeit bills. The tumult was general, everybody interesting themselves in the fate of poor Amy. To her friends the news was a cruel blow, yet they all concluded that there might be some mistake, and if such existed, they determined to have redress. Her companions whispered among themselves that a change had come over her—she was not the girl she went to be, and some even mixed her name with that of Harry Corwell. That she had of late made acquaintance with him; but this might have been innocent and unaffectionate had not Harry given cause for every one to shun him. She had been seen the previous evening in company with Harry. At a later hour it was affirmed that several law officers had visited and ransacked Reuben Fisher's house; but there was nothing found to criminate his character or to give suspicion. Amy was nowhere to be found. A general survey of the house satisfied the officers that all was well. Persons were sent into the grounds to seek Amy, but after some time spent in fruitless search, they retired leaving a man to take care of the house.

The report of Amy's arrest proved too true. At a late hour on the evening before, she, as it was stated, entered a store in the neighborhood to make a few purchases, in company with a young gentleman. While engaged in selecting several articles, an elderly man entered and seated himself at a little distance. She gave the storekeeper some money which, after a careful examination, he politely returned, stating that it was counterfeit. The elderly man rose from his seat and examined the money. Then making some slight excuse, he placed the bill in his purse and went out. A few minutes afterwards Amy was arrested.

It was a dreary night in prison. Amy, being left alone, fell upon her knees and wept. A load of fear and shame lay at her heart; and her bosom swelled with mingled hope and despair. After a brief prayer, she arose and felt comforted, one thought chiefly supporting her, that whatever offense was laid to her charge she knew herself to be innocent. That evening seemed an age since she took her seat by the window awaiting the moonlight and her lover, and now, overcharged with sorrow, she rehearsed in her own mind all the events of the evening. It was the last meeting they were to take till they should be united and happy. The morrow was to be the bridal day, every thing was ready and all things seemed to favor their intended marriage. Poor Amy. She was on the broad way of transgression. The illicit friendship which she had fostered in her bosom was concealed from every one, and it was only by her reserve and retirement that her companions guessed at the cause. The loved her father, she never placed her confidence in him, with that tender

and natural submissiveness which characterizes girls of her age: nor was there any susceptibility of disposition ever intimated on her part since he was a stranger to his own home, and never indulged in the sweet and benign communion which always exists between parent and child. Thus the filial ties of affection were severed at the very time when Amy had most need of direction and advice.

Youth seldom paralyzes under affliction. Amy slumbered after long hours of mental fatigue. She prayed ere she laid her head upon the rude pillow, and committed herself to Him who ever watches over the desolate. It was a long night of uneasiness and fever, and the morning brought no brighter prospect to the sufferer.

The court-house was densely crowded. It was a bright day in June, 1866. Judge Hamilton presided. At an early hour people collected from far and near to discuss the probable issue of the chief trial. Intense interest was manifested by every one. Those who did not personally know her, upon her history being told, gravely shook their heads and uttered indistinct and severe reflections on Reuben Fisher. It was suspected that he had absconded, and rumors spread that the authorities were offering a large reward for his apprehension. Amy, in the meantime, was placed at the bar, indicted for the unlawful possession of counterfeit money. She heard the indictment read with a heavy and trembling heart. A low murmur of commiseration pervaded the Court, and with a burning cheek she concealed her face in her hands. It was a moment of silent and heart-rending suspense. Poor Amy was pale, sickly and careworn. Her firmness of mind, which had hitherto supported her through vicissitudes nearly as trying as the present, now almost forsook her, and with a trembling and almost inaudible tone, she reiterated in answer to the accusation "Not Guilty."

The usual preliminaries were gone through—evidences were substantiated, and the jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of "Guilty." Every eye was riveted on the prisoner who, with faltering voice, cried—"Mercy! mercy! have mercy on my father! my poor father!"

The Court arose tumultuously. Hitherto she stood singled out as a felon and a counterfeiter; now a new and unaffected sympathy was manifested in her favor. Every one looked to the Bench for the issue. Whatever lenity might be given her on account of her years, it was evident that the Court tenaciously affirmed their belief in her guilt. The evidence was direct—without variation and implication of doubt, and unless the Court overlooked its duty, it was certain that the sentence would be both severe and unmitigated.

The Court retired until the following day.

It was midnight. The great bell of St. Nicholas's had chimed the hour of twelve. A social party had assembled in one of these up-town hotels of the great City to do honor to their profession. They were social gamblers, and it was their mode of speculation, and never staked their effects on the fortunes of the turf. Happily they lived and traded among themselves, except on occasions, when a rich booty offered itself in the shape of a young heir. This they termed "plucking," for the newly-fledged possessor was seldom allowed to find matter for redress in any certain individual. He seldom knew which of them had made him a ruined man; and moreover, it rarely happened that the "unfortunate" went away without the fatal "I. O. U."

This last is generally a debt of honor; and we have knowledge of young men of this imaginary purity who, rather than merit a reproach from their vile associates, plunged at once into fraud, forgery, and crime. They are ruined by the infatuation of gaming—every thing will be resorted to in order to retrieve their losses, till, finally, they are leagued with their betrayers, for the ruin and degradation of their younger companions. Then add to the vice of gaming all the fearful and inconceivable modes of dissipation and dishonesty.

Six men had seated themselves round a table, in a private room in one of these dimly lighted palaces, which abound in the city of New York. There were two only engaged in card-playing, while the rest looked on, evidently interested in the issue of the game. The one was Reuben Fisher—the other a tall military-looking man, somewhat more advanced in years. The latter won the game, when Fisher rose from his seat and went out.

"He seems to be annoyed about that ere imp of a girl," said a looker-on as soon as Fisher closed the door.

"Yes. They say she is locked up for a year in the Penitentiary."

"I wonder how the old one will stand the news? for my part, I think that Ruben has no more of pity in his breast than a wolf. He hadn't use to be pitiful."

"Then you don't think th' old cuss will save her," rejoined the winner, "the greenbacks were assuredly his, and it is believed that she never knew they were counterfeit, which I believe myself. At all events she'll be confined if old Ruben don't give himself up, which I'm sure he'll never do, even if it were to save a generation."

His companions seemed to harbor the same opinion. Reuben Fisher was a man whose heart never warmed to his fellows. He never had had an intimate;

and as it is said that the human breast, however hardened, must love something or somebody, it necessarily happened that he should love his child.

A painful uneasiness settled over him since the night of Amy's arrest. Throughout life he has smoothly and indifferently acted as her parent and guardian; but now an intenseness of feeling mastered his inaptitude. Returning into the room he advanced with steady step to his antagonist, and accosted him in a severe and significant tone:—

"Say Jefferson, you are the winner.—I have discovered it within an hour.—Even since I left this room. Look upon that hand. You have made it wither with crime, far blacker than your foul heart. You have no children, no, no sweet girl as I had once, but now no more. You are a gentleman—an official ruffian, hunting for preferment and lucre—honor and you are dissemblers.—Moreover, you pretend to be a Christian, I don't; but if I did—rather than resort to the vile and contemptible means by which you live, I would lay my head upon that carpet and permit you to split it with an axe as if it had been a log."

He turned abruptly as he spoke and left the room, leaving his companions in a state of surprise. A company of evil doers are never terrified more than when one of their number abandons their sinful sociality and retorts upon them for their vile seducing practices. Fisher, although he had spent years in their society, had never found cause of offence, and, perhaps, might not now, were it not that his child fell a victim to his own dishonesty. The thought rankled like an ulcer at his heart. His foul and abhorred spirit now met the sad reward of his illicit and nefarious trade; and, although humbled by his misfortune, he never conceived the idea of saving his child at the forfeit of his own liberty. Resolute as his sufferings could make him, he busied up his spirits with a determination of bordering upon insanity; yet fixing in his mind that henceforth no man should be his friend or betrayer.

With these intentions he hurried into the street. He moved on like other people evidently on their business. How easily can a dark spirit mingle with the living world; the mysteries of life are deeply hidden in the noise and bustle of the hurrying crowd.

It was ten o'clock when Amelia Fisher, the condemned sufferer, was again placed at the bar. She looked worn and attenuated. The lustre of her once clear blue eye now dimmed its brilliancy in shame. Violated innocence is the most sorrowful picture that human weakness can behold. There is an innate distress always ready in our bosoms to commiserate with those who suffer. Amelia Fisher was sentenced to undergo confinement in the Penitentiary for two years. She was led away from the bar amidst the tears and farewells of her young companions, and the entire Court regretted that the Law compelled it to act as it did.

There was a rumor in the street as Amy passed through the crowd; and Reuben Fisher, surrounded by a multitude, was led as a malefactor into the court-house. Cries of indignation were heard on every side. Amy was quiet now—the power of life had forsaken her, and she was borne away insensible. Reuben Fisher was a ruined and altered man—there was contrition at his heart, but also a deep dread of punishment, and these two alternately swayed his conscience. After long and severe struggles he permitted himself to be questioned which resulted in a clear and full confession of his guilt, which, throughout life, he had carried to a fearful extent. His manufacture of base notes was owing to his inordinate desire for gaming, hoping daily of retrieving his losses, and becoming an honest man. It was the snare into which thousands fell victim before him; and those who will dare to become honest by fraudulent means, will in the end sit down disappointed and find themselves the betrayers of their own salvation. Fisher was remanded for trial at the ensuing session, and, finally, was sentenced to penal servitude for eight years.

Amelia was released. On the testimony of Harry Corwell it appeared that she had found the money in her father's room, secreted evidently till further need; and probably might have answered their purpose, had not their intended elopement intervened. The Court was satisfied and Amy restored.

Two years afterwards the town of B— issued its weekly newspaper, and in prominent type was the following:—

"MARRIED.—On Sept. 12th, at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. L. P. Bewley, Mr. HARRY G. CORWELL, and Miss AMELIA FISHER, both of this township."  
LANGFORD.

The oil regions must be a rather lively sort of a place. The last we have from there is of an indignant individual who kicked the cover off the coffin the other day as they were on the way to the "dismal grave." It seems that he was foolish enough to suppose he wasn't quite dead, and hence the catastrophe. After some dispute with the pall-bearers whether he was in his right sense and mind, he was brought back and put to bed with a fair chance of recovery.

About ten days since a new well was struck on the McClintock reserve of the Wash. McClintock farm. It is now producing about 125 barrels per day.

## The Counterfeit Seven-Thirties.

The excitement with reference to the newly discovered counterfeits on the \$1000 plates of 7-30 bonds continues unabating hourly by gentlemen anxious to compare the genuine with the counterfeits on points of difference not hitherto disclosed.

The counterfeit bonds will not bear a close scrutiny under a good glass, and a coarseness in the engraving is plainly perceptible. But on comparing bonds which are known to be genuine, it is found that there are differences in the engraving and printing, which weaken, although they do not destroy, the certainty of detecting the counterfeit bonds by close comparison.

It appears that the genuine bonds are printed in sheets of four, from, at least three, and perhaps four sets of plates.—These sets are designated by letters smaller than the letters designating the bond. For instance, a bond will be found to bear near the upper right-hand corner—just above the red seal—the letter A, and immediately under it, in the A and B plates will be found letter A or B, and in the C plate the letter C is placed at the right side of the large letter. The counterfeits so far discovered are on the A and B plates. Therefore those parties having bonds printed from the C plate may feel comparatively safe that their bonds are genuine.

This revelation shows with what consummate skill and during the counterfeits must have pursued their business. They were not content with counterfeiting one plate of four notes, but made two plates, and from these printed the bogus stuff which they have so thoroughly circulated.

So perfect in the resemblance that had it not been for the duplication of numbers the fraud might not even now have been discovered at the Treasury Department, and this circumstance gave rise to a theory yesterday that the notes pronounced counterfeit were not such, but that they had been fraudulently printed from genuine plates in the Treasury Department.

This theory, however, is exploded by the fact that it is impossible that such a fraud can have been perpetrated, so perfect is the espionage over the Printing Bureau at Washington. Besides, in one or two instances, at least, a close comparison has shown that the rejected bonds are counterfeit beyond question.

The description given by authority of the Solicitor of the Treasury, states that the red seal is larger in the counterfeit than it is in the genuine. It will be found that this seal is of the same size on the counterfeit bond as it is on the Legal tender notes, from which the operators doubtless copied.

We desire to caution private holders of \$1000 7-30 bonds against being too confident of their ability to detect the counterfeits without the aid of experts. In all cases of doubt a little trouble should be taken to ascertain the truth, and in this way the labors of the detectives who have this matter in charge will be lightened.

Holder should observe whether their bonds are from the A, B, or C plates, by the instruction given above, and, if from the A and B plates, by the instruction, given above, and, if from the A and B plate, whether numbers are included within the 16,000 or 22,000, which are already known to have been duplicated.

By comparison of the bonds A, B, C, and D, with the A, B, or C plates, it will be seen that there is a difference. For example, in one bond the colon: at the end of the word Treasurer—in the lower left hand corner—is in a different position in one from the other. This is but a solitary example among many points of difference which careful examiners will note.

It is yet impossible to say to what extent these counterfeits have been "showered." Large dealers are continually receiving them, and tardy intelligence comes to the Department that new discoveries of counterfeit bonds have been made.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The Johnstown correspondent of the Ebensburg Freeman states that the iron ore in the hills around Johnstown is about "played out." From fifty to one hundred men have been searching all the neighborhood during the past three years, yet no trace of ore can be found. When the mines now being worked are exhausted, the occupation of some five hundred men in that place will be gone.

The Register gives publicity to the following sensational item: "A young man by the name of Johnson has been arrested in Pittsburg for perpetrating a new 'dodge.' He fastened bristles on a tail of a rat and then sold him for a squirrel."

A new well was struck last week on lease No. 2 of the Bennihoff farm, and on Saturday last it was producing at the rate of fifty barrels per day.

Peter M. Laugh, near Berwick, has raised this year 1,500 bushels of onions from two or three quarter acres of ground.

At the next session of Congress, efforts will be made to obtain an act authorizing Surratt to be tried in some loyal State.

The Record reports thirty new wells going down in the vicinity of Pithole at present. That does not look as though the place was affected with the "dry rot."