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

Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.
April 25, 1867.—tf.

DR. D. D. SMITH,

Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, STROUDSBURG, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain. ☞
August 1, 1867.

A Card.
The undersigned has opened an office for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, in Fowler's Building, on Main Street. Parties having Farms, Mills, Hotels or other property for sale will find it to their advantage to call on me. I have no agents. Parties must see me personally.
GEO. L. WALKER,
Real Estate Agent, Stroudsburg, Pa.

J. L. WYCKOFF,
HUSZ & WULF,
COMMISSION DEALERS IN
Butter, Eggs, and Country Produce,
No. 254 Washington Street,
Between Robinson & Murry streets,
March 21, 1867.—ly.

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.—ly.

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 of Gold, Silver, or Rubber Plates as person 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.

M. D. COOLBAUGH,
Sign and Ornamental Painter,
SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
(opposite Woolen Mills.)
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Respectfully announces to the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all who may favor him with their patronage, in a prompt and workmanlike manner.
Chairs, Furniture, &c., painted and repaired.
Feb. 20.—3m.

A Card.
Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HAVING returned from Europe, he is now prepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointment to persons living at a distance who may wish to consult him, he will be found at his office every THURSDAY and SATURDAY for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations.
Dec. 12, 1867.—ly.

J. LANTZ, DENTIST.
Has permanently located himself in Stroudsburg, and moved his office next door to Dr. S. Walton, where he is fully prepared to treat the natural teeth, and also to insert incorruptible artificial teeth on pivot and plate, in the latest and most improved manner. Most persons know the danger and folly of trusting their work to the ignorant as well as the traveling dentist. It matters not how much experience a person may have, he is liable to have some failures out of a number of cases, and if the dentist lives at a distance it is frequently put off until it is too late to save the tooth or teeth as it may be, or otherwise the inconvenience and trouble of going so far. Hence the necessity of obtaining the services of a dentist near home. All work warranted.
Stroudsburg, March 27, 1867.

DON'T you know that J. H. McCarty is the only Undertaker in Stroudsburg who understands his business? If not, attend a Funeral managed by any other Undertaker in town, and you will see the proof of the fact.
(Sept. 26, '67.)

THE UNION VOLUNTEER.

BY H. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER XXIV. GREAT CHANGES.

An unusual stir once more pervaded Ellmount Hall. It was a fine morning in spring, the groves looked green and luxuriant, and the wild birds carolled their notes among the clustering foliage in full and delightful harmony. To day the returned soldier was to be welcomed home, and feasting was the general topic of conversation among the servants. Gonsalvo paced up and down the balcony, leaning on the arm of Costardo, who, with flushed face and animated pride, recounted the great occurrences of the war, together with incidents of individual courage, and his own peculiar adventures. His companion's face was turned towards him, but it was convulsed by the inner torments of his soul. Costardo's tales were unheeded, when after he had related his encounter with Austin on the battle-field; his abduction at Gordonsville, and, lastly, of his pardon and transmission to the military prison at Macon. He concluded by saying that Austin might be expected home every day, as the town had fallen into the hands of the enemy a few weeks before. The old man retired when he finished, and desired Costardo to attend upon him in the evening. He complained of headache and general debility, and so slunk off leaving his companion alone.

He entered at the rear of the hall, and with tottering footsteps, proceeded to the drear solitude where, in an overflow of joy, Camillia sang her favorite ballad of the "Lovers." She paused suddenly as the door opened and beheld the pale and stricken countenance of her father. He seated himself near her, and after a few moments of earnest thought observed:—
"You are surprised at my weakness, child, and why not? I am getting old, and must lie down in peace. I am going to take you from here, as you have exhibited such gentleness of mind under so severe a trial. I am indeed sorry that I was forced to act so; but in future I shall repay all. You shall see your cousin presently. Costardo awaits your presence with impatience."

And Camillia was pale too. A sleepless night had passed over her—a night of joy, delirium and hope; and her eyes were overcast with the sad expectation of love. She remarked, hoarsely:—
"Father, forgive me, but I am content here. I shall be overjoyed to see Austin, is he come home?"
"No; it is Costardo that desires to see you, you must come to him. Mr. Edgerton is with him."
A sigh escaped her lips. Gonsalvo noticed her and said, quietly:—
"You are troubled, child, in an hour when you should rejoice. Tell me whom do you love?"
"Austin," she reiterated, with composure. "Father, it is Austin whom I sigh for."

He made an effort to rise as footsteps sounded on the gallery, and Austin, with excited face, entered. Gonsalvo almost fainted away. Camillia pretended surprise and ran forward. He gasped:—
"Oh! God—my son! my son!"
"My love! my love!" repeated Camillia.
And Austin gently placed her on a chair, and sat beside her. Nance Holk entered behind Austin, as if sent on an errand to Gonsalvo—the latter invited her to a seat, as he anticipated the plot too well.

No word was spoken for some time. The old man was excited and feverish. Camillia was anxious and in doubt. Austin was stern, and a general gloom settled over all. Camillia broke the spell, and said, with emotion:—
"Father, have you not forgiven Austin. He has come back to make us all happy again—speak to him, and tell him how much sorrow we have known since he went away. Tell him he is forgiven, and is welcome to remain with us, do, father?"
But he spoke not. He had grown sick at heart, and utterance was denied him. Camillia turned to Austin.
"Do, Austin, speak—father is weak and overcome by your presence, he has suffered much during your absence, and is sorry for the past; ask his pardon, and we shall all be happy—we shall all love you."

"I may not ask pardon from the dead. I never wronged them," solemnly observed Austin. "Father is dead."
"Father?"
"Yes, dead; he cannot give pardon but to them who wronged him, and he has refused. Ere he died he left an inventory of all he had—details of his injuries received, and by whom; they are here recorded."
Camillia moved forward quickly, and supported her fainting father. His eyes glared ghastly upon Austin, who held in his hand a yellow and time-worn parchment, which proved to be the stolen will he had long treasured as his own, till suddenly it disappeared from the small casket in his private room, and the picture of Silvio placed instead. One wild and terrified look did he give at the relief of his brother, and swooned away.

Austin watched his features with grim and quiet satisfaction; then replaced the document in his bosom and waited for an hour. No signs of consciousness returned during that time, and he rose up—Camillia said:—
"Have pity, Austin, and help him, he is dying!"
He looked with visible regret into her fair face, and bowed his head. "He will die," he repeated, solemnly.
"Mercy, Austin?"
"He has it from me with all my heart; but it cannot save him, he will die."
It was evening before Gonsalvo recovered. He, with some difficulty, made his way to his own apartment, and shut himself up. The young people retired to the garden and recalled the past—telling their loves and sorrows; their difficulties and trials: each with attentive commiseration, lauding the constancy and fortitude of the other. He dwelt long on the examination before General Lee, and the young rebel officer, who pleaded with him for a pardon. "Here he comes at last," interposed Austin, as a young man advanced towards them. "Let me introduce to you, my dear, my brother, Costardo Cameon."
"Your brother! Austin?" breathlessly inquired Camillia.
"Yes, love. I will tell you every thing as we go through the hall, and then you shall see, but hark!"
A report of a pistol reverberated thro' the mansion, and Austin having his own misgivings gave Camillia in charge to Costardo, and hurried to Gonsalvo's chamber. He found the old man stretched on the floor, and a pistol lying close by. He had finished his career by suicide. The bullet passed through his heart, and he lay cold and livid in death, his lifeblood welling from his side.

CHAPTER XXV.
CONCLUSION.

The morning came. Ellmount Hall was in gloom, and everybody, sad and thoughtful, moved about in silence. Camillia retired to her chamber at an early hour the previous evening, and still remained in seclusion; the revelations made to her by Austin chiefly troubling her; together with shame and regret in considering the awful end of her father. Costardo and Austin had conferred with her on the contents of the papers found in her solitary prison, and concluded that as the latter was the universally acknowledged son of Gonsalvo Cameon, he could legally inherit his property, without publishing a crime of murder committed by him on his brother Silvio Marmanduke: thus preserving his reputation unscathed, and affording ample satisfaction to all who were otherwise interested. The papers identified enormous wealth as possessed by Silvio at the time of his death; together with legal advices, that in case of sudden or unprovided death, it should be distributed between his two children Austin and Costardo; with sundry annuities settled on his wife Guisappa, and provisional matters in regulation of the whole, till the children should arrive at maturity. Gonsalvo had always secreted these papers; they had cost him much. Three years before his flight from the island of Cuba, he sought the life of his brother for the sake of his wealth, and soon found hiring to accomplish his evil purpose Arnold Gascomber cruised the tropical seas in 1840 under the black flag, and committed depredations on many of the islands under the dominion of Spain. He readily consented to murder the innocent Silvio, and from that time to the outbreak of the war in the United States, he held the whip-hand over Gonsalvo. It was aboard his ship that Gonsalvo escaped by night from Cuba, when Admiral Brazos' squadron were blockading the island; and it was he that purloined the papers from Gonsalvo's study on account of some injury received. He was detected in this last act by the negro Nance Holk, and compelled to reveal his secret, and enlist her sympathies for Austin. Too willingly did she enter upon his services. She it was who gave him the letter on the night after the battle of Slaughter Mountain, and then turned to New Orleans as directed by Gascomber: finally, she contrived to admit him privately into Ellmount Hall when he returned, and under the darkness of the night conducted him to the lonely chamber where Camillia sat in sorrow. All these things were revealed to Camillia, the parchments examined, and every doubt renewed. She and Austin were not brother and sister after all, they were lovers. Her father was consigned to the grave on the following day, and the order of mourning was observed for some time afterward. Three months passed away, and one evening in sunny June, Camillia stood before the altar with Austin; and lover's labor was won as he placed the token on her finger, while pronouncing the solemn "Yes." She turned with blushes and tears from the scene, and leaned on his bosom as they entered the carriage.

"Sigh not, my love," he said, soothingly, "such devotion as yours shall never be blighted with sorrow, but shall brighten as it decays with years."
We know not where Costardo met his fate, or whether he met it at all. No doubt she is somewhere around, and we hope she may be happy when he takes her for well or woe.

Silas Edgerton decamped from Ellmount. He was about to come in for an entire fortune, but the right owners kept him out. He instituted no legal proceedings.

The "Lover's Lake" formed an item in our story. It lay embosomed on the table land stretching from the bank of

the Mississippi eastward, till its regularity was broken by a ridge of hills indented with rugged and craggy peaks; the base sloping gently to an even surface, and clothed with the choicest trees which flourish in tropical climates. It terminated at the foot of the Palm Ridge, and rounded through the low valleys for some hundred yards south. Here the banks were steep and rocky, and here the tragic story of the "Lovers" takes its rise. It is as follows:—It was during the Revolution, that a rich and opulent family settled their residence at Ellmount. They were emigrants, or fugitives from Toulon in France, and were obliged to flee from political persecution. M. Remicourt had an only daughter, a beautiful maiden in her seventeenth year, who, some way or other only known to lovers themselves, contracted a friendship with an English youth, who also had been an emigrant some years before. Young Justin loved the chase; the toils of the hunter were his delight, and in one of his rambles in search of his favorite game he encountered the pretty Jeanne. More than once he strolled the same path, and more than once they met. There was a fatality in their loves, and although their meetings were secret, M. Remicourt soon discovered that his daughter loved an enemy of his country, and set his heart against it. He watched their rendezvous and surprised them. He shot the young hunter while reciting his tale of love, and threw his dead body into the lake. Jeanne went home with the murderer, she said nothing after the first outbreak of sorrow was over, but when the summer came she was nowhere to be found; she sought the bed of the calm waters in search of him she loved. The story is traditional, and it is asserted that they are seen nightly on the grassy bank renewing their troth-plight, or sailing over the moonlit surface in affectionate embrace.

(The end.)
Who Can Vote.
Maine—Every male citizen.
New Hampshire—Every male inhabitant.
Vermont—Every man.
Massachusetts—Every male citizen.
Rhode Island—Every male citizen.
Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, New Jersey, Ohio, California, Oregon, Nevada, West Virginia and Colorado—Every white male citizen.
New York—Every male citizen, but colored men are required to own \$250 worth of taxable property.
Pennsylvania—Every white freeman.
Wisconsin—Every male person.
Minnesota—Every male person.
Kansas—Every white male adult.
Delaware—Every free white male citizen.
Maryland—Every free white male citizen.
Tennessee—Every free white male citizen, but now negroes vote.
In those States which were engaged in rebellion, and which are now governed by the reconstruction laws, negroes are allowed to vote and hold office.

Telegraph Company Liable for Error.
PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12.—Judge Read to day gave judgment against the Western Union Telegraph Co., for damages because of loss by error in a dispatch. Messrs. Kohn & Meeks, a firm doing business in this city, some time ago sued the Western Telegraph Company, alleging in their complaint that they sent a telegraphic dispatch by defendants to persons in Detroit, asking whether a certain firm there was good for a note of \$1,000, to which the reply, "not good for any amount," was dispatched, but the defendant delivered the reply, making it "note good for any amount," whereupon the plaintiffs sold to persons who were not responsible, and lost the value of their goods. The defense offered certain testimony of the effect sometimes produced by changes of the atmosphere upon dispatches, and the jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff for \$977 48, subject to the opinion of the Court on certain reserved questions of law.

A committee of the Gratiot Farmer's Club, has been weighing the corn and cobs of competitors. It found in different ones as follows: In Robinson's 80 per cent corn, and 20 per cent. cob; in Armstrong's yellow, 83 per cent. corn, and 17 per cent. cob; in Armstrong's white cap, 84 per cent. corn, and 16 per cent. cob; in Minnich's yellow, 84 per cent. corn, and 16 per cent. cob; in S. T. Smith's, 82 per cent. corn, and 18 per cent. cob. Also that in Robinson's 70 lbs. gross will give 56 lbs. corn, 14 lbs. cob; in Armstrong's yellow, 70 lbs. gross give 58.1 lbs. corn, 11.9 cob; in Armstrong's white cap 70 lbs. gross will give 5.88 corn, 11.12 cob; in Minnich's yellow 70 lbs. will give 58.8 corn, 11.2 cob; in Minnich's white cap, 70 lbs. will give 56.7 corn, 13.3 cob; in S. T. Smith's, 70 lbs. will give 57.4 corn, 12.6 cob.

A Philadelphia Life Insurance Company whose advertised capital was \$200,000, lately failed, and the assets of the concern returned through the Sheriff were as follows: One long counter with two desks thereon, one counting house desk, one office table, four chairs, one stool, one water cooler, one small safe, four dollars worth of old paper, one mucilage bottle, two pen racks, one bottle of ink, twenty cancelled five cent revenues stamps, and a door mat and two signs.

The Oldest Man in America.

The Detroit Post gives an account of a man who lives in that city who is one hundred and fourteen years old. In a low cabin at the upper end of a narrow alley, there dwells a poor negro, known among his kindred as "Old Father Robinson." Unlike many old people, his faculties have been retained unimpaired. Up to this last week his vision was undimmed and his hearing unusually acute; but for the last few days he has failed rapidly, until, in his own expressive language, "the clock is almost run down."

Robinson was born in August, 1753, on the farm of Colonel Du Chille, in East Maryland. Through the war of the Revolution he followed the fortunes of his master, serving him in the capacity of body guard. It was interesting to sit and listen to the old man a few months ago, before the film of death had obscured his mental vision, and hear him tell of the exploits of the Revolutionary soldiers, and describe the terrible scenes through which he had passed. A sabre cut on the top of his head and the loss of a forefinger are the mementoes of his valor. With especial pleasure would he relate how the British army surrendered at Yorktown, and would depict the scene when the proud Lord Cornwallis delivered up his sword to General Washington.

At the battle of New Orleans, fought on January 8, 1815, when General Jackson overthrew the British host under Pakenham, Robinson also participated in the same capacity as in the Revolutionary war. He could describe the scenes of his youth with clearness and vigor. In his humble cabin many of our wealthy and respectable citizens have frequently assembled to minister to his wants; in return for which he would repeat the story of his life.

As the reward of his faithful services Robinson was manumitted some forty years ago. He has been married several times, but his children and his wives were sold from him. His present wife, with whom he has been living over twenty years, is fifty-nine years old, he being nearly double her age. When over eighty years of age he was still a robust man, six feet in height and quite erect. Such is the result of a temperate and moral life.

Prices of farms in Bucks county have stood at very near the old figures—certainly there has been no perceptible decline, and the market has not been brisk enough to cause any sensible advance.—There is a lively demand for farms to rent, and there will be a good deal of change about among renters in the spring.—Rents for farms in good parts of the county will average about five dollars per acre. This is rather better for the farmer than paying \$100 to \$140 for the land, and six per cent interest on the money needed to pay for it.—Bucks County Intelligencer.

The Aurora (Ill.) Weekly gives notices of some very large hogs. Among others were six Chester Whites, raised by L. Gillatt, of Sugar Grove, that weighed, dressed, from 500 to 650 pounds each, also a lot of sixteen "last Spring pigs," from the same party, and averaging about 240 pounds; and seven Chester Whites, fourteen months old, raised by J. W. Neeley, of La Salle county, Ill., the dressed weights of which were from 671 to 710 pounds. The Aurora pork buyers, however, give a decided preference to the smaller Suffolks.

Political.
The United States Senators whose terms expire in 1869, and whose successors are yet to be elected, are: Dixon, of Connecticut; Hendricks, of Indiana; Morrill, of Maine; Sumner, of Massachusetts; Chandler, of Michigan; Ramsey, of Minnesota; Stewart, of Nevada; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Morgan, of New York; Buckalew, of Pennsylvania; Sprague, of Rhode Island; Patterson, of Tennessee; Edmunds, of Vermont; Van Winkle, of West Virginia, and Doollittle, of Wisconsin. Of the nineteen in all, thus retiring, six are now acting with the Democracy, and the rest are Republicans.

It ought to be generally known, but is not, that every loyal citizen, being the head of a family is entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land, upon payment of ten dollars in fees and actual settlement thereof, upon vacant lands in either of the States or Territories unoccupied. A great deal of land of first quality yet remains unappropriated in Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Iowa and other States and Territories.

The latest dodge of swindlers is to mail a note from some obscure town to the intended victim stating that an express package directed to him has been sent there by mistake and will be forwarded on receipt of money with which to pay charges. The money sent, the mythical package is never heard from.

There is a man in Maine, the owner of a piece of crinoline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the key hole and saw it all; and as long as he has the spirit of a man remaining he will peep on all such occasions.

It now costs but twelve cents to send a letter to Europe.

The Pittsburg Commercial of January 13 says: John W. Steel, familiarly known as "Johnny" Steel, and somewhat distinguished as an "oil prince," having for a considerable length of time enjoyed the princely income of \$2,000 per day, on Thursday filed in the United States District Court a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. Many of our readers will remember the romantic history of his exploits in the East, published some time ago, during which he is reported to have squandered several hundred thousand dollars. After having "sowed his wild oats," and losing his oil farm, he found himself in rather straightened circumstances, and was recently compelled to earn a living by driving an oil steam. His indebtedness, as set forth in his petition, amounts to over \$100,000. Some of the items are quite heavy, a few of which we note:—To Henry W. Kanaga, of the Girard House, Philadelphia, he owes \$19,824; to William A. Galbraith, attorney at law, Erie, \$10,000; J. E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, for jewelry, \$5,805; John D. Jones, harness, \$1,250; Wm. Horn & Co., for cigars, \$562; E. H. Conklin, Philadelphia, liquors, \$2,024; Phelan & Collender, Philadelphia, for billiard tables, \$1,500; to an unknown creditor, for oil paintings, \$2,200; to the account for hats, \$300. A considerable amount of his indebtedness is for money borrowed, judgments, &c. When "Johnny" took a notion to rent a hotel for a few days, he would do so; and whenever he saw anything that pleased his fancy, he was bound to have it, regardless of cost. Perhaps no man in the United States ever squandered as much money in the same space of time.

Joseph S. Walter, of Kennett, it feeding a pair of cattle, six years old, which were weighed, and drew 5,100 pounds.—William Chalfant, of East Marlborough, Pa., sold a pair somewhat heavier, two years ago, at 25 cents per pound. Mr. Walter has been offered 20 cents a pound, rating 60 lbs per cwt.

For ever three hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes removed from our fields, the soil sustains a loss of ninety two pounds of potash; consequently, wood ashes is one of the most valuable of manures in the culture of the potatoes.

Fast Time.
Last Thursday, the engine "Advance," attached to the noon express of the Lehigh Valley road, ran from Allentown to Bethlehem, a distance of six miles, in five minutes.—Free Press.

Louisville had a grand rat killing excitement the other day. A "celebrated dog Jack" killed one hundred rats in five and a half minutes. Coon drawing was also one of the amusements of the evening.

The production of the Tididoute district is falling off rapidly, and few new wells are going down. The property in the vicinity of Petroleum Centre, however, is being very steadily developed and in paying quantities.

The stock of oil in the entire Pennsylvania Oil Regions was stated to be five hundred and forty thousand barrels, on the 7th inst. This includes all in tanks or in the hands of producers, operators or brokers.

On examining the papers of a deceased Spaniard in New Orleans it was found that he had expended in the course of his life one hundred thousand dollars in lottery tickets and never draw a prize.

The Milford Herald says that a paper manufactory is to be erected in Delaware township, Pike Co., some of the machinery having already passed through that place.

Pennsylvania, the first of the States to establish a system of free schools, is also about to establish a system of free collegiate education.

Vallandigham is laboring to show that the Ohio Democracy are corrupt as a party. It is the simplest work he ever performed.

Some of the people of Warren county, N. J., are advocating the removal of the county seat from Belvidere to Washington.

It is calculated that the sum expended for sleigh-riding in New York during the snow season amounts to over \$100,000 per day.

A man died at Stonington, Conn., the other day, aged 75, who for forty years had taken no other drink than cider.

From January 1st to the 5th of February, 83,612 barrels of oil were shipped over the Oil Creek railroad.

Seventy thousand cigars were smoked in Poughkeepsie during the month of January.

A dood containing five thousand words and fifteen feet in length, was recently put on record in Illinois.

Somebody wants to know who signs the most death warrants.—Our Governors or our Physicians. Who knows?
The present army of the United States is composed of 43,000 men.