



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1871.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL: COL. DAVID STANTON, OF BEAVER.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL: COL. ROBT B. BEATH, OF SCHUYLKILL.

Fourth of July this year comes on Tuesday.

Fast driving through our principal streets is indulged in to a great extent. Let there be a stop put to it before somebody is hurt.

Melancholy.—Mrs. C. B. Knight, who resides at Reading, Penna., and who was at the time laboring under a fit of insanity, caused by protracted illness, shot, and instantly killed her little son, aged 3 years, on Saturday, May 23.

At a private picnic that was held in Kautz's Woods, on Tuesday afternoon, Miss Ada Wyckoff, while crossing a small creek, fell in and got a complete ducking. She was taken out by Mr. Charles Evans.

We were shown, on Saturday last, by Mr. Hiram Lesh, two very fine trout. These speckled beauties were caught in the Pocono creek. The largest one measured fourteen inches in length, and eight inches in circumference. Whew! but didn't our mouth water?

A dog fight occurred on Centre street yesterday morning, and the excitement which followed for a time was very intense. After considerable exertion, however, on the part of those who were opposed to such disgusting scenes the brutes were separated, and the crowd dispersed in a quiet and orderly manner.

Mr. John Baldwin, the enterprising proprietor of the Washington Hotel, is determined not to be behind hand in the steady march of improvement. He now has a large force of carpenters, painters and frescoers at work, remodeling and refitting his bar-room, which, when completed, promises to eclipse anything of the kind yet attempted in Stroudsburg, as regards beauty, comfort and ease.

The services at the Hicksite Meeting House in this place, on Saturday and Sunday last, were very solemn and impressive. Several eminent Friends from abroad were present and participated in the exercises. The meetings were largely attended, and much interest was manifested.

The Pocono Mountain was set on fire by the whortleberry cultivators the other week, and considerable wood was burned. The ash produced by the burned wood and brush serves as a manure to the whortleberry plants, which will have attained their full size next fall, and will bear profusely in the summer of 1872.

State Sunday School Convention.—The Seventh Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association will be held at Allentown, Penna., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 13th, 14th and 15th of June. All the earnest Sunday-school workers of the Keystone State are cordially invited to be present. Each evangelical school is requested to send two or more delegates.

"That Street Sprinkler" has become a fixed institution in our borough, and our only wonder now is, that we have so long done without it. It is truly pleasing to witness "Joe's" smiling countenance, as he makes his regular trips up and down the avenue with "der machine" in full blast, and our citizens generally are rejoicing over the fact that they are no longer compelled to suffer the almost impenetrable dust which necessarily follows in such an exceedingly dry spell.

The Weather.—The weather for the past week has been extremely warm, dry, and even sultry. As a consequence, our farmers appear to wear a down cast look, inasmuch as the growth of their crops of hay, oats, etc., are considerably retarded by the drouth which prevails. A refreshing shower passed over this section on Sunday evening last, however, which had a very good effect for the time being, but the burning rays of "Old Sol" soon told sadly upon the soil, and to-day, the crops are fairly scorching. "Let us have rain."

Enterprising.—It may be a source of great satisfaction to the citizens of this place, and the community at large, to know that the Stroudsburg Woolen Mills are again in operation, and that a larger force of hands than ever before will be employed, as soon as circumstances will permit. Mr. James Dearie, of Philadelphia has leased the Mills, and he being a thorough going business man, and having had considerably experience in the manufacture of woolen clothes, under his supervision, the enterprise will undoubtedly prove a success. This factory was erected some years since, and is supplied with all the most modern improved machinery, and the reason why it cannot be worked with profit to the proprietor, is more than we could ever imagine. Mr. Dearie contemplates adding a large amount of machinery to that already contained in the building, and when it is once again in full operation, we will give our readers a more extended account of the Mill and its workings.

"Sold."—Our citizens will probably be gratified to learn that the old Phoenix fire engine has been disposed of. Mr. George Stauffer having purchased it a short time since for the sum of \$100. This engine, together with a hose carriage and a few feet of hose, was purchased a few years since, at a cost to the borough of some \$600. This is not a very heavy discount, when we consider the fact that never, since its advent in our midst, has it been in perfect working order, and even in its dilapidated condition it required more force than it was possible to muster, to work it. And while we rejoice over the fact that we have at last got rid of it, let us fervently hope that its place may be supplied by a steamer, and that some means of letting water into the borough may be speedily devised, and then, in case of emergency, we shall always be in readiness. In the meantime let the Union boys be more than ever vigilant, that their former good reputation as firemen may be sustained.

In Luck.—Mr. Wm. Davis, Esq., of this place, in company with a party of gentlemen from Easton, indulged in the luxury of a fishing excursion last week, visiting several of the trout streams in this neighborhood. They returned heavily laden, after having occupied several days in the sport, having succeeded in catching between four and five hundred of the speckled beauties.—We imagined the very pleasant odor that might have arisen from our frying pan, had we been one of the party.

Fire.—On Wednesday evening, June 1st, the people in the vicinity of Furks Station, Coalingham township, this county, were alarmed by the cry of fire. Upon investigation it was found that the hotel at that place was in flames. Every effort on the part of the citizens was made to arrest the progress of the burning element, but to no avail.—The building, together with its entire contents were demolished. The building was insured for \$3,000, and the furniture for \$300.

A festive youth in Stroudsburg, unable to pay a board bill of \$50, married his landlady the other day, thus getting rid of the debt.—He 20; she 63.—Bethlehem Spirit of the Times and Educator, 3rd inst.

We are under the impression that our neighbors at Bethlehem are laboring under a slight misapprehension, inasmuch as we are unable, after the most rigid inquiry, to learn any further particulars in relation to the above paragraph. This is certainly an interesting case, however, and we shall consider ourselves under obligations if our neighbors will give us the facts.

Sad and gloomy was the Town of Stroudsburg the day that Charles Orme was ordered out to die.

O, where's the beast not Dead to pity but for him Did many in this Town leave a Sigh

he was brave and Stood it nobly

Fare well Charles for Ever home he'll see no more but his remains lie Buried in the Sunnary on the Pocono creeks Shure to try the reality, of another world

P. M. Sheriff

The above, as will be seen, is from the pen of our highly intellectual, and intelligent, and gifted friend, P. M., the Sheriff. We find it in the Editor's Drawer of the June number of Harper's Monthly Magazine, and take this opportunity of saying that we regret that the Sheriff, (whom we suppose we may now call our County's Poet,) did not give us the opportunity of printing it from the original copy instead of sending it to Harper. We have a professional pride in presenting to the outside world, any of Monroe county's citizens who desire to immortalize themselves and would have taken especial delight in publishing this Poetic gem, and thus heralding to the world the fact, that in this "secluded spot," even in gallant Chestnut hill, there has been born a Poet—and that he still lives—and that his is a mind not fettered by the usual infirmities of genius. He is not blind, like Milton, nor a cripple, like Byron, nor tainted with melancholy, like Cowper, but one of your sound, healthy "Poets"; and, therefore bids fair to attain immortal renown, and a name in history. Brete Harte, founded his Poetic reputation upon so slender a foundation as "Ah Sin," and John Hay, upon a base equally weak and senseless; what, then, may we not look for in way of laurels on the brow of Monroe's literary reputation, should "P. M. Sheriff," as we hope he will, make up his mind to keep up perpetrating just such "immense gems," as the one which heads this article. It has the ring of Mrs. Hunters

"Gentle Frog Expiring on a log" but avoids its harshness, and places the "P. M. Sheriff," above all the "Poets," in point of gushing sentimentality, whose names are emblazoned on the Scroll of parva seam fame.

We know that our circulation is small, as compared with Harper's Monthly, but, with feelings of regard for the maintenance of the world's equilibrium, would have advised our Poet, Mr. "P. M. Sheriff," to have let the thing forth beneath the shadows of our own umbrageous forests first, instead of dazzling the world so suddenly with the brilliancy of his genius. In the first course he is no possible danger, while the course he did pursue, of making the leap at once from obscurity to real poetic greatness, is sometimes followed by a reaction on the part of the public very discouraging, if not altogether crushing to young beginners. We trust, however, that this will not be the case in the present instance.

We presume no one will be fool hardy enough to dispute our assertion here made, that the Poem is one of no common order.—The "Poet," Mr. "P. M. Sheriff," like the few "immortal ones who were not born to die," has not hesitated to abandon the old fashioned idea, that measure and rhyme are essential to

first class poetry, and strikes out boldly for good common sense. To use a common expression, "he comes right down to dots," instead of going beating about the bushes, and, in the very first verse, lets the reader into the gist of the story. He tells you that the town of Stroudsburg was "sad and gloomy the day that Charles Orme was ordered out to die." And just here we would call the attention of the public to the plain forward way the "Poet" has of getting at "facts." Here was a fact, a solemn fact, and the "Poet" tells it without any circumlocution or meandering at all. He does not dodge the question, nor perambulate one iota about it, but marches right up in front of it, and takes it by the horns, as we imagine he seized the rope that pulled the prop from under the platform on which stood his unfortunate hero. It is a practical way the "Poet" has of getting at things, and we know the readers of his poem cannot help but admire it.

Although a practical man, yet our "Poet" the "P. M. Sheriff" does wander off into the sentimental, occasionally. We have a specimen of his sentimental style in the 2d stanza, where he speaks of the "breast not dead to pity," &c. It has been suggested that this verse is incomplete—unfinished—and that it would be better if it had been written thus:

O where's the breast not Dead to pity but for him Did many in this town leave a sigh, While he was swinging on the gallows: "How is that for high?"

But the suggestions are men of ordinary ideas while the "P. M. Sheriff" is a man of extraordinary genius. That he should write in one thing, and not a marvel by any means. That common minds should fail to comprehend the immensity of his genius, is just as natural as that water should run down hill.

The third stanza is short, and to the point. It shows that the author, although compelled by the necessity of the case, of course, to hang his hero, was yet capable of entertaining the highest admiration for bravery in others; and, we opine, this is his distinguishing characteristic.

The fourth, and last, verse is much longer than any of the others, and we must say contains more of eloquence and beauty than all the others combined. It proves conclusively, that though the "Poet's" self allotted talk was ended, like the razor stop man's wares, and the yarn-spinning and song-singing peddlers "Solem" there was still, for some future, like "Solem" occasion, "a few more of the same sort left."

We are painfully conscious of our inability to do justice to the merits of this remarkable poem of the worthy "P. M. Sheriff" but we could not neglect to call the attention of our readers to some of its more powerful points and brilliant scintillations of poetic fire; especially as it bids fair to take its place in the pages of poetry, side by side with the efforts of Milton, Shakespeare, and others of great renown. We are satisfied that no man could have composed it, except the one who hung the Hero of it; and we have no doubt that when he catches Brooks and hangs and Poetises him, he will have so graduated in both the sublime arts as to be entitled to become Chief Executioner and Poet Laureate to "the King of the Cannibal Islands."

GIVE THE PRINTERS FAIR PLAY.—An exchange says: "We have a piece of advice which we wish to impress firmly and indelibly upon the public mind, and that is to give the printers fair play. Do not forget that it costs something to pull as well as to advertise, and never sponge upon a printer in any way whatever. It is printer's ink that makes nine tenths of our fortunes; it takes money to buy ink, type and paper, and yet, after all this, few are the thanks he gets. Give the printer fair play, and give up all expectations of gratuitous pulling, etc."

A Washington negro has just returned "home," after an absence of twenty-eight years in South America, whither he fled to avoid punishment for aiding slaves to escape. He found that his wife, supposing him dead, had married again twenty years ago, but her second husband had died on the very night of his arrival. So, leaving to bury her dead in (perhaps blissful) ignorance, he sought out his daughter, who is the wife of a messenger in the Internal Revenue Commissioner's office, and with her rejoiced as one returned from the dead.

A young man named Charles Fisher, 19 years of age, left his home at South Hermitage, Lancaster county, on the 14th of April, and has not since been heard from. He is about five feet high, stoutly built, dark hair and complexion, and a small wart on the lower lip. He had on when last seen, a grey coat and hat, blue pants and coarse boots. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his father, and exchanges will confer a favor by copying this notice.

A candidate for the prize of twenty thousand dollars offered by the late M. Breat for a cure for the cholera, sends to the Paris Academy of Science an account of what he believes to be the true cure. It is very simple; consisting of merely a film of a mixture of collodion and castor oil laid over the stomach of the patient so as completely cover it. We are not informed whether it has ever been tested.

The Cunard steamer which sailed on the 31st ult., carried off a young girl of Williamsport, Pa., who had eloped with a gambler from a boarding school, in Bethlehem. The father of the girl arrived hastily at the dock an hour after the vessel had sailed, and wept bitterly on ascertaining the hopelessness of his attempt to stop the runaway.

The first company sale of Seranton coal at New York since November 30th, 1870, took place on the 31st ult., when 80,000 tons were put up at auction and disposed of rapidly. The average price all around did not reach higher than \$5.50 per ton.

All the recruits have left Carlisle barracks for the west, and it is rumored that the entire garrison will be removed in a few weeks.

EX-PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON has made his long-threatened speech. It was of three hours' duration, which, considering the character, past capacities and long silence of the verbose orator, was rather brief than otherwise. The most pleasant sentence in the latest monologue of the ex-President is the one containing the declaration that he will never speak in public again. Keeping his word faithfully in this regard, Mr. Johnson wins the respect of his cotemporaries, and, as for posterity, has not the great dispenser of the flag, stars and Constitution made himself secure with future generations? Indeed, he appealed to the coming ages to judge the ridiculous performances which this one laughed at; but much will be forgiven the loquacious Tennesseean if he is faithful to his latest promise, and speaks in public no more.

The Democratic party is unfortunate, and deserves pity from the kind hearted. Just as they have taken their "new departure" under Vallandigham; got their morning clothes ready for the funeral of old issues, up jumps that great Democratic leader, Jeff. Davis, and proclaims that the "old issues" are not dead, and that he does not even surrender the doctrine of secession from an odious union with Yan kee mudsills. The "lost cause," he says, is not lost, and he hopes to see the Confederacy established yet that kind of a "new departure" do northern Vallandigham Democrats call that? Such is the sentiment of the Southern Democracy, and if a National Democratic Convention was to convene to-day, a second Charleston Convention would be the result.—"Let us have peace" will be the watchword for northern Democrats soon.

Pigeons.

At the recent convention of the New York Sportsmen's Association, at Utica, 8,000 pigeons were provided and used for the trap-shooting practice usual on such occasions. The gentleman who provided the birds spent about four weeks in securing them. By means of the telegraph he traced flocks from one small station to another, through the woods and over the fields, rivers and lakes of Michigan to Sparta, Wisconsin, where they were reported as congregated in vast numbers. He hastened to that point and captured the required numbers in nets by the use of stool-pig coons. One thousand and two coops, containing altogether 10,200 pigeons, were shipped from Milwaukee to Buffalo; of these about 8,000 arrived in good condition on the shooting grounds in Utica. During their three days trip on the propeller, the birds consumed thirty-four bushels of corn.

Not a Law.

The act of assembly, which we published several weeks since, prohibiting the sale or giving away of liquor on election day, which it was generally supposed had become a law, failed to reach the governor. It found a resting place in the Senate judiciary committee, where, along with the "local option bill," it sleeps the sleep which knows no waking—at least for the present year.

Small-Pox and Re-Vaccination.

Now that small-pox is threatening to become epidemic, everything relating to the means by which the attacked of this fell disease may be warded off possesses a special interest. It has long been a mooted question whether re-vaccination is necessary, some authorities affirming that it is, and others maintaining that it is not. An eminent English physician, Dr. Simon, the naval officer of the Privy Council, has just issued a memorandum in which he says: "As there has always been a very large quantity of imperfect vaccination in infancy, it is therefore very desirable that all persons should, as they approach adult life, undergo re-vaccination. Generally speaking, the best time of life for re-vaccination is from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and persons in that period of life ought not to delay their re-vaccination.—Where there is a prevalence of small pox in any neighborhood, or where individuals are, from personal circumstances, likely to meet chances of infection, the age of fifteen need not be waited for."

In an article of the subject, the London Times says:

"No person can possibly be so dangerously exposed to the contagion of small-pox as the nurses in the Small Pox Hospital, yet they are entirely secure against it, and for what reason? They are once for all re-vaccinated on their admission for service in the hospital, and the operation is never repeated. A single repetition of so simple an operation can be no inconvenience to any one; but the public should thoroughly understand that the repetition is in all cases necessary if immunity as to be insured.

—Comment on the above is unnecessary.

Hydrophobia.

A man named John Rennet, died at Ashley last week from hydrophobia. The case is both remarkable and horrible.—About four years ago he was bitten in the hand by a mad dog. The wound was small and soon healed. He has been in good health and was of sound mind, and no unnatural mad actions were noticeable until a few days before he died, when the men at work with him in the mines noticed a wild expression about his face and a peculiarity in his manners. On Wednesday he was taken sick and confined to his bed. He could not bare the sight of water and in a short time it was evident that he was suffering with hydrophobia. A few minutes before he died he said he was suffering greatly by a pain in his breast, showing that he was sensible to the last. It is said by those who saw him die that it was the most heart-rending scene they ever witnessed. He was a young man about twenty-three years of age, and formerly of New Hampshire.

Thousands of the finest estates in Virginia are said to be for sale.

The days are now five hours longer than the shortest days of winter.

The mountains have joined the Fenians—they are "wearing of the green."

If two hogheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

The latest joke—the "white man's party" recognizing the colored man as a citizen.

The woman who attends to her neighbor's business makes her bed just before retiring at night.

In Birmingham, on Decoration Day, some one strewed the grave of Ruloff, the murderer with flowers.

A few days since 256,000 quarts of strawberries passed through Wilmington, Delaware, on their way to market. They weighed 250 tons.

A handsome cottage at New York is built upon a rock, and has an iron band which goes across the roof and fastens the house securely down to the rock.

The latest invention in advertising is that of a Hartford patent medicine man, who has sheared his dog, and painted on the animal the name of the universal cure.

The Bible continually cries out Woe! Woe! to dissolve and profane young men, but like other straggling asses they refuse to stop at the cry of Whoa!

Thirteen of the men connected with the Commonwealth Circus are held at Thunkhannock to answer for the murder of John Shingler at that place last week.

Three thousand policy holders who assert that they have been swindled, are about to sue the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company.

Necklaces are still the rage. The newest style is called the "dog collar," it is very broad, and composed of heavy gold links.

An ambitious Vermontor thinks that the voters of Rutland are the most uncertain people extant. He ran on the rum ticket at the town meeting and on the temperance ticket at the village election, but some hoy or other got beaten both times.

A Kansas lady went to a theatre, and handed the man in the box office a five tooth comb having mistaken it for her ticket, which she left at home. The doorkeeper told her she could not comb in.

One result of the woman's movement is the fact that the sex are crowding into all branches of industry and labor.—Two girls in a small town in Ohio ran a blacksmith's shop all by themselves.—They dress in Bloomer costume, and shoe a horse just as a man does.

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

One of our economical bachelor friends, who by the way is quite a genius, when his stockings wear out, sews up the tops straight across, and puts them on his feet the other way, thus making a good fit for square toed boots.

The fellow who proposed to "build an extensive cotton factory at Allentown, turns out to be a swindler, whose game is to borrow money on the credit of his enterprise and then slope.

Price & Rodrock sold fourteen head of Western horses at Hatborough on Thursday last, at an average rate of \$221 each. The highest, a trotting mare brought \$300.—Bucks County Intelligencer.

The suit of Milligan against General Hovey, for \$100,000 damages for false imprisonment during the war, which has been going on for some days past in the U. S. Supreme Court at Indianapolis, has resulted in a verdict for Milligan for \$5 damages.

In drilling wrought-iron, use one pound of soft soap, mixed with a gallon of boiling water. This is a cheap lubricator; it insures working with great ease and clean cutting by the drill.

Any hard steel tool (says the Boston Journal of Chemistry) will cut glass with great facility when kept freely wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine. The ragged edges of glass vessels may also be thus easily smoothed by a flat file.

Two Counselors for the South.

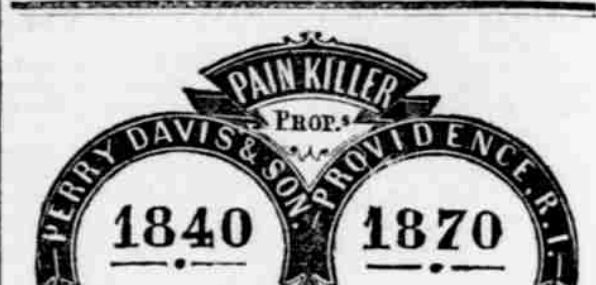
While this poor traitor and Rebel (Jeff. Davis) is scattering treason and inciting a new Rebellion, a man, who weakly helped him out of prison, and who stands foremost among the noble leaders of Abolition and good government, is also making speeches in the South. Horace Greeley, bondsman for Jefferson Davis, is there counseling peace, order, law and Union. Beneficent and wise he attracts vast crowds of Southerners to hear him, and if they are less enthusiastic over him than over Jefferson Davis, they listen courteously and earnestly to his truer better advice. The South can choose between these two men. Jefferson Davis gave them four years of war, waste, defeat, death of their heartstones, and desolation in their fields. Horace Greeley, representative of the best feeling and intelligence of the North, offers them universal amnesty, peace, prosperity, a newer, better life than they ever knew, a more glorious future in the Union than they can ever gain outside of it. They knew the two men, know that the latter, speaking for the North, will make his prophecies true, and that Jefferson Davis will drench the South land again in blood and wrap it in flames—if he can.

Stroudsburg Market Report.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Mess Pork, Hams, Shoulders, Mackerel, Butter, Salt per Sack, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, Dried Apples, Potatoes, Hay, Straw, Wood, Wool.

GRAIN MARKET REPORT.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Family, Rye Flour, Corn Meal, Feed, Clear grain, White Wheat, Red Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Corn per bush, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Rye.



The "Pain Killer" may justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe into which it has not found its way, and been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no claim to which it has not proved to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; it is a speedy and safe remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, wounds and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhoea and bowel complaints generally, it is admirably suited for every race of men on the face of the globe.

It is a very significant fact, that notwithstanding the long period of years that the "Pain Killer" has been before the world, it has never lost one whit of its popularity, but, on the contrary, the call for it has steadily increased from its first discovery, and at no previous time has the demand for it been so great, or the quantity made been so large, as it is to-day.

Another significant fact is, that nowhere has the Pain Killer ever been in higher repute, or been more generally used by families and individuals, than it has been here at home, where it was first discovered and introduced. That the Pain Killer will continue to be, what we have styled it the great medicine of the world, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.—Providence Advertiser, June 1, 1871-1m

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, the 4th inst., at the Parsonage of the officiating clergyman, by Rev. D. E. Schoeller, Mr. George Lauter and Miss Amanda Weiss, both of Brodheadville, Pa.

At Johnsonville, Dec. 8, 1870, by Rev. Alfred Earle, Mr. Amundus Bach and Miss Susan Viletta Morey, all of Upper Mount Bethel.

At Johnsonville, Feb. 19, 1871, by Rev. Alfred Earle, Mr. Thomas Stackhouse and Miss Mary C. Brand, both of Upper Mt. Bethel.

At Johnsonville, April 22, 1871, by the Rev. Alfred Earle, Mr. Philip Beck and Miss Eliza Phillips, both of Upper Mount Bethel.

In Upper Mt. Bethel, April 26, 1871, by the Rev. Alfred Earle, Mr. John B. Ownes and Miss Jimena J. Weidman, both of that township.

At Johnsonville, May 7, 1871, by the Rev. Alfred Earle, Mr. William A. Johnson and Miss Ida Stier, both of the same place.

At Johnsonville, May 31, 1871, by the Rev. Alfred Earle, Mr. Daniel W. Hunt and Miss Hannah Maria Ross, both of Upper Mount Bethel.

DIED.

In Stroudsburg, May 27th 1871, Mrs. Emeline W. Stillwell, aged 36 years and 7 months.

Caution!—Take Notice!

The public are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting any person, under any pretense whatever, from this date, to the full extent of the law, the payment of all debts contracted by any one in my name, without regard to person, except upon my written order.

THEODORE SCHOCH. STRAUSSBURG, PA., June 7, 1871.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of JOSEPH SHACKELTON, deceased. Letters of administration upon the Estate of Joseph Shackleton, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register for the probate of Wills, &c., in and for the county of Monroe. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands against the same, to make them known without delay, to

C. D. SHACKELTON, No. 430 Walnut st. Philadelphia. Or JOHN KRESGE, Jr., East Stroudsburg, Monroe co. Pa. June 8, 1871.—64.

Decker Still Ahead!

The Cheap Auction Store has just received 88 yards of splendid wool Ingrain carpets, only 50 cents, nearly half price.

The Cheap Auction Store has this week received some beautiful French Lawns, Grenadines and fine grey mixed dress goods. We will sell them from 8 to 20 cents a yard, less than regular price.

Splendid heavy black and plaid Sash Ribbons, nearly one quarter yard wide, only 75 and \$1.10 cts. per yard, and a large assortment, of all colors and widths, equally cheap. Decker has sent to the Auction Store splendid Buff and other parasols, nearly half price. Decker has sent this week and last to the Auction Store, Ladies' Misses' and Children's lasting Kid button and lace Gaiters, wonderful cheap. Also 20 beautiful cassimere vests and summer coats and pants, nearly half price. Boy's Chip hats 6 cents each. June 8-4t. DECKER & CO.