

the several elective officers, and there as regularly working and voting for them. We speak suggestively concerning this matter and invite the serious consideration of all the Republicans for the subject.

BOROUGH AND COUNTY.

James McKean, a prominent citizen of Easton, and nephew of the late Thomas McKean, is dead.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week, our "Scranton Letter," is necessarily crowded out. It will appear in our next.

We made a mistake in our statement of the cost of McCarty's hearse, last week. It cost over \$1800 instead of \$1500 as we had it.

The Camp Meeting to be held at Hinckle's woods, commenced on Wednesday, the 16th, and will close Tuesday morning, August 22d.

It is estimated by those who have opportunities for forming a correct judgment in the matter, that there are now at least 1,500 strangers from the cities sojourning in this county.

Our people, generally are now busy stocking their cellars with coal. Remembering the suspension and strike of last winter, they are determined to be prepared for a similar demonstration, if it should come this fall.

Mr. L. T. Smith, an enterprising merchant, at Forks Station, in this county, has taken in and sold some hundred and thirteen bushels of "Huckleberries" this season. The berries are unusually fine. Mr. Smith found his principal market in New York.

Mr. E. H. Weeks' building, adjoining the Presbyterian church, was moved to East Stroudsburg, on Saturday last. It was taken over by the Street Railroad Company. Just think of Stroudsburg enterprise and skill—a house moved a full mile, and over, along a railroad.

Our enterprising townsman, Peter Williams, esp., returned home from Susquehanna and Bradford counties, on Friday last, with "just the finest lot of cattle ever brought into Monroe county." Peter is at once both happy and lucky in always securing such.

The first drunken man in six weeks made an effort to parade our streets a few days ago, but it was no go. Tangle foot and train-leader were too many for him, and compelled him to "howl I lay me down to sleep" on a store box. He was mugged, and furnished comfortable lodgings in "Hotel d'Troch."

The Albright Camp Meeting held in Bittenbender's woods near Sayderville closed yesterday. The number of tents was not large but the meetings were quite spirited, and the members present from the neighborhood more than an average. The congregation on Sunday was estimated at some 2,500 souls.

We are indebted to friend "E. H. H." for his very graphic and interesting letter touching Joe Israel Lobdell and wife. His pen being so ready, wouldn't he be so kind as to lay us under obligations for at least occasional additional letters. The accidents and incidents happening near his home, would furnish excellent subjects.

A Mrs. Graham, of Bushkill Ward, Easton, recently presented her husband with three responsibilities, two boys and a girl. The lady, on two previous occasions, has given birth to twins. Graham is said to be delighted with the achievement; but hadn't he better be looking around, perhaps in the confusion attending the coming a few may have got away.

Tonsorial.—We notice that Prof. J. H. Lee, the barber, has recently erected a very handsome sign over his door. The lettering is but another evidence of the artistic skill with which Mr. M. D. Coolbaugh handles the brush. The Professor is an experienced knight of the razor, and we would advise all who are in need of anything in his line to give him a call.

A Grand Trot for a purse of \$200, will come off at the Fair Grounds on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock. We understand that "play or pay" is to be the order of the day. The following are the entries for the trot: Jos. Fisher names "Buckskin;" Sam Breese names "Patchen Jr.;" Reuben Shupp names "Sally Clay." An exciting time is anticipated.

Fair of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute at Easton, Pa.—The board of Directors of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute have resolved to hold their annual fair this year, on their grounds, at Easton, Pa., on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d days of September next. The premium list is liberal and the building, grounds, track and stabling are the finest of any society or association of a like kind in the State of Pennsylvania. [Aug. 17, '71-5t.]

One of the great needs of Stroudsburg is evidently a large and well appointed Hotel. Those we have are well kept, and well patronized, but their appearance is not such as to make them attractive to strangers, seeking a place for summer sojourn from the heat and stench of the cities. We have heard a number of the visitors here now, complain of our great want in this respect, and they earnestly volunteer the assurance that if our hotel accommodations were greater and more attractive, the influx of strangers here, during the visiting season would be almost unlimited. All agree, that in beauty of scenery, excellence of water, and thoroughly delightful and bracing air, no section of country excels ours. Our only lack, is in accommodations, and our capitalists should see that this defect is remedied.

The Water Gap Camp Meeting.—The Camp Meeting for Monroe county and adjacent charges, promises to be a grand affair. The meeting commences on Tuesday next, and every arrangement is being made for a large gathering. The Executive Committee have calls for tents from brethren from the large cities. The meeting has been very generally advertised, and the response is beyond all expectations. The ground is high, well shaded and pleasant, with every convenience desirable.

The Lutheran brethren, of this borough, have called to the pastorate of their Church the Rev. G. W. Marriott, D. D., and the call has been accepted. The Rev. Doctor has already entered upon his duties here, and being an earnest and eloquent laborer in the Lords Vineyard, and with all a clever, social gentleman, cannot fail to be instrumental in building up a large congregation. The Doctor, we learn, intends to bring his family here at once. We bid him and his a hearty welcome to Stroudsburg. His installation will take place in September.

During a short visit to East Stroudsburg, last week, we saw every indication of the most abundant thrift in that thriving little village. New buildings were going up, or completing, in all quarters, and every body we met had the self satisfied air of one who had plenty to do and was getting well paid for it. We visited several of the Stores where we found proprietors and clerks resting their wearied limbs from the fatigue growing out of the labor of hauling in the dollars during the day. Stockings and shot bags must be plethoric with greenbacks, in that burg. Our visit was made in the evening.

The Portland Junior base ballists, feeling encouraged by the success of the Seniors in their contests with our "Blue Stocking" and "White Cap" chaps, thought they would just drop in on us on Saturday last, and "take the starch," just as easily out of our "White Cap, Jr's." They came, they saw, but they didn't conquer, by a jug full. The Juniors went at them with a will, and flaxed them out most beautifully. When game was called to allow the Portlanders to go home, the game stood:

Table with 2 columns: Team, Score. White Caps, Jr., 1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th. Portland, Jr., 2 12 5 0 1 8-42. 5 4 1 11 4 5 4-34.

With two innings yet standing for the former and one for the latter. It was generally remarked, on the field, that the Portlanders must have been Juniors of many years' standing.

A match game of base ball, played August 12th, 1871, between the Portland Base Ball club of Portland, Pa., and the Delaware Base Ball club of Belvidere, N. J., on the grounds of the latter, resulted in a victory for the former, by the following score:

Table with 2 columns: Team, Score. Portland, Delaware, 1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th. 2 12 5 0 1 8-42. 5 4 1 11 4 5 4-34.

Saturday, Aug. 12th, the Red Jacket club of Oakland, and the Tanner boys of Canadensis, played their second game of the season, on the Oakland grounds, with the following score of six innings. They played until darkness set in, when the ball was lost which stopped the game.

Table with 2 columns: Team, Score. Red Jacket, Tanners, 1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th. 4 6 6 7 20 3-46. 5 2 1 0 4 0-19.

Runaway.—On Friday evening last, about half-past seven o'clock, a gentleman and two young boys, residents of Philadelphia, now guests at the Highland Dell House, were out driving, and when near the foot of the hill that leads from Cherry Valley to Stroudsburg, one of the bolts which fastens the shaft to the axle fell out, the horse became frightened and started off at full speed. The gentleman, not being an experienced driver, was unable to manage the steed which was rearing and kicking at a furious rate. After going about two hundred yards the horse ran over a pile of wood and lumber which caused the driver and one boy to dismount. The horse then ran a quarter of a mile when he was stopped, in his mad career, by a farmer, who rushed out and caught the reins which were dragging under the wagon. During this time the other little fellow stuck to the wagon and seemed to enjoy the ride hugely not realizing what danger he was in. Happy to state no one was injured.

MR. EDITOR.—We desire to occupy a small space in the columns of your valuable paper this week, to describe to your many readers the exquisite pleasures which are to be derived from spending a night along the banks of some stream, fishing for eels. One evening last week, a party numbering some five or six, your humble scribbler included, determined upon passing a night in this manner, Cherry Creek being the chosen stream. Accordingly, the work of perfecting the preliminaries—preparing hooks, out-lines, bait, and old-clothes for the occasion—and which, by the way was ascertained to be no small task, was at once begun. "Lights" and "gigs" were also got in readiness, as our party had concluded, after casting their out-lines, to try their hand at "spearing." Arrangements having been completed at the appointed time, we repaired to the domicile of a friend hard by to change our dress, and don the garb of fishermen, each one appearing in the best of spirits—not intoxicating however—for be it known that we were a strictly temperate party. When once fully "rigged out" for the occasion, we opine that a more hideous looking nor happy fishing party were ever assembled together. The work of casting the lines was soon completed, when the torches were ignited, and soon this hideous looking party might have been seen plunging hither and yon in the water, frantically grasping and spearing for every fish which attracted their notice. And just here we might add, that of all ways and means devised for catching fish, "spearing" is decidedly the most pleasurable. In due season the lines were taken up, when it was ascertained that our labors had been abundantly rewarded. After deciding that at some future day we would again try the experiment, we repaired to our homes, each one being fully satisfied with the success of the expedition, and the sport connected therewith.

One would hardly suppose that labor and paint could improve a property so much, in appearance, as these things have effected in the domicile of neighbor Robeson. But the thing has been done, and what was once rather an eyesore, on our Main street, has been metamorphosed into one of the handsomest and neatest looking residences in town. Peter's residence now is something really to be proud of.

Episcopal services were held in Hollinshead Hall, on Sabbath afternoon last, the Rev Samuel Hall, of Newark N. J., officiating. Why don't the brethren of this denomination hereabouts bestir themselves, organize a congregation and build a Church. There are families enough with Episcopal tendencies to do it; all that is needed, is the infusion of a little extra energy among them. To hold a meeting in so filthy a place as was that last Sunday is simply disgraceful.

MR. EDITOR.—During the last month picnics have been all the rage in this section of country, and not a few of the Stroudsburgers, both old and young, have availed themselves of these pleasant excursions. Your correspondent, sometime ago, was agreeably disappointed when he received an invitation to accompany one of the merriest parties that ever left town on a similar trip. The day appointed was on Thursday last, and the place of destination, the Lake near Saylorburg. Mr. Wm. Hunsman's new rig, built expressly for such occasions, was secured to carry a part of the party and the provisions. Dr. drove his own private conveyance, as a matter of course, it is always more pleasant to ride in a buggy, especially if you have a lady with you. After storing the "grab" under the seats and throwing the coffee pots, stewing pans and other cooking utensils, that are necessary on such occasions, into the wagon, we stepped in and started off, Dr. taking the lead. The day was all that we could have wished for; the sun shined bright and a gentle breeze blowing which gave life and activity to our party. All formalities, which too often mar the pleasure of such trips, were laid aside for the time being, and we were, I was going to say, just like so many consins together. If any one thinks that we were gloomy and sad, going and returning, we would refer them to the people along the route, who, I have no doubt, can testify to the jovialness of our party. We left Stroudsburg at 9 o'clock in the morning; went by the way of Stormsville and arrived at the Lake about half-past 11 o'clock. (I will not occupy your columns by giving a description of the Lake or grounds, and the magnificent scenery around there and along the route, but will say, if any one wishes to enjoy a pleasant drive and see the beauties of nature, they must take the same trip.) After walking around and reviewing things in general, we made preparations for dinner. While, some of the gentlemen built a roaring fire and brought water to make the coffee and boil eggs, and a few of the ladies spread the white linen table cloths on the sward and placed thereon the best market could afford, others were out on the Lake rowing or eating whortleberries which could be found in abundance through the woods. Soon dinner was ready—and such a dinner, why it would be utterly impossible for me to give you an accurate account of all the good things which we had; the coffee was delicious, and I was thinking how fortunate the people, throughout the length and breadth of our country, would be if all the ladies could make coffee equal to ours; by the way I think there is nothing so strengthening to a person's nerves as a cup of good coffee. After eating a very hearty dinner, the gentlemen treated themselves to a good cigar. In the afternoon we took a boat ride and a part of our way was, as it were, through a forest of pond-lilies. It is a very good exercise to row a party through these vines and leaves, especially when the ladies are anxious to gather the lilies. When you near a bed of them you are obliged to pull on the oars rather briskly in order to penetrate the tangled leaves. After you have the boat there all that is necessary then is to pull your mighty best on the oars which moves the boat sometimes the whole of six inches. We were tugging, pulling, and puffing for quite a while, until the ladies secured a number of the lilies, and then returned to the woods greatly pleased with our trip.

Charley, our friend from the "Sunny South," and Dr. who are always in for a change, concluded to catch and roast some fish for supper, and then for an experiment, we eat them without salt, and found them to be very nice and fresh. In addition to the fish and other provisions, we had any amount of whortleberries, sugar and cream, and a quantity of excellent coffee, the latter however, was lost by the misplacement of one of the gentlemen's feet. After supper we took another boat ride, just as the sun was going down beyond the western hills and then prepared for our homeward journey. As soon as all were ready, the driver started the team, but stopped again to fix something at the harness, and then when he started again, he did not start at all. Charley was called to the rescue, and he, in the language of the old woman, assured the horses that if they didn't go, he'd "lick 'em shru and shru." A little coaxing and pulling brought them to the top of the hill. We then got in and started for Stroudsburg, going by the way of Fennersville. It was one of the best picnics that I ever attended and hope ere long we may enjoy a similar one.

PHILLOS.

Joe Lobdell and Wife—Their History, &c.

FRIEND SCHOCH.—Much has been said and written lately concerning two dilapidated specimens of humanity, who have been wandering about through this region of country for nearly three years, and who have been representing themselves as man and wife, and call themselves Joseph Israel Lobdell and Mrs. Lobdell.

As the people of this county generally have been desirous of learning something of their history, I will endeavor to relate it as near as I could ascertain it.

It appears that they first turned up in Jackson township, where they were arrested on a charge of vagrancy, and committed to the County Jail. After having remained in charge of the keeper of the prison for some time, they were discharged, after which they came to Barret township, where they remained for about a year, when they were again arrested and taken to jail. It appears, however, that before they were arrested, "Joe" had written to his parents informing them of his whereabouts.

MR. EDITOR.—It has occurred to me that a few lines from this old established, and well known watering place, might prove interesting to some of your readers, who have never visited it, and having plenty of time on my hands, I devote myself to their service.

The great excitement here, just now, is centered in the races, and you hear on every hand, the respective merits of "E. H. H.," "Susan Ann" and "Judge Durell" vigorously discussed. With the exception of those attending the races, there are very few visitors at the Branch, and until the present week, the hotels were hardly paying expenses. The weather has been so cool and pleasant that citizens have not felt the necessity of the sea air, and bathing; or perhaps the rush, this year, is towards the mountain regions.

Jim Fisk, Jr., is here in all his glory; which glory consists in a magnificent trout, with six horses, and for "Fifteenth Amendments" as footmen, with a corresponding amount of boot tops and brass buttons. I have only seen him out driving with four horses, but understand the other two are in the stable, and are hitched on in fine weather.

The bathing is considered rough at this point, and, by some, rather dangerous; so much so that no one thinks of going in, without taking hold of one of the many ropes arranged for the accommodation of bathers.

Quite an interesting specimen has been exhibiting the merits of a Life Preserver, of his own invention, here, which really seems to be a very good thing. It consists of a suit of rubber, comprising pants and boots together, and a coat with a hood to go over the head. From the hood, coat and pants, there are tubes long enough to reach the individuals mouth, by which he is enabled to blow himself up. After adjusting the suit, he proceeds to inflate the hood, which process presses the man's face into an aperture in the hood just large enough to admit his eyes, nose and mouth, and which he gets in. He then inflates the coat and pants in like manner, all of which occupies about three minutes, and he is ready for the water. He plunges into the sea, and comes up like a cork immediately. He dances about on the waves like a Sea Gull, hoists an umbrella over his head to protect him from the sun, and sails around, through and beyond the

A few days after they were sent to jail. A letter was received at the Post Office at Canadensis, directed to J. C. Lobdell, and which came into the hands of the Overseers of the Poor. In that letter we found out where they were from, and, on Monday last week, I went in company with Henry Schaller, one of the Overseers of the Poor of this township, to Stroudsburg, for the purpose of taking them to their homes. We left Stroudsburg on Tuesday about noon for Great Bend, at which place we arrived about four o'clock. We then went over to the depot on the Erie Railroad, and, after resting until after seven o'clock in the evening, we took a train for Hancock, at which place we arrived on Wednesday at 1:30 A. M. Here we put up until seven o'clock, when we took another train for Basket Creek, or, as it is generally known, Long Eddy. Upon arriving at this point, we found that we then had about four miles to go yet, before we would get to the house of "Joe's" father, and, after some inquiries at Long Eddy as to the road to be taken to get there, we finally started with them and, after considerable trouble, we managed to get them to his father's house. Here we had expected to get rid of our charge, but were doomed to be disappointed, for, upon arriving there, we found the father to be a man about seventy years of age, and pretty well broken down, and the mother insane, as she has been for 23 years, and both dependent, on the charity of their neighbors for their support. We found that we could not leave them here, and, after consulting with some of the neighbors, we started for Delhi, the county-seat of Delaware county, N. Y., which place is situated about 15 miles distant. After arriving there we took them to the County Poor House. Here we found that they had run away from this Poor House about 5 years ago, and started on this expedition, and here we left them. We then started on our journey homeward, and arrived at Stroudsburg, on Thursday afternoon, 10th inst., at about 6 o'clock. This much for our journey, and for the disposal we made of our charge.

Now for something of the history of these people. I will give it to you as it was given me by the inhabitants of that section of country. Of the one who passed as Joe's wife, when they were here, I have seen but one very little known, save that she is a daughter of Daniel Perry, of South Abington, Plymouth county, Mass. It appears, however, that she ran away from home, and, after wandering about over the country for some time, she finally landed in Delaware county, N. Y. Here she was taken in charge by the proper authorities and placed in the County Poor House, where she became acquainted with Joe. Here they remained together for some time, when they ran away and came to Monroe county, Pa.

Lucy Ann Lobdell, alias Joseph Israel Lobdell, was married, about 21 years ago, to a man by the name of Slater, in Hancock township, Delaware county, N. Y., and after living with her for about 3 years, he ran away and left her, in consequence, it is said, of their not living very agreeably together. About two years after their marriage, Lucy Ann became the mother of a daughter whose name is Mary Slater, and who is now 19 years of age, and is living at Tyler Hill, Wayne county, Pa. The husband had left, it appears that the wife, occasionally, would dress herself up in her father's clothes, and take a gun and go out in the woods, hunting; and, very soon, she dressed in male attire altogether, and assumed the name "Joseph Israel," and was known for some time as the "Female Hunter of Long Eddy." At one time she wrote a small book, or pamphlet, giving a history of her adventures over the mountains of Delaware and Sullivan counties, N. Y., and Wayne county, Pa., in which it appeared that she had killed four deer and five bears, besides any quantity of smaller game, such as rabbits, squirrels, &c.

The daughter, Mary Slater, as before stated, is living at Tyler Hill, Wayne county, Pa., and is employed in the family of Mr. Daniel Fortman, and it appears from information received at Long Eddy, and also, from accounts that I saw in several papers, since that a young man by the name of Thompson Keats, who is also living in the same neighborhood, has, been trying, for some time, to accomplish the ruin of this young lady, but without success. Having become satisfied that he could not succeed in accomplishing his object, he commenced circulating very damaging reports in the neighborhood against Miss Slater. Mr. Fortman, the gentleman in whose family Miss Slater was employed, knowing the history of her parentage, and knowing that she had no friends who would take any interest in her welfare, resolved upon taking the matter in his own hands, and accordingly went to Keats and told him that he must either substantiate the reports he had circulated against Miss Slater, or sustain a suit for slander. Measures were at once taken to have him arrested on that charge. Keats, however, succeeded, on the night of the 18th ult., with several associates in abducting her, and after having chloroformed her, threw her in the Delaware River, and it is supposed with the intention of drowning her. It was a dark and rainy night, and it appears that there was a sand bar in the river where the girl was thrown in, upon one edge of which her head rested out of the water. This saved her life, and in this position she was found and rescued. Keats is in the Honesdale Jail. E. H. H.

MOUNTAIN HOME, PA., AUG. 14, 1871.

Letter from Long Branch. LONG BRANCH, AUG. 4th, 1871.

MR. EDITOR.—It has occurred to me that a few lines from this old established, and well known watering place, might prove interesting to some of your readers, who have never visited it, and having plenty of time on my hands, I devote myself to their service.

The great excitement here, just now, is centered in the races, and you hear on every hand, the respective merits of "E. H. H.," "Susan Ann" and "Judge Durell" vigorously discussed. With the exception of those attending the races, there are very few visitors at the Branch, and until the present week, the hotels were hardly paying expenses. The weather has been so cool and pleasant that citizens have not felt the necessity of the sea air, and bathing; or perhaps the rush, this year, is towards the mountain regions.

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surf, to his hearts content. He then comes ashore, disrobes in our presence, and his coat, pants, vest, watch, pocket-book, all are perfectly dry, and he is very comfortable. He claims many advantages over other life preservers, among which, I mention, as the most prominent that he keeps him perfectly warm in the severest weather and the coldest water. He can carry enough provisions to last several days, and so long as these and fresh water last he is in no danger of perishing. He is rather a curious looking specimen with his harness on, and draws quite a crowd to witness his exploits in the water.

President Grant has a cottage about three miles from here, down the beach, but I have not had the pleasure of seeing him yet. Jim Fisk, Jr.'s, Band and Regiment are expected to-morrow, to draw a crowd at the Continental, and add interest to a hop, that will take place there in the evening.

Old Ocean is still the same. The waves come and go, beating against the sand as restlessly as they have for thousands of years. All up and down the beach are evidences of their work, that tell sad tales of loss, suffering and death, to those who listen to the story.

Nearly in front of Continental, lie the remains of a hull, half buried in the sand, while, as far as it comes from the water, a more fearful wreck are not so easily found. The ship struck about two hundred yards from shore, and was soon lashed to pieces by the waves. There were seven hundred emigrants on board, over five hundred of whom perished. Those who saw it, say it was a heart-rending sight to see the poor victims clinging to the ropes and loudly calling for help, while each wave swept dozens of them into the ocean and eternity.

It was supposed that the captain ran the vessel ashore on purpose, as it was insured for a large amount, and was comparatively worthless. What is too bad for such a man? He saved himself, but disappeared as soon as he reached land, and has never been heard of since.

It is pleasant and invigorating to sit in the summer houses that line the beach, and watch the ships that come and go continually, and listen to the roar of the surf, and breathe the air as it comes fresh from the water. Every breath seems to bring with it health and strength, and I can advise all who feel debilitated from overwork this warm weather to come down here for a few days, and will assure them, they will go home thoroughly and, I think, permanently restored.

Yours, &c., TRAVELLER.

Man Lost. Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of Charles Case, a deranged man of Thompson Centre, Susq. Co., Pa., who left his home a few days since. Wore tan-colored linen pants and white vest, had no coat and was barefooted. Talks a great deal to himself. Any person who can give any information in regard to him, will confer a great favor by writing to IRA HINES.

Thompson Centre, Susq. Co., Pa. Exchanges please copy.

PAIN KILLER. 1840 1870. CHOLERA. HOW TO CURE IT. At the commencement of the Diarrhoea, which always precedes an attack of the Cholera, take a teaspoonful of the Pain Killer in sugar and water, (hot if convenient,) and then bathe freely the stomach and bowels with the Pain Killer clear. Should the diarrhoea or cramps continue, repeat the dose every ten or fifteen minutes until the patient is relieved. In extreme cases, two or more teaspoonfuls may be given at a dose.

The Pain Killer, as an internal remedy, has no equal. In cases of Cholera, Summer Complaints, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Asthma, it cures in one night by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to Old Sores, Burns, Scalds and Sprains. For Sick Headache and Toothache, don't fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer. Directions accompany each bottle.—The Pain Killer is sold by all dealers in Medicines. [Aug. 3-1m.]

HON. GEORGE SANDERSON, Mayor of the city of Lancaster, Pa., writes: "MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS is extensively known and used, and so successful are its curative powers that it has become as familiar as a Household Word and a necessary addition in the medical requirements of every family.—Having used it myself and knowing others who have used it with beneficial results, I can only add that in my opinion it is the best remedy ever introduced for the cure of the numerous ills to which flesh is heir."

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, M. C. Recommending Mishler's Herb Bitters to a friend, pronounced it the most wonderful combination of medical herbs he ever saw. August 3, 1871.—1m.

MARRIED. August 10th, 1871, at the Reformed Parsonage, at Fennersville, Mr. Silas Frantz, of Wilkesport, and Miss Catharine Jane Snyder, of Hamilton, Monroe county, Pa.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. S. H. Reiser, Mr. Edward Setzer and Miss Margaret Krumenacher, both of Jackson township, Monroe co.

DIED. At Canadensis, on the 14th inst., Jennie, daughter of Geo. W. Northrup, aged 3 years and 8 months.

In Stroud tps., on the 14th inst. Jos. Henry Houser, aged 43 years, 11 months and 3 days.

Caution!—Take Notice! The public are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting any person, under any pretense whatever, from this date, on my account, as I am determined to resist, 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. STRONDSBURG, PA., June 7, 1871.

Borough Ordinance. An Act to prevent Ball Playing on the streets. Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the Chief Burgess and Councilmen of the Borough of Stroudsburg, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that ball playing, tossing or throwing in the streets of the Borough of Stroudsburg, is hereby prohibited under a penalty of One Dollar fine for each and every offence; to be imposed by the Chief Burgess or any Justice of the Peace of the Borough of Stroudsburg. The fine to go to the general fund for Borough purposes.

THEO. SCHOCH, Burgess. Attest—B. S. JACOBY, Sec'y. Aug 14 3t.