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Published by Theodore Schoch. TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.

DR. J. LANTZ, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

DR. N. L. PECK, Surgeon Dentist.

DR. GEORGE W. JACKSON, Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher.

DR. C. O. HOFFMAN, M. D., Would respectfully announce to the public that he has removed his office from Oakland to Canadensis, Monroe County, Pa.

JAMES H. WALTON, Attorney at Law.

S. HOLMES, Jr., Attorney at Law, STROUDSBURG, PA.

PLASTER! Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills.

A. ROCKAFELLOW, DEALER IN Ready-Made Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, &c.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HOME MADE CHAIRS Always on hand at SAMUEL S. LEE'S New Cabinet Shop.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Williamsburg, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.

DON'T FORGET that when you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarty, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it.

CAN YOU TELL WHY IT IS that when any one comes to Stroudsburg to buy Furniture, they always inquire for McCarty's Furniture Store?

MONROE COUNTY BANK!

STROUDSBURG, PA. ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1871.

THIS BANK will commence paying Interest on DAILY DEPOSITS,

at the rate of Four Per Cent SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.

Accounts rendered, and interest credited monthly.

SEVEN PER CENT INTEREST PAID on permanent deposits, as heretofore.

Checks on all parts of the Country COLLECTED

Free of Cost for Depositors. DRAFTS FOR SALE ON

England and Ireland. All deposits in this Bank are secured by Bond, with security to Thos. M. Mellhoney, Trustee, in trust for Depositors, which bond is recorded in the proper office.

THOS. A. BELL, Cashier. March 16, 1871.—1y.

PEACE DECLARED AND THE NATION SAVED

PETER BORN, respectfully announces to his friends, the generous public, that his

SALOON is again opened, for the sale of LAGER BEER.

PORTER, ALE, WINES, CIGARS, SCHWEITZER, &c. &c. &c.

P. S. WILLIAMS, Watchmaker & Jeweler.

Located in corner building, third door below the Jeffersonian office. Room handsomely fitted up, and heavily stocked with the finest assortment of

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Jewelers Notions, &c.,

ever offered in this section of country. A full assortment of Spectacles, of the best quality, and suited to all ages, always on hand.

Silver-ware, and Silver Plated ware, always on hand at manufacturers prices.

Repairs neatly executed, and charges extremely moderate. Calls from the public respectfully solicited.

Sole Agent for the celebrated Diamond Spectacles. November 5th, 1868.—1y.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS

REDUCED PRICES! DARIUS DREHER, begs leave to announce to his friends and to the public generally, that he has just received a general assortment of

Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Trimmings, AND MILLINERY GOODS consisting in part of the following desirable articles, viz.:

Calicoes, Lawns, French Chintz, Children's Dress Goods, Worked Edgings, Parasols, Zephers, Shetland Woods, Shetland Wool Shawls,

Delaines, Muslins, White Dress Goods, Insertings, Lady's and Children's Sacks, Flannel and Cloth, Lady's, Misses and Men's Hoses, Gloves and Collars, Mourning Goods, Shroudings, &c., &c., Goods shown with pleasure. "Quick sales and small profits" at the old and well known Millinery Stand of F. A. DREHER. The Millinery business will be carried on as usual by Mrs. DREHER. Patronage respectfully solicited. DARIUS DREHER. April 26, 1866.

A Sanguine Candidate.

Among the candidates on the "Bell Ringers" ticket at the recent election in San Francisco, was one who is of all men the most sanguine. On being named, he immediately set to work to "carry the city." He advertised, and he did more—he walked up and down the streets and told all his acquaintances that he was on the Bell Ringers' ticket. A large number congratulated him and shook hands with him. Then they walked off meditatively and wondered who the Bell Ringers were and when they made their nominations; Still he "worked," and as he worked became still more sanguine of success.

On the day before election, several acquaintances suggested that he must procure pasters. "You can never win, old fellow, unless you get pasters," said they. "You need a great many, too, for every body will 'scratch' in your favor."

The suggestion was pleasant; the candidate counted his cash capital which lay in his right hand pantaloon pocket. Afterward, he walked to a printing-house, and ordered the printing of thirty thousand pasters bearing his name.

"You will have them gummed and cut, of course," said the printer man. "No, I think not; I'll do that myself," replied the candidate.

Dubiously did the printer man look at him, but as the cash was paid in advance, he said nothing. The printing was not done until after nine o'clock at night, and the candidate, who had been walking up and down the hallway, marched triumphantly toward home with his thirty thousand pasters.

"About one-half of them will be wasted," thought he; "the balance added to the straight tickets will render my election sure."

They sat up all night "fixing" the pasters—the candidate and his wife, and his wife's mother, and his eldest daughter. The candidate spread mullage over the backs of the printed sheets of paper; the daughter hung them on a line against the stove to dry, and the wife and her mother cut until their hands were stiff and swollen. Two o'clock, three o'clock, five o'clock came, and still they worked away, yawning at every clip of the shears. The carpet was strewn with scraps of paper, the table streaked with mullage, and the candidate himself was a perambulating court plaster, so gummy was he.

"My dear," said his wife, at half past five, "haven't you enough? My thumb is almost cut in two with the shears, and grandma is quite done up."

"We had better go on, my love," replied the candidate; "I shall need them all."

"Dear me!" said she; "I didn't know that there were thirty thousand voters in the city."

"Of course you didn't; women are not expected to know anything about politics."

The candidate had no sleep that night and at an early hour in the morning sailed forth to distribute his thirty thousand pasters. Then he "worked" all day, spent a great deal of money for whiskey and a great deal of breath for nothing. Then he sat up another twenty-four hours to see the ballots counted. In his precinct, same in which he had worked so hard, 800 votes had been polled, and of these he had received two! one being by means of a paster. His luck elsewhere had been no better, and he went home. His wife greeted him with smiles; she was sure that hubby-bubby had been elected. And in response to her congratulatory carresses the brute turned savagely upon his wife, and said:

"My love, yesterday morning, I circulated thirty thousand pasters bearing my name. In the whole city I have received just thirty votes. If you ever say 'paster' to me, I'll sue for a divorce. I am going to bed."

That candidate will not be seen on the street for a month to come. A German game of base ball broke up in the eighth inning with one arm broken, one eye put out, one jaw dislocated, and eighteen fingers "shifted."

Agassiz tells about a sort of fish in Brazil which can climb trees. They are probably peculiar to the tropical climb. The female barber out West has retired from business on account of the arrival of a little shaver.

A Medical school is now discussing the question whether a black man can have a "white swelling."

The Old Maid's Thermometer.

15. Anxious for coming out, and the attentions of the other sex.

16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.

17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.

18. Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.

19. Is a little more diffident on account of being noticed.

20. Commences being fashionable.

21. Still more confident in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.

22. Refuses a good offer, because he is not a man of fashion.

23. Flirts with every young man she meets.

24. Wonders she is not married.

25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.

26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.

27. Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.

28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable income.

29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.

30. Rather fearful of being called an "Old Maid!"

31. An additional love of dress.

32. Professes to dislike balls, finds it difficult to get good partners.

33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women—to flirt with chits.

34. Affects good humor in her conversation with men.

35. Jealous of the praises of women.

36. Quarrels with her friend who is lately married.

37. Thinks herself slighted in society.

38. Likes to talk of her acquaintances who are married unfortunately.

39. Ill nature increases.

40. Very meddling and officious.

41. If rich, as a dernier resort, makes love to a young man without fortune.

42. Not succeeding, rails against mankind.

An Odd Russian Dance.

They have a singular kind of dance on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart—a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there—each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes.

When the piper breaks into a tune a youth pulls off his cap, and challenges a girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent; the youth advances, takes a corner of the 'kerchief in his hand, and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself going round and round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand.

The piper goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure; and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by the spectators to the lassie who, in all that summer revelry, has never spoken and had never smiled.

Imported Foreign Groceries.

Probably very few people know what a large quantity of fancy foreign groceries, including pickles, sauces, and condiments, are brought to this country annually.

A Boston paper says that there are received in that city from England alone at least 10,000 barrels (the pickles, sauces, jellies, olives, etc., being put up in bottles and then packed in barrels for shipment), to say nothing of French fruits, preserves, wines, etc. Large quantities of ale and porter are also shipped to that city annually, amounting to some four or five thousand casks of bottles.

London crackers are also beginning to be exported in large quantities. During the past year more than three hundred tons of these fancy crackers, made up in all shapes, sizes, and designs, have reached Boston by steamer from London, and, strange as it may appear, considerable American flour is consumed in their manufacture.

One firm in Boston have also imported, during the past year, nearly a thousand casks of Day & Martin's blacking. Of course a much larger amount comes to New York, but we have not the figures to show the extent of that trade.

Waste Paper for Household Uses.

Few housekeepers have time to blacken their stoves every day, or even every week. Many wash them in either clean water or dish water. This keeps them clean, but they look very brown. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning.

If I occasionally find a drop of gravy or fruit juice that the paper will not take off, I rub it with a wet cloth, but do not put on water enough to take off the blacking. I find that rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of my teakettle, coff-pot, and tea-pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing them in suds. The inside of coffee-pots and tea-pots should be rinsed in clear water, and never in the dish water.

Rubbing with dry paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tin-ware after scouring. This saves wetting the knife-handles. If a little flour be held on the paper in rubbing tin-ware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing windows, mirrors, lamp chimneys, etc., I always use paper in preference to any dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar.

Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the top of the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it. A fair carpet can be made for a room not constant use, by pasting several thicknesses of newspaper on the floor, over them a coat of wall-paper, and giving it a coat of varnish. In cold weather I have often placed paper between my bed-quilts, knowing that two thicknesses of paper are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step on a chair, always lay a paper on it; this saves rubbing the varnish. Children easily learn the habit of doing so.—Technologist.

Somewhere in the West, a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a Hoosier with a very dull razor.

"Stop!" said Hoosier; "that won't do."

"What's de matter, boss?"

"That razor pulls."

"Well, no matter for dat, sah. If de handle ob de razor don't break, de beard's bound to come off."

Secret Service.

"OFFIS' OF JOSIE BILLINGS FARMER, } ALMANAX FOR 1872." }

MI DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Sum men are born grate, sum men git grate after they are born, and sum men have grate-ness hove upon them.

It seems tew me that I am all 3 of these men hove into one.

At a mass meeting lately held in Pordunk county (my natiff village) the inhabitants past the following preamble and resolutes:

Whereas, it is hilly good that a Farmer's Almanax should be born for the year 1872.

Resolved, that Josh Billings should be sot apart, (and hereby is expressly sot apart) teg betw the job.

Resolved, That this Alminax shall be begottned on the fast day ov nex October, wet or dry.

Resolved, That this Alminax shall contain milk for babes, meat for elders, and crumbs for all.

Resolved, That Knower bilt the ark, and Joner was the fast man who went whaling, but Josh Billings, has the right ingredients for a Farmers' Allmanax.

Resolved, That Faith wins the battles of life, Hope beautifys them, and Charity makes them immortal.

Resolved, That more dogs than a man wants are a nuisance, and less than he haz got, iz positively no loss.

Resolved, That we fully believe that man cum from the monkey, but where the monkey cum from, we dont seem to koo.

Resolved, That the thanks ov this meeting be sent to Darwin (or tew monkey) we dont care whit.

Resolved, That all the nuzepapers in our beloved land (without distinction ov color) be allowed to print these Resolutes.

Resolved, That this meeting now unanimously bursts quietly, sioux dx.

JOSH BILLINGS, Secretary. Ditto, Allmanacker.

P. S. The meeting did bust quiet.—J. C.

Stick to the Fence.

For fifteen years daily at Stamford, Conn., a man has sat on a fence and watched every railroad train as it passed.—Exchange.

He is probably trying to make up his mind if it would be safe to ride in the cars. Old fellow, you stick to that fence! If the top rail is sharp turn it over or put a cushion on it. Fit up a smoking apartment on the next panel if you like, and rig a luxurious couch on the next one to that. Bring out your baggage, take a check for it, and hang it on a post. Buy a ticket and punch it yourself. Ask yourself the distance to the next station and get insulted. Secure, as your means will permit, all the luxuries of railroad travel, but don't get off that fence to enjoy them. So you shall die a natural death, and the good wife shall not expend a farm in fighting the insurance companies over your cold corpse. You're in the right of this thing, old fellow.

The following epitaph is by Moore, on an attorney named Shaw:

"Here lies John Shaw, Attorney at law; And when he died The devil cried, 'Give us your paw, John Shaw, Attorney at law!'"

Josh Billings has issued a supplement to his famous essay on the mule. Here it is in full: "The mawl is a larger burd than the guse turkey; it has iz legs to walk with and tu more to kick with, and wares iz wings on the side of its head."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him, and to threaten to box his ears. He silenced her by inquiring, "What is the use of a hoss till it's broke?"

The Yankee who was lying at the point of death, whittled it off with his jack knife and, is now recovering.

The drouth now prevailing in Illinois has not been equaled within the past twenty five years.

The Territory of Utah is not burdened with a dollar of either Territorial, municipal, or county debt.

A bereaved Western widow addressed the pall-bearers at the funeral with: "You pall bearers just go into the buttry and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along."

How to swallow a door. Bolt it.