

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 29.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 7, 1871.

NO. 33.

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

DR. J. LANTZ, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that he has acquired the most extensive and practical knowledge of all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful, and successful manner.
Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also, to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.
Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.
April 13, 1871.—ly

DR. N. L. PECK, Surgeon Dentist,

Announces that having just returned from Dental College, he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner, and to fill decayed teeth according to the most improved method.
Teeth extracted without pain, when desired, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.
Office in J. G. Keller's new Brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Aug 31-4f

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. Trusting that many years of consecutive practice of Medicine and Surgery will be a sufficient guarantee for the public confidence. February 25, 1870.—4f

JAMES H. WALTON, Attorney at Law,

Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Burson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Jan 13-4f

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

Office, on Main Street, 5 doors above the Stroudsburg House, and opposite Ruster's clothing store.
Business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity.
May 6, 1869.—4f

PLASTER!

Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, FENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PA-LING and POSTS, cheap.
FLOUR and FEED constantly on hand. Will exchange Lumber and Plaster for Grain or pay the highest market price.
BLACKSMITH SHOP just opened by C. Stone, an experienced workman.
Public trade solicited.
N. S. WYCKOFF,
Stokes' Mills, Pa., April 20, 1871.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HOME MADE CHAIRS

Always on hand at
SAMUEL S. LEE'S
New Cabinet Shop,
Franklin Street Stroudsburg, Penn'a
In rear of Stroudsburg Bank.
April 6, 71.—4y.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Wil- liamsburg, N. Y.) Recipe for CON- SUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully com- pounded at HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE. Medicines Fresh and Pure. Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT J. H. McCarthy 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. 16, '67.

DON'T FORGET that when you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarthy, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main Street, Strouds- burg, Pa., is the place to get it. [Sept. 26 DON'T FOOL YOUR MONEY in a way for worthless articles of Furni- ture, but go to McCarthy's, and you will get well paid for it. [Sept. 26, '67.

THE BOYS WHO WANT TO BE CLERKS.

Many of our youth are afflicted with the infatuation that city clerkships are the most eligible positions, while trades are not "respectable." Let them learn that intelligent mechanics have a better chance of securing wealth, eminence and influence than the overcrowded clerkships can afford. The present and last Governor of Connecticut, each in their boyhood, learned a trade, and thus became a thorough master of the business in all its details, in which each has achieved brilliant success. The most extensive manufacturer of silverware in the world, John Gorham, of Providence, declined the position of clerk in the counting-room, that he might master the trade in his father's shop as a regular apprentice, where he learned thoroughly how to do with his own hands all that he has since had to direct others in doing. A multitude of similar facts might be cited to show that the mastery of a trade is one of the best preparations for practical life and prosperity in business. Clerks are often paid less than skillful mechanics, and are less independent. In their precarious positions, they are liable to disappointment and humiliating struggles with the thousands of others looking for a place. Every advertisement for a clerk brings a whole swarm of applicants. How pitiable the condition of this superabundance of book-keepers and exchangers wasting their lives in "waiting for a place," while our factories, railroads and trades are clamoring for educated superintendents, foremen, engineers, skillful managers and cunning workmen. The position of the educated and well-trained mechanic is far preferable to that of average city clerks. The latter may dress better, talk more glibly, bow more gracefully, not to say obsequiously, but they compare unfavorably with our best mechanics in many independence, vigor of thought, and strength of character.

Too many of our young men leave the homestead on adventures less safe and reliable than the arts of industry. A good trade is more honorable and remunerative than peddling maps, books, pictures, patent rights, and clothes wringers, or in a city store, to be cash or errand boy, store sweeper, fire kindler and counter jumper generally. Without in any way disparaging the useful position of the clerk, our young men may properly be cautioned against further crowding this already "plethoric profession." To the boys in the country, we say, instead of aspiring to an uncertain and precarious clerkship, stick to the farm, or learn a trade, and you will lay the broadest foundation for prosperity. Those who have well improved the opportunities now offered in our free schools can well afford to apprentice themselves at sixteen years of age, supplementing their education by evening schools or by self training in their evening and leisure hours.—B. G. Northrop in *Hearth and Home*.

How it Happened—The True Story of Chicago's Rain.

Now, this thing has gone just far enough. We haven't been able to pack up an exchange during the last four weeks without seeing something about Mrs. Leary and her cow. We submit with threadbare petulance, that for the first sixteen or eighteen thousand times it will all do very well; but when it comes to making a habit of it, it is time to "let up." Hasn't Mrs. Leary made innumerable solemn affidavits to the effect that her lamp wasn't kicked over? and that she was in bed and asleep when the fire broke out? and hasn't she caused the same to be printed in all the city papers, and scattered broadcast over the land? So where's the use?
The truth of the matter is just here: While Mrs. Leary, or O'Leary (both readings being adopted), denies the alleged fact, she gives no solution of the case in lieu thereof; so the press, holding to the maxim that "a bird in the hand is worth two in bush," continued to hawk about this same story. Now, to set the matter forever at rest, we propose to give the *vera acta*, obtained from indisputable authority, but which have thus far been kept secret, lest the persons engaged in it should suffer some legal penalty for the legal consequences which their carelessness brought about.
The story is a short one. The cow was being milked at night; she did kick the lamp over; the lamp did set fire to the stable, which caused the conflagration.—It happened this wise: A gay party was gathered at a house near Mrs. Leary's.—During the evening some milk was wanted, and there was none in the house, and of course, none was to be bought, it being Sunday night. Finally it was proposed by one of the party to make a "drat" on Mrs. Leary's cow without her knowledge. The proposition was accepted, and a gay bevy repaired to the stable for the purpose of putting it into execution, with what result the whole world knows.
These are the facts.—Chicago Mail.

A Chicago boot-black recently appeared in Detroit and bought a \$908 lot, for which he paid in fractional currency, mainly of the denomination of ten cents, and which it took three hours to count. He is only eleven years old, and says he made this money in boot blacking in three years.

Brigham Young and Four of His Wives.

George Alford Townsend writes from Utah to the Cincinnati Commercial:
Brigham Young's most noted wife is called Amelia; she is a vivacious, spirited woman, about thirty-two years old, American born, and without children. Another of the President's wives is Mrs. Decker, who retains indications of much former beauty, and her daughters are the handsomest of Brigham's children. The old gentleman looks out well for vocations for his sons-in-law, and it is said that in his will he has divided all his property into seven hundred shares, giving the bulk of it to the church, and distributing the rest equally among his families.

I saw Brigham at the Social Hall, on the occasion of my last visit here, bid four of his wives adieu. The old gentleman had been dancing, but had fatigued the legs of seventy years, and he approached the cluster of his helpmates, buttoned up in a blue overcoat with a white vest underneath, a red woolen comforter around his neck, and a worn silk hat in his hand. He looked very large, square, and bland, and he said with tenderness and dignity, shaking each by the hand: "My dear, I bid you good night!"

The wives, crowding up with apparent emulation, asked if it was his wish that they also should accompany him home. "No," said Brigham, "stay as long as you please. I will have the carriage come back and wait for you at the door below. Good night!"

They were all middle aged women, common place, but cheerful; Brigham, it is said, objects to his wives dancing round dances. It is wonderful that a Mormon with half a dozen wives can be jealous or fastidious about each of them, and yet I have heard people here fly into a passion because their wives were spoken to on the street by strangers or stared at. The only case of assassination, chargeable with any degree of probability to the Mormons, was that of Brassfield, a toemaster, shot dead in the streets of Salt Lake for selling a Mormon's furniture, and proposing to clope upon the proceeds of it with a wife. Godbe, who hates Brigham Young sincerely, has four wives, besides one divorced. Since he has been "cut off" from the Church, he has contemplated the example of radical monogamy. "And yet," says Godbe, "I love all my wives so equally, and they all love me so harmoniously, that I cannot pick out the one to stay or those who must go."

"Consider me Smith."
There is a very good story in the papers of the trick which was played by Dr. Cadwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.
The doctor was a small man, and lean, but he was hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.
He looked as though he might be tough, but he did not seem strong.—Nevertheless he was among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile "as a cat," and in addition, was by no means deficient in knowledge of the "noble science of self-defence." Well, in the Freshmen class of a certain year was burly beef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen.—This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions, and he was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.
Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him,—had no more idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie and whip. At length he determined to give the gentleman a genteel, private thrashing, some night on the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.
Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones went the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him abruptly: "Hello, Smith? you rascal—is this you?"
And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of his face that nearly felled him.
Old Bolus said nothing but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an "ugly customer," but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was a straddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head. "Ah! stop!—I beg pardon, doctor! Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for heaven's sake, doctor!" groaned Jones, who thought he was about to be eaten up.—"I really thought it was Smith!"
The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately—
"It makes no difference, for all present purposes consider me Smith!"
And, it is said, that old Bolus gave John such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity, at least on the College Campus.

A Lady of our city was astonished upon observing that her colored servant girl was possessed of seven silk dresses.—"You see, you quality folks everybody knows is quality, but we bettermost kind of eullud persons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

A Tormented Woman.

I am pestered with offers. Now I never offered to marry a man. I never had the presumption to say a gentleman. "If you will be my exclusive companion for life, I will support you; I will be a mother to your children. As to congeniality, why I've only see you in company dress, buy you please in that, and I'll take it for granted that in all their intricacies and complications our natures will come into perfect sympathy and consanguinity with each other." But men will make such propositions after a six week's acquaintance, when in reality they know no more of the woman whom they ask to marry than they do of the man in the moon. There are men who will propose marriage to us, whose business would keep them two thirds of the time in the wilds of the continent. They seem to imagine that the honor of their name and alliance would be a sufficient compensation for a life spent two-thirds in the condition of grass widowhood, or of one entirely subject to the provisions of the backwoods. There are others, confirmed invalids, who because we are pleasing to them, elect us to the station of their nurses for life. Others are as poor as poverty, yet not for a moment do they hesitate to offer us shares in their like poverty. You men are deluded on this subject of matrimony. You meet a woman attractive to you, and forthwith you conclude that the be-all and end all of her existence here is a place in your own private cage, where she is to sing for your own exclusive benefit. We propose soon to take a hand in this world's little game; we're trying to learn from your how you've managed so long and so successfully to stock the cards; we propose to trump our share of the tricks and see that the honors are more equally divided; we may not all vote, or shriek, or officiate as platform statuary for a Statton or an Anthony, but things are working; a new deal all around is being quietly snuffed out, and in a year or two some of your gentlemen who deem all a woman's fitness to be for making your beds, cooking your food, scrubbing your floors, and rocking your cradles, will be astonished by the positions held by us.—Letter to San Francisco Chronicle.

A Modern Job.

A certain good-natured old Vermont farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day one of his men came in bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead.
"Is he?" said the old man. "Well, he was always a breechy cuss. Take his hide off, and carry it down to Fletcher's; it will fetch the cash."
An hour or so afterward the men came back with the news that Lineback and his mate were both dead.
"Are they?" said the old man. "Well, I took them of B. to save a bad debt that I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brindles."
After the lapse of an hour, the men came back again to tell him that the nigh brindle was dead.
"Is he?" said the old man. "Well, he was a very old ox; take off his hide and take it down to Fletcher's; it's worth the cash, and will bring more than any two of the others."
Hereupon his wife, who was a very pious soul, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment from Heaven upon him for his wickedness.
"Is it?" said the old man. "Well, if they will take the judgment in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay it."

The Cost of a Woman of the Period when fully made up.

Her beautifully luxuriant blonde hair is worth—if it be a wig—from \$50 to \$200; if it be a switch, from \$10 to \$100; if it be in curls, from \$15 to \$50.
Her pure white brow, her dark, arched eyebrows, cost from \$4 to \$14.
Her large and liquid eyes are worth \$1.
Her white face and neck (when enamelled) are procured at a price ranging from \$15 to \$35.
Her faultless, gleaming ivorys, if false, cost her from \$25 to \$200.
Her ruby lips are worth about 25 cents.
Her round, plump cheeks, if plumpers, cost \$5.
Her swelling bosom is gotten up, if pads, for \$1 to \$12; if respirators, for \$5 to \$10; if balm and developers, for \$14.
Her Grecian bend is worth anywhere from \$8 to 10.
Her plump arm (if padded) cost from \$1 to \$3.
Her Italian hands and aristocratic nails are worth from \$2 upwards.
Her corsets (before her waist) is worth from 75 cents to \$10.
Her hips are rounded at a price from \$1 to \$6.50.
Her delicious limbs, when in the shape of false calves, cost from \$8 upwards.
Her pretty foot and ankle cost from \$7 to \$30.
Her blotches, tongue scraper, neck, etc., are worth \$2.
The total beauty, therefore, costs herself, or rather some man of the period, from about \$85 to \$620 and upward, per occasion for her personal charms, entirely independent of her dry goods and loves of bonnets.
An eagle in the act of carrying off a sheep, was caught in the Jersey mountains and is now a prisoner at Portland, Northampton, Pa.

How to Get Along.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hour.
If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted, or in business hours.
No man can get rich by lounging in stores and saloons.
Never "fool" in business matters.
Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness.
Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap and the man who sells will take it out in trade.
Endeavor to avoid hard words and personalities.
Trade is money.
Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping.
Pay as you go.
A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.
Aid, but never beg.
Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.
Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.
Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better.
Use your own brains rather than those of others.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
Be vigilant.
Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Brigham Young's Family.

Among the most interesting sights to be seen at the theatre in Salt Lake City is the young array of Youngs, the Prophet's progeny, who generally occupy the benches along one side of the parquet—Boys and girls, young men and young women, apparently without number, ranging in years from seven to twenty, play and sport with each other like so many kittens. Finer or healthie specimens of humanity you cannot find anywhere. The male portion are strong, healthy and robust; the females very womanly looking, with clear complexions and bright eyes. They have all splendid teeth and beautiful heads of hair. The girls are very roguish, and are not at all averse to leveling their opera-glasses upon any handsome and noted Gentle who may be present. They seem to appreciate return glances, and then laugh and giggle over the fun like a lot of school girls. Getting a full view of the family of the Prophet, and dissecting them mentally, morally, and physically, the unprejudiced thinker cannot agree with those philosophers who assert that the offspring of polygamic marriages are weak and puny creatures. That such may be the case in some instances may be true; but in no sense can it apply to the Young family.
A few evenings since John Stutgood was paying a visit to his dulcina. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the parental ear, and coming suddenly into the room, he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her.
"It's that cat, sir," was the mumbling reply.
"Drive it out of here," thundered *pater familias*.
"Seat," screamed Mary; and then sotto voice: "John meow a little."
John set up a woeeful yowl.
"Confound it, bring a light, and sear the thing out."
This was too much and John made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him.
"Thunder, what a cat!" said the parent contemplating the ruin after the light was brought; "I never saw anything like it, and confound it, its tail is made of broadcloth," as he viewed the remnant hanging from the window.

Husband's Liability for Wife's Bills.

An action has just been decided in Philadelphia, by Judge Thayer, in favor of a husband who had been sued by a dry goods firm for the amount of a bill run up by his wife. Defence set up that defendant furnished his wife with an ample supply of necessaries. In the course of his charge Judge Thayer said: "It is a false and foolish notion for trades-people to entertain that a husband is bound to pay all bills contracted by his wife. No such monstrous doctrine is allowed in the law. Tradesmen must ascertain the facts and the true relations of man and wife before allowing the latter to run up bills which is to be looked to pay." Commenting upon this exposition of law, which ought to be more familiar than it is, the Philadelphia Record thinks that when trades-people come to distinctly understand it, "a very sensible step will have been accomplished towards reform in the wanton extravagance and ruinous folly which, under the meretricious impulse of the stupid despot called 'fashion,' so wastes the substance, mars the manners, deforms the persons, degrades the morals and wrecks the happiness of myriad households and individuals, not only in this community but throughout the country."
A love letter, picked up in town a few days since, contains the following paragraph: "My best loved one, I chewed the postage stamp on your letter all to thunder, because I knew you licked it on."

Horrors of Hydrophobia.

On October 21st, an officer of the Pittsburg police force died of hydrophobia, having been bitten in the hand a short time previously by a dog. The wound produced was of a trifling character, and nothing was thought of it at the time.—But on the afternoon of October 23, he began to feel sick, and sharp pains shot up the arm from the wound in the hand nearly healed. A strong fever set in, and he grew excited and delirious. At first he talked wildly, and finally, tortured by the intense pain, he foamed at the mouth, shrieking in his agony. This continued for several hours, the pain gradually lessening while the delirium augmented.—He tried to bark like a dog, and bit and snapped at every one who approached him. Being a man of powerful build and great strength, it was extremely difficult to control him, while he raged and struggled in the horror of his delirium. The scene is described as terrible. The strong man, held down by force, every nerve and sinew of his vigorous frame trembled and excited; shriek after shriek rending the air, his face wild with a horrible terror, and the foam dripping from his mouth.—Hour after hour went by in this fearful delirium, until exhausted nature laid him helpless and dying before his terror stricken family.

There is a needle factory in New Haven, the process of which is done by a single machine without the manual labor of any person. A coil of steel wire is put in. The machine cuts it off at the required lengths. It cuts the steel pieces consecutively, punches the eye holes, counter sinks the eyes and grinds the points, and, in fact, everything until the needless drop out completely formed.—Another machine picks them up and arranges them heads and points together, and a third piece of mechanism puts them into paper. One of these machines occupy no more space than an ordinary table, and each of them turns out from thirty to forty thousand needles a day.—Most of the needles hitherto in use have been imported from England until a few years past. They are made there, mainly at Reddich in Worcester. The business employs about four thousand persons, chiefly females, who are paid weekly from 36 cents for small children to \$9, 50 for skilled men.

OUR IRON INTEREST.

The number of hands employed in the primary production of iron in the United States is roughly estimated at 140,000; 58,000 in preparing ore and fuel, 25,000 in preparing fuel for rolling mills, 12,500, in blast-furnaces, and 2,500 at forges and bloomeries. Add the 800,000 engaged in manufacturing articles of iron, and we have a total of 940,000.
The approximate value of the pig-iron manufactured last year was \$75,000,000. Adding to this the product of the rolling-mills and forges, the amount is \$138,000,000. Adding, again, the value of articles manufactured of iron, and the value of the iron manufacture of the country for the year is \$900,000,000. Of rails we produced in 1853 but \$7,000 tons, and 1869 the amount had risen to 580,000 tons. Of steel rails we laid in the latter year 50,000 tons, 15,000 tons of which were of domestic manufacture, and it is further estimated that the quantity of steel rails laid this year will reach 150,000 tons. The annual importation of foreign rails have varied between 358,794 tons in 1853, and 10,186 tons in 1869 the amount again exceeded 300,000 tons, or more than half the whole British export.

Sharp Shooting.

The following dialogue on sharp shooting quietly took place between a Virginia and a Yankee picket: I say, can you fellows shoot?
Wall, I reckon we can, some. Down in Mississippi we knock a bumble bee's eye-winker off at three hundred yards.
Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shoot up in Vermont. I belong to a military company up there of a hundred men, and we went out for practice every week. The captain draws us up single file, and sets a cider barrel rolling down hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if their is a shoot didn't go in the bung-hole the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet.

At least one tribe or band of Indians are far from being the miserable savages whose extermination is so loudly called for. The "peace policy" appears to have been a genuine success so far as the Nez Percés Indians are concerned. They occupy reserved seats in the Lapwai reservation, in Montana. They have 9,000 horses, 1,250 cattle and 120 swine. Their reservation contains 2,400 square miles, and they cultivate 1,050 acres of wheat, 1,600 of corn, 3,400 of oats, 200 of barley, 7,500 of potatoes, 250 of turnips and 500 onions. Such is the report of their agent.

A Berkshire papa put it thus to his daughter's beau: "Jim, if you want Lou you can have her; but I don't want you hanging around unless you mean business. If you intend to marry her, hurry up, for I can't be kept awake nights much longer."