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

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ADVERTISEMENTS of one-half share of eight lines or less, one-third insertion \$1.50. Each additional section, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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

Valuable Property
FOR SALE.

The subscribers offer for sale, their residence in Stroudsburg. The lot has a front of 145 ft. on Main Street, with a depth of 250 feet.

The buildings consist of a convenient dwelling house, store house, barn and other outbuildings.

There is an abundance of choice apples, pears, plums, grapes and small fruits, with excellent water.

May 16, 1872.] A. M. & R. STOKES.

LACKAWANNA HOUSE.
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,

East Stroudsburg, Pa.

B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.

The BAR contains the choicest Liquors, and the TABLE is supplied with the best the market affords. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4.

D R. J. L A N T Z,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

sits 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 his eighteen years constant practice and the most eminent skill in dentistry, make him the most perfect in that art, able to perform operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner.

Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth ; also to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, or other Continous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.

Most persons know the great folly and danger of exposing their work to the inexperienced, or to those acting at a distance.

April 13, 1871.—ly

D R. 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.—ff.

GEO. W. JACKSON. Amzi LeBar.

Mrs. JACKSON & LeBAR

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHEURS,

Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg, Pa.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON,

Stroudsburg,

in the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson Residence in Wyckoff's Building.

DR. A. LeBAR,

East Stroudsburg,

office next door to Smith's Store. Residence at Miss E. Heller's.

Feb. 8 72-ff

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 lifelike 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-ff

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-ff

KELLERSVILLE HOTEL.

The undersigned having purchased the above well known and popular Hotel Property, would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has furnished and fitted up the Hotel in the best style. A handsome Bar, with choice Liquors and Sodas, polite attendants and moderate charges.

CHARLES MANAL,

Proprietor.

Found out why people go to McCarty's to get their furniture, because he buys it at the Ware Rooms of Lee & Co. and sells it at an advance of only twenty-two and two-thirds per cent. Or in other words, Rocking Chairs that he buys of Lee & Co. (through the runners he don't have) for \$4.50 he sells for \$5.50. Pays him to buy some good Furniture.

LEE & CO.

Stroudsburg, Aug. 18, 1870.—ff.

PLASTER!

Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, FENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PAINTING, 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.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Wilton, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded.

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.

Medicines Fresh and Pure.

Nov. 21, 1871. W. HOLLINSHEAD.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., JUNE 13, 1872.

NO. 7.

AN ANGELIC VISITOR.
A Very Extraordinary Story.

A lady in Indianapolis furnishes the People, a paper published there, with the following extraordinary narrative concerning Lisette Bernard, a girl of French extraction, "who was one of a car load of orphans, homeless children, sent West from New York by the Children's Aid Society there, to find homes. My husband had spoken to Mr. Friedgut, the agent of the Society, brother of the shoe merchant in Washington street, to bring him a little nurse girl with the next car load he should conduct to the West." This was in the winter of 1864-5. That spring, in April, he brought us Lisette, stating that he knew nothing of her parentage, and that he selected her on account of her gentle disposition from a number of favorites at the Orphan Asylum on Randall's Island, near New York, where she had been for four years.

"She lingered till January last and died painless death. It was a gradual fading away. Her performances ceased in December. After her death Mr. J. wrote to the asylum whence she came to know what the record showed concerning her. The answer, so far as applicable, is as follows :

"Bernard Lisette was entered January 20, 1861, from Bleeker street tenement house. Supposed to be four years old; mother died of starvation, said to be a French music teacher. Lisette sent to Indianapolis April, 1865.

"She never touched the piano when awake, but said she would like to learn to play it. Nor did she with two exceptions to the asylum whence she came to know what the record showed concerning her. The answer, so far as applicable, is as follows :

"There was nothing remarkable about her but very mild ways and dreary, weary look from her deep set blue eyes. I noticed Lisette manifest a peculiar and intense interest whenever I played on the piano selections from any of the old operas and masterpieces. At such times I would find her sitting in the adjoining room, utterly oblivious to everything, but the music, from the effects of which she seemed to awaken when spoken to, and would then rouse herself as if from sleep.

This absorption was the subject of frequent remark in the family. One night last November, at 2 o'clock, my husband and I were roused from our slumbers by hearing the sweetest music, coming apparently from our piano. Our bed room was off the sitting room, all on the same floor, and of course we were frightened. The doors from our room to the sitting room and parlor were all open—the gas by our bed side burning dimly, but the parlor was dark. We lay a moment listening to the perfect concord of sounds from the piano, which we perceived was under the fingers of a master's hand. The music was from Handel—one of his grand and majestic movements, and not one that I had played on that piano, and I had not the notes in the house. The playing ceased a moment or two, and soon began with one of Lisette's fantasias, one so difficult of execution that none but the highest professors of art ever attempted it. I had heard it the summer before at Grossby's in Chicago, but had never tried it myself. Mr. J. and I hastily dressed ourselves, for by this time we supposed same of our friends had taken the novel method of serenading us, but who was the performer that touched the instrument with a skill possessed by none of my acquaintances, was the puzzling question.

People often talk of the resources of Pennsylvania for industrial pursuits in a general sort of way, without any attempt to measure her natural progress or capacity. We present these considerations merely to enable our readers to form some estimate of the real state of the case, and of the vast and overshadowing importance of industrial pursuits to this Commonwealth. It is the possession of the native resources in such exhaustless abundance that does this for us. No one has yet attempted to gauge the ultimate capacity of the State, and our own efforts in that line have merely served to arouse the latent energies of the people, and afford them some vague idea of a boundless future. It is but a very few years since the mining interest of Schuylkill fancied that its destiny depended altogether on the New York market. And now the intelligent people of that region begin to see that if the coal is so valuable to New York and New England for industrial purposes it can be made much more so here at home.

Complaint has been made that the mines produce more coal than the markets require; but now the operators begin to see that they can create vast home markets by means of industrial enterprises. Iron is scarce and high, and we can market all we can make, so that the future lies bright ahead. Let us produce twice as much iron as we do now, and the impulse will be felt by every branch of industry in the old Commonwealth. All this lies within our reach; but we must do it for ourselves and depend upon no contingencies and no outside aid. From the coal that we export steam power is extracted. When we sell it to others and neglect to make adequate use of it ourselves, we take from our treasures the great leverage of industry, and receive for it money that affords us but a poor compensation. As it lies in the coal deposits, it offers to us the means of increasing wealth, industry, power, commerce, if we only avail ourselves of the opportunity. And the fact that the mines produce more coal than the consumption warrants, appears to tell against ourselves, since we are essentially an industrious people; and having the coal here in such quantities, and so cheap, it is our own fault if we do not rise to the capacity of the mines and apply the whole surplus to the production of industry. It is not to Philadelphia alone that we apply this lesson, for our city goes ahead fast enough. But every part of the State is in the same situation. Coal and iron are available at all points, and industry should there be developed.

As it closed, Lisette rose gracefully, and bowing said: "That is sufficient for this child to night, she must now rest. Please, kind friends, do not waken her in the morning; I will rouse her at the proper time," and bowing again with a womanly grace Lisette had never attained, she passed to her room.

The next morning Lisette, usually an early riser, slept till 10 o'clock. We said nothing to her of what we had witnessed, nor told it to any one else that day. On the second night after we were awakened about the same hour by a similar performance in the parlor. We went in again. The pieces played were all classic, mostly from Handel—one or two from Beethoven—and their execution perfect; only one of which had ever been played in her hearing. Between each each, she made remarks and criticisms as naturally as if she were some accomplished performer presiding at the piano, and not our little nurse girl. As she closed the performance she astonished us more than ever by saying: "Good friends, I much thank you for your kindness to this child; I am her mother, and I am training her unconsciously to herself. Please do not tell her of this practice, for I fear she will not long remain with you, as she is very delicate," and bowed herself out as before.

These performances, being repeated every alternate night after, became some what annoying, especially since Lisette seemed to be declining rapidly. The physician prescribed for her, but never

seemed to understand her case. He witnessed the musical performances. He said she was undoubtedly asleep the whole time at the piano. On one occasion she turned to him and said:

"Oh, doctor! I see you don't understand this. Lisette is not before you except in body. I am her mother. I can use her body. My name is Therese Bernard. I was reared in Lorraine, married in Paris. I taught music in Paris—it was my grand passion. My husband died on board ship as we came to America. I died in New York a few months afterward. I have watched Lisette ever since—you need not give her medicine—she will soon be with me and Louis."

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Many branches of business are seriously embarrassed by the enormously high prices of iron. And yet Pennsylvania has with in her own area the means of supplying her own needs and a large part of the nation. We may say, in fact, that the iron industry of the State is capable of indefinite expansion, and that with its enormous advantages, it ought to be able to make a bold effort for the control of the general field. We have been misrepresenting as dependents on government bounties, when the case has been far otherwise. This is not a community of

waiters on Providence. Judge Kelley truly said in Congress that Pennsylvania could go on under any tariff that any other State could stand. Hitherto we have contended for the interests of the nation. Let us now look to our own interests.

Our present opportunity is a grand one, and ought not to be suffered to pass without our profiting by it. This is Pennsylvania's great chance, and the spirit of her people should rise to it. It is not for large cities only. It affects all parts alike. The smallest hamlet within reach of coal, iron, lumber or railroads may do something, and the larger towns in proportion. Local coal depots should be distributed far and wide over the whole Commonwealth on the most liberal scale, so as to foster and stimulate industry. The home market can be made to consume all the coal that can be produced and sent to market. Philadelphia is doing her best to expand her own consumption; now let the interior do the same. Manufactures of all kinds ought to be established in the coal regions, but especially the iron manufacture. Give the miners steady employment all the year through at fair wages, and there will be no strikes. Give the operators a regular trade for all the coal they can produce and send to market, and there will be no more talk of suspension. But it is not to New York or New England that we must look for the increase; it is to the home region—Pennsylvania herself, whose vast future has now been so clearly demonstrated.

To this end let all concerned go to work earnestly and do something.

A Chair-making Village.

The principal business in the town of Gardner, Mass., is that of the manufacture of cane and wood seat chairs, and not only are the most of the inhabitants, both old and young either directly or indirectly engaged in this business, but work is furnished to hundreds of people, in braiding the cane, for fifteen or twenty miles around. There are fifteen firms who prosecute this business, who turn out on an average all the way from three hundred to twelve hundred chairs each day. The largest factories employ from two hundred to three hundred operatives, while the smaller ones have from one hundred to one hundred and fifty; and, at the present time, not less than six thousand chairs per day are made in this village.

The workmen employed in these factories represent many nations, amongst which are Americans, French, Irish, and a liberal sprinkling of negroes. They work both by the piece and day, and earn from \$1.50 to \$5 per day. Business all through the summer has been brisk, and all the different factories have been running to their full capacity. On entering one of these large establishments, the visitor is made quickly aware of the magnitude of the business when he sees spread out before him thousands upon thousands of feet of lumber in the stock rooms, the huge piles of bottoms, backs, rounds, etc., uniformly arranged, assort and sized, and bears the clutter of all kinds of machinery; he no longer wonders where the immense quantities of chairs which are required to meet the demands of the trade come from.

Gardner is the oldest chair manufacturing town in the country, the business having