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Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Office in his office on Main Street, in the second story of the S. Walden's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice, and the most careful and careful attention to 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 skillful manner.
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Office 1st door above Stroudsburg House,
residence 1st door above Post Office.
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. [May 3 '73-ly.]

D. R. GEO. W. JACKSON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.

In the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson,
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STROUDSBURG, PA.
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D. R. H. J. PATTERSON,
OPERATING AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

Having located in East Stroudsburg, Pa., announces that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner. Also, great attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All other work incident to the profession done in the most skillful and approved style. All work attended to promptly and warranted. Charges reasonable. Patronage of the public solicited.
Office in A. W. Loder's new building, opposite Ansonian House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1873-1y.

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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 31-4

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law.

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

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurnished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.
April 17, '72-4.] D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,
HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.
169 Main street.
Proprietors.
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OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,
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THE BAR contains the choicest Liquors and the TABLE is supplied with the best of the market. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4]

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May 30, 1872.—1y.

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

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.
Medicines Fresh and Pure.
Nov. 21, 1867. W. HOLLINSHEAD.

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH

"Dear me! I wish I could go home to Thanksgiving," said Adelaide Kent.
Addie Kent worked all day in a great shirt factory where the sewing machines hummed like a bin full of bumble bees, and the steam shook the floor; and for all daily bread.

"I know just how it looks there," said Adelaide to herself. "If I shut my eyes I can see the great old kitchen fire, and the tins all shining on the shelves; and I can see dear old grandma in her black stuff dress and silver spectacles, and little lame Benny whittling out wooden toys. Oh, if I could only go! But Mr. Secor can't spare a girl out of the factory just now, and O dear, I may wish and wish in vain. But girls," she spoke these last two words out loud, with a merry sparkle through the tears that filled her eyes, to the room full of girls around—[I've such an idea in my head! We'll get up a Thanksgiving dinner for old Mr. Dallas!"]

Old Mr. Dallas, be it premised, was a rheumatic old bachelor who had the top room in Mrs. Dunmore's cheap boarding house, and "found" himself—mostly in bread and cheese and cold water. Some of the gay girls who boarded there called him a miser; some called him an eccentric gins; but all agreed in the primary fact that he was very poor, very rheumatic, and very solitary.

"It isn't as if he were a young man, you know, said she. "We can steal into his room and lay the table in a little while, and it will be so nice to surprise him. We'll subscribe a little all around and buy a small turkey, and I can cook it on Mrs. Dunmore's kitchen fire; and I know a splendid receipt for pumpkin pie; and—and you know, girls, if we can't go home and have a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving, all by ourselves, we can at least help to make somebody else happy. Why, I don't suppose Mr. Dallas has had a real Thanksgiving dinner for ten years."

And so Adelaide Kent basied her kind little heart and fertile brain in contriving a pleasant surprise for the solitary old bachelor in the upper floor, who sat in his overcoat to save firing, and ate dry bread, with cheese, when he could get it, and when he could not, do without.

How she trotted about in the gray twilight of Thanksgiving eve, with a scarlet hood, tied over her chestnut brown braids, and her cheeks and lips rivaling its vermilion hue, while on her arm she carried a huge covered basket—Mrs. Dunmore's market basket, in truth and in fact—and when she came home, the whole swarm of girls gathered about her to investigate its contents.

And to hear the knot of pretty young conspirators whispering and buzzing to gether, you would have thought the whole world would penetrate their mystery before the hour for its fruition was ripe, except old Miles Dallas, who sat up in his room, shivering in the frosty air, with only the reflection of the street lamps against the walls to light the dreary hours.

"The world is getting too hard for me," thought the poor old man. "There don't seem to be any place for me—and perhaps I'd be better off if it that in."

But Mrs. Dunmore, the landlady, came up in a great hurry the next day.
"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Dallas, I'm sure," she said, dropping a hurried courtesy, for the old man had a stately sort of air with him when he pleased, "but—but little Mike's gone home to spend Thanksgiving, and I've no mortal soul to send this basket of provisions to poor Mrs. Thistlethwaite by, and if it wouldn't be troubling you too much, Mr. Dallas, may be the walk would do you good."

And Miles Dallas, willing to be the bearer of good news to one perhaps older and poorer than himself, rose courteously up, and went on Mrs. Dunmore's kindly mission.

But no sooner had the door closed behind his halting footsteps, than the swarm of merry damsels flattered in, with Addie Kent at their head; a cheerful fire of antiphrastic coal glowed and crackled in the grate; the room was swept and garnished with brilliant autumn leaves, and the table spread with a spotless damask cloth, while in the centre stood the monthly rose.

"That will do for the present," said Addie. "Now girls, shut the door and let the room get warm, and I'll just run down and see to the turkey and pumpkin pie."

It was quite dusk, and snowing softly without, when Louie Holland came dancing down into the kitchen of the boarding house where Addie was busy at work, with her sleeves rolled up above the elbows, and a big bird of striped ticking enveloping her trim little figure.

"Oh, Addie," she cried, "he's come back!"
"Who has come back?" Addie asked, drenching the little brown carcass of the bird with a shower of unctuous gravy from a tin spoon.

"Mr. Dallas!"

"What did he say?"

"Why, I didn't see him when he came in but there he sits by the fire, as com- posed as if a fire was an every day thing."

"How does he look? Surprised?"

"I can't see, it's so dark, and there is only the firelight in the room. Shall I light a lamp?"

"Not yet," said Addie. "Wait until the table is all set, and then we'll illuminate. He's a philosopher, you see, and takes things coolly. Now stand aside, Louie, and let me carry the center dish of the feast up."

In poured the girls, three or four in number, Addie directing, and each doing her part, until the board was spread with the dainties—the turkey brown and crisp, the celery nodding overhead, the red apples and crimson-tinted jelly lending color to the scene, and the pumpkin and cranberry pies shining like gold and ruby at either end of the board.

And then, when it was all arranged, Addie Kent went softly up behind the silent figure in the arm chair that had watched the whole twilight scene of mute surprise, and putting her arms around his neck, left a soft, fragrant kiss on his cheek.

"It was my surprise, sir," she said. "And oh! I hope you'll enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner, for—"

But a cry of surprise from Louie Holland made her look around; and there, in the doorway, with the empty basket on her arm and a loaf of bread wrapped in brown paper in his hand, stood old Miles Dallas.

And the imposter in the arm chair rose as much embarrassed as herself.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, "but I couldn't help myself. I had no idea you were going to kiss me; it was all exactly like a scene in the Arabian Nights, and I expected every minute it would all vanish through a crack in the floor. And—"

But Addie, without staying to see how tall and straight and handsome this usurping hero was, had precipitately escaped. And Miles Dallas and his nephew from Cuba ate the Thanksgiving dinner together with a relish.

"You will pardon me!" pleaded Eugene Dallas, when Addie came in, demure and blushing to clear away the dishes.

"If you will pardon me?"

"It was very stupid of me," said Eugene; "but I'll try to make amends in the dish washing line, if you'll let me."

And before their domestic duties were concluded, Addie had learned that Eugene had returned from Cuba a rich man, with the intention of taking Uncle Miles back to end his days in that summer land.

"But he thinks I had better stay here," said Eugene with a sigh.

"So do I," said Addie, almost instinctively, "I mean—"

"Do you really?" cried Eugene, brightening up at once. "Then I'll stay."

And the next Thanksgiving day Addie invited Mrs. Dunmore and all the girls to dine with her in her brown stone house on Gramery Place, where she presided with the grace of a little queen, as Mrs. Eugene Dallas.

And this is what came of that kiss on Thanksgiving day.—N. Y. Ledger.

Anecdote of an Elephant.

The Leisure Hour, an English magazine, tells this touching story, as related by Major Brown of the Fortieth regiment:

During the siege of Pondichery, in the East Indies, by the British army, when M. Lally was governor, there, there were in the French garrison several war elephants; all of which except one died from the scarcity of provisions, and the survivor would have shared the fate of his companions but for his uncommon sagacity, which rendered him a favorite with every one, and the object of general admiration. This animal in the absence of his keeper, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all other means of safety, ran for protection under the elephant. Apparently delighted with the poor wretch's confidence, the creature instantly faced about and met the crowd, erected his trunk and threw his chain in the air, as is the manner of these animals when engaged with the enemy, and became so furious in defense of the criminal, that notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they nor even his mahout or driver, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail with him to give up the malefactor. The contest had continued for about three hours, when at length the governor, hearing the strange account of it, came to the spot, and was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped that he yielded to the elephant's interposition, and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an ecstasy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgments by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor, who, was apparently so sensible of what had happened that, laying aside all his former violence, he became perfectly tame and gentle in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the smallest resistance.

The smoking of seed corn is now extensively practiced, and is not injurious to its germinating power. Care, however, must be taken that the corn be not heated by actual flame. The smoking, while it insures the thorough drying of corn, also protects the seed when planted from the depredations of the wire worm, and some other predatory insects.

Scared out of a Wife.

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

The narrative which I am about to write, was told me one bleak, cold night, in a country parlor. It was one of those nights midwinter, when the wind swept over the land making everything tingle with its frosty breath, that I was seated before a blazing fire, surrounded by a jolly, half dozen doys and an old bachelor—A. Peter Green—about forty and eight years old.

It was just the night without to make those within enjoy a good story, so each of us had to tell his favorite story, save Mr. Green, and as he was a jolly old fellow, we all looked for a jolly story. We were somewhat surprised to hear him say "I have no story would interest you," so we had to find other entertainments for a while when one of the boys told me to ask him how it happened that he never got married. So I did.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "it don't seem right for me to tell how that happened, but as it is about myself I don't care much. You see when I was young we had to walk as high as five miles to church and singing school, which was our chief enjoyment. But this don't have anything to do with my not getting a wife, but I just wanted to show you that we had some trouble them days in getting our sport."

John Smith and I were like brothers, or like Mary and her little lamb." Where one went the other was sure to go. So we went to see two sisters, and as we were not the best boys imaginable, the old gentleman took umbrage and wouldn't allow us to come near the house, so we would take the girls to the end of the lane, and there we would have to take the final kiss.

We soon got tired of that sort of fun, and I told John, on our way to singing school one night, that I was going to take Sadie home, and that I was going into the house too.

He said the old man would run me if I did.

I told him I was going to risk it anyhow, let come what would.

So home we went with the girls. When we got to the end of the lane I told the girls we proposed going all the way.

They looked at each other in a way I didn't like too well, but said they (the old folks) would be in bed so they didn't care if we did.

They were a little more surprised yet when I told them of going in a little while, but as all was quiet when we got to the house, we had no trouble in getting into the kitchen.

Then and there we had our first court, and I made up my mind to ask Sadie to be my wife the next time I came!

It was now past the turn of the night, and as we had four miles to walk, I told John we would have to be going. So we stepped out on the porch, but just as we did so, the sky was lit up by lightning, and one tremendous thunder peal rolled along the mountain sides. Its echo had not died out in the far off vales until the rain began to pour from the garnered fullness of the clouds. We waited for it to stop until we were all sleepy, when the girls said we should go to bed in the little room at the head of the stairs which led out of the kitchen, as their father didn't get up early we could be home before the old folks were astir. So after bidding the girls a sweet good night—and hugging them a little—and wishing them pleasant dreams, and promising them to come back on next Saturday night, we started for bed.

We didn't have far to go, as the bed stood near the head of the stairs. John was soon in bed, but as I was always a little slow, and full of curiosity, I was looking around the little room.

At last I thought I would sit down on a chest which was pread over with a nice white cloth, while I drew off my boots. So down I sat, when stars of the east, I went plump into a big egg custard pie!

I thought John would die laughing, for he said I had smashed that custard all to thunder and the plate right in two.

You see we had to be awful quiet so that the old man would not hear.

I was now ready to get into bed, so I put the light out and picked up my boots thinking to put them in a more convenient place when down my one leg went through a pipe pole, which had been covered by paper, up to my hip.

Now one part of me was up stairs while the longest part was in the kitchen.

As my leg was very long it reached a shelf which was occupied by dishes, pans, coffee pots, etc., and turning it over down it went with a tremendous crash.

The girls had not yet retired, and I could hear them laugh enough to split their sides.

I felt awful ashamed, and was scared until my heart was in my throat, for I expected the old man every moment.

I extracted my leg from the confounded hole just in time, for the old lady looked into the kitchen from the room door, and asked "what all that noise was about?"

The girls put her off as best they could, and I went to bed, while John was strangling himself under the cover to keep from laughing aloud.

We soon went off into the land of dreams with the hope of waking early. I wish I could tell you my dreams, but it would take me to long. One moment I would fancy myself by the side of Sadie, sipping nectar from her heaven bedewed lips, and

the next I would be flying from the old man, while he would be flourishing his cane above my head.

This all came to an end by John giving me a kick.

On waking and looking around I saw John's eyes as big as my fist, with the sun was beaming in at the window.

What to do now he couldn't tell, for we heard the old man having family prayers in the kitchen.

John looked out of the window and said we could get down over the pork roof.

"Get out and dress as soon as possible," he said.

So in my hurry my foot got fastened in the bedclothes, and out I tumbled, head foremost, turned over, and down the steps until I struck the door, which was fastened by a wooden button, and it giving way out I rolled right in front of the old man.

He threw up his hands and cried "Lord! save us!" for he thought I was the devil.

The old lady screamed until you could have heard her a mile.

I was so scared and bewildered that I couldn't get up at once. It was warm weather, and I didn't have anything on but a shirt.

When I heard the girls sneaking it made me mad, and I jumped up and rushed out of the door, leaving the greater part of my shirt on the old iron door latch.

Off I started for the barn, and when half way through the yard the dog set up a howl and went for me.

When I got in the barnyard I had to run through a flock of sheep, and among them was an old ram, who backed off a little and started for me. With one bound I escaped his blow, sprang into the barn, and began to climb up the logs into the mow, when an old mother hen bounced upon my legs, picking me until they bled.

I threw myself upon the hay, and after John had slid down the porch into a hog's head of rainwater, he came to me with one of my boots, my coat, and one of the legs of my pants.

He found me completely prostrated. Part of my shirt, my hat, one leg of my pants, my vest, stockings, necktie, and one boot was left behind.

I cowered then and there that I would never go to see another girl, and I'll die before I will.

A Touching Incident.

A touching story comes to us from Poughkeepsie, and we imagine that few of our readers will perseue the incident without feeling. According to the Eagle, a lady was last week walking alone the street when she met a little girl between two and three years old evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand the lady asked her where she was going. "I'm going down town to find my papa," was the reply, between the sobs of the child. "What is your papa's name?" asked the lady. "His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing. "But what is his other name?" queried the lady, "what does your mamma call him?" "She calls him papa," persisted the baby. The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along saying, "You had better go with me, I guess you came from this way." "Yes, but I don't want to go back, I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break. "What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady. "I want to kiss him." Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her and led her away. From the subsequent inquiries it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him she had tired of waiting for him to come home, and had sallied out to find him and kiss him. Could anything be more touching and sad?

Advice to Young Skaters.

Never try to skate in two directions at once.

Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice for fast skaters to break their shins over.

There is no law to prevent a beginner from sitting down whenever he is so inclined.

Skate over all the small boys at once. Knock 'em down. It makes great fun, and they like it.

If you skate into a hole in the ice take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water were boiling hot.

If your skates are too slippery buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs until you find a pair that is not slippery.

In a tug down do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you may break the ice.

When you fall headlong examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up. That will make everybody think you fell because your skates were loose.

Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak until you get thoroughly warmed up, then throw it off, and let the wind cool you. This will insure you a fluid cold!

After you get so you can skate tolerably well, skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand.

It is said that one hundred Marino sheep, with plenty of bedding, will, during the ordinary feeding time in winter, produce about forty two horse wagon loads of manure, which is far more valuable as a fertilizer than that of either horses or cows.

The One Friend.

The following will be new to our readers. We get the facts from a source which we know to be trustworthy.

President Lincoln, on one of his early morning walks, while McClellan, with the Army of the Potomac, was on the Chickahominy, dropped in at the War Office, and found the Secretary, as usual, up to his ears in business. Telegrams were thick upon his desk, and important reports from subordinates were at each elbow. The President nodded kindly and sat down.

As it chanced, Mr. Lincoln had seated himself by a small table upon which was a pile of papers held together by a spring-clasp. He had seen too many papers of that description not to know what they were. They were petitions for office—some as long as a "Corn Law" petition, and signed by the whole voting force of a district,—others with not more than one or two hundred names,—while others had come with fewer, and with still fewer signers. Some were signed by Governors, ex-Governors, and Members of Congress, and others had only recommendations of military heroes of fame and renown.

The office asked for was a valuable one. The former incumbent had been transferred to an important post in the West by Gen. Halleck, and a special detail by the Secretary had since been doing the duties appertaining to the vacant office. Mr. Lincoln took the applications from their clasp, and looked them over. His face lengthened, and his lips tightened, as his gaze became lost in the wilderness of names opened before him.

"Stanton," said he, "what are you going to do about this? Have you selected your man for the place?"

"Selected!" cried the Secretary, pushing away a lot of papers from before him, and facing about. "How is a man going to select? Look at the list of applicants, and look at the hosts of sponsors. Just at this moment I don't want to offend anybody needlessly. I am obliged to offend enough any way."

"Here's a man royally recommended," said Mr. Lincoln, holding up an application of great length, and bearing the signatures of men mighty in the political arena. "This man ought to be worthy."

"Look further, Mr. President, and you will find that petition thrown in the shade entirely."

"Merdy!" exclaimed the President. He had taken hold of a petition which had unfolded itself to the floor.

"Go on,—go on,—you'll find more of the same sort," said the Secretary.

The President overhauled the heap, and near the bottom he came across a simple petition, bearing only the signature of the applicant.

"Poor fellow! Here must be a man without friends. Not one to speak a word in his favor. And how simply he asks for the situation—as though it were the office of pedagogue in a frontier school. Do you know the man?"

The Secretary took the petition and looked at it.

"Yes," he said. "He brought the petition with his own hand. He was introduced to you last evening, at Seward's."

"I remember," said Mr. Lincoln, with a brightening look. "The plainly dressed, quiet youth, who had his mother with him?"

"Yes."

"Say, Stanton, do you think him fit for the place?"

"I do, certainly."

"Then, as he seems so entirely friendless among the multitude who have friends without number, I will be his friend. He shall have one at least."

And President Lincoln took a pen and placed his strong autograph upon the margin of the young man's petition.

We need hardly add that the young man thus befriended received the appointment. We may add, however, that he proved himself a most worthy recipient of the good President's favor.

Here is a Boston boy's composition on "The Horse."

"The horse is the most useful animal in the world. So is the cow. I once had thirteen ducks and two was drakes and a Skunk killed one; he smelt Ortul. I knew a boy which had 7 chickens but his father would not let him keep them and so he got mad and so he bored a hole in his mother's washtrub. I wish I had a horse—a horse weighs 1000."

An Iowa girl of nineteen summers, has, with her own hand, during the past season, raised 1,000 bushels of corn, 500 head of cabbage, 100 bushels onions, and calculates on netting \$500. Some impetuous and lazy Eastern youth, who has only been able to raise a feeble unattached uring his life, will probably "go West" and marry this amazing heroine.

A San Francisco physician lately took out a man's elbow joint by cutting the bone off some two inches above and below the union of the two parts. He then induced a new bone to form with perfect joint, which is now as strong and flexible as that of the other arm. This is a wonderful achievement.

The temperance cause must be at a low ebb in the moon, as Professor shows that there is no water in that useful institution. How do the Lunatics wish? and how are they off for soap?

An Ohio man has invented a patent baby.