

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

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STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 29, 1874.

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OF ALL KINDS,
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Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
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and 2d door below the Corner Store.
March 20, 1873-4f.

DR. J. L. ANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Dr. J. L. Antz, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist, 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 by eighteen years constant practice and the most extensive 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 successful manner.
Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; and to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Metal or Gold, and to all kinds of perfect fits in all cases insured.
All 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. J. H. STULL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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.]

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.

In the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson,
residence, corner of Sarah and Franklin street.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
August 8, 1873-4f.

DR. 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 Amlin's House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1873-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

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 12-4f

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 repainted 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, 72-4f] D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,
HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.
260 Main street.
January 9, 1873.—ly.

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 of the market. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4f.

WATSON'S
Mount Vernon House,

117 and 119 North Second St.
ABOVE ARCH,

PHILADELPHIA.
May 30, 1872.—ly.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON (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.

THE MONROE COUNTY

Co-Operative Life Insurance
COMPANY.

STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Limit 5,000 Members.

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Any person of sound body and mind, of either sex, not less than fifteen nor more than sixty-five years of age, and not engaged in any occupation, exceedingly dangerous to life, may become a member of this Company, by paying an admission fee, as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------|--------|
| From 15 to 40 years of age | \$3 00 |
| " 40 to 50 " " " | 5 00 |
| " 50 to 60 " " " | 10 00 |
| " 60 to 65 " " " | 20 00 |

And one dollar for Policy.
No other charges will be made at any time, excepting one dollar and ten cents for each member who dies.

The advantages of this COMPANY over the ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, that the fees are so small that the man of moderate means can secure a competency to his family at a trifling cost, and payable at such long intervals, and so small sums, that no person can be inconvenienced by them. This company cannot fail; no panic can affect it. Persons holding certificates of membership in this Company, are sure in case of death that their families or heirs will get as many dollars as there are members in the Company.

No restrictions are placed upon traveling or residence.
Applications for insurance, or information, may be made to the Directors or Secretary, at Stroudsburg, Pa.

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March 6, 1873 4f.

MONROE COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Company
STROUDSBURG, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

The By-Laws of this Company, and the regulations governing insurance have, recently been very materially changed, placing it upon a basis equal to that of any Fire Insurance Company in the State.
Important among these changes are the following, viz:
Policies, instead of being perpetual, are issued for five years.
All property is classified and the rate of premium is fixed according to the risk of the property.
Premium notes are taken, and all assessments are made on the notes.
Property is insured for not more than two thirds of its actual cash value, and the full amount of insurance paid in case of loss, provided the loss be equal to the amount of insurance.
"Annual assessments" only are made, except in cases of heavy loss, and where a special assessment is necessary.
The Company is therefore prepared to insure property upon terms much more desirable than under the old system.
Applications may be made to any of the Managers, Surveyors, or Secretary.

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For Northampton County:
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Samuel Ziegenfus.

The Managers meet regularly at the Secretary's Office in Stroudsburg, on the first Tuesday of each month, at 2 o'clock P. M. [May 15, 73-4f]

CAN YOU TELL WHY IT IS
that when any one comes to Stroudsburg to buy Furniture, they always inquire for McCarty's Furniture Store! [Sept. 26

BLANKS OF ALL KINDS for Sale at this Office.

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

A Child, Lying in a Trance, is Coffined and on the Way to the Grave when Restored to Consciousness—A Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald, of Dec 25th, relates the following strange story: In the northern part of the city lives a carpenter, with his family, who are natives of France, and have been in this country about eight years. One of their children is a little girl named Mary, and the subject of this singular story. The child was born in Paris, and was 11 years old on the 26th of June last. She speaks French, German and English fluently, and in conversation exhibits an uncommon intensity of mental action and vividness of mental vision. She is fair complected and very beautiful, with lustrous eyes, sunny hair, and a look of spiritual maturity in her countenance. She has sometimes said that she could see the forms of persons who have died, and as her sincerity could not be doubted, this occasioned some alarm in the minds of her parents.

The health of the child has not been good for several months, and on Saturday morning, three weeks ago, she started her mother by saying that she could see her dead sister Louie, who came near her in an angel form and spoke to her, telling her that she would never be sick any more. Her mother tried to persuade her to dismiss the subject from her mind, but she could not stop talking and continued, describing her spirit sister, saying that she was standing near dressed in pure white, her face bright and shining, her hair illuminated with silver white, and golden dew drops dripping from her wings. She could also see her dead brother, who came close to her sister's side. While talking her strength gave way, and she sank away as in death.

The worst forebodings of the parents had been realized, and they prepared the body for burial. No physician was called, as they supposed that death had already fallen upon their child. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when the apparent death occurred. The body was kept until Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock, nearly thirty hours, during which time no signs of returning life had been noticed. The final look at the remains was taken, the coffin was sealed up and placed in the hearse, and the little cortege started for the grave, the parents following the hearse in a carriage.

After proceeding some distance and coming down on Third street the quick ear of the saddened mother caught the echo of a familiar cry, and she gave expression to her suspicion that it came from the coffin of her child. Her suspicion was overruled, but in a few moments a second cry was heard, and in compliance with the wishes of the mother the hearse was stopped, and the coffin drawn out. The struggles of what was supposed to be the lifeless body could now be plainly heard. The coffin was quickly opened and the child found to be alive, to the amazement and unspeakable delight of the parents. In her struggles she had nearly torn from herself her death robes.

She was quickly taken from the coffin and carried into the house of a French lady at hand, where they bathed her in vinegar. She recovered her strength rapidly, and in a short time was taken to the home which she had left only a few hours before, an apparent corpse. Since that time she has been as well as for the last few months. Her parents make every effort to keep her mind from reverting to the terrible episode in her young life, fearing that there is a fatal fascination in it to her.

She says that while others thought her dead she could feel their touch and hear distinctly all that was said, but not move a single muscle or make the slightest sign. She knew when they dressed her for the coffin, when she was laid in it, and heard the terrible lid fastened down, but could not make a motion and was utterly powerless, until the hearse had gone some distance, when the physical forces were probably set in motion again by the motion of the vehicle.

She describes with singular enthusiasm and power, for one so young, the beatific sights that she saw while entranced, many different beings appearing to her in wonderful beauty.
As we stated, the family have disliked the affair to become public, and have thus far endeavored to keep it secret, and it was only yesterday that it came to our ears.

Remedy for Sore Throat.

Take one large, red pepper, such as are grown for family use; steep it in half a pint of water, after which strain in a quart of molasses, adding a little vinegar; boil all together to a thin syrup; use this whenever the throat feels dry or disagreeable; if it be the dead of night, it will soothe the throat (and not irritate) and warm it up well. If sharper than can be borne in the mouth, put it back near the palate with a spoon and swallow; apply out-wardly a thin slice of salt pork, warming it up well in a little vinegar and pepper; apply as hot as can be borne on the throat; fasten the bandage that holds the pork over the head to draw the cold and inflammation up, and not about the neck, as most people do.

A Reading ice dealer gathered eight hundred tons of ice on Sunday.

Chinese Theatres.

That portion of San Francisco which is principally inhabited by the celestials, and is known everywhere as the "Chinese Quarter," contains two theatres, upon the curtailment stages of which are produced the most thrilling of Tartarian tragedies, the most ear piercing operas, the lightest of light comedies, and the most farcical of burlesques (upon historical representation), the majority of which is obscene in extreme, and although the words are unintelligible, the pantomime would not be tolerated on the stages of any theatres in the civilized quarters of the globe frequented by the refined. The principal theatre is owned by a company known as the Hong Ting Yuen, and here is produced what may be termed the legitimate Mongolian drama. The great barn like interior is crowded from pit to dome every night, from early twilight until the still hours of morning, and the Caucasian passing through Jackson street at two A. M. is often startled by the unearthly noises, having some of the force and horror of the orchestra supposed to exist in Pandemonium.

The body of the theatre is filled with long wooden benches, and those who seat themselves thereon pay fifty cents for the privilege. Private boxes line the upper portion of the side and rear walls, which are black with the smoke of thousands of cigars and the concentrated essence of carbon generally, which will cling to the rafters and ceiling until the building has ceased to exist, for the Chinese, with their usual laxity in regard to the attribute so neighborly to godliness, would as soon think of erecting a new theatre as of cleansing the interior of the old one. The stage is very broad and deep, extending the entire width of the building, and displaying all the paraphernalia of the celestial histrionic art, from the throne of an emperor or tycoon to the fan of the lady of fashion who walks upon her toes while screeching forth her part.

The machinery is very primitive, the scenery being shifted in full view of the audience by the supes, who simply move a table and place a requisite number of chairs in a certain position immediately after the actors in a late scene have disappeared behind a calico curtain, right centre. Having completed their adornment, the characters appear by the left centre through another calico covered aperture and the play goes on. Aside from the novelty of the performance the dresses worn by the actors are well worth seeing. They are extremely magnificent and worth thousands of dollars, being made of the finest and heaviest silks that China produces, while magnificent ostrich feathers form plumes that might grace the helmet of the most magnificent monarch that ever held a review. It is to be expected that many of the plays produced at this house might excite the audience frequently, which excitement would be likely to burst forth in execration and wind up with dire destruction; and to prevent this the company have employed an officer, who sits at the door watching every movement of the wildly audience, ready at any moment to eject the turbulent or quell the rising anger of the occupants of the pit or parquette.

The second theatre is situated on the east side of Washington place, but is not always in operation. It is a second class concern, and traveling troupes, occasionally tread these boards. The day may come when Hong Ting Yuen may form a "side head" under the title of "Amusements" in the daily press, followed by a critique of such plays as "The Flying Dragon, or The Flag of the Tartars;" but that day is at present a few centuries down the dim vista of futurity.—Morning Call.

Would be Whipped.

The Rev. Josiah Stearns, of New Hampshire, was distinguished for the regard to truth, justice and consistency. Having insisted much to his children on the importance of frankly confessing whenever they had done wrong, instead of making their guilt greater by attempting concealment, on one occasion, when a fault had been committed, one of the small boys confessed when he was not guilty. The truth having come to light, the child, who probably thought to appear meritorious by confession, was enlightened by the father as to the nature of his sin, and then chastised for falsehood. Being exceedingly annoyed that the garden gate was often left open, and cattle came in and did mischief, Mr. Stearns said to his children and servants: "The very next person who leaves the garden gate open must be whipped." Not many days after the unlucky gate appeared in the prohibited condition. Meeting the colored boy, Peter, he said—"Well, Peter, and who has left open the garden gate now?" Peter hung his head. Mr. S. urged his question, till Peter answered, "I do not love to tell, sir." Mr. S. insisted, when Peter summoned up courage to say, "It was you, sir!" "Me? Are you sure? When?" "When you came out of the garden" (at such a time) "you left it open." "Well, Peter," said Mr. S., "go and cut some sticks and lay them over your master's shoulders." They boy begged to be excused, but the master insisted, and it was done as required.

About five thousand miners are on a strike about Wilkesbarre.

Old Fruit Cans.

Empty tin fruit cans, like old hoop skirts, are a nuisance when out of place. The question is: What is their place? and I should be willing to answer it a hundred times, if I could banish them from the gutters, the ash heaps, the vacant lots, and, above all, from the hands of the boys. I shudder now at the very suggestion of their ever being used again as music boxes, strung with rosined chords. Did that epidemic visit your locality, my dear reader? If so, you would be in haste to prevent the slightest possibility of its recurrence. Bat to the remedy:

In the first place, to open the cans properly, put hot coals on and around the little soldered tip on the top, until the solder melts, then scrape off lid and coals together, with a table knife. Be careful, however, not set the cans on the hot stove before they are opened, by which little neglect steam enough to burst the can might be generated, which would not be a very pleasant or profitable method of opening it. When opened properly, you have a smooth, round orifice through which to remove the fruit.

When the cans are empty and dry, invert them in hot coals in the stove for half a minute, or on a hot stove, until the solder melts and loosens the remaining top of the can; then strike it off, smooth off the bits of solder, and you have a very convenient cooking utensil. For a lid, use a saucer, or the covers to old tin pint cups or pails. Rice, wheat, sump, pearl barley, split peas, and many other dishes for a small family, and small dishes for a large family, can be cooked in them, either standing directly on the stove, or placed in a large boiler or saucer pan of water, to prevent the possibility of their burning. It also saves more costly tin utensils; for this method of boiling water is hard on the tinware. One can may be kept for onions; others can be used for baking or steaming rye and Indian bread, and some kinds of pudding.

They are also convenient for pantry use, for holding articles to be used in cookery or in the laundry; for garden seeds, for paint pots, and for many other things that will suggest themselves to every housekeeper, and for which indeed they would long ago have been used but for the untidy, jagged edge made by the common method of opening them. If covers are wanted for opening these capacities, discarded rims and lids may be put together with a little solder.

If there are tin shears at hand, and any one to use them, the cans may be made into very passable scoops. Take several of them at a time to a tinner, and he will cut them into the shape for a trifle. It saves time to have a scoop in every marsh tub, flour barrel, sugar pail, and starch box. In short, old tin cans are far better for many purposes than for street organs, or for ornaments to dogs' tails. Suppose we change the tune, and have better economy, more and a higher grade of music.—Science of Health.

Joe Bunk Growing Brave.

Joe Bunk got tipsy on lager beer, and went home announcing his determination to volunteer for the Cuban war. His wife used various arguments to dissuade him; but he had an answer to all of them. Finally, she brought the matter home to him.

"Would you leave me and the children?" said she.

"Why, yes, Polly, when my country calls it is my duty to leave wife, children, everything behind, and obey the call."

"But look at the hardships you must bear."

"I can stand them as well as others do."

"But you might get sick."

"Others get sick too—I can stand as much as they can."

"But you might be put in the front ranks."

"Well, I guess I can stand it as well as others do."

"But," screamed the wife, who could see no sense in Joe's stoicism, "the Cubans might kill you!"

Joe studied a moment; the question was evidently a poser. The wife thought she had struck the right chord at last, and again pressed the remark with especial emphasis—

"Yes, Joseph, the Cubans might rush upon you in the midst of battle and kill you."

"All right," said Joe, a bright idea striking him, "all right, my honey, but I guess I can kill as many of them as they can of me!"

A gentleman at a dance remarked to his partner, a witty young lady, that the "room was so close—he must go out and get some air." After an absence of half an hour he returned, when she asked him "if he had not been to the graveyard, as his breath smelt of the beer?"

The Washington Pa. Reporter says: There is still considerable activity in the local wool market, and considering the almost impassable condition of the roads a large amount is being brought in for shipment. The rate paid here for good wool is fifty cents.

From nine hives of bees, Rev. Orr Lawson, of Oxford, Chester county, received in 1873, 430 pounds of honey, amounting in money to \$107 50.

A City Not Made with Hands.

Halfway across this vast, sandy plain, two or three specks were visible, which, our guide informs us, were salt lakes; also, that it was from the shores of these lakes that the Spaniards formerly procured their salt, and even the present inhabitants of the territory used it to a large extent. He said that in close proximity to these lakes was a very peculiar sandstone formation, well worth seeing; and, as all were but a few miles distant from our direct route, we determined to visit them. Bringing our glasses to bear upon that portion of the plain pointed out by our guide, we saw what seemed to us to be a large city, with its spires, and domes, and towers glittering in the bright sunlight, and rivaling in splendor even the creations of the geni conjured by "Aladdin's wonderful lamp."

But we must not linger longer admiring the wonderful panorama spread out before us, or we shall fail to reach the wood and water level before nightfall. We therefore descended the mountain, and are once more upon the plain.

Upon reaching a beautiful little stream that comes trickling down the side of a rocky, canon, we encamp for the night. Sunrise again finds us on our journey, and after a hard day's jaunt over the same unchangeable plain, night brought us to the first of the lakes whose blue waters had so enchanted us the day previous. Its shores were white with pure, crystallized salt, and we were told by our guide that caravans full were carried away every year, in its natural state.

The next morning the guide called us to behold the wonderful effect of the rising sun upon the city of enchantment that day before. As we approached this marvelous architecture of the elements, we could not repress exclamations of wonder and delight. Streets were plainly visible; massive temples with their spires and domes; monuments of every conceivable shape; castles of huge proportions; towers and minarets, all formed of pure white silica, which glittered in the bright sunlight like walls of crystal. It was hard to persuade ourselves that art had no part in forming these graceful testimonials to the wonders of nature.

"Surely," said Dr. Parker, "that must be a city."

"Yes," replied I, "a city, but not made with hands."

Around the whole was a massive wall ten feet in height, with arched gate ways and entrances as perfect as it is possible for the imagination of man to conceive. Entering the confines of this magical spot, we were soon undecided; for what in the distance our imagination had conceived to be enchanted ground, was, in reality, a mass of white sandstone, worn by the winds and waters into a wonderful similitude of a magnificent city.

The Honest Man Who Pays.

A DITTY FOR THE TIMES.

Mr Oscar H. Harpel, the well known Cincinnati printer and author of The Typograph, sends us the following—a holiday poem which printers might do well to send forth as a "gentle reminder":

There is one among the many,
Can you tell me where he stays?
He's an odd, odd-fashioned party,
Called the honest man, who pays:
Yes—the honest man who pays
Every dollar he may owe,
Keeping up the good old ways
That so many scarcely know.

If he gives his word of promise
'Tis a bond as good as gold;
If he hold a post of honor,
Not a trust is ever sold.

By the honest man who pays
Every debt he may incur,
Yielding each a just award,
And no grudging or demur.

And I'm told this rare old party
Lives—within his income, won
By the fairest, squarest dealing
We see beneath this sun,

And the honest man who pays
Always holds it good and right,
For the rich to help the needy
When the times are tough and tight.

An inebriate, some little while back, got into a car, and became very troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, so much so that it was proposed to eject him; but a kind hearted and reverend doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behavior for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, however he scowled upon the other occupants and muttered some words of contempt, but shook hands warmly with the doctor, and said, "Good day, my friend; I see you know what it is to be drunk."

Those who are old enough to remember the oldest spelling books, will remember the startling assertion that,

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

The parody on this has long been coming, but Josh Billings has finally drawn the head after this fashion,

In Adam's sin
We all joined in.

"Muggins" says that, in these hard times, a five dollar greenback looks as big as a circus poster.