

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 31.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 5, 1874.

NO. 38.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid for the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of one square of eight lines or less for the first week, and for each additional week or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional square, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth, and in the absence of teeth, to the most successful, taste and satisfaction.

D. R. J. H. SHULL, Physician and Surgeon.

Office 1st door above Stroudsburg House, and 1st door above Post Office.

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In the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, residence, corner of Broad and Franklin street.

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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.

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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.

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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 Schuch, 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.

KIPPLE HOUSE, HONESDALE, PA.

Best central location of any Hotel in town.

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The bar contains the choicest liquors and the table is supplied with the best market goods. Charges moderate. [May 3, 1874-5]

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May 30, 1872—ly.

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

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE, Medicines Fresh and Pure.

21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

THE MONROE COUNTY Co-Operative Life Insurance COMPANY.

STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Limit 5,000 Members. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

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.

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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, 1873-4.

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.

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For Wayne County: F. A. Oppelt, Jos. L. Miller.

For Pike County: Samuel Detrick.

For Northampton County: Richard Camden.

For Carbon County: 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, 73-4.

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.

WHAT CAN WOMEN DO?

BY MRS. M. A. FREEMAN.

Solomon Brown had five daughters. The oldest of these was twenty six, the youngest seventeen. In some of the heathen countries it is considered a misfortune when a girl is born. Solomon Brown's mind may have been colored with this heathenism—though he owned a pew in the church and contributed conscientiously to its donations—for he shook his head in solemn disapproval as his family increased, declaring that girls were, and had been since the world began, a failure.

Dear little Mrs. Brown emphatically declared her skepticism as to this broad assertion, saying, with some spirit, "that the girls could not be dispensed with, and as the Great Father had seen fit to create them, it must have been with the consciousness that they might be pronounced good. Of course they were good." She would just ask Mr. Brown what there was that might be said truthfully in disparagement of their own children?

"If they were boys, Lucy," said Brown, footing up a dry goods bill, "they would be self supporting. If, for instance, Matilda had been named Solomon—and you know that name has fallen to the eldest in our family for generations—she, or he rather, might have learned a trade, and would now be able not only to care for himself, but to render useful assistance to his family. I am sure I never blamed Betsey Trotwood, though I don't understand her, that she couldn't forgive David for not being a girl, I have never forgiven one of my girls that they disappointed me."

"Dear me, Solomon, I am sure the girls are doing the best they can. Matilda is a very good dressmaker."

"Bosh!" cries Solomon, impatiently, "the country is overrun with dress makers. I tell you all this feathers, fuss and flummery is ruining us—that is the people. Don't you understand every additional girl is an additional burden to some one? How much do you suppose, Lucy, I paid out for ribbons last year? Only one hundred dollars."

"But, my husband, there were five of the girls, you know, not counting myself, and that makes twenty dollars only, for each. I am sure that isn't extravagant at all. There's Deacon Smart's Sallie paid that much for one Roman sash. Our girls are very handy about turning their things, and fixing them up as good as new. There were only twenty four yards in the dears' dresses this spring—that is in the dress of each—while Mrs. Million used thirty five, and I must say that our girls' were much the prettier."

"And would have been prettier still if they had been made out of eight," growled Solomon, desperately footing up the accounts again.

Figures are obstinate facts. Solomon, in facing the sum total of united columns, became an obstinate man.

"I tell you, Lucy, we can't go on in this way, that's certain. Something must be done. Why don't they get married?"

But that was a useless question, for this was a New England State, and there were several thousand more women than men, and as one man was allowed only one wife, it was quite impossible that all could be provided with a husband.

"Dear me, Solomon," said the little wife, smiling humorously, "you forget that this isn't Utah—that there is actually no one to whom we may seal the darlings; that you, yourself, would quite disapprove of their going husband hunting."

Now, while Solomon had been talking thus complacently and confidentially to his wife, his five unappreciated daughters had been listening from the next room.

"The old bear," cried Matilda, the oldest, under her breath.

"Poor papa," said Lucy, the youngest, her blue eyes full of tears.

"Poor papa, indeed," snapped out the second sister. "I do believe he begrudges us the bird's allowance which we eat."

"Bird's allowance! Josephine. I'm sure there isn't a heartier family of girls in this country than ours. No canary's portion would do for me—of that I'm sure. I do think it a shame that five great girls, as able to work as we are, should depend upon one little, broken down man for their support. Come, now, Silda, isn't it ridiculous? Don't you think that we ought to do something?"

"I'm sure," Matilda said, "that I have been trying just the best that I knew how. You know I bought the machine, and then—then—"

"Well," Lucy said, laughing, "poor papa had to make the payments on it."

"I'm sure I couldn't help that, because I had expected to get plenty of sewing to do, and sewing, you see—"

"Is a drug in the market. No, Tilda, and Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, all of those pretty, traditional ways of a woman turning an honest penny are out of date. I've been thinking this over, and I've made up my mind. Come, girls, will you stand by me? Have you the courage to lay aside your dainty slippers, to encase your feet in heavy shoes, to let the sun kiss brown freckles on your face, in fact—to wear a bloomer?"

"A bloomer!" the four cried together.

"Yes, my dears, for of course the work that I have laid out for us to do couldn't be done in trains. I have been thinking that we had better take Jacob Sloan's farm for a year," and Miss Lucy, as she

spoke, opened a pocket knife and commenced whittling a bit of stick in true Yankee style.

"Jacob Sloan's farm!" they cried, aghast.

"Yes, dears; I was over talking to Jacob yesterday, and he's quite delighted that we should have thought of making the experiment. He is sure, he says, that it will be a success. Only think, girls, how nice it would be if we could help the old father now, after all of the trouble he has had with us. And what a triumph, too, if we could prove to him that girls are a blessing; at least if not exactly that, still worth being born. What say you? Will you put your names to the contract? Come, now, don't be cowardly, not try to find excuses for shirking a duty. Jacob never had five more able bodied people than we are."

"But what will the world say? And then dear Lucy, you have had an offer, you know. Will Frank Lawler be satisfied that his future wife should engage in an unladylike occupation?"

"If he is dissatisfied that a woman should do what she may do well, I'm very glad to have an opportunity of letting it before I'm Mrs. Frank Lawler, instead of Lucy Brown. If I have girls, you may rest assured that they shall be self supporting, quite independent of outside help towards gaining a livelihood. If they have a talent for music above the ordinary possession, they may become teachers. If not, they will not spend four hours a day in useless beating of their white, helpless fingers against some ill used piano keys. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may go into the professions; if not, they will learn trades—I don't mean milliners and dressmakers, and so on—but nice little light trades, like watchmaking and engraving and drafting, and, indeed, heavier ones, if they have the muscle. We all have muscle. There is no excuse that we should remain idle. The world is full of work, and I can't understand why any honest calling should be unwomanly. Come, girls, let us go and sign the contract which binds us to work on old Jacob's farm."

"Dear me, Solomon," said the wife Lucy in the evening, "you could not guess what those girls have done."

"Perhaps purchased each a new silk," growled Solomon, without lifting his eyes from his paper.

"No, indeed not," cried the wife indignantly. "They've rented Jacob Sloan's farm—eighty acres, and twenty of it in fruit."

"What!" cried Solomon, the paper falling helplessly at his feet. "You don't surely mean our girls—not Matilda, and Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, and Lucy?"

"I mean no one else's girls, surely," the wife replied, a little crossly. "They take possession in the morning. Jacob Sloan is to find everything, and they are to have one half."

"I'll just tell you, Lucy, what it is. This is the most consummate piece of humbug I ever heard of. It will be a dead failure, and they'll make themselves the laughing stock of the whole neighborhood. Farming, indeed! Why, Tilda is that afraid of her hands that she never sweeps, even, without gloves; and Flora wraps her head in a towel to dust I've seen Josephine do the breakfast things with the dish rag clinging to a fork, and Sarah wraps her fingers with a bit of cloth, each one separately, if she has vegetables to prepare. Brave farmers they will make!" And Solomon Brown went back to his paper with a scornful chuckle.

Solomon, too, was some of a foggy. Women were women, and women they must remain to the end of the chapter. A great pity, he had often said that it was so, but nature could not be tortured out of her old, well worn channels by education. Ere, he considered as having been a vicious sort of little body, bending poor Adam's nose down close to the grindstone, and there her daughters had relentlessly held it, through all of the long years since that first tragedy.

Solomon believed in progression. He thought that the sciences might be better understood; that new discoveries were to be made; that the Atlantic would be crossed in a bolloon; but Solomon's radicalism didn't include the coming woman. She was to be what she had been from the beginning. So he pooh-poohed at his daughters' farming not believing that any good thing should come out of Nazareth.

It was an up hill road to those five dainty daughters of Solomon Brown. But in one thing they resembled their father. They were obstinate, and when they learned his prediction as to their failure, they were quite determined not to fail.

They were up early and worked late. Their strawberries were a success. They gave employment to a number of girls in the village in gathering their small fruits, thus recognizing the true policy, that women must help each other. They kept one hired man, and under his instruction these young ladies learned to turn a ready hand to all kinds of farm labor.

Old Solomon Brown's "pooh poohs" grew less emphatic, and he began to speak with a sort of shamefaced pride of "our girls' place." Then, when the fame of these women's farming had traveled far, and people came from a distance to inspect personally their success, Solomon began to feel proud in saying, "Yes, sir,

they are my girls."

"Your girls are all boys, then," said one, smiling, quoting Rip Van Winkle.

"Just as good as boys," said Solomon Brown, blushing at the retraction of old sentiments. But theories must fall before convictions, and well filled wheat, fine potatoes, good corn, etc., were more convincing to Solomon of his daughters' worth than volumes favoring the "subjection of woman."

Solomon Brown's daughters still hold Jacob Sloan's farm. Lucy, the youngest, is married to Frank Lawler, but instead of her going home to him, as in the manner of the world, he came home to her.

Under the homestead laws a woman that isn't at the head of a family—that is, a widow—cannot pre-empt land. If this was not the case, I do believe that one of Solomon Brown's would go west and take up a piece of land. As it is, they are all going in the spring, and Solomon will enter a hundred and sixty acres in his own name, which in reality will belong to his daughters, as it will be purchased with the profits of their farming Jacob Sloan's land.—Our Fire side Friend.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Further Details of their Deaths—Another Physician's Account—Negotiations for a Post-Mortem Examination.

A New York Herald correspondent writing from Mount Airy, N. C., gives the following account of an interview with Dr. William Hollingsworth, a brother of Dr. Joe Hollingsworth, now in Philadelphia, relative to the death of the Siamese Twins.

Dr. Hollingsworth explained that Chang had an attack of paralysis after returning from Europe last year; that he had been suffering from pneumonia or severe lung cold for the past month, and that he (the doctor) believed that it was exposure before he had sufficiently recovered from this malady that precipitated his death. On Friday Eng was as well as usual, Chang not apparently very much worse. Eng was in excellent spirits, and seemed remarkably cheerful and sprightly. Chang, on the other hand, from the debility caused by his paralysis and cold, together with a certain stupidity resulting from the use of too much stimulant, was fretful, sullen and snappish when spoken to, which of late was his accustomed conduct.

All the family retired at the usual hour. Eng's wife and children slept up stairs; the twins slept down stairs. It was five o'clock in the morning when one of Eng's sons heard, as he thought, a call from his uncle Chang. Responding as quickly as possible, he came down stairs, and, going to the side of the bed upon which his uncle Chang lay, found him lying, apparently in a deep sleep, but was startled by the ghastly and singular appearance of the features, which wore an expression of pain, if not agony, and were much darker than he had ever seen them before.

After a closer examination the boy discovered his uncle was dead, and uttering an oft repeated cry of "Uncle Chang is dead!" alarmed the whole household, all of whom speedily came pouring into the room in their night dresses.

The tumult caused by the death of Chang, the hurry and noise in sending for the doctor and for Chang's wife and children, must have so terribly shocked Eng that his nervous system became completely prostrated, and he never uttered a word except the single expression, "And I must die, too."

Two hours from the discovery of Chang's death, Drs. Wm. Hollingsworth and Taylor arrived, only to find the twins dead.

Correspondent.—How long do you think Eng had been dead when you arrived?

Dr. Hollingsworth.—Not more than ten or fifteen minutes.

Correspondent.—Do you think his death was caused by any vital connection or artery passing from one to the other through the ligament that united them?

Dr. Hollingsworth.—I am confident that Eng's death was produced by no such cause.

Correspondent.—Do you not believe the existence of some such vital connection through the ligament?

Dr. Hollingsworth.—I do not, because I have attended them when one was sick and the other in good health, and when there was as much as twenty beats difference to the minute in their pulsation.

Correspondent.—What, then, in your opinion, caused Eng's death?

Dr. Hollingsworth.—The great shock and terror inspired by such a union with death, added to which was the belief which prevailed between them that when one died the other would. These combined to destroy his mental faculties and paralyze his physical energies, and he succumbed to the dread visitation.

Correspondent.—You do not think, then, that if the ligament had been severed his life would have been saved?

Dr. Hollingsworth.—I do not. I rather think that any operation, unless performed immediately upon the discovery of Chang's death, would have hastened his (Eng's) death.

WHAT AN OLD FRIEND SAYS.

Upon my arrival at Mount Airy I found the residence of the twins was several miles from the village, and, the hour being very late, I was unable to go there.

As the doctor's information was not entirely satisfactory I next sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Isaac Armfield, an old intimate friend of the twins, who was present and helped them out after their demise.

"Mr. Armfield," I asked, "is it your opinion that Eng died from the shock or fright occasioned by his brother's death?"

Mr. Armfield.—No, sir, it is not. I am as well satisfied that blood flowed from one to the other through that connecting ligament as that the same blood flows in my right and left arm.

Correspondent.—Then you think it was the death of Chang that precipitated the death of Eng?

Mr. Armfield.—Yes, sir. After Chang's death the blood from Eng's body flowed into his, but there being no responsive vitality it could not flow back, so that Eng died from exhaustion and loss of blood, and not from any shock or fright. Up to the time of Eng's death the ligament, which is some eight inches in length, was warm as far as where it entered Chang's body, which was cold at the time. The very nature of the ligament, which is four inches wide and as thick as my wrist, passing from the abdomen of one to the other, and in the center of which is the navel of the twins, is proof positive that the same blood that flowed in the veins of one flowed also in those of the other.

Correspondent.—Why, then, does the doctor persist in saying that it was from a shock or fright that Eng died?

Mr. Armfield.—I do not know; but I heard Dr. Bill Hollingsworth say that he would rather have the bodies of the dead twins than the whole of Surry county.

Correspondent.—What appearance did the twins present after their death?

Mr. Armfield.—Chang was nearly black in the face, and looked as if he had died in a fit or in great agony. Eng looked as if he had been asleep.

Correspondent.—Do you know whether Eng made any expression of pain before he died?

Mr. Armfield.—Yes. I inquired particularly about that, and found that he called repeatedly to those around him to rub and pull his arms and legs, that he was cramped—a sure indication of loss of blood, or that the circulation was impeded from some cause, and this confirms me in the opinion that the death of Chang superinduced that of Eng.

NO OPERATION ON THE LIGAMENT.

No effort whatever was made to perform an operation on the ligament with regard to ascertaining whether there was an artery passing through it or not, as that would have materially interfered with prospective greenbacks, and present speculations would have been nipped in the bud. Embalmed and preserved as they are, the bodies of the twins will have a market value from which money can always be realized by those having possession of them. The ligament cut in the interest of science, the curiosity would be destroyed, and, consequently, the separate dead bodies would be of no value.

I have been informed, on the most authentic authority, that Dr. Joe Hollingsworth, while en route for the North, stated here that his mission there was to dispose of the dead bodies of the twins on the most favorable terms he could negotiate. This accounts for the veil of mystery which has been thrown over the deaths of the twins, and furnishes the clew to the object in suppressing the real cause of the death of Eng, by attributing it to the shock or fright occasioned by Chang's death.

The sum asked for the privilege of a postmortem examination is stated to be \$8000 or \$10,000.

Frank Cowan, who writes novels, tells this in the last number of his *Lager*: "That a burglar should be captured by a skeleton seems an impossibility, but the fact actually happening in Greensburg on Saturday night last disposes of any question as to possibility. Breaking into a closed and unoccupied office of a physician at that town, a burglar opened a closet (while his companion with a dark lantern was in another part of the room) and feeling for clothing at about the height of closet hooks, generally, got his hands between the jaws of a skeleton, which, being adjusted with a coil spring and kept open with a thread, closed suddenly on the intruding hand by the breaking of the thread. A sudden thought striking the burglar of his being caught by a skeleton in the doctor's closet, so terrified him that he uttered a faint shriek, and when his companion turned the lantern toward him and he beheld himself, in the grim and ghastly jaws of death himself he became so overpowered by fear that he fainted, fell insensible to the floor, pulling the skeleton down upon him, and making so much noise that his companion fled immediately, and the doctor alarmed at the noise and confusion hastened into the office, and secured the terror-stricken burglar still held by the skeleton! The pleadings of the burglar, who was recognized by the physician as a citizen of Greensburg for several years, and a man generally held in good esteem, were so pitiful and effective that the doctor released him, showed him the door, and bade him good night with the toe of his right boot, with a verbal reminder that if he was ever afterward in Greensburg an information would be made against him forthwith."