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From 15 to 40 years of age	\$3 00
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Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
STROUDSBURG, PA.



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.
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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! [Sent. 26

FROM CHILI, SOUTH AMERICA.

Dr. Abraham H. Fetherman, who many years ago was well known to the people of Stroudsburg as a medical student, under Dr. Sydenham Walton, and a graduate of the Pennsylvania University, son of the late Baiser Featherman, of Hamilton, and Brother of our much respected fellow citizen, Charles Fetherman, of Hamilton, is living in Santa Cruz, in the Province of Curico, Chili. He left hosts of friends here who will read the subjoined letter to his brother Charles, with great pleasure. The Dr. is doing well and we are glad to know he intends again to visit the scenes of his early days, to revive his recollections of what happened 30 to 40 years ago when Abraham, with his happy face, was among us.

PROVINCE OF CURICO,
SANTA CRUZ, January 31, 1874.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am at the loss to know when I wrote last to you, or you to me but it is certain that it is several years since the last correspondence. I had been expecting to hear from some of you, but I have not heard anything from any of you, since, I believe, when Jacob wrote me, which however, must be hard on two years, if not more. The nearest I came having any notice from your place was the other day, in reading the New York Weekly Times, where it is stated, about some man having been lodged in Stroudsburg jail for murder. I have taken the New York Weekly Times for several years, and for one year past I have also taken the Wochenblatt, der N. Y. Staats Zeitung. These two papers cost me \$10, that is \$5 each, these papers keep me somewhat posted as to what is going on generally in the States. As for instance the imprisonment of Tweed, the great thief of New York, the Virginian's Passengers, in Cuban Ports, and prospects of settlement with U. S. Government. This would no doubt be an elegant test to give reasons why Cuba should belong to the U. S. Government. But I think our government has territory enough to get along peaceably with.

Our weather is very warm now, grain is about all harvested, and the wheat crop is very good, or at any rate it is not a bad crop. Wheat right here where I live is worth about one dollar a bushel or 60 pounds, a fanego \$2.50, which is about two bushels and a half. They still keep up the old mode of reaping with the Sickie. A poor instrument it is, such as they use here. However, they are improving some, in respect to them. Such a thing as cradling grain is unknown in Chili. Threshers are now quite common, the one they believe in is Pitt's old fashioned Thresher, they use oxen instead of horses. A few days ago a priest was threshing with a machine, they had four yoke of oxen hitched to the machine, they walked very slowly, and the straw came through with a great deal of wheat in the heads. He asked me if I could tell him where the fault lay, I told him to drive his oxen faster to get up the proper speed, when instantly a great improvement followed. I asked him how much was the most he ever threshed in one day. He said his machine was not of the best, but had threshed two hundred fanegos (500 bushels) and he knew one that threshed 300 fanegos, had made a bet, and the 300 were threshed out by sun. He thought he said, I might consider it a big story, but it was true. I did not tell him what a good machine, with plenty of hands sometimes did in the United States for fear of getting an answer I once received from a rich farmer here a few years ago, when he told me he had the best machine in Chili, that he had threshed 250 fanegos in one day, that is 625 bushels, I told him I had myself helped to thresh double that in one day. He instantly stared me in the face, turned red, and said, "Em bustero." All right, I said, some day if I should write a history of myself I might mention this very circumstance, but certainly to the credit of your grand child I would carefully suppress your name. In some parts here the black smut is very hurtful, they will not use preventives, consequently they reap what they sow. Corn looks well, I ate some the other day, roasted and along with water melons and plums, the real old blue kind, such as we used to have at home, between the mill and old dwelling house. We have also just now very good pears, certainly it appears strange to see people harvest wheat, eat green corn, water melons, pears, plums, and finally, grapes beginning to ripen. To see all this I say, and in the midst of great, almost insupportable heat, with long days, and short nights, the sun in the north, and all this in January; is indeed quite contrary to my experience in early life. To this day, when occasionally my mind has leisure to travel back to the days of 1830, up to 1840, when you and I were more than once summoned to cut and remove ice from the water wheel of the mill, when the weather was cold, bitter cold, or to start for Tricebaugh's saw mill to bring boards for the new mill, new house, &c, coming over the cold, bleak, and barren Pocono, oh, those times, I say to this day, there comes over me a kind of chill. Then I think of these better days of chills and snow, it seems to me I would not now have the proper constitution to pass a winter there, yet I feel an instinctive desire to spend at least some six or eight months in my native State in the Centennial year. Certainly nothing could give more delight to my own feelings, I may yet make up my mind and go, if my health keeps good. At this present

time I feel as healthy as I ever did in my life, not a pain disturbs me, I sleep as sound as it is possible to sleep. I generally go to bed at eleven, and arise with the sun. I have a good appetite. I told my cook to day, at 10 o'clock, to make me a cup of tea, "to stay my appetite," as Frank Staples used to say. Although I eat very early in the morning, I attribute my good health in a great measure to the abundant exercise I am accustomed to take. Although I have a clerk I am constantly occupied. So much so that not infrequently I am not at leisure to eat my dinner until two and even three in the afternoon. It seems to me that time passes more rapidly by now than when you and I were boys and young men. Do you not recollect how slowly and most tediously time passed away when within four weeks of Easter, when the rabbit would come from the Blue Mountain in the night of Easter and bring us figured eggs for being good children. In corn planting times we talked of going to the Blue Mountain with our young friends, girls and boys, to gather huckleberries. But the time was far, far, away, and many a week had to pass away first. It was not until I arrived in California that time began to run away so rapidly. It was perhaps that beautiful climate, different persons to associate with, young, and easy to make a living. It was this I say that perhaps greatly shortened the years and now too, being here in Chili, thousands of miles away from all that was near and dear to me, forty years ago. I had a land so interesting to me that again I have reason to rejoice, now although having traveled that road which leads directly to my grave, and in fact being almost at it, and I find myself comparatively happy. As for this world's goods I have the means now to live contentedly, my profession is far more useful to me than perhaps any employment could be. I am very much respected here among these people, perhaps more than I desire. Physicians are seldom called on in the night and this of course is great advantage. Another consideration of great value is that there is no credit. All Doctor bills are paid before he leaves the sick person's house. I have a Drug Store here. I sell nothing on credit. All pay, they never think of asking for credit. But if one does buy on credit, in 9 out of 10 times he never pays. The Chilians are a curious people, your friends and not your enemies are to be feared. I never lost much money here, but what I did loose, was through my friends.

At present there is no prevailing sickness, particularly of any kind, everything is quiet. In fact Chili has got so far on lightened as to do away with revolutionary ideas and is now in a flourishing condition. But I find my paper is filling up. I would be glad if you would write so that I could hear something from you. Certainly some changes must have taken place back there that would be interesting to me, particularly in matters pertaining to our family. Let me know how you are getting along. From your brother,
A. H. FETHERMAN.

Potatoes for Seed.

The question, "How small to cut potatoes for seed?" is not yet settled, and never will be until all soils and seasons shall have but one condition of moisture and one quality of fertility. In localities where the soil and atmosphere are decidedly moist, single eyes and small pieces are most suitable, because under such conditions the young plant easily perfects its growth without depending upon the moisture contained in the solid part of the potato. On the other hand, a dry soil and season compels the young plant to derive all its strength from the piece it sprouts from, and unless that is of large size its growth must be both weak and imperfect, resulting in a small crop of immature roots. I think these are facts, and we must draw the following conclusions from them: Taking medium sized pieces for seed, if planted in a poor soil, but having sufficient moisture, they would produce a large crop, or larger, than if planted in a very rich but very dry soil. If, then, we can select a rich soil in a moist position, and slightly favored by a moist atmosphere, small pieces are the most suitable and economical. But if we driven to a poor soil, dry and in a dry position, then we must plant large pieces, to give the plant an early start and thus let it become robust before hot dry weather checks its growth, hence giving it a chance to throw roots deep enough to feed the vine, develop blossoms, and perfect the tubers. I think close attention to the conditions under which the plants are most likely to be brought by the general course of the seasons, will give to each planter the best crops which his peculiar soil and seasons are capable of producing.

Mr. James G. Buffington, Upper Uwehau, Chester county, has a ewe that gave birth to a lamb which possesses only two perfect legs—front ones, the hind ones being curtailed at the ganble joints, each ending in a toe. The lamb, which is six weeks old, is quite lively, and seems to be happy.

Salt Lake City has a present population of 26,000, and the Territory a total population of 135,000. This is an astonishing growth, showing an increase in two years of 25,000 inhabitants in the whole Territory.

Strange Adventure of a Lawyer in New York.

The New York Times of Friday relates the following:—Mr. A. B. Morris is a lawyer, and his place of residence is Watertown, N. Y. He came to this city about ten days ago, on his way to the South, and having some business to transact here, put up at the Park hotel. On the day before yesterday he made an agreement with a friend to go to the Union Square theatre to see the play of "Led Astray," little thinking at the time, as he says, that before seeing the fiction he would be most egregiously led astray himself. But so he was, as the result will show. Mr. Morris had agreed with his friend to meet him at the corner of Broadway and Canalstreets at 6.30 o'clock, from whence they were to go to the theatre together. Mr. Morris arrived at the place of meeting rather early, and while waiting for his friend amused himself by watching the passers by. Presently he was accosted by a young woman, who was very neatly though poorly dressed, and of a most respectable appearance. She began by saying, "Are you ready to go with me now, sir?" and then in apparent confusion begged his pardon for speaking to him. She said she had taken him for a gentleman she had seen in the Dollar Store. She then went on to tell him that she was in great trouble and distress. "I have a dying mother and a sister in the last stages of consumption," she said "and I am unable to pay the rent of our room, and the landlord threatens to turn us out this very night if I do not pay." "Here," said Mr. Morris, "she began to cry, and great tears ran down her cheeks; there was on him a look for I saw them." He asked her how much she owed, and she told him \$2. "But I don't want you to give me the money here, sir," she said, "I want you to see for yourself that I am not deceiving you. I never asked for charity before, but when the panic came I was discharged, with several other girls from the Dollar Store, and since then have been unable to get any work. I live only a few blocks away from here, and if you can spare the time, I would like to have you see my mother and sister, and the condition which we are in."

"And, like a fool," said Mr. Morris, "I looked at my watch, and seeing that I had yet half an hour to spare, I went with her. We went east from Canal street, and turned into a side street, and after a while we came to a house and ascended two or three steps, and entered a narrow hallway. There the woman opened a door on the right and asked me to walk in and wait until she could advise her mother that some one was coming to see her. The room was warm and comfortable; a fire was burning in the grate, and at the farther end there was a lounge. In front of the fire, and nearer to it than the lounge, was a cottage-bedstead. "You will have to sit on the bed, sir," said the woman, "as there are no chairs. I will take off my shawl and go at once to mother." "I had been warming my hands at the fire," continued Mr. Morris, "and at the woman's suggestion sat down on the bed, about two feet from the foot, the woman standing in front of me with her shawl in her hands. Hardly had I seated myself when she sprang upon me like a tigress, throwing the shawl over my head. At the same moment I felt my feet grasped by some one under the bed. I then felt that I had to struggle for my life. I had \$300 in money in my pocket book, a draft for \$150, and a \$500 watch in my vest pocket. I could not see, as my head was completely enveloped in the shawl, but I felt a strong pull at my watch chain, and afterward I felt a hand in my pocket where my money was. I made a tremendous effort, and succeeded in throwing the woman over the foot of the bed. I then sprang up and freed my feet rushed to the further corner of the room. There the woman again attacked me, but I knocked her down, and then, taking a large pearl handled, silver mounted knife from my pocket, I swore that if anybody attacked me again I would put a bullet through him. The darkness of the room no doubt prevented them from seeing that the formidable revolver was only a pocket knife, and that was what saved me, I suppose. I then went to the door, and to my astonishment found it locked, bolted and barred. I drew the bolt and took down the bar, but could not unlock the door, as the key was gone. Finally, I broke off the catch of the lock with the bar, and found myself at liberty. I rushed out through the hall into the street, and did not stop until I found a policeman. Then a reaction came on, and I felt utterly weak and prostrate, and no wonder, for I am firmly persuaded that I had only escaped death by a mere chance, and besides, the desperate struggle I had just passed through had weakened me considerably. I afterward went over the ground with a policeman, but was unable to identify the place, although I did my best to do so. I am sure, though," said he, "it is in either Elm or Center street. Being a stranger in the city I had not noticed the locality when I went with the woman, and I was too much agitated to do so at the time of my escape. After it was all over I examined my pockets and found that I had lost nothing. My watch was saved from the fact that the chain was very strong, and was fastened to my vest with a snap. I shall never let my humanity get the better of my feelings again."

concluded Mr. Morris, "and if you print my story in the Times I will be very much obliged to you if you will send me a copy of the paper."

A Word to Young Farmers.

While winter lingers in the lap of spring, there are a few days left for us farmers of the north and west to look leisurely over our grounds, calculate, plan, and prepare for the busy season. In one respect the business of farming is like all other trades or professions. Those persons who enter upon it with the most determined energy and perseverance, continually guided in their course by a habit of close observation of whatever is taking place all around them in the line of their chosen pursuit, will be sure to win success in the end. Another class, who feel as if they were more or less prospered by the doings of some other class, or most do as their neighbors about them do, trying to follow in their tracks, without taking into account the difference in their circumstances, will be almost sure in the end to fall behind the bright anticipations they had formed for the future. Every man in the end usually makes or mends his own fortune. If a person would be a successful farmer he must be self-reliant. It will not do to ask a prosperous neighbor, just at the commencement of the busy season, "Do you think I had better plant that lot with corn again, as the last season was so dry, I had no benefit of the soil? or would you sow with oats and peas as I had intended, preparatory to a wheat crop, and re-seeding? Don't you think I had better try corn again under the circumstances?" Nine times out of ten the answer will be: "Well, yes, perhaps so." The man you ask has no time to spare; it is your business, not his. You might have drawn him out, and obtained his ideas and experience during some one of the long winter evenings that have passed, but this is not the time or place. As a rule, have a good rotation, and stick to it; but there are exceptions to all rules, and the man the most interested should be the best judge. Conform to circumstances, but be self-reliant, and act as your best judgment dictates. In all matters relating to expenditures, either for the family or the farm, this trait of character should be well cultivated or developed. I think a greater portion of our young enterprising farmers fall here than of those who comprised that class thirty and forty years ago. To use the old adage, "Don't be afraid to cut your garment according to the cloth." If your neighbor, who is twenty years older than you and worth \$20,000, rides in his carriage and his horses go past your door in silver plated harness, it is no reason that you, who are worth but \$5,000 and perhaps owe \$2,000 or more for the farm upon which you live, should ride in the same style as he. Nobody, excepting a very small class of the most shallow minds, will think any the better of you if you do so. The larger and by far the better part of the community among whom you live will respect you all the more for riding in your best lumber wagon, and waiting a few years until your debts are paid, and with the money in hand you can pay for a carriage as good as that used by your wealthiest neighbor. Mr. Editor, I might enlarge upon this idea of self-reliance. It really has more to do with successful farming than almost any other one thing.

None Without Fault.

All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or heads would need very wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There is no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of the ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him and the driver had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, as cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read the puzzle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

The Philadelphia papers publish a statement of the duties on imports received at the custom house at that port, for March. The total amount was \$826,741 08, being an increase of \$24,013 25 over the corresponding month of 1873, and a total increase from the first of January of \$336,017 84 over the corresponding period of last year. A very large proportion of the duties paid was on goods imported in American vessels, being \$133,064 91 on direct entries, and \$194,208 69 on withdrawal entries, an average of more than three fourths of the entire amount paid. This is a gratifying exhibit.

The general impression seems to be that the Louisville library lottery was a swindle. It is a pity every lottery did not turn out that way, only more so.

The greatest phenomena which now attracts public attention is Tweed's nervous system. Who would have thought that this Warwick of robbers had anything in the shape of nerves?