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Still has his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Wallace's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by his constant practice and the most earnest and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations with the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner. Special attention given to assisting the Natural Teeth, and the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver, or continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases required. Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those who are not qualified. April 13, 1874-1y.

DR. HOWARD PATTERSON,

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.

(Successor to Geo. W. Seip.)

Office Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., in Dr. Seip's building, residence Sarah street, next Friends meeting house. Prompt attention to calls.

Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 2 p. m., 5 to 9 p. m. April 16 1874-1y.

JOHN BREWER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHEUR.

MOUNTAIN HOME, PA.

March 20, 74-6m.

DR. J. H. SHULE,

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 '73-1y.]

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.

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

STROUDSBURG, PA.

August 8, 1872-45.

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 Anselmink House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1873-1y.

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 31-45.

JAMES H. WALTON,

Attorney at Law.

Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Burson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa. Jan 13-45.

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, '74-45.

D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,

HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.

R. W. KIPLE & SON, Proprietors.

160 Main Street, January 9, 1873-1y.

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

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.

27 Medicines Fresh and Pure.

Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

House-Cleaning.

Every woman knows all about house-cleaning, to be sure, but we take the liberty of making a few suggestions about the best way to do it. Nearly everybody does it the way we recommend, so of course it must be right.

In the first place, then—never clean one room at a time. It is too much trouble, and it doesn't seem as if so much is being done. Upset the whole house from attic to cellar. Tear up the carpets—take down all the curtains, and bedsteads and stores, and fling the whole concern out of doors to air! Nothing like thoroughly airing things! If it rains, as most likely it will, and the house should be chilly without the stores, let the family fly round and help clean! That will warm them up if anything will.

Have soap dishes and plates of sand in every room. Leave some pieces of soap on the stairs. If anybody falls over them it will be a good lesson—it will teach them to look before they leap, next time!

Always begin your house cleaning with nothing cooked in the house. Dieting once in a while is conducive to health, and if any of your family should contract the small pox directly afterward the cold tea and hard tack of house cleaning will be found to have been an invaluable preparation of the system for the disease. A low diet previous to small-pox sickness prevents pitting.

Have the dining table covered with books, and vases, and brackets, and bedstead casters, and looking glasses, and flat irons, and crockery, and sofa pillows, and jars of pickles, and lamp shades, and a thousand other trifles which have been thrown out of their legitimate places by the house cleaning, and then you can eat of a flour barrel in the pantry. It will save work, and be so cosy.

Scold all you want to. A woman has carte blanche at such a time to put her scolding machinery at full speed. No man who had not the heart of a Nero would wish her to hold her peace at this time. Soap suds and scolding invariably go together. Who can tell why?

When you begin to put things to rights after the scrubbing your patience will be sorely tried. Thomas will have to be enlisted to hold up the carpets and fix the curtains. The tacks will all be crooked, and some body must go for new ones. There will be rips in the carpet to sew up. There will be signs of moths, and pepper must be called in to disgust them. Thomas will sneeze, and wish the carpets in—some other place. Then putting down begins. The hammer will come off from the handle, and you will raise a blood blister on your hand trying to fasten it on by the help of a nail and the carving knife sharpener. Thomas will have mud on his boots, and leave the print of his foot on the pale lavender roses in the carpet. Men with muddy boots always step on the lightest colored spots in a carpet.

The bedsteads will all have swelled with washing, and have to be pounded together. Two or three casters will be missing. After you have searched for them a couple of hours, you will find one in the jar of quince preserves and the other down cellar in the coal bin. The third one will not turn up before the next house-cleaning revolution takes place.

The cat and the dog have fled. The canary has sought his very highest perch, and sits there shrinking into his yellow feathers, not daring to say—nee! nee! ever so faintly, until this domestic earthquake has rumbled itself away.

Carpets are down, curtains up, bedsteads got together, beds are made, and the refreshing smell of soap-suds is everywhere!

Your house is clean. Yes, indeed! You ache in every nerve and sinew. You feel as if you had been taken apart by a blacksmith and put together with red hot iron needles in all your joints.

Your hands are blistered, your finger nails torn down into the "quick," you have taken cold in your head, and freckled your nose with beating carpets in the sun, but never mind! Your house is cleaned!

And you call Thomas to look around and see how nice it looks, and he, unfeeling wretch! says he don't see but it looks just as it did before!

Then you go to bed in a huff, and dream of striped snakes and yellow boa constrictors, and wake in the morning considerably more dead than alive—but your house is cleaned.—*Kate Thorn, in N. Y. Weekly.*

The Lock Haven Republican says: Mrs. Mary Ferer, a widowed lady residing in this city, has a Bible in her possession with which a curious incident is connected. During a terrible hurricane which passed over some portions of Westmoreland county in the summer of 1860, this Bible was carried a distance of four and one half miles by the force of the wind, and lodged in a pine sapling. The book was lying across a limb of the sapling opened at the 122d Psalm, which is nearly the exact middle of the book. Not a leaf was torn, not a scratch to be seen, save where it fell on the branch, and there only a slight impression made on the leaf. Mrs. Ferer was thrown down and had her arm broken in three places by the same storm. The story comes to us duly authenticated, and though it is seen scarcely probable, it is undoubtedly true.

A True Story.

Two or three weeks ago an accident did not occur near Scranton, Pa.; the newspapers missed a sensational horror; and a dozen men, instead of being hurried into eternity without time to breathe a prayer, walked quietly home to their diners, quite unconscious that death had them by the throats. It might, after all, be worth our while to look into the cause of the loss of this tragedy to the world; we should have been enough to unearth the guilty party if it had occurred. The facts are briefly these:

In the largest anthracite coal mines in the State, the care of the engine by which the cars for passengers are lowered and hoisted is placed in the hands of a Scotch-Irishman, an ordinary fellow enough. The cable, necessarily of great weight and thickness, passes through the roof of a slightly built shed under which he stands. One morning, as the man stood snacking his pipe, his hand upon the lever, his mind very probably busy with his dinner, and assuredly not wrought up to any heroic resolve, the ascending car (loaded with coal) at one end of the cable, broke and fell crashing into the dark shaft, to be shattered into a thousand fragments. He knew that in the next minute, the cable, released from the strain, would fly back and fall with crushing weight on the rickety beams and boards of the roof. Death was absolutely certain if he did not escape from the shed. But if he took his hand from the lever, the descending car, full of men, must fall one or two hundred feet. He had but one instant to face his death and theirs, and to choose between them. There was a boy in the back of the shed; the man motioned to him with his hand to go out. Then he tightened his hold on the lever. The loosened cable struck and caught somewhere below against the side of the shaft. Surely God meant it should so strike! It was the delay of but a breath of time; but it was enough. The car grated with a jar against the ground far below; its occupants stepped leisurely out, while the man who had saved them above, threw himself from the shed, just as its roof, beams, and all, crashed down on the spot where he had been standing.

We do not know the man's name, and should scarcely need to publish it if we did. Fame or reward jar somehow against the deed itself. There is a wholesome tonic for all of us in the certainty, which is forced upon us now and then, of the unknown, unmeasured resources of courage and heroism and unflinching integrity to duty which we possess among what we choose to call the mass of the people. It is, after all, only when a man reaches the certainties of middle age that he is not surprised every new day by the knowledge of how admirable a crew has been put into the world for its long voyage; how many of the women are gracious and finely natured; how many men respond promptly to the call of honesty or duty or even self sacrifice because it is the simple and natural thing for them to do so.

We will congratulate ourselves, then, not that his class can boast of one such brave fellow as this Scotch Irish engineer, but that, like King Harry over Percy's grave, we believe that it "has a thous and such as he."—*New York Tribune.*

A Deaf Editor Stirs Up a Book Peddler.

We thought everybody in the State knew that we were deaf, but once in a while we find one who is not aware of the fact. A female book peddler came to the office the other day. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in the world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance; hence, we could only buy her book. She was unmarried, and had no manly heart into which she could pour her sufferings, therefore we ought to invest in her book. She had received a liberal education, and could talk French like a native; we could not, in consequence, pay her less than \$2 for a book.

We had listened attentively, and here broke in with, "What did you say? We are deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper and made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end to our ear, and told her to proceed. She commenced:—"I am alone in the world."—"It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and father. Bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals."—"Oh, what a fool the man is," she said, in a low tone; then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you. I want to sell a book." This last sentence was howled. "We don't want a cook," we remarked, blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous." She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, she exclaimed: "I do believe that if a 300-pounder were let off along side of that deaf fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door." You should have heard her slam the door when she went out. We heard that.

At Bioghamton, N. Y., the other day a man was blown into the air ninety-nine and a half feet, and the local papers refused to stretch the distance six inches. That is probably because it would appear too high to the "gentlemen of the institution."

Popular Weather Signs.

Would it not serve a useful purpose if some meteorologist were to gather into a mass the various weather signs—whether valuable or not—treasured by the farmers and other common sense people of the country, and then sift them, so that those of real value may have their proper influence, and those which are merely fanciful may cease to mislead?

That there are weather signs in abundance, every body knows. That the greater part of these signs are utterly valueless, every person of intelligence can testify. Yet that they do practically influence the time and mode of planting the crops, and of their after culture, will be acknowledged by many who would not be suspected of the folly, and who can give no other reason for it than the force of habit.

"We are going to have a dry month," said a farmer, the other day.

"How do you know?" he was asked.

"By the Indian's sign of the new moon," he replied. "Its horns hung so sloping that they could hold no water."

His companion laughed. "Why, that's my Injun sign for a wet moon. The horns slope so that they let loose all the water."

The sign in the one case was no doubt as prophetic as in the other.

"Always plant your potatoes in the dark of the moon, if you wish to have a full crop," I heard my neighbor say. "But never kill your pork, nor boil your soap at such a time, unless you are willing to have them shrink to nothing."

"What is your authority for this?"

"I have always so heard," he answered with some hesitation, "and always so practiced. Potatoes you know, being roots, naturally love darkness. And soap and bacon—I suppose they take their cue from the state of the moon. The fact is, I only know that this is the old-timer's."

"We are to have a frost on the 19th of May," said a farmer to me on the 5th of April. I was shocked, for he looked so wise and lugubrious, and a frost at that time in our latitude would have cost millions of dollars. I asked,

"How do you know?"

"Because we had a fog on the 19th of March."

He saw me smiling, and added, "I have heard this rule, and never have known it to fail yet."

"The surest rule I know for foretelling the weather throughout the year," said a planter, possessed of at least a semi-collegiate education, "is to note the twelve days between the new Christmas and old Christmas (from December 25 to January 6). The months of the ensuing year are apt to be wet or dry, cool or warm, according to the days corresponding." He seriously declared that for many years he had "pitched his crop" and ordered his plantation work under the guidance of this rule, and found that it served well. No doubt for that amount of time in advance, it was quite as good as any other rule in ordinary use.—*Hearth and Home.*

Chinese Pottery.

In China the potter's art is a very ancient art. The date of the first fabrication of pottery is lost in the distant mists of early Chinese history; the native chroniclers themselves are not too skeptical to assign it to about the year 2698 before the Christian era; the discovery of true porcelain as fixed by them, having taken place under the Han dynasty, between 185 B C and 88 A. D. Without drawing so largely as this upon his credulity, the reader must yet believe that wares corresponding in texture and appearance to our glazed stone wares *faïences* were made by them many centuries before they were dreamed of in Europe. The Chinese had early made one important discovery which they long kept to themselves, and which relieved them of a great many of the difficulties which in our ignorance of it were incidental to our making of glazes. They found a material which combined in itself silica, an alkali, and alumina; in fact a substance which contains in itself all that goes to make a glaze. This was the variety of felspar which mineralogists call orthoglaze—a hard grey stone, known to the Chinese as *petuntze*. This rock is occasionally found as geologists term it, degraded, or decomposed; in other words, reduced by the action of the atmosphere to a powder. The rain falls on it in this state and makes it into clay, and in doing so washes from it all that water will melt; that is, deprives it of its alkali. In this state it is the famous kaolin of the Chinese, the possession of which has enabled them to make the semi-transparent pottery which we call china or porcelain. The kaolin is a pure white clay, absolutely infusible by heat; being mixed with the before named *petuntze* ground to powder, the potash makes it slightly fusible—slightly disposed, that is, to run into glass when fired. It stops short of this point, and yet it is far more vitreous than the common clay pottery we have hitherto been dealing with. It is precisely in that intermediate condition between glass and earthenware which we know as porcelain. The appearance of this beautiful ware, lying in tender coloring with the translucency of pearls and opals, was the deathblow to the coarser wares of Europe. The first specimens of true porcelain were imported at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and fetched enormous prices; and the decadence of the various Renaissance wares dates from the time when the markets of Europe began to be flooded with Oriental China ware.—*The New Quarterly Magazine.*

A Sad Story.

A little boy having heard a beautiful story about a little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy wouldn't tell a lie, he, in time, got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now, it so happened that on the last day of March, he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like to have for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry-tree. "My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree!" It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temptation. There was a tree—tall, straight and fair—standing invitingly before him,—just the thing for a sharp little hatchet. And there was the hatchet—strong, sharp and shining,—just the thing for a favorite cherry tree.

In another instant the swift strokes of an axe were heard in the still morning air, and, before long, a small boy was seen running toward the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now? Surely, you have not been at my favorite cherry-tree?"

"The boy stood proudly before him, but with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry tree is—"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Better to—"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father," he whispered, "April fool! I haven't touched the cherry tree; but I most chopped the old apple-stump to pieces."

"You young rascal, you!" cried the father, "do you mean to say you haven't chopped my cherry-tree? April fool your old father! will you? Take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob, that little boy obeyed. Keen, shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrunken form.

"My son," said the father, solemnly as he stroked the little shoulder, "it is the first of April. Go thy way."—*From Jack in the Pulpit, St. Nicholas for April.*

One Possible Cause of Fire.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript relates as follows the results of an investigation following the accidental discovery of a narrow escape from home burning.—"One day last winter poking about the by ways of my cellar, I came across a demoralized bottom part of a trunk, which was among the receptacles used for holding kindlings. It was comfortably full of burned paper, charred kindlings, and a miscellaneous medley suggestive of a place where a sluttish parlor girl had tipped up the contents of a parlor cupboards, which proved to be the fact. Well, there was no fire, but the discovery was interesting, and in the interest of domestic economy, art, and science, I investigated, and, as will straightway appear, I myself would have been the most culpable if a fire had come of this matter. Thus it was, carefully riddling the place of the burned stuff, and scrutinizing the residuum, there appeared at the bottom, with the rest of it, numerous used up matches, suggestive of the scratch, the light, the brimstone, the puff in the pipe, and, of course, the toss into the cupboards. So far, so good. No advance yet in domestic economy of safety of the individual. But I persisted. Presently, plain to be seen, were numbers of little brimstone ends of matches, fresh and potent as they came from the primeval dip. Indeed, here was food for reflection. I took one, relighted my pipe, and thought it out. Said I to myself, and was sure of it 'Why may not that careless fellow up in the parlor who runs this and thinks neither master nor mistress ever does a stupid thing, doing always as he pleases—why not may he, I say, have taken a match some time, and woodgathered over a problem not half as consequential as this, just scratched wildly, snapped off the life and light-giving end, and tossed the whole into the cupboards, and tried another? And why may not that little end of a match, in due course emptied here, have met its fate (a little attrition), and, responding to its destiny, produced a flame, and that flame set fire to this mass?" Even before I had worked out this problem to this wise result, I caught myself breaking a match and tossing the useless to me, but nevertheless dangerous, fragment somewhere! Yes, that must have been the way, and had not my cellar had a brick floor, with a brick partition next to the kindlings, and some other safety notions, peradventure good luck, too, who knows but what my house might have burned up and the mystery of the fire never have been fathomed."

The Scranton Republican of the 11th says: A very singular and uncalled for shooting affair occurred at Griffin Corners, Green Ridge, on Thursday evening. A young man and girl entered the 6:15 cars on the Green Ridge line at the corner of Lackawanna and Penn avenues, on the evening above named. They were evidently lovers from their actions, being too affectionate for man and wife. When the car arrived at Griffin Corners, the loving pair alighted and started in the direction of Forest Hill cemetery. They had gone but a short distance when they halted and seemed to be talking quite seriously. Presently a little daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, on her way home from one of the neighbors, passed the couple. She had advanced but a few paces beyond where they were standing when she heard the report of a pistol and found that she was shot in the back. She had on a heavy woolen jacket which broke the force of the ball or the affair might have proved more serious. There can be no reason assigned for the shooting. The little girl says they had their back toward her when she passed them, and she said nothing to them or they to her. The parties were strangers. They were not known by any one in the car.

The new issue fifty cent notes bearing the vignette of Samuel Dexter, secretary of the treasury in 1801, seems to be very extensively counterfeited. The street car conductors report that great numbers of counterfeiters of this note are offered every day, and dealers frequently detect them in business transactions. It would seem surprising that so bad a counterfeit should find any circulation whatever, but for knowledge of the fact that many people never scrutinize small change given them. The counterfeit ought not to deceive any but the most ignorant persons. It is a mean engraving in every way. The vignette of Secretary Dexter is very poorly executed, and bears but very little resemblance to the portrait on the genuine note. The paper of the counterfeit is tough and thick like that of the good note, but is without the colored silk threads which seem like hairs worked into the body of the paper, and for which there is a secret process exclusively with the government. Sundry green scratches on the back of the counterfeit note seem to recognize this deficiency in the spurious paper and proclaim the cheat.—*Exc.*

It is strongly intimated in New York that the recent strikes and other serious labor disturbances along the line of the Erie Railroad were primarily instigated and fomented by Gould and other speculators in his interest who have been conspiring to depress the price of the stock with a view to either making a handsome turn in the market or to buy in a controlling interest in the roads at lower rates. If this charge can be sustained by evidence, they should be brought instantly to book and punished to the utmost extent of the law.

A young man recently wrote to the Mayor of Pittsburg: "I desire to get some information in regard to razor-grinding. Will your honor please visit the place where they grind them, and write to me whether they grind them on one side or both sides at the same time, what size stones or wheels they use, and if dry or oblige?"

When poultry is kept in a yard, it is best to dig up a small corner occasionally, to let them hunt for worms and beetles, and then sow it in oats and corn and lettuce. They always want a dusting place; a box of ashes with sulphur intermixed is what they need for this.

To advertise, in any guise, is very wise; and he who buys, discreetly lies wherever lies the surest prize. He who defies this rule on empty gags; his business dies, nor can it rise to any size until he plies his skill, and vies with others, wise, who advertise.

The smallest postoffice in the world is kept in a barrel, which swings from the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. Every passing ship opens it to place letters in or to take them out.

A man in Fayette county read in an almanac that his feet could be kept warm by lining his boots with Cayenne pepper. He don't feel much like walking now, but he "would like to find the man what put that in the almanac."

Shad are so plentiful on the St. John's river, Florida, that they can be had at five cents each, or one dollar per barrel. Farmers are buying them for manure.

Mrs. Wheat, of Alabama, had three little Wheat's a few days ago. It looks like going against the grain to be cradling wheat at this time of year.

Many people will be astonished when they get to heaven by finding angels laying no schemes to be archangels.

The number of cans of peaches packed last year approximated about 12,000,000, tomatoes 18,000,000, and corn from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000.

The war waged by the women upon whisky shops has not progressed further South than Andy Johnson's town.