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Announces that having just returned from the 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 decayed, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Repairing of dentures neatly done. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.

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Attorney at Law.

Office in the building formerly occupied by M. Barson, and opposite the Strasburg 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 Light, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., having repaired and refurnished the same, and repaired to entertain all who may patronize it. 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.
D. L. PISLE.
July 17, 72-4.

PLE HOUSE,
HONESDALE, PA.

Central location of any Hotel in town.
R. W. KIPLE & SON,
Proprietors.
Main street,
May 9, 1873.—ly.

DO YOU TELL WHY IT IS
that when any one comes to Stroudsburg to buy Furniture, they always inquire of McCarty's Furniture Store? [Sept. 26]

A Young Man's Misadventures in Search of a Wife.

In the eastern part of Fond du Lac County, Wis., resides a young man, industrious, well-to-do, and of good habits, whose recent experiences form the subject of the present article. He has a nice little farm and some money in the bank, and after he had built him a house, it occurred to him that it would be a good thing to have a wife. Accordingly he called upon a neighbor and informed him that he had turned wife hunter, and wanted help. The rest of the story, in the language of the Fond du Lac *Commonwealth*, runs thus:

"The neighbor promised to help in the search. He knew a worthy lady in England. She was poor, to be sure, but if she would consent to become a wife she would make a good one; no doubt on that score. He drew a glowing picture of the English girl, or woman, for she was more than a girl in years, being beyond thirty-five. Our young farmer hero thought she would fill the bill. It was arranged that both neighbor and farmer should write to her. In due time an answer came. She, like Aarkis, was willing, provided the young man would send her money with which to pay her passage to America. That he would do most gladly. A month after the money was sent our hero was at the Fond du Lac depot waiting for the train, having been advised that the dear one would make her appearance. She came. They knew each other, exchanged photographs. She had a friend in the city. For a time her home would be with that friend. Two or three times a week the young man came in to visit the young lady who would soon be his wife. About three weeks after her arrival the young man came to the city to find his lady love as chilly as a March snow-drift. She hardly spoke to him. Before he started home she deigned to speak to him. What did she say? This: 'Young man, I have made up my mind I don't want to marry you. Let this be your last visit. It is ended, remember; good evening.' Several claps of thunder from an exceptionally clear sky could not have imparted a greater shock to our hero. What did he do? Did he fall upon his knees and ask, beg, and pray for mercy? Not at all. He seized his hat, slammed the door, and sought his country home. Thus ended the first chapter.

"Of course our hero called upon the neighbor, who had recommended the English girl. He was surprised and chagrined almost beyond measure. 'Well,' said he, 'I have got you into a scrape. Now you shall have a wife anyway.' A team was hitched up and the two rode a distance of seven miles to the farm house of a gentleman who was the possessor of five girls. In due time their business was made known. An acquaintance was commenced between our hero and one of the young ladies. The following week he made her a second visit. That time they were engaged, and the wedding fixed for the following week. The wedding day came and the ceremony took place. The happy couple enjoyed life for two or three days, at the end of which time the young man found it necessary to visit the farm and attend to some business, leaving the bride with her folks. Two days passed, and he started back to meet his wife. Reader, imagine his surprise upon being met at the door by his wife's father, who informed him that he was not wanted there. He was denied admission. To make bitterness doubly bitter, his wife raised the window and coolly informed him that he need never speak to her again—never for a moment claim her as his wife. What caused this sudden change on the part of the young wife and her people is yet a mystery to the young man and the public generally. But wasn't it strange? Did our hero pine? Not a bit. He drove to Fond du Lac, consulted a lawyer, and immediately instituted proceedings for a divorce. He is calm, resolute, and declares that he will have a wife if it takes all of four summers. Hence we say—truth is stranger than fiction."

A Terrible Fate.

Belle Palmer Wheeler, of East Meadow, L. I., who had just married a young man named Wheeler of the same village, met an awful death. She had just been placed in a light carriage by her husband, who was preparing to follow her, when some person fired a gun in close proximity to the horse's head as a parting salute to the young couple.

The sudden report frightened the spirited animal, who gave a bound forward, broke from his fastenings and rushed at a terrific pace down the deserted street, the light wagon careening from side to side in a menacing manner. In attempting to round a short curve the carriage was overturned, and the young lady thrown, and, becoming entangled in the harness, was unable to extract herself, and was dragged for about half a mile over the rough road, where the horse was brought to a stand by falling into a ditch by the roadside.

Here the unfortunate young lady was found by the relatives and husband a short time after. Her head was nearly torn from her body, and every limb was found to be broken in a number of places. She was dead when removed, but a look of unutterable agony was fastened upon her still handsome features, showing what terrible suffering she must have endured.

The Murder of a Whole Family.

A correspondent describing the murder of a whole family in St. Clair Co., Ill., says:

The house in which the murder took place is an ordinary one-story frame, containing two rooms and a kitchen, with a porch in front. The building stands back about seventy-five feet from the road and is somewhat isolated, there being no other house nearer than half a mile—a circumstance which made it exceedingly safe for the perpetration of the heinous crime.

The scenes which met the gaze of the Sheriff and his associates on entering the house almost beggar description. Stretched out on the floor near the front door lay the prostrate form of Friedrich, Stelzenriede, jr., with his skull mashed to a jelly and his throat cut from ear to ear, and on the bed lay his young wife with her head horribly mangled and her throat cut also, while in her arms and closely grasped to her bosom was her innocent babe, only eight months old, with an ugly gash in its head; little further removed on the same pallet lay the other child, killed by a blow on the left temple, cold and lifeless. In the adjoining room the body of Friedrich Stelzenriede, Sr., seventy-five years of age, was found with his face toward the door, his head horribly mutilated and nearly severed from the body.

Everything in the room seemed to be in perfect order, though it was clearly apparent that a fierce and violent conflict had taken place between the assassin and the victims, as marks of violence were found on the arms and hands of Mrs. Stelzenriede, while her husband had one of his fingers almost cut off. The children and the old man seemed to have been butchered with more ease, since only the heads of the former and the head and throat of the latter exhibited the marks of the murderous instruments used.

It appeared from the evidence of the neighbors and friends of the unfortunate family that a bitter feud has existed for some time past, on account of money matters, between the Stelzenriede family and one Friedrich Boeltz, whose wife is a sister of the murdered woman. Boeltz, it is said, borrowed money at different times from the Stelzenriedes, and gave a chattel mortgage on his property to secure the amount. It is further stated that for several months past he has been exceedingly embarrassed in his business affairs, and being pressed by his relatives for the debt, became quite offended, refused to speak to them and also forbade his wife to visit or have any communication with her sister.

All these circumstances having been developed during the investigation, the coroner concluded to send for Boeltz and let him tell his story to the jury. Boeltz, on being notified, refused to appear, urging want of time as an excuse; but when a subpoena was served on him by the sheriff and he was brought by force to the house, he appeared quite agitated and even refused to look at the dead before him. On being questioned in regard to the murder he was exceedingly guarded and cautious in his answers and very artfully avoided incriminating himself.

The evidence would seem to indicate that Boeltz had some knowledge of the horrible crime, though it is possible that when the investigation takes place in the court he may be able to clear himself of any suspicion.

At a meeting of the Board of Commissioners of St. Clair county a reward of \$1,000 was offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderers.

Too Much for Him.

Horace Greeley used to affirm that newspaper men were the most patient people, as a class, on the earth, and he was not far from right, though there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue with the most enduring. Nearly everybody in the western-part of Michigan knows Burr, who used to start a newspaper about once a month the year round, generally bringing them out in Grand Rapids, but sometimes making a flying trip to other points.

Burr could stand to be told that he lied about circulation, was on the fence as a politician, and that he didn't know anything about publishing a paper; and when men threatened to sue or thrash him he only smiled a sad smile and wished that maunkid wouldn't get excited. During a religious revival at Grand Rapids, Burr was converted, and it frequently happened that religious people called at his office to talk with him. One day a minister came in and, after talking a while, he proposed prayer.

He was in the act of kneeling, when his foot struck one of the outside forms, which was leaning against a leg of the stove, ready to be lifted up, and over it he went, making a bushel of "pi." Burr looked at the ruin wrought, thought of the two weeks of overwork, and commenced taking off his coat, saying: "I'm trying to be a Christian and set a good example, but rat my buttons if I can't lick you in just two minutes!" The clergyman backed down stairs in no time, dodging the lye brush on the way, and Burr backed at once.

A good remedy to remove warts is a tincture of cantharides, with a few drops of iodine. Apply to the warts with a small brush three or four times a day. In a short time they will disappear.

How to Build a Milk-House.

In reply to a request from some dairy-men to give plans for building a good dairy house, a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* says:

Coolness is the main thing desired. I built what we called a fruit house several years ago, which we also used for a milk house winter and summer. Inside of this, twenty inches from the outside, I built another frame, which was ceiled with wide boards. Between the weather boarding and ceiling sawdust was filled in. Twenty inches from the top of the outside frame (the inside frame should be that much the lowest) I laid wide planks and covered the joints with narrow boards, and filled that space too with sawdust. My sills were under the ground and filled between with small rock and lime. On the inside I filled some three inches with thin stone, then took a sledge hammer and beat them up finely, and leveled off. When this was done I took thin mortar and poured over the top and leveled with a plasterer's trowel, making the whole rat proof. There should be two door shutters, one to each frame, for winter.

Another correspondent of the same journal gives the following:

Lay up a foundation with good, hard burnt bricks, or with stones, a thirteen inch wall. On this set a frame, say of five inch studding. After siding up, ceil on the inside and fill in with charcoal. Overhead have a floor and ceiling between the joints, putting charcoal between. This is a non-conductor of heat, and also a good absorbent of foul air. Have doors on the end and each side; at least two thirds the distance back from the door put windows with sash hung at the top, to be hooked up to the ceiling. Get wire gauze, paint it, and tack over each window to exclude all vermin, "from a cat to a gnat." Now put from four to six inches of good gravel on the floor and pour till it is solid; then cement this as you would a cistern, also the side walls. As your frame will not extend in as far as your wall, you can put a shelf on it, say nine inches wide, which will be handy to use for various purposes. Lastly, put a six inch tube of galvanized iron at the rear end, running from within a foot of the ground to two feet above the roof, with a cap on top and an opening on each side equal to the diameter of the tube. Then with good sweet pans you will have milk and butter that will do to set before a queen. Scrupulous cleanliness is very important; without this, no milk house will make good butter.

A Lawyer's Advice.

An Irishman, by the name of Tom Murphy, once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay in a certain time. But month after month passed by, and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that if he did not pay it on a certain day he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and being able to raise the money, went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter. After hearing Tom's story through to the end, he asked him:

"Has your neighbor any writing to show that you owe him this fifty dollars?"

"Divil a word," replied Tom, quickly.

"Well, then, if you have not the money you can take your time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."

"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going towards the door.

"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.

"Fat for?" asked Tom, in astonishment.

"You owe me two dollars."

"Fat for?"

"Why, for my advice, to be sure. Do you suppose I live by charging nothing?"

Tom scratched his head for a moment, in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"An' have yees any papers to show that I owes yees two dollars?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, of course not; but what does that signify?"

"Thin I'll jest be after takin' yer own advice, an' pay neither you nor me neighbor!" saying which he left the office and its occupant to meditate on a lawyer taking his own advice and a doctor taking his own medicine.

No Effect.

A German paper contains a reply from a clergyman who was traveling and who stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having clergymen at his table, looked at him with surprise; the clerks used all their artillery of wit upon him, without eliciting a remark in self defence. The worthy clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors.

One of them, at last in despair at his forbearance, said to him:

"Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you not know who I am?"

"No Sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect on me!"

Quit Smoking.

One of our force quit smoking a few days ago, and as soon as he threw off the shackles he became a zealous reformer, and there is not a smoker in the office he did not visit and wrestle with, as the worldly minded say. He said that smoking was killing him and he was bound to break it up. And break it up he did, and already felt so much better that he thought it a pity, and was much surprised, beside, that anybody smoked. He got to talking with the doctors about the habit. He would say: "Now it is all a lie, ain't it, that smoking helps digestion?" And they would say: "Certainly!" The heartiness of the indorsement invariably took his breath to that degree that he could not faintly respond, "Of course," and drop his eyes in triumph. After a pause he would say: "A very little pipe full of tobacco, or a few whiffs of a cigar—a mild cigar, remember—after a hearty meal, ain't of no benefit to digestion, is it?" And they would say: "Certainly not!" And he would strive so hard to conceal his gratification from the eyes of the miserably enslaved about him as to appear in actual pain. One would think to look at him, that he was disappointed partly, so delicate was his feelings for the unfortunate. On the fifth day of his new and better existence he asked us in confidence if there were any doctors handy besides those who frequented the office. He said he wanted to convince the boys as thoroughly as possible. But there were no more doctors. Then he said eke disagreed with him alfredly, and he would eat some cake at tea and try for himself whether a little temperate smoking right after eating aided digestion. Cake still disagreed with him, but he ate it at breakfast the next morning, and also at noon, and again at night. He ordered it for the next day. The third day he sent out for it between meals. He ate so much cake on that day as to require the consumption of thirteen cigars, and he is becoming so ravenously fond of cake that, a corner in the article is really imminent and some few nervous people, also fond of cake, contemplate calling a town meeting—*Danbury News*.

"Send the Bill to My Husband."

Realize, my reader, says a New York paper, the anguish of a lady compelled to stand by another lady wearing larger diamonds than her own, or more point lace, or a longer train? What will the world think, as under the chandelier this painful contrast comes out? Such moments of deep humiliation cause sleepless nights, and the next day result in bills that become as crushing as criminal indictments to poor overworked men. Under the impulse of such trying scenes as these, many a matron has gone forth on Broadway with from lips and eyes in which glowed inexorable purpose, and placed upon her arms or fingers, that might have helped her husband forward, the gems that would be millstones about his neck. There are many phases of heroism, but if you want your breath taken away, go to a leading and fashionable store and see some large souled women, who will not ever count the cost or realize the dire consequences, but like some martyr of the past who will show to the world the object of his faith though the heavens fall, she marches to the counter, selects the costliest, and says in tones of majesty, "Send the bill to my husband!"

A brave woman of Boston, who refuses to have her name made public, was left in charge of several children, a few nights ago, and one of them being taken sick, she summoned a woman servant to carry a prescription to the apothecary's for some medicine; but the servant came, frightened out of her wits, saying that there was a burglar concealed in a certain closet. The woman went straight to the door and said: "If there is anybody in this closet, let him come out;" where upon a big, sinister looking negro stepped forth. The woman then, with the utmost coolness, handed him the prescription, saying, "Take this to the nearest apothecary's and get it filled. There is a sick child in the house." The black burglar left without a word; meanwhile the woman, who began to feel a little faint, called a neighbor. The latter was about to go to apothecary's for the medicine when a clerk called with it, saying that a negro had brought the prescription and then disappeared.

The Sea Mouse.

The sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under water. It sparkles like a diamond, and is radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in the mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not have been called a mouse, for it is larger than a rat. It is covered with scales that run up and down as it breathes, and it glitters like gold shining through a flecky down, from which fine silky bristles wave that constantly change from one brilliant tint to another, so that, as Cuvier, the naturalist, says, the plumage of the humming-bird is not more beautiful. Sea mice are sometimes thrown upon the beach by storms.

In Switzerland there is a law which

compels every newly married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child.

MISCELLANEOUS.

France is making starch from horse-chestnuts.

Last year Philadelphia had 15,728 marriages.

1400 counterfeiters have been imprisoned since 1869.

There are \$285,000,000 in the New York State savings banks.

The snow was fifteen inches deep at Hazleton on the first day of May.

Bradford county court has eight applications for divorces pending.

Bradford county has twenty four granges of the Patrons of Husbandry.

We—that is, the American people—consume 250,000 pounds of opium annually.

The total valuation of Venango county, as fixed by the county commissioners, is \$17,000,000.

It would take a train of cars eight hundred miles long to load the 1873 wheat crop of Minnesota.

As a proof that American industry is not dead, it is reported that a party of men are digging for Kidd's treasure near Bridgeport, Conn.

Some thirty millions of dollars will be disbursed at New York within the first half of the present month on account of interest, dividends and rents.

Alexander H. Stephens, in a letter dictated at Crawfordville, Ga., on April 28, said: "I am barely able to sit up, and cannot use the pen myself."

The demand for railroad iron is so slight that the principal mills in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky are idle, and have not a single order to execute.

A cow belonging to W. G. Hall, of Upper Providence, Delaware county, has produced 1,052 pounds of butter in three years, besides supplying two families with milk.

A Westmoreland county woman bought a box of corn ointment from a peddler, and put some of it on her foot. It ate away a large portion of flesh before it could be stopped, and there was danger that the foot would have to be amputated.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has ruled that a demand for payment of a note must be made at a reasonable time of day; if at private residence not at an hour when it may be presumed that the family is in bed, and if at a place of business in business hours.

Two skirmishes, during which one person was killed, took place in Little Rock on Saturday between the Brooks and Baxter men; Attorney General Williams has suggested a compromise; Baxter refuses to accede to the proposition, and Brooks accepts it.

In Mount Vernon, Ohio, the women have now got things reduced to a system. Instead of being at the trouble to go around in the mud to pray and sing, they just put up a sentry box in front of each saloon, and station a lady in it to take down the name and note the condition of every man who enters or leaves it. It is said to work like a charm. The fair sentries delight in their duty, and do not welcome the rustle of petticoats indicating approach of the relief.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is probably the richest man in America. His income is said to be \$6,000,000 a year. He is the owner of a silver mine more productive than any on earth, his part of the profits of which a short time ago, was \$250,000 a month, but which is now at least doubled by the discovery of a new vein. He was a Broderick Douglas Democrat, ran for Lieutenant Governor of Nevada, on the Democratic ticket a few years ago and was defeated, and is bright, keen, generous and quick witted, he lives in the house of Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, No. 235 K. street, Washington City.

Sir Henry Thompson, one of the most distinguished of English living physicians, said in a recent speech that all men of action, whether educated or not, require a toil of some kind to their hours of blank toil, and went on to say that if you take away liquor from the working-men you must put in its place some agent of amusement which will give the elevation of spirit and buoyancy of heart furnished by alcohol. He holds, therefore, that on all days, and especially on Sundays, coffee houses, reading rooms, libraries, museums, and picture galleries should be thrown open to laborers.

Surprise was caused on Sunday morning in a N. Y. crowded Third ave. car when a very old but plainly dressed man entered. Several young men occupied seats, but not one arose to give the old man a place. A well-dressed and pretty young lady got up and requested the new comer to be seated, replying to his remonstrances that he "was old enough to be her father at least." A couple of young men then arose to give the lady a seat, when she replied sharply, "I am young and strong, and you seem weak and delicate. I could not think of taking your seats."