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WILLIAM S. REES,
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Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
FOR SALE.
Office next door above S. Rees' news Depot
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March 29, 1873-4f.

D. R. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,
Sits in his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Strodsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years 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 in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner.
Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver, or continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.
Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those who are at a distance. April 13, 1871.—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 new meeting house. Prompt attention to calls.
Office hours { 7 to 9 a. m.
12 1/2 to 2 p. m.
5 to 9 p. m.
April 16 1874-ly.

JOHN BREWER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHEUR,
MOUNTAIN HOME, PA.
March 26, 74-6m*

DR. J. H. SHULL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE & RESIDENCE, AT INDIAN QUEEN HOTEL.
All cases promptly attended to. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.
Charges moderate. Consultations free.
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, 1872-4f.

DR. H. J. PATTERSON,
OPERATING AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
Having located in East Stroudsburg, Pa., announces that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner. Also, great attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All other work incident to the profession done in the most skillful and approved style. All work attended to promptly and warranted. Charges reasonable. Patronage of the public solicited.
Office in A. W. Loder's new building, opposite 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. August 1, 74-1f.

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 13-4f

AMERICAN HOTEL.
The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurbished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.
April 17, '72-4f.] D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,
HONESDALE, PA.
Most central location of any Hotel in town.
R. W. KIPLE & SON,
Proprietors.
169 Main street.
January 9, 1873.—1y.

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

Dangerous Door-Yards:

Some one has said that neglect was the one great curse of our country houses, and when we contemplate the surroundings of many farm-houses, we cannot contradict this statement.

Just look into neighbor B.'s backyard—see the chunks and logs of wood which lie here and there, and the decaying chips and sawdust, relics of the winter's wood pile for many a year, which have entirely destroyed the grass, but the ugly weeds, plantains, dock and "beggars' lice" thrust up their coarse leaves and bury seeds through all the rubbish. Then see the rusty old iron hoops and tin pans, pails and the like, which are scattered everywhere. Perhaps we find the ground soaked with the kitchen slops which have been thrown out this many a day, and vegetable parings, egg-shells, etc., littering up the yard, where here and there are little spots where the water stands until it becomes horrid to the nostrils. When we mount the doorsteps, we find them half rotted away, jagged, and unsafe for children's feet. Then enter the house, and look at the woman's pale cheeks and black-lustre eyes, and hear the cough, when she attempts to suppress, as she greets our entrance. Disease has entered before us—perhaps death has also been there, and borne away the fairest of the flock—the lamb of the greatest promise. The affliction is ascribed to a "dispensation of Providence"—instead of a dispensation of ignorance!

Surely it is enough to give one diptheria only to look at such places, and they are also excellent nurseries for typhoid fever, spotted fever, and that terrible Asiatic plague, cholera. This last disease is said to be marching westward, slowly and surely. Born in the rice fields of Asia, it continues its deadly work even throughout this continent, it is looked for last season, and is feared for this. Therefore it behooves all of us to clean up our premises more carefully than ever—to rake up the chips and sawdust in our back yards, and deposit the rubbish in the manure heaps, where it will be of some use, and repay us for our labors.

It stands us in hand to gather up all the bits of old iron which are useful on the forge of the blacksmith, and to throw away, far out of sight, all the battered, bruised and useless old tin pails, pans and basins, and pick up the old boots and shoes, and bury them under the grape vines or raspberry bushes.

Make a bonfire of all the worthless barrel hoops, staves and rubbish which have accumulated in the farther corner of the yard. Overhaul every part of the yard and barn, and dispose of everything which cumber the ground, and is worse than useless, because its decay may produce mephitic exhalations which will poison the very air you breathe, and stretch you upon your couch, racked with ceaseless pain, and wasted with foul disease. It will surely pay you to give some little attention to the appearance of things immediately about your house. Has it ever entered your mind how bare are its surroundings; and how much more attractive, pleasant and homelike it would appear if you would expend a little more thought and labor upon them? Your neighbor A. has planted vines to run over her side porch, and her kitchen piazza. You do not possess either a porch or piazza; yet a little money and labor would procure them both for you, and your daughters would gladly plant the vines and tend them. It does seem strange that men who are good farmers—who plant and raise fine crops—keep a good horse, perhaps two—are proud of their fine stock, and make the farm pay well—can be content with such untidy surroundings—can allow their back yards to become such uninviting, and even most foul places.

When, however, such farmers desire to sell their farms, they discover their mistake; then they learn that a neat and beautiful setting is a most desirable recommendation in the disposition of a homestead. They have forgotten all this while occupied with their labors; but are forcibly reminded of it, if circumstances force them to find a customer for it.

Friends, remember that if a little of your time and labor—yes, even money—is given to increase the beautiful, they are not expended in vain. Plant an orchard, set out an abundance of small fruits; cultivate a kitchen garden; make a flower garden and fence in a neat lawn—while you also attend to the surroundings of the back yard and barns—and you will find them more profitable investments than bonds and mortgages; for if their dividends are not paid in gold, they are payable in health, comfort and pleasure, which will profit a man far more than hoarded wealth.

Don't forget the beautiful with the useful, but combine them, so that one will lead added grace to the other.

Two Milesians were standing at the Fairmount water works, watching the big wheels splashing the water, when one of them remarked: "Mike, isn't this a queer country, where they have to grind their water before they can use it?"

"I want to know whether we are going to keep house or board before going into this thing," said a young lady at the altar to San Francisco. Commendable foresight.

Feeding Fowls.

The best standard soft food is ground oats, if procurable; barley meal will make an excellent food, and if mixed occasionally with potatoes well washed, turnips, beet, or mangold wurzel, so much the better; this food should be given only in the morning, and then warm, especially in the winter season. Buckwheat as a grain is excellent food, and when fowls get accustomed to it eat it readily; so is good barley and oats; peas, beans and Indian corn may also be supplied; but, as already mentioned, to supply only such wastes of the body as these materials are capable of. Spiced food is frequently recommended by poultry writers; some advocate the giving of raw onions at least two or three times a week, with a good supply of cayenne pepper in their food; others advocate the use of different condiments, all of which are largely made up of stimulants of various kinds. There is no doubt all kinds of spiced food materially tend to hasten maturity, whether it be to the chicken, the pullet, or the hen that they are supplied. Chickens when thus fed when young will attain to larger size and lay earlier, commencing at about four months old, and hens will be stimulated to winter and early spring laying, but breeders will do well to bear in mind that the continuance of stimulating fowls beyond a reasonable time will result prejudicially to both old and young fowls. It cannot be denied, however, that when judiciously and moderately given, used at certain times only, such food is highly beneficial. If given to chickens when fledging, it greatly assists in this, to them, exhausting process; and when given to drooping fowls has marked effect, quickly restoring them to their former healthy condition. It is a good thing, too, to give stimulating food to old fowls in cold or wet weather, and when molting, and to hens that do not lay in time in early spring; but in any case when the desired effect is produced spiced food should be discontinued, and the usual plain food be again restored. In old birds, if given too frequently or continued beyond the time already mentioned, it produces diseased organs and in pullets stunted growth. In the care of chickens of all the larger breeds, the longer maturity can be postponed the larger the birds are likely to be, and, no matter what may be said to the contrary, the same feeding which produces force and rapid growth during the very early period of chickenhood will, if continued beyond this, result in stunted and early precocious adults—large size and early maturity cannot be had in the same bird—they are incompatible. For many purposes then it is well to have stimulating food always on hand or the means by which it may be prepared at a moment's notice. The following condiment mixed with oatmeal will be found highly beneficial: Take of ground allspice two ounces; ground black pepper two ounces; ground ginger half pound, and brown sugar one pound; mix together and add to usual food in sufficient quantity to cause a slightly sweet and hot taste. When prepared it should be kept in a well corked bottle, ready for use when required.—Canada Farmer.

How They Drop Shot.

A reporter of the Baltimore American thus describes one of the many processes of making shot in one of the shot towers of that city: One of the "secrets" of the manufacture is the mixing of the lead with a certain proportion of a combination of mineral substance called "temper" is fused with the lead, and gives the molten metal that consistency which makes it drop. If it were not for the "temper" the lead would be moulded by the sieves, and would form little pencils instead of round shot. When "BB" shot, for instance, are to be made, the lead is poured into a pan perforated with holes corresponding to that size. The little pellets come pouring down in a continuous shower, and fall into a tank filled with water on the ground floor. In their descent of 200 feet they become perfect spheres, firm and dense, and they are tolerably cool when they strike the water, although the swift concussion makes the tank foam and bubble as if the water was boiling furiously. The shot must fall in water, for if they would strike any firm substance they would be flattened and knocked out of shape. To get the little pellets perfectly dry after they have been in the "well" is the most difficult and troublesome process of the manufacture. An elevator with small buckets (very much like those used in flour mills) carries the shot up as they reach the bottom of the "well," and deposits them in a box sixty feet above the first floor. The water drips from the buckets as they go up and not much is poured into the receiver above, although it is intended to be a sort of dripping machine. From this receiver the shot runs down a spout into a dry pan, which greatly resembles a gigantic shoe made of sheet iron. The pan rests at an angle which permits the wet shot to roll slowly down to the chamber below, and the pellets become perfectly dry as they pass over the warm sheet iron.

There is a young man residing in Union township, Berks County, who is twenty-one years of age, five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs 425 pounds. He enjoys good health, but his excessive obesity prevents his doing any work.

The Editor of the New York Herald Wins a Foot Race.

James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the Herald, has figured both as a yachtsman and a pigeon-shooter. He entered on Tuesday a new field, that of a pedestrian, and won a race against a young lawyer, named John Whipple. The bets were \$3,000 a side, and the walk was from Bennett's residence, corner of Twenty-eight Street and Fifth Avenue, to Jerome Park, a distance of ten miles. Bennett had previously no reputation among his acquaintances as a walker, while Whipple was well known for his endurance. The club friends of the two contestants bet, therefore, largely on the latter. Bennett went immediately into training, and for ten days had been trying his speed. He made an experimental walk between the two points in one hour and forty-two minutes. Whipple did not think it worth while to train until three days before the contest, when he heard of Bennett's performance. The pair started at seven, Bennett wearing dark pantaloons, a striped linen shirt, and a yellow jockey hat. He is a tall wiry man of thirty-three, with a long stretch. Whipple is short and compact, and of the same age. He wore a sailor's shirt of dark blue, dark pantaloons and a cap of black silk. He walked with a short, quick step, gave his frame little motion and used his arms lightly. Bennett imitated the English pedestrians: His arms were akimbo, his hands were held on a level with his head, and his shoulders played actively. The two kept pretty well abreast for the first mile, though Bennett would occasionally spur ahead and give his opponent extra exertion to catch him. The first mile was made in seven minutes and nine seconds; the second in seven minutes and eighteen and three fourths seconds. Bennett then began to lead, and Whipple to loose heart. Between One hundred and seven and One hundred and eight streets he stumbled and fell, complaining of a pain in his side. He rested two minutes, and again started. Bennett, however, kept ahead and made Jerome Park entrance, nine miles and seven furlongs, in one hour, forty six minutes and fifty five seconds. Whipple reached the gate six minutes and fifty five seconds behind him. His friends say that he was not in condition, and desire to bet on him upon a future occasion.

Rats Upon Farms.

From my own experience I estimate that the damage done by the rats upon any one farm is equal to what would be consumed by a pair of horses. That this damage is not prevented simply shows that man knows less than a rat. I found it so, and gave up attempts to trap or poison them, in consequence of repeated defeats. But in self preservation I was obliged to discover some means of getting rid of them and finally concluded that to destroy their haunts was my best plan. I therefore "carried the war into Africa too," as I might say. My first movement was to open all the underpinnings of my buildings, and where they were less than a foot from the ground to raise them at least 18 inches. Instead of having the floors of my sheds and pens laid upon sleepers, which rested upon the ground, and thus furnishing the most secure hiding places for the vermin, I placed them upon sills and joists which rested upon short posts, in short, I lay daylight everywhere. The granary was made so that I could pass around the bins, and the barn was arranged so that the driveway and everything about was open to daylight and the cats. The most vulnerable point, the corn crib, I raised upon posts, each of which was capped with a tin pan placed bottom upward, and removed it three feet from the fence, with in a foot of which it formerly stood. Then the long familiar squeak beneath the floor was heard no more, and the rats that formerly came out when the pigs were fed and joined in the feast, had gone; their little game was up. As for the mice a few of them remained about the barn; but as soon as they left their hiding places they were picked up even by the fowls, and it was not long before some of my light Brahmas became excellent mousters. In short, by removing every hiding place, permitting no rubbish to lie around, and by preserving perfect neatness everywhere, I soon got rid of every rat which formerly infested my premises. Where they went I do not know exactly, but expect they found plenty of room and agreeable darkness around my neighbor's barns and sheds.—Tribune.

A Georgia negro was riding a mule, and when he came to a bridge the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go over this bridge," and with that struck the mule over the head, which made him nod suddenly. "You take de bet, den?" said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," said Sambo. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been close by, unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I take the quarter out."

York borough, with a population of 11,000, has a corporate debt of \$11,000, or \$1 per capita. Lancaster city, with a population of 20,000, has a debt of \$500,000, or \$25 per capita.

Taking off the Shoes.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor, so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes to soil the sijdya on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot mats or scrapers, and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go to the Syrian school houses and see the pile of shoes at the door. There are new bright red shoes, and tattered shoes, and kob-kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on these dangerous kob kobs. Sometimes they slip, and then down they go, on their noses, and the kob kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali or Yusef, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya Imme! Ya Imme!" "O my mother!" and cries just like little children in other countries.

But the funniest part is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and of course a hundred shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When school is out the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down, kicking away the other shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and tarbooshes thrown off, and a great screaming follow, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Asa," or a stick, and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many school boy fights and bruised noses and hard feelings in Syria. You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes. So do I. And the boys often wear off each other's shoes by mistake or on purpose, and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father and grandfather until he gets back his lost property.

When Not to do it.

Look well to the time of doing anything; there is a time for all things. Choose the right time for saying things. If your wife looks wearied and worn out, be sure that it is not the right time to tell her that the dinner is not hot, or that the bread is sour. Comfort her; cheer her up. Use the ten thousand little stratagems you were wont to handle so skillfully in the old days, to bring out the smiles around her lips.

If you are annoyed or vexed at people, just remember it is not the right time to speak. Close your mouth, shut your teeth firmly, and it will save you many a useless and unavailing regret, and many a bitter enemy.

If you happen to feel a little cross—and who amongst us does not at some time or other, do not select that season for reproving your noisy household flock. One word spoken in passion will make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over.

If you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home weary from his day's business. It is not the time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times; it is most assuredly the wrong time.

If he had entered upon any undertaking against your advice, do not seize in the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four monosyllables.

If people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, and less silent sorrow, and less encroachment of hearts! The greatest calamities that ever shadow our lives have sometimes their germ in matters apparently slight as this. If you pause, reader, before the stinging taunt or the biting sneer, the unkind scuff passes your lips, pause just long enough to ask yourself, "is it the right time for me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a heart ache.

The world hinges on small things, and there not many more trivial than the right time and the wrong.

There is great excitement at Los Angeles, California, in consequence of the arrest of Vasquez. The jail is guarded by a strong force of men to prevent the escape or the lynching of the prisoner. The total appropriation for the capture of Vasquez and his men is \$15,000—\$8,000 for the chief.

An Oswego paper describes a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water."

It is good ground for divorce in St. Louis if a wife finds one hundred and thirteen love letters from a red headed woman in her husband's pocket.

The Fishing Laws.

It is unlawful to fish at any time with fish baskets, kiddles, eel weirs or racks in any stream in this State.

It is unlawful to fish with a seine, set net, fyke net or net of any other description, the meshes of which are less than 10 inches, between June 15 and August 10, in any stream.

It is unlawful to fish for trout except for purpose of propagation, or scientific investigation, in any other manner than with hook and line.

It is unlawful to fish for salmon and speckled trout between April 1 and August 10; speckled trout only to be caught by hook and line. It is unlawful to catch, kill, or sell or have in possession, salmon or lake trout between October 1 and March 1.

It is unlawful, to place a set net across any canal, rivulet or creek in this State.

It is unlawful to fish for black bass, pike or pickerel in any other manner than with hook and line, or scroll; and only with hook and line, or scroll between June 1 and March 1, except when taking them alive for stocking other waters.

It is unlawful to fish at any time in any inland water (such as a creek, river or other stream) in this State inhabited by black bass or speckled trout with a net of any kind the meshes of which are less than 3 inches.

It is unlawful to fish with seines or nets in any place where the water has been partly or wholly drawn off, or to fish in any way by drawing off any waters.

It is unlawful to set lines in any stream inhabited by speckled trout.

There is nothing in the several acts of 1873 to prevent the setting of outlines in any stream not inhabited by speckled trout, subject to foregoing restrictions as to the time of fishing and the species of fish caught.

State Dinners at the White House.

At the state dinners in the Presidential Mansion when foreigners are invited, their rank, time of service and official position are taken into account, else offence would be given to the gentleman who has served three years by placing him in a less prominent position at the table than the gentleman who has been an ambassador or other dignitary for only two years and eleven months. To Mr. Luckley, one of the President's secretaries, is assigned the delicate duty of arranging guests at the table properly, and the amount of labor the accomplishment of this satisfactory result entails upon him is by no means small. After the guests have accepted invitations, Mr. Luckley, by dint of much careful study of official prejudice, selects the different positions each is to occupy at the Presidential board. He makes a diagram of the table, and places in a little slip the name of the person who is to occupy each particular seat. This is sent to the proper official, who places on the respective plate the bill with the name of the party who is to sit near it. Mr. Luckley then places in a small envelope the name of each gentleman invited, with another card, upon which is written the name of the lady whom he is to escort to dinner. These envelopes are given to the gentlemen as they arrive, and each is supposed to be perfectly delighted with the prize he has drawn. By this means, the guests are allotted places and partners suitable to their rank, while no one's appetite is lessened by being assigned an improper place at the table.

Making Him Pay.

The following story, which has never been printed, is indicative of the sentiment of the California merchant on the subject of John Chinaman. The scene is laid in San Francisco. The merchant is calmly waiting for customers to drop in, when there appeared in the street a long column of Ah Sins and Chang Loos. Arriving in front of the store, slowly, and with measured tread, they range themselves along the sides of the apartment, when the following conversation ensues: Chang Lo—"Have you got any cotton twine?" Merchant—"Yes"—"How much charge?" "A dollar a pound." "I gives fifty cent." "Git out." And without another word being said on either side they departed as they had come. In about an hour the same performance exactly was enacted. "Have you got any cotton twine?" "Yes"—"How much charge?" "A dollar a pound." "I gives seventeen five cent." "Git out." And with charming decorum they immediately got. Now the merchant was used to this sort of thing. The evil was one of long standing but the remedy was simple and easily applied. Sending out to a neighboring butcher shop for the loan of a cleaver, he serenely awaited the appearance of that happy band, for he knew they would come; oh yes, they would certainly come again. Sure enough, he was not disappointed. But a little while, and all unconscious that they had ever been in that store before, or had ever in the course of their natural lives set eyes on that merchant, Chang Lo, with a winning smile, inter-gated. "Have you got any cotton twine?" "Yes"—"With wrath." "How much charge?" (Brandishing the cleaver) "A dol—" "I take fifty pound," and the trade was consummated.