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## DAIRY PRODUCTS. HOW BUTTER AND CHEESE ARE BROUGHT TO MARKET—NIGHT SCENES AT THE DEPOTS.

The trade in butter and cheese in New York at this season of the year is one of immense magnitude, and give employment to a large number of men, both by day and night. Fresh butter especially, being an article of a perishable nature, is required in the market during market hours; and consequently preparations have to be made for transporting it during the night, as the heat of the day is often too great to admit of its being carried through the city without damage. That class of butter, however, which is packed for shipping or for storage during the winter does not require such prompt removal, as precautions are taken generally during the packing to prevent it from being readily affected by the changes of temperature. A reporter of the Tribune recently visited the railroad depots in the vicinity of New York for the purpose of ascertaining the means employed to get the butter and cheese early into the markets of the city.

A large quantity of fresh butter is brought to the city by the New Jersey Midland Railroad, the trains arriving late at night twice every week. The butter is brought from the following stations along that line; Stockholm, Ogdensburg, Franklin, Hamburg, Deckertown, Quarryville, Unionville, West Town, Johnson's, State Hill, Circleville, Bullville, Thomson's, and Pine Bush; four of these stations, Deckertown, Unionville, West Town, and Pine Bush, supplying the largest quantities. All the butter coming by this route is consigned to various agents in this city, the largest quantity, however, being taken by four principal commission merchants. Each station is numbered, such as Stockholm, 7; Unionville, 17, and so on; and the pails containing the butter, therefore, not only have the consignee's name, but the number of the station whence it was shipped. A manifest is sent on ahead to the freight agent at Jersey City, who from it makes out his bills and the receipts, which the carmen have to sign. He also makes out a form showing at a glance the number of pails consigned to each person and the stations from which they may be sent. With this form he checks off the delivery of the butter, and should any be missing, he can see at a glance at what station the mistake has been made, for when the butter is loaded at the shipping stations the car doors are locked and cannot be opened until the train has reached Jersey City.

On the night of the reporter's visit over 30,000 pounds of fresh butter arrived. Long before the train made its appearance the carmen were present with their heavy trucks to remove the consignments; and as soon as the freight agent had his bills made out, the work of delivery began, the trucks being backed up to the car doors to receive the freight. The name of the consignee was first called out, after which the pails of butter intended for him were sorted from the freight in the various cars. As the packages were delivered to the carmen, the number on the pail was called out by the assistant, while the freight agent personally checked off the delivery on the form before mentioned. When the truck was loaded the pails were counted and had to agree with the record which had been kept, or the error was rectified on the spot. As one truck became loaded it was moved out of the way for the next, and the same plan of operations was adopted, the loaded truck hastening off to the ferry-house for the purpose of crossing to New York. During this busy season of the night, one or two accidents will occasionally happen, and one occurred in the following way: A carmen, whose truck was nearly loaded, being anxious to get out of the way of his co-laborer, began to fasten his ropes to the car-rungs so as to secure his load. He had already 48 pails, weighing over two tons, on his truck, and he desired to get the other two on so as to make 50, which he considered a load. It was very dark, and the only light he could obtain was from a lantern hanging inside the car. While tightening the rope, at the same time keeping time with a song, one of the pails of butter fell over, and the lid, not being properly secured, fell out, the contents, 100 pounds of soft butter, being spilled with a dull splash on the ground between the tracks. The song ceased, and a look of agony passed over the carman's face, made visible by the dim light of the lantern. "What shall I do now?" was his inquiry, as the thought of having to pay for the butter flashed on his mind. "Pick it up," suggested another carman. "That is all very well," ejaculated the first; "but how that soft stuff is to be picked up, I should like to know!" "I'll show you," said No. 2, as he leaped from his truck. The next moment carman No. 2 grasped about 20 pounds of the butter with his not over-clean hands, and dashed it back into the pail, repeating the operation several times until about 98 pounds of the butter, slightly mingled with dirt, had been placed back into the pail. He then smoothed over the top with his hands, and telling his companion to fasten on the lid said, "There, no one will find that out." Having completed to operation, the second carman allowed his horse to clean off his hands with his tongue, and the animal seemed to enjoy the unexpected delicacy.

The full pails having been removed from the cars, the empty ones, about to be returned to the farmers, were next placed on board the train, the pails occupying as much space empty as full. These pails having

been thoroughly cleaned at the farm or dairy, will be again filled with butter, and in a week's time will once more be doing duty in the New York market. It is stated that butter pails have been repeatedly used during a whole season, but the farmers often lose a great amount of money through the misappropriation of pails.

**THE NEW YORK AND OSWEGO RAILROAD.**  
The regular butter and cheese train on this line arrives once each week, although occasional cars will come on to Jersey City attached to other trains. On these occasional cars between midnight and daylight, at the time of the reporter's visit, about 3,500 pounds of cheese and 10,000 pounds of butter from Deruyter, Otselic, North Norval, Eaton, &c., were brought on, and were removed by the consignees' trucks to the city. As these removals were made about the same time that the peach and fruit dealers were removing their consignments from the cars of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey railroads, the amount of confusion caused by the presence of so many bulky vehicles was very great. The arrival of the regular weekly butter and cheese train, coming as it does during the night, and carrying on an average about 300,000 pounds of butter and 200,000 pounds of cheese, causes a repetition of the scene previously described, only upon a much larger scale, as more trucks have to be employed to remove the freight from the cars of the city. When the train arrives early enough to allow the freight to be got out of the way before the peach train is ready to be unloaded, very little confusion arises except from some mishap or accident; but when all the trains are being unloaded at once, and each driver is anxious to get to the ferry first in order to obtain the best opportunities for crossing the river, the danger attending the work is exciting, though it is far from being agreeable to strangers who may be called there on business. Early passenger trains also arrive at a time when the drivers are most anxious to reach the ferry, and the position of flagman becomes therefore anything except a mere sinecure. The breaking of wheels while crossing the tracks, or the interlocking of vehicles, is not the greatest, by far, of the dangers to which the drivers and horses are exposed under such circumstances.

About 15,000 pounds of butter are brought daily to this city from Chicago and the Far West over the Pittsburg and Western Railroad, and on arrival, proves to be as sweet and fresh as on the day of shipment. This railroad company is the owner of patent refrigerator cars, in which the butter is kept in as good condition during the time of transit, as when deposited at the starting point. The agents in this city to whom the Chicago butter is consigned assert that a market is readily found in New York for it, and that in time the Western men will be able to compete with farmers nearer by, as the cost of transportation will be offset by the difference in the market rates West and East.

**THE ERIE RAILROAD.**  
The largest quantity of butter and cheese that reaches the city comes over the Erie Railroad, and is brought from the extreme western part of New York, and from almost every other State that has connecting lines with the Erie Railroad. During the busy season the Company have employed about forty cars for the cheese trade alone, and from seven to ten cars for the transportation of butter. At the time of the reporter's visit there were on the cheese train nearly 1,000,000 pounds of cheese, and over 200,000 pounds of butter. After this class of freight has been loaded into the cars, neither the cheese nor butter breaks bulk until the cars reach the city, the Company having had large floats constructed upon which they can transport ten cars at a time across the North River, so that there is no necessity of handling the freight more than once, and that at the place of delivery, Pier No. 31, North River. All the butter and cheese carried by this line is consigned to agents, who are informed by telegraph or mail when they may expect their consignments; and trucks may be seen passing under the covered way of the pier, and leaving soon after with full loads of this class of produce. The regulations of the pier prevent any disorder or confusion, and the large supply is more easily disposed of than the smaller loads on the less important routes.

**DELAWARE AND LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.**  
There are two classes of butter and cheese trains on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad—one for way freight. The farmers along the milk district of Sussex county employ the latter train, and send daily to market about 15,000 pounds of butter, which is delivered at the milk depot in the rear of the passenger depot at Hoboken. The delivery of this freight generally takes place between 5 and 7 o'clock a. m., an agent having special charge of the work. The butter is packed in pails varying from 40 to 120 pounds weight each, and is generally consigned to small dealers in this city and Brooklyn, who employ expressmen to remove it from the depot. Between the hours mentioned, a long line of express wagons is daily seen at the depot waiting for the delivery of the freight, and, as only two can receive freight at the same time, the process of delivery appears to be tedious. It is understood, however, that the business with Sussex county is yet in its infancy. The through express freight is brought from all parts of the country along which the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad passes, and is consigned to large dealers who receive the freight direct from the Company

through a special express agency. The freight is transported across the North River to Pier No. 1, where the express wagons receive it and subsequently convey it to the consignees. No general average can be ascertained of the amount thus carried, as the Railroad Company keep no record, the freight being carried in chartered cars containing other express matter.

In addition to the above specified sources from which butter and cheese are received, a large quantity is brought to this city from various points by means of propellers, steamers, sloops, &c. As private dealers and grocers generally purchase the butter and cheese thus brought to market, there are no accurate means of ascertaining or even estimating the supply thus furnished. A small quantity of both commodities is brought by other railroads, but not of such sufficient amount as to warrant any special reference thereto. The small supplies are generally consigned to special agents, and are carried by the railroads as ordinary freight, whereas in milk producing districts special contract rates are generally charged to regular shippers, the various roads seeking to monopolize as much as possible the carrying trade of each particular district.

**BUTTER AND CHEESE FOR EXPORTATION.**  
A large quantity of butter and cheese is exported from this port for use in other countries, but statistics show that there are other sources of supply which to a great extent exclude American butter and cheese from foreign markets. This disadvantage in trade also arises from the abuses practiced by those engaged in the American butter and cheese trade. In the first place there is very little good butter produced that is not actually required for home consumption, and in many cases the butter which is packed for exportation is simply that which will not find a ready sale at home. This fact has been discovered from the entries at the Custom-house, the exporters rating the butter sent abroad at a price so far below the market price as to lead to inquiries which resulted as above stated. A want of a proper system of handling has also tended to deteriorate butter or cheese after it has been packed at the dairies. The packages are first carried in the middle of the day and under a broiling sun. The railroad transportation usually takes place at night, but sometimes during the day, on which latter occasions the packages are mingled with other freight, the butter especially absorbing whatever vapors may exhalate therefrom. From the railroad the packages are transported under the heat of the sun to various warehouses, some of which, being underground, do not permit of the proper appliances for ventilation. Many of these are also used as storehouses for other classes of goods. It matters little what may be the nature of the other articles stored with the butter, should any deteriorating atmosphere be created, both butter and cheese will absorb it, no matter how securely they may apparently be packed. After lying, perhaps for days, in these warehouses, the products are again carted through the streets, of course in the daytime, to the vessels where the packages are stored away in the hold, that being the more economical plan of transportation. It is needless to speak of the disadvantages that must arise to so sensitive an article as butter or cheese from the close atmosphere of a vessel's hold, filled with all sorts of freight. Part of these disadvantages might certainly be remedied by the establishment of properly ventilated and regulated receiving houses, or storehouses, for butter and cheese intended for transportation. Such storehouses should be built at the water's edge, thereby removing the necessity for carting these products to and fro through the city, the transportation to the vessel being carried on by means of tugs, barges, &c. As the special butter and cheese cars of certain railroads are conveyed across the North River in floats to the city freight depots, the same plan could be adopted with regard to the warehouses, and the products could be stored at once, without the necessity of extra handling. This would also prevent the evil of packages being knocked about on the exposed piers, perhaps, for days, as is now often the case. As the continual handling of cheese in boxes often causes damage, the value and quality is thereby reduced; and in addition to the saving of labor, any change in this direction must prove of advantage.—Tribune.

The New York Evening Post has been following up an investigation into the ultimate end of the mail bags. It appears that the New York Post Office makes a monthly requisition of 5,000 bags to supply the place of those that have disappeared. As the contract price of the canvas bags is 57 cents, this amounts to a monthly loss by carelessness or dishonesty of \$2,850, no small figure, considering the character of the material and the absolute want of a fair means of accounting for them. But the authority we have quoted has ascertained where some of them went. It seems that Congressmen are in the habit of filling these bags with public documents and mailing them from Washington to their homes, where they are left through carelessness or ignorance. There is a reason why Congressmen should not return these sacks. The only person mentioned in Scripture who "kept the bag" was Judas, and, as the sacred narrative candidly puts it, "Judas was a thief."

A saddening prospect. St. Louis papers estimate that there are twenty-five thousand people out of employment in that city who are competent, and would work if they had a chance.

## MASKED BURGLARS' WORK. An Old Man's Hoardings of Years Stolen —The Victim Left Bound and Gagged.

For many years there has lived in Monroetown, Pa., an eccentric old man named Isaac Castor. He is a shoemaker and lives alone in a little house in an out of the way spot. He is over sixty years old, and for years has hoarded his earnings, using only enough money to procure the bare necessities of life. His income has never been large, but its accumulation for over a quarter of a century amounted to a snug little competency. He always carried several hundred dollars in his pantaloons pockets, which fact was generally known, and it has been the standing wonder here for years that he had never been robbed.

On a Monday morning it was noticed that the old shoemaker's shop was not opened as usual, and that there was no stir about the house. This was so remarkable an occurrence that two or three citizens went to his house and broke open the door. They found Castor bound tightly in a chair, so that he could not use his hands or feet, and a handkerchief tied tightly over his mouth. He was hastily released, and as soon as he could recover sufficiently from his excitement and alarm he told substantially the following story:

About an hour before daylight he was awakened by a man who stood by the side of his bed. Castor sprang up, but was stopped by the man, who put a pistol to his head and told him to be still or he would blow his brains out. Another man, with a lantern, was going about the room searching every hole and corner. The old shoemaker at first thought the men were negroes, but afterward discovered that they were white men with blackened faces. The one man rifled the pockets of his pantaloons, which contained nearly \$500, but not being able to find money that they evidently believed was secreted about the room, the robbers told the old man that he must tell them where he hid his money or they would kill him. Castor assured them that he had no more money; that his pantaloons pockets contained all he had in the world, and he begged them to leave him some of that, as he was keeping it to pay his funeral expenses when he died. The burglars, failing to force the old man into revealing the whereabouts of the rest of his probable treasure, and daylight being near, made their victim get out of bed. They then bound him to the chair and gagged him, and took their departure. They had effected an entrance into the house through a back window. Castor said that he could not be able to recognize the robbers. He could not distinguish their features, and their voices were strange to him. The general impression is that they are parties living in the neighborhood, as no strangers have been seen about the place. There is not the slightest suspicion, however, as to who they may be. Castor says that the robbers took every dollar he had in the world.

### Odd Ants.

Upward of a thousand different species of ants have been described by entomologists, and yet it is by no means supposed that the whole family have been enumerated. New species are from time to time turning up in different parts of the world, and as they are all wonderfully intelligent, and addicted to the strangest habits, we may expect to be entertained with new and curious stories about the race as long as life shall last. Dr. Gideon Lincoff, of Long Point, Tex., has been cultivating the acquaintance of a species of sweet-scented ants which live in his vicinity. Each individual ant seems to be a vial or vase of precious perfume, sweet as the attar of roses. Crush it between the fingers and it yields a fragrance of exquisite quality. These ants are extremely scarce, but no doubt the day will come when they will be cultivated, as the Orientals cultivate gardens of roses, for the rare odors they distill. Imagine a bouquet of these sweet-scented ants impaled on separate pins and emitting delicious aromas with every contortion. Scientists are trying to prove that the lower orders of animals do not ache from stabs and wounds, and they tell us that insects will tranquilly feed when transfixed with a bodkin; therefore, we might refresh the dainty sense of smell with a nosegay of bleeding and quivering ants without suffering any twinges of conscience.

But this treatment of the ants would be no worse than that which the various species unscrupulously accord to each other. We are indebted again to Dr. Lincoff for the details of a wholesale slaughter of one tribe by another, which occurred under his observation. A colony of the smaller species of black ants, which dwelt in his yard, discovered one day a quantity of sirup that had been spilled on the ground and immediately swarmed out and began carrying it to their magazine. The vessel in which they transported it was the little sack in the abdomen. But they had not long been engaged in the work before a larger species of black ants learned what they were about and began to rifle them on their way homeward. The big black butchers would seize the little fellows toiling alone under their burdens, and, biting open their abdomens, draw out the full sacks and swallow them. Then, casting aside the mutilated carcass, each would seize upon another and repeat the murderous operation. The bloody brigands greatly outnumbered their helpless victims, and when the ruthless massacre was over, the peaceful, populous colony was entirely exterminated.—Chicago Tribune.

## The President and the Horse Dealer.

Among the enterprising citizens who contributed to the St. Louis State fair was Mr. Dillon, who is a dealer in Norman horses. Mr. Dillon has recently imported a number of these animals from Europe, and had a "six-in-hand" attached to a ponderous vehicle on the fair grounds. Driving around the course, the horse fancier met old Sam Buckmaster, of Illinois, and induced him to accept a seat in the caravan. They drove several times around the track, and were the observed of all observers, but finally Mr. Buckmaster, seeing two gentlemen approaching, said: "There comes the President; I must get out and meet him."

"The President!" exclaimed Dillon; "why, that is just the man I want to see. I wanted to get hold of a man that is a good judge of horseflesh. Which is the President?" "The gentleman in dark clothes carrying the umbrella," replied Sam. "Hullo!" cried Dillon to the stranger; "come here; I want to see you." The gentleman with the umbrella approached smilingly and shook Dillon by the hand, supposing that he was some acquaintance of other times.

"What do you think of my team?" said Dillon. "They do very well," said the man in dark clothes. "Jump in and let me show you their pace. Bring your friends along," shouted Dillon, heartily. "You must excuse me. I don't want to be conspicuous," said the stranger. "Conspicuous?" remarked Dillon. "Get in here and let me give you a ride behind these horses." "No—no," cried he of the umbrella; "I must be going."

"Why don't you get in? I won't eat you!" said the horse fancier. At this the stranger and the friend turned abruptly away, and were lost in the crowd. "Well," exclaimed Dillon to Buckmaster, who stood by dumbfounded, "just to think that the president of a one-horse Missouri fair refused to ride behind my team. What a sop he must be!" "President of the fair!" Buckmaster shouted in amazement; "don't you know who that was?" "No," replied Dillon; "you told me he was the President."

"So he is the President, rejoined Buckmaster, "but not of the fair. Why, surely you knew him?" "I'll be hanged if I did," Dillon said. "I was sure he was president of this fair." "Oh, this is too much!" cried Sam. "Why, that was the President of the United States!" Dillon grew very red in the face, and slowly gasped forth: "Was—that—Grant?" "Certainly, it was Gen. Grant." Dillon caught up his reins, dropped his whip and exclaimed, "Oh?"

### How He Started Out.

Henry J. Raymond, member of Congress, Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, but better known as the founder and the editor of the New York Times, was the son of a poor farmer. At the age of twenty he graduated at the University of Vermont. His father wanted him to go to work on the farm. But young Raymond had no inclination for farming. He felt if he could get a start in New York city, that he had the habits of industry and the brains which would enable him to do well.

Moved by his son's earnestness, the father raised three hundred dollars by mortgaging the farm, and with that sum the future journalist went to the city. There he studied law, taught school, wrote for the newspapers, and was the first person, it is said, to write regular letters from New York to the country journals.

Horace Greeley, about that time, started the New York Tribune, and being acquainted with Raymond, invited him to do his writing in the office. For some months he wrote at his borrowed desk, when, receiving a liberal offer to teach school in the South, he determined to accept it. Thanking Mr. Greeley for his many courtesies, he informed him of his intended departure. "I don't think," said the kind-hearted editor, who, like Raymond, was then struggling for bread and a position, "there's any particular use of your going 'way down there, Henry. You ought to do as well here, New York's a better place for you. How much are you to get for teaching?" "Ten dollars a week, and I can't earn as much here."

"O, well, you'd better stay. Write for the Tribune; I'll give you eight dollars a week." A child was born in Moore county, Kentucky, last week, having a double forked tongue, six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, besides other deformities too numerous to mention. Rev. Jon S. Glendenning, on trial before the Jersey City Presbytery, has been acquitted on all the charges made against him in connection with the Mary Pomeroy tragedy. The wheels of trade. During the past eleven months of this year the number of freight cars entering or passing through Indianapolis was 657,497, an average of 59,772 cars per month.