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HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r.
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Nov. 26, 1874.—6m.*

DR. J. LANTZ,
SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Still has his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he fixters 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 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 living at a distance. April 15, 1874.—tf.

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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 fit denturel with accordance 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 '71-tf.

WILLIAM S. REES,

Surveyor, Conveyancer and

Real Estate Agent.

Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots FOR SALE.

Office nearly opposite American House and 2d door below the Corner Store.
March 29, 1873-tf.

DR. HOWARD PATTERSON,

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,

Office and Residence, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Selp. Prompt attention given to calls.

Office hours { 7 to 9 a. m. / 1 " 3 p. m. / 6 " 8 p. m.

April 10 1874-1y.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON

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

STROUDSBURG, PA.

August 8,'72-tf

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formally kept by Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repainted 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, '72-tf.] D. L. PISLE.

WILSON PEIRSON,

AUCTIONEER,

Real Estate Agent and Collector.

The undersigned begs leave to notify the public that he is prepared to sell at short notice personal property of all kinds, as well as Real Estate, at public or private sale.

Office at Thomas Stemple's old store stand, at East Stroudsburg, Pa. [Dec. 17, 1874.—tf.

DAVID S. LEE.
Attorney at Law.

One door above the "Stroudsburg House," Stroudsburg, Pa.

Collections promptly made.
October 22, 1874.

KIPLE HOUSE,

HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.

R. W. KIPLE & SON.
142 Main street. Proprietors.
January 9, 1873.—1y.

DON'T FORGET that when you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarty & Sons in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it.

June 18,'74-tf

DON'T you know that J. H. McCarty & Sons are the only Undertakers in Stroudsburg who understands their business? If not, attend a Funeral managed by any other Undertaker in town, and you will see the proof of the fact.

June 18,'74-tf

A. ROCKAFELLOW,

DEALER IN

Ready-Made Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, &c.

EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.

[Near the Depot.]

The public are invited to call and examine goods. Prices moderate. [May 5,'72-tf

JAMES LICK'S ESTATE.

We publish from the New York *Tribune*, the following editorial on the success and peculiarity of a Pennsylvanian, and we think it will be read with interest:

The most remarkable auction sale of which history gives us an account was held recently in San Francisco. A portion of the immense estates of James Lick, given to trustees for public uses, was sold for two millions of dollars. The residue was withdrawn for disposal at a future day. The time would appear hardly favorable for the sale of real estate, and yet a sufficient sum has been realized to accomplish all the specific purposes contained in the extraordinary deed by which this public spirited citizen reduced himself, a few months ago, from vast opulence to a position of simple ease.

James Lick is a native of Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, who learned the trade of piano making in the early years of this century. Having a taste for adventure, which was with him not incompatable with great industry and thrift, he went to South America, where he passed several years in any business that offered, sometimes making pianos, sometimes dealing in furs, but always getting ahead. When the Mexican war threw California into our hands, and the rumored discoveries of gold excited such futered among Americans on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Lack resolved to seek his fortune in El Dorado. His business in Peru was relentlessly sacrificed, and he started for San Francisco Bay with $30,000 cash, the ava's of property worth twice that sum. There were very few of the early emigrants who had any such sum of money, and still fewer who had such headpiece as were carried on the square shoulders of the Pennsylvania piano-maker. He bought a lot and a large adobe house on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets, to keep his safe full of doubloons in, and then began to look about him. He saw that a great town was sure to grow up on those sand hills, and he lost no time in selecting and buying the most eligible positions in the future city. This was in 1848, when there was only a straggling village there, and the prices which Mr. Lick paid were usually above the market of times. He wanted only choice lots and secure titles. He kept his own counsel, and for years afterwards, when the vigorous young city was spreading out on every hand, there were many vacant lots and blocks occupying the best situation whose ownership was a mystery to every one except the quiet speculator.

He is now 78 years old, and does not choose to wait until his death shall throw his property into the hands of bungling corporations and grasping heirs. He therefore made a deed in July last giving his whole estate to seven trustees, Thomas H. Selsby, D. O. Mills, Henry M. Newall, William Alvord, George H. Howard, James Otis and John O. Earl, for uses and purposes of a remarkable character. Seven hundred thousand dollars are to be devoted to the construction on the borders of Lake Tahoe, or elsewhere in the State of California, of a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made. This is to be constructed as rapidly as circumstances shall permit. Three hundred thousand are to be used to found and endow an institution to be called "The California School of Mechanical Arts, the object and purpose of which shall be to educate the males and females in the practical arts of life," to be open to all youth born in California. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars are to be spent in building a monument designed to commemorate the history of California, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars are to be devoted to a bronze monument to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," probably the largest proportion of monumental glory to the amount of copy which provoked it of which we have any record. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars are to be spent in building free baths for San Franciscans, and one hundred thousand in establishing a home for old ladies who have no means of support. These are the principal purposes of the trust, though there are numerous gifts of $25,000 and $10,000 to various charities. He gives $5,000 apiece for gravestones for those who are gone and the same sum or less to those who survive less than fifty thousand dollars in all. After these purposes are accomplished, the residue of his estate goes in equal portions to the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers, to be used in the erection of suitable buildings and the purchase of libraries, scientific collections, apparatus, and other things useful to the advancement of science.

The trust embraces every inch of ground and every cent of money owned by Mr. Lick. He places himself on the list of his own beneficiaries in a curious manner. He reserves for himself the use and enjoyment during his life of his homestead property at San Jose, in Santa Clara county, which is to revert after his death to the two societies last mentioned, and he further charges that the trustees shall pay to him "as he may from day to day or from week to week demand of them, not, however, exceeding the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in any one year. It is said that it required some persuasion to induce him to receive so large as this for his own use. Such in short is a sketch of the most extraordinary bequest of our time. It differs widely from the Peabody benefactions in the fact that the California capitalist has reserved so little for himself, and has left almost nothing for his relatives. The trust, if wisely and luckily administered, may be the means of great good, but this it is impossible for any one to foresee. No one can help being a little nervous as to the disposition to be made of $350,000 devoted to monumental art. The trustees have it in their power to give the Pacific Coast two of the finest monuments in the world, or to cover the name of James Lick with ridicule more enduring than brass.

GUIDES AND LOST CHILDREN.

There are guides who have grown gray in this forest, and who know every feature of the wilderness as accurately as a young fellow the face of his sweetheart, and who exult in it as does the lover. One died the other day, in a minute, even as the deer dies that is overtaken by the true bullet—Asa Puffer, aged ninety five. Rugged till the last, the machinery just stopped and he was gone. Mr. Fenton, the oldest now remaining, is the Malte Brun of Pathless. You could not lose him anywhere in all the region, any more than you could forget your way from bed to breakfast. And these men are as rich in border stories as a book of old ballads; of desperate battles with panther and catamount; of perils by wolves; of snows heaped up like the white treasures of the two Arctics; of human bones and rusted rifles found side by side.

Born, as the writter was, in sight of "John Brown's Tract," on the father and eastern edge of his memory, there are incidents of strange excitement. One summer afternoon the Rev. John Blodgett was preaching his second sermon, when a man stepped quickly in at the door and said, "Two children lost!" The Elder halted into the midst of a sentence, laid off his coat, and with a "Come, brethren, it is everybody's business to seek and to save that which is lost," down he came out of the pulpit, and the able bodied in the congregation followed him out into the sunshine, like sheep that know their shepherd. A few short words told the story. Two little children, brother and sister, had gone out on Saturday morning to pick berries. Night came, but not the children; and I think that of all nights in the week, a Saturday night without the gathered household is the most lonely and dismal. A few of the neighbors had gone out with lanterns and horns and guns, and the mother had accompanied them, and had beaten up the adjacent woods, and had worn out the weary night, and the Sabbath dawned upon eyes dry with nameless fear and hearts bitter with anguish. Many a time during the dark hours some lantern's deceptive ray had fallen upon a pile of leaves half covering some bit of a broken limb, and a shout of "found!" had only plunged them into deeper sorrow. And so the Sunday shone drearily out, until a message came to the village and gave the general alarm.

The campaign was soon organized. Nearly 200 men were enlisted, and the plan was to attack a certain piece of woods, marching on it in an extended line, at such distance apart as to command the whole space between every two, and so fairly harvest the ground of anything upon it of human interest. Guns were distributed, and the order was that no cry should be raised, no piece discharged but all move in silence; that should the child be found one gun should be fired; if dead, two; if alive, three in quick succession. But they were not men only that joined the merciful brigade, but mothers and sprightly girls, and they proved the most observant and vigilant of all, for nothing so quickens a woman's wit as love and grief. Many times what would bewilder a man seems to summon up a woman's faculties to prompt and efficient action. And so they set forth. The boy of that day remembers the scene, as if it were now before his eyes. The village was out of doors. Groups of the infirm, the women and the children, spotted the picture like a leopard's skin. The tones were subdued, there was a listening, longing look on every face. Some of them followed out to the edge of the village, and stood and listened. The settlement could not have been stiller had it been a deserted graveyard instead of the abode of the living.

The shawdows were traveling eastwardly. The sun showed a golden rim over the western hills, and was gone. The stars came peacefully out over the whole heaven as if there were no such thing as grief in the universe. Nine o'clock, and no signal. Eleven and not a shoot. Midnight, but no gun. The slow clock ticked slower. Stars went down one after another, and those that tarried grew pale. There was a suspicion of dawn above the woods. And then, far off, faint and yet certain, there was a report. The lifted foot was let down softly upon the fallen leaves, lest there should be a second sound and they should miss it, and so be wrong in the count. A half minute, and another signal. "Found and dead," so far they read. Was that all? Was the story completely told? It is at such times that we think fast. The electric flash is a dull traveler beside a swift thought. A few seconds, and the third gun broke the stillness and cut the tense cord of suspense, and let human nature down, tearful, grateful, overcome. "Found and alive?" was the story the rifles told; and then arms ticked like clocks along the line, and shouts rang as if an army had won a victory, and floated out into clearing, and reached the waiting, watching, sleepless village, and they took the cheer, and men broke down in the midst of it and women hid their faces and sobbed. Then back they came the glad brigade, in the gray of the morning, with their dim lanterns and their smoking torches and their rifles in their hands, bringing the wanderers feeble but alive and unharmed, stained with berries but not with blood, and so it again came to pass that though "sorrow lasteth for a night, joy cometh in the morning!"

How to Get Rich.

He had saved a few hundred dollars before he was twenty-five years old, at which time he bought a farm, paying what he had, and then finding that he spent too much time in cooking, he married a strong, healthy woman, leaving the hay field an hour and a half to have the ceremony performed, when he returned to his work, and his wife went into the kitchen to get dinner. Of course they could not afford a bridal trip nor anything of the kind, nor could they afford to have children, and they lived together forty years, blessed with health, working all day long, wet or dry, out of doors and in. Churning, wood sawing and shelling corn were done after dark.

They always had apple sauce, and never wanted butter; salt pork answered instead of beef or fish; potatoes instead of eggs, and if they thought they wanted doctoring they drank thoroughwort and catnip tea, and soaked their feet in warm water. Of books they had no need because they had no time to read, though they made out to read the tracts given them, so that nothing might be lost. They never attended church because they had money which they could worship, and they could not afford to give to the poor because they might themselves be poor some day. For a quarter of a century he hauled hay twenty miles to the market, getting $8 to $10 a ton, all of which was saved since he carried his victuals in a round box, and bed clothes, so that he could sleep in the wagon.

Ten years ago he was sixty years old, and he was so crippled in various ways with hard work, having varicose veins and rupture, and some other little things that their farm, which had become the best in the county, was sold, bringing over $40,000, and this, with their extra stock, made up a value of over $50,000, all of which was put into Government bonds, and then they were making money faster than ever. He bought a small place of twenty acres of choice land, which they work to the best advantage, keeping cows, hogs and poultry. He is now seventy and she sixty-nine. They rise every morning at 4 o'clock, have breakfast at 5 o'clock, when he goes to work, allowing himself half an hour at noon, returns from work at dark, milks, feeds the hogs, churns, shells corn, and pursues the even tenor of his way. In every particular she is his mate; the house is neat and comfortable, no little children ever get things out of order, visitors seldom appear, but if they do the food is extra, almost as good as they have at home. Now the shadows are falling, the light of life begins to glimmer, but they are rich, and why should they not be happy? But there is one drawback. What is to become of their money?

Quite a Little Grab.

Augustine R. McDonald, a resident of Louisville, claiming to be a British subject, has come into a nice little plum through an award of the British and American mixed commission, amounting to $197,000. He claimed, originally, $2,000,000 for cotton burned by Federal troops during the war of the rebellion, but was granted the sum named above. The testimony in Augustine R.'s case covered 6,000 printed pages, so that it will be seen that he had quite a struggle to get his reward. The history of the case is about thus: During the war McDonald was a resident of Cincinnati. Obtaining leave to go through the lines into the South, he got possession of a lot of cotton, which he was careful to place under the protection of the British flag. General Osborne came along and ordered the cotton to be burned, despite the protestations of McDonald, who claimed to be a subject of Great Britain, and entitled to protection from any molestation whatever. On the 19th of December, 1868, McDonald filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court of Cincinnati, in which he struck out the affidavit of citizenship of that city. Among the assets there was a claim against General Osborne for burning seven or eight thousand bales of cotton, which was placed in the schedule as worthless. In March, 1869, McDonald received a discharge from his debts. All of his accounts, including his claim for the burned cotton, were sold by his assignee for the small sum of twenty dollars. When the award was made last summer, it was claimed by McDonald's creditors that there was an informality in the sale of his accounts, and they determined to have the same, it seems, set aside. A friend of McDonald's, fortunately, had purchased his accounts and assigned them back to him, and he has thus received the money with the interst on it.

Married.

Here is the way Pete Conver tells of a wedding:

"In Tioneeta on last Saturday, by W. P. Mercelliott, esq., John Agnew, sr., and Mrs. Walters, (widow of George Walters, lately deceased,) both of Newmanville. The reason of this happy affair not taking place sooner, and also of their coming to Tioneeta to have the knot tied, was, it is said, that the old people were opposed to it."

In the Ebensburg jail there is a library of books for the use of the prisoners. Some thoughtful persons have donated a series of paper covered works of fiction, including the "Highwayman Novels," "Indian Novels," and "Pocket Novels."

The Susquehanna Strike.

At the last session of Pennsylvania Legislature the Committee on Railroads in the Senate was instructed to inquire into the cause of the riot at Susquehanna depot, on the line of the Erie Railway, and report what, if any, legislation is expedient and to indemnify the state for the expenses sustained and prevent a recurrence of similar difficulties. The committee have reported that they made a full investigation and come to the conclusion that the men employed in the railroad car shop who committed the acts of violence on the 25th of March, 1874, were at fault; that in no view can the Erie Railway Co. be made responsible for the expenses incurred by the State, for to do so would be to sanction by public authority the right to redress grievances by riot and breach of the peace. The merits of the controversy between the company and the men have nothing to do with the question. The acts of the men were unlawful. It was in defence of the public authority, and it was the duty of the Sheriff and of the Governor to employ all necessary force to protect and preserve the peace. The company did not deem any legislation necessary. The Susquehanna riot cost the State nearly $17,000.

Take Time to Rest.

Most men and women keep in the traces and keep pulling, the year round. All the more, therefore, is it their duty to take things easier as the hot weather comes on. Take longer rests at noon. Put on less steam when you are at work. Snatch a Sunday now and then from the middle of the week. You can't? You can. People find time to be sick and die. They can just as easily find time to rest and keep well. Everything does not depend on finishing that dress or fencing that field; or "putting up" so much fruit or catching so many customers. Better that the children should wear old clothes than that their mother should be laid aside with a fever. Better that the corn crop be a little lighter than that there be no one to harvest it. Let us have shorter sermons and fewer of them on Sunday; longer recesses for the children at school on week days. Put up the store shutters earlier at night; prepare plainer meals in the kitchen. Take a noon day nap yourself, and give your employes a chance to go a fishing on an afternoon now and then. That only is due which the Lord lays upon us, and he is not so hard a master as we sometimes suppose.

How Dennis took the Pledge.

A Limerick Irishman named Dennis, addicted to strong drink, was often urged by his friends to sign the pledge, but with no avail, until one day they read to him from a newspaper an account of a man who had become so thoroughly saturated with alcohol, that on attempting to blow out a candle, his breath ignited, and he was instantly blown to atoms. Dennis' face showed mingled horror and contrition, and his friends thought that the long desired moment of repentance was at hand.

"Bring me the book, boys, bring me the book! Troth his breath to fire, did it? Sure I'll never die that death, anyhow," said Dennis, with the most solemn countenance imaginable. "Hear me now, boys, hear me now. I, Dennis Finnegan, knowin' my great weakness, deeply sinsible of my past sins, an' the great danger I've been in, hereby take me solemn oath that, so long as I live, under no provocation whatever, will I—*How out a candil again!*

Colic.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says: For colic in horses give the horse twenty drops of oil of peppermint in a half pint of warm water, and you will find him getting better soon. This I have used when other remedies had failed; and I use it in cold and coughs for myself. To stop a cough, take a small lump of sugar and drop on it two or three drops of oil of peppermint and let it dissolve in the mouth; then swallow it and you will feel better.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* remarks that the winter of 1874-5 is likely to become remarkable for its wrecks and disasters upon the sea as for its disagreeable character upon the shore. Vessels arriving last week from Europe had extremely rough weather and made perilous voyages; they also encountered many wrecks and a large number of vessels in distress. We have now entered upon the last of the winter months, that is, according to calendar, but the month of March in this latitude is the most wintry of months. In fact, unless things change, we shall have to begin the winter with January and give December to the autumn.

A German named Thachtuan, residing at St. Louis, is the victim of a singular form of insanity. The playing of music excites him to frenzy, and at certain times he expresses a desire to murder the performing musician. Another phase of his insanity is his constant belief that he is upon the verge of delirium. Thachtuan was formerly employed as an attendant on the California philanthropist, Mr. James Lick, a part of his duties being to rub the invalid with bare hands, and to a loss of vital forces during the process the misfortune is attributed.

"She's a a small woman," said a youth of his mother, "but when she hulls off her slipper and says, 'Sam'l, come here this minit,' we boys go just as though she weighed four hundred pounds."

The ground is frozen eight and a half feet deep at St. Paul, Minn.

Refuse. Last year seventy-four thousand emigrants from the United States landed at Liverpool.

The accumulation of specie in the Bank of France has reached the enormous sum of 1,350,000,000 francs, or near $270,000,000.

"The nigger." Georgia has 83,318 colored persons who own property. They have 338,769 acres of land, and their property is valued at $6,000,000.

Vacant houses are plenty in Williamsport, and the general impression is, that there will be still more vacant, if landlords don't reduce rents.

The firm of John Gibson's Son & Co., Philadelphia, recently paid to the United States Government, in the shape of taxes on whisky, $119,382.

There is a man in a Chicago hospital, a victim of a railroad accident, whose head is alive, but his entire body seems to be dead. Knives have been stuck into his body, but they produce no effect upon him whatever.

This is the beautiful way in which Prof. Swing spoke of Gerrit Smith: "The soul which last week went away from the world's field of battle to its tomb of rest was a delicate sounding-board, where Christ's law of benevolence passed from silence into a rich volume of music, so loud that it was heard by mankind, and so sweet that it will not be forgotten."

A New Orleans minister recently married a colored couple, and at the conclusion of the ceremony remarked: "On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we omit it." To this unclerical remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied: "On such an occasion as this it is customary to give the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

A peculiar libel case is to be tried before the Chester county (Pa.) courts. A Mr. William Benner posted a notice on his property forbidding a neighbor, named Lewis H. Hammond, or his family from trespassing on his grounds. Hammond retaliated by a similar prohibition of Benner from his grounds, adding the words: "As I have only four turkeys left," and therein lies the alleged libel.

A curious effect of the cold is related to have occurred in Meadville, recently. A strong bottle had been filled with water and a cork placed in the nozzle. During the night the water froze solid, and expansion pushed the cork from its place and formed a column of ice above the top of the bottle three inches in length and half an inch in diameter, the cork still remaining on the top of the shaft of ice.

Sullivan county claims a very remarkable woman, and she belongs to a very remarkable and we may add, a very dangerous family—to marry into. She gave birth to five children in one year—triplets in January and twins in December. Her mother had previously given birth to triplets, her sister is the mother of three pairs of twins, and each of her two daughters has given birth to triplets. The times are really too hard for such foolishness.

A large willow tree in Sullivan county was completely shattered by the frost on the cold Tuesday. The tree was over twelve feet in circumference at the roots, and it is supposed the water ran down in a crack, and then freezing, burst the tree. It made a tremendous report, and went to pieces very much as a barrel would, if filled with water and then placed over night where the thermometer marked ten degrees below zero.

A Michigan Lumberman being poorly provided with materials of sustenance for his men, fed them with pork cooked with the rind upon it. A young man of the company, not liking that outer portion of the food, was observed by the host to be carefully removing the outside covering, whereupon mine host said:

"Young man, we eat rind and all here."

To which the youth replied: "All right, old man, I'm cutting it off for you."

The Indianapolis *Journal* publishes this as a true story: "Mr. L. Barr, an employee of one of the rolling mills, is said to be one of the most powerful men west of the Alleghenies. He often picks up a couple of rails, weighing 1,120 pounds, for small wagers, and can handle a 560-pound rail easier than most men can handle a fair-sized stick of wood. He is credited with having lifted 1,475 pounds not long since. This modern Samson wears his hair short, is six feet in height, and magnificently proportioned."

A serious objection to the use of Western bituminous coal is found in the excess of sulphur it contains. This mineral, it is well known to iron masters, is extremely destructive to iron, and the presence of it in fuel in any quantity speedily destroys the stove in which it is used. Inventors have taxed their powers in vain, so far, to provide a remedy for this, but unless the sulphur can be removed before the coal is burned, no very great success is likely to attend their efforts.