

The Jeffersonian.
THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1875.

It would be hard indeed if our distinguished neighbor over the way, and his party did not get a bone to pick, occasionally, by way of comfort. Recently they had a tremendous scare, and were really shivering over the belief that the "tidal wave" had begun to recoil upon them. New Hampshire shocked their nerves awfully, and they began to despair over the show that they were going back to their old place among the "outs"—indeed really becoming the "outs" as they had been for the years intervening between the flood tide of 1860 and last fall. It was a God-send for them therefore—that the turn-up of Monday last, in Connecticut, and Cincinnati and in Annapolis, Maryland, in which latter place it was necessary to kill several darkies in order that a Democratic victory should show something new and novel—something different from the annual occurrences there ever since Gov. Swan was informed by Ben. Butler, in 1861, that throwing brick bats at his soldiers, on their march to Washington, would prove anything but wholesome fun for the scorch Marylanders. We are glad they have achieved these victories now, in the "off" year, instead of a year or two hence, when the President is to be elected, and when it is so necessary for the welfare of the country that a good, honest, untiring, uncompromising Republican should be elected. We are glad to see our distinguished neighbor happy—to see his joy shadowed forth in his election pictorial column—with his roosters, his mottoes, and his other Democratic nonsense, over the display of which he believes that he feels so happy. And we are happy with him, in a measure—the only drawback to our perfect happiness being the intuitive knowledge that, where as he laughs now over the result in unimportant States he will look sour, and weep, and, more than likely, be led to shed tears of bitter disappointment when the controlling States of the Union speak, as they will, most certainly next fall, in condemnation of the patent lightning rod Democracy, which our neighbor ostensibly advocates. But as the good man said—"sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and we rejoice with our neighbor over the result in Connecticut and Cincinnati, and Annapolis, Maryland, where the niggers were killed in an unmistakable evidence that the victory was sound corn.

It is strange that men, when demanding alleged rights will spoil their prospects by making fools of themselves. This is just what that striking miners of the Schuylkill and Lehigh region have been doing. Just as the people of the country began to understand their case, and to enter heartily into espousal of their cause, they must need go to destroying property and interfering with the rights of others who do not see things exactly as they see it. This is just what their rapacious employers want, knowing full well, as they do that the people at large will not long entertain sympathy for men who will not accord to others the same rights which they demand for themselves. The M. N. A. should at once see to it that there is not even the semblance of the laws violation on the part of its membership. Unless they do this they may as well hang up the fiddle and take down de shubble and de hoe. They can never succeed without the backing of public opinion; and they will never secure this by a resort to mob law and rowdyism, no matter how just their cause may be otherwise.

MR. ABRAHAM FEATHERMAN, formerly of Cherry Valley, Monroe county, Pa., and son of Mr. Philip Featherman, died at Milford, Davis county, Kansas, March 21, 1875, from injuries received while trying to run a ferry boat across the Republican river, at Milford. The ice was running heavy at the time and Mr. Featherman was in a stooping condition, when a large cake of ice struck the boat causing the windlass which held the boat to break loose, the pin in the windlass striking Mr. F. on the head with such a force as to crush his skull. He lived about ten days afterwards.

THE Beecher-Tilton distress is now in its seventy-first day of progress. Beecher commenced his testimony on Thursday last, and swears himself as innocent of the crime charged as a babe unborn. If Falstaff was a living man among us there would certainly be room for his "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying." If this trial has developed nothing else it has given to the world some of the tallest swearing ever listened to in a Court of justice. It is a wonder that some of the witnesses are not afraid to go to bed nights.

As our readers are already aware, the ice moved out of the Delaware river, on Thursday last. It was a majestic movement of a most powerful body, but fortunately it passed along peaceably and without entailing damage along its course. All now breathe freer again, and the aspiration of thanks to the supreme Being for his mercy in so safely protecting us, has doubtless welled up from many a thankful heart during the past week. Hundreds flocked to the Gap to see the ice go.

MR. PALMER, the new landlord of the "Stroudsburg House," took possession on Wednesday of last week. Mr. P., comes among us with the reputation of a first class landlord, and, judging from the slight acquaintance we have formed with him, we feel safe in venturing the prediction that he will make the "Stroudsburg House," a popular place of resort, not only with city visitors and travelers generally, but also, with his new found neighbors hereabouts.

DR. LEWIS KIRKHOFF, a student of Dr. Jackson's and a recent graduate of Jefferson Medical College, has, we learn perfected arrangements to locate at Sand Cut, Wayne county—taking the place made vacant by Dr. Simon Miller who locates at East Stroudsburg. Lew was always a close student, and had the benefit of the extensive practice of one of the most skillful physicians in the country to aid him in acquiring a knowledge of his profession. The result was that he graduated high in his class and ranked well in the estimation of his college professor, and we have no hesitation in saying that in securing his services the Sand Cutters will have gained an excellent physician. We wish him a full measure of success in his battle of life.

WE didn't get fooled. EASTONIANS are getting fat on Suckers and Catfish. THE Temperance trade is at a stand still—where are our Temp Goodlers. Goods cheaper than ever at N. Ruster's. He has them marked way down to bottom prices.

SCRANTON is growing proud over their new Mayor. He is looking after the loafing police.

THE season when one has a right to think about lamb, salad and green peas has arrived.

Now goods will arrive at N. Ruster's this week and next. Don't fail to call and see them.

A MAN cannot expect to be happy unless he is healthy—and he cannot be healthy unless he is busy.

WOMEN cannot practice law in Pennsylvania, but they can in Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri and Maine.

Those wishing to secure a good bargain will do well to call at N. Ruster's, as he is bound not to be undersold.

It is now that parsons, cabinet makers, and furnishers of household goods generally should begin to experience a briskness in business.

Now dig—dig and plant right the seeds—hoe—hoe and keep down the weeds—then see—see if we cannot with ease—raise—raise lettuce, and onions, and peas.

THE Junior Order of Mechanics of this place now ranks among the things that were the Order having surrendered up its charter to the Grand Council on Tuesday of last week.

IN 1874 the four cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore slaughtered 3,069,000 hogs—this in addition to the dressed and packed pork sent in various shapes.

MR. BARNET MANSFIELD, it gives us great pleasure to learn, has secured a clerkship in a wholesale grocery house in New York. We wish him the most abundant success in his new undertaking.

FIRE.—The barn of Mr. John W. Yinger, at Sciota, this county, was destroyed by fire on Friday evening last, together with a quantity of hay, straw, &c. Loss about \$700. Insured in Farmers Mutual.

LUZERNE COUNTY has had another murder. Peckville is the locality—cause a Saloon open on Sunday in violation of law, which the Constable didn't see of course—bad whiskey, bad blood and a pistol.

IMPORTANT.—In order to quit the Boot and Shoe Business, Simon Fried offers his entire stock of Boots and Shoes, at first cost and below cost. Come one and all, now is your chance for Bargains.

WHY are we behind. Every other town has got the spelligraphic fever. Can't we, too, have a "spelin skule." What say the Y. M. C. A.'s. They won't dance. Why not get up a spell—say Stroudsburg vs. East Stroudsburg.

THE Vanceburg Kentuckian remarks that "a farmer on an average sixty-five years, a printer only thirty-three. The farmer should pay up promptly. That printer may be mad, but there is both method and reason in his madness.

JAMES SINGMASTER of Millerstown, Lehigh county, and Henry Singmaster of Stroudsburg, Pa., have been appointed administrators of the estate of the late Jacob Singmaster, they having furnished the requisite security, viz: \$1,370,000.

IF any of our readers who have changed their places of residence fail to get their paper, they will please bear in mind that they have failed to inform us where they have moved to. There is somewhat of the Irishism about this, but it is true nevertheless.

A GRAND festival for the benefit of the Pastor of Stroudsburg, A. M. E. Church, will be held in the vacant store room of Wm. S. Wintermute, Main street, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 14th and 15th, inst. Several white ladies having kindly offered their services, will be in attendance. An invitation is extended to the public generally. Admission free.

"ALL FOOLS DAY," Thursday last, proved to be a perfect beauty of a day—warm and pleasant—clear as a bell, and a most delightful moving day—gratifying to those who didn't have to move, as well as to the thousands who did. Our streets were full of busy moving life on that day. Every body that wasn't moving was helping every body that was, and taking it all-in-all it sustained its well earned and long held reputation as a day of much toil, considerable perspiring and a full medium of profanity.

REV. G. D. CARROW appointed to fill the pulpit in the M. E. Church, so ably filled by his predecessor Rev. Dr. Chaplain, arrived last Saturday and assumed the duties of his charge on Sunday. His discourses in the morning and evening showed him to a man of great ability and one likely to do much good in its place. A large congregation welcomed his advent amongst us.

WE regretted to learn last week that our townsman, Mr. Samuel Emery met with a loss of some \$70, which, somehow, managed to get out of his pocket. Money is so much money now a days that even pennies loom up largely before the eyes. When, however, money becomes lost, and that lost money gets up to near the hundreds! "Well really now! as our old friend Squire Wagner would say, "I do declare its too bad." We hope, however, that friend Emery has found the lost rocks.

WE were pleased to see Mr. Samuel Melick of Newburg, New York, and his excellent lady, among the sojourners hereabouts, where they are always sure of a hearty welcome from old time friends. We regretted to learn that "Sam" came among us an invalid, and hope that our pure mountain air and excellent water may have the effect to remove the cause of his ailment and restore him to speedy and perfect health.

ON Tuesday evening, the Beethoven Cornet Band, of this place, serenaded Samuel at the residence of Reuben R. Miller.

Tom Collins, Club Record.
Below will be found the record of the Tom Collins Base Ball Club of Stroudsburg, together with the average runs made by the Club last season. They played eleven games of which they won eight and lost three. They began the season under favorable auspices, but owing to their inability to always present a full nine suffered some had defeats, on the whole they had a particularly successful season. From the club statistics it will be seen that they were most successful against the Pennsylvania clubs and least with the New Jersey clubs.

VICTORIES.				
July 4, Tom Collins vs. Clippers of Milford,	34	13	41	20
August 14, Tom Collins vs. Water Gap,	41	20	41	20
August 29, Tom Collins vs. Types of Stranton	37	20	41	20
Sept. 24, Tom Collins vs. Oakland of Oakland,	51	19	41	20
Sept. 25, Tom Collins vs. Scrubs of Stroudsburg,	34	10	41	20
Oct. 23, Tom Collins vs. Picked nine of this place	60	16	41	20
Oct. 24, Tom Collins vs. Mutual of Portland,	39	22	41	20
Oct. 21, Tom Collins vs. D. L. & W. of Railroad	39	17	41	20
Totals	239	131		

DEFEATS.				
Aug. 13, Tom Collins vs. Modoc, Washington, N.J.	12	41	20	
Sept. 11, Tom Collins vs. Americas, Belvidere, N.J.	19	22	41	20
Oct. 10, Tom Collins vs. Mutual, Portland, Pa.	21	26	41	20
Totals	51	112		

Showing totals of 349 against 243 in favor of the Tom Collins.

AVERAGE OF RUNS.				
Player	Games Played	Total	Average	Runs.
W. Schoob, 1. f.	9	22	2.8	4.2
McIntyre, 2b.	7	11	2.3	4.2
Hays, lb.	5	7	2.2	4.2
Walters, c.	10	23	2.8	2.8
Dutot, p.	11	28	3.2	2.6
Marsh, 1. f. and 2b.	8	19	2.6	2.5
J. Schoob, c. f. and 2b.	9	28	3.4	2.2
C. Schoob, s. s.	11	32	3.1	3.1
O'Brien, z. f.	8	26	2.1	2.5
Holmes, lb and p.	10	25	2.4	2.4

Other players than those given above with the Tom Collins Club last season, but as they played in but few games their names are omitted. H. W. M.

PUZZLES.
ANSWERS.—The answer to S. Datesman's first problem is twelve bushels. To his second; all three can draw 3594 pounds; the black 1045, the gray 1223 and the sorrel 1325 pounds. The answer to his enigma is, "not how much, but how well." To his second, "Aeres." The answer to his first puzzle is solved in this way:

"Anathema Maramatha."
Stillwater, your answers to S. Datesman's first and second problems are correct. Thanks for your acoustic.

SPRING—AN ACROSTIC.
A surly winter run his race;
Surcharged no more with freezing-cold,
Spring welcome, slowly comes apace,
A perfect joy to young and old.
Forth from the sunny south, now flows
A rolling life awak'ning breeze,
Its melting force will send the snows
At once, all rushing to the seas.
The potent power of Sol's warm rays
Perceptive now, will give a glow—
A joyful hue, and all ablaze,
We'll view the trees that brightly blow.
A few more days may drag along,
Of patience sore and nearly fled;
Fear not, you'll hear the cheering song
From feathered minstrels overhead.
A scene too, out on vernal hill
Now comes to us, where lowering cattle
In numbers, feed; or by the rill,
Fine feced, the lambs, in mimic battle
Parade; or o'er the pebbles rattle
In sportive play, their hearts do fill.

STILL WATER.
An item of great importance in considering the national wealth is the hog trade of the West. The number packed last year was 5,537,124, which is in excess of any previous year, and foots up a market value of \$95,750,000. These figures do not include the pork killed and eaten at home in innumerable families throughout the West, but the actual amount packed for market. Nearly all of it goes to the Eastern cities, from which it is distributed for consumption or exported to Europe. In any event the value of it goes to the credit of Western producers, as an offset against the dry-goods and groceries shipped back to them. The point of it is that this vast trade in pork is an item in our substantial resources that is not often taken into account.

MONDAY'S ELECTIONS.
The Connecticut campaign, which ended on Monday last, has been actively contested during the last two weeks. Many prominent speakers, including Messrs. Blaine, Garfield, Hawley, Fryo and Hale, were on the stump for the Republican candidate last week. The Democrats had the aid of Senator Bayard of Delaware and S. S. Cox of New York.

Eighty-one towns give Ingersoll 19,804; Greene, 17,950; and Smith, 1366. The same town gave last year Ingersoll, 17,526; Harrison, Republican, 15,433, and Smith Prohibitionist, 2035.

Latest returns from this, the Second Congressional District, gives James Phillips a majority over S. W. Kellogg of 495, with five towns to hear from which two years ago gave a Democratic majority of 147.

W. H. Barnum (Dem.) in the Fourth District, is re-elected by probably 1000 majority. The State is undoubtedly Democratic. The Senate is Democratic by a large majority. The returns have already elected thirteen Democrats out of twenty-one. There are large Republican gains on Representatives, and the House is probably close.

H. H. Starkweather (Rep.) for Congress in the Third District, is elected by about 1000 majority.

REPUBLICAN SUCCESS IN MICHIGAN.
DETROIT, April 5.—Returns from all parts show general Republican gains. General B. F. Graves has been re-elected justice of the Supreme Court on both tickets.

Mr. Murston, who leads the Republican ticket, has, from appearances, 15,000 majority at least for justice of the Supreme Court, and the rest of the Republican State ticket is but little behind.

In this county C. J. Rilely, Democrat, is elected circuit judge. In this city George S. Swift is re-elected recorder without opposition.

Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio, held municipal elections on Monday. Both went Democratic.

P. T. Barnum was elected mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., on Monday. John Robeson, another showman, was defeated for mayor of Cincinnati.

At a special meeting of the Phoenix Steam Fire Engine and Hose Co., No. 2, held at their Hall, Tuesday evening, March 30, 1875, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Board of Pardons will hold its next meeting at Harrisburg on May 4. The cases of four murderers will occupy attention.

"There! that explains where my clothes line went to!" exclaimed an Iowa woman as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

The grasshoppers in the Western States are around the railway stations these warm spring mornings, to see who comes to purchase seed wheat.

Everybody is now waiting impatiently for some new greenbacks, to see what Mr. New's signature is like. It can never equal Spinner's.

It is no harm to shoot a cat in Vermont, but if you happen to miss the cat and kill a boy, the authorities make an awful fuss over it.

A dealer in Erie advertises: "Carocene oil only 15 cents per gallon," and another a few doors above announces "canned fruit," as one of his articles in trade.

An oak tree in Curtin township, Centre county, was the winter home of a bear with two cubs, several foxes, and a litter of skunks.

A pair of abortionists are to be hung in Canada next June. Some prompt work of this kind on our side of the border would not come amiss.

Of the four thousand lawyers in New York city about five hundred do all the business, and their incomes run all the way from starvation point to \$100,000.

The Republicans of Fayette county have selected their delegates to the Republican State Convention, and instructed them to vote for the renomination of Governor Hartranft.

And now those indefatigable Californians are going into the cultivation of the sumac tree, the product of which is used for tanning, and, when prepared, brings from \$70 to \$130 a ton.

By the first of July some five thousand men will be engaged alone on the Memorial Hall of the Centennial building, all of whom will be required to work fourteen hours a day.

Murfreesboro', Tennessee, boasts of a remarkable curiosity, in the shape of a horse with a well-developed, natural moustache. It is not at all unusual, however, to find asses thus dowdered.

When a Beecher woman places her hat upon a stool in a millinery store, and another woman incontinently sits down upon it, the former frantically gathers up the wreck, and exclaims: "That is a Tilton woman—I know she is—the nasty, malicious thing."

This month the United States Mint at Philadelphia will be put to its full working power. The Government having secured a good supply of silver will commence immediately to coin it, and will keep the mint running steadily. Dr. Linderman, Director of the Mint, says this will not necessitate the employment of any additional force.

The proprietor of a variety theatre on Tenth street, Philadelphia, was tried last week for giving performances of an indecent character. The "can-can" was danced, and general disorder was alleged. Judge Ludlow delivered a sensible charge to the jury, but the latter coolly decided that there was nothing injurious or illegal in the "can-can," and acquitted the defendant.

The tallest man in Lowell, Mass., is Columbus Tyler, a bar-tender, who is seven feet two inches in height, 18 years old, and weighs 315 pounds. His father is six feet five inches in height, his mother five feet ten inches, and his sister, 15 years old who has not yet "got her growth," six feet eight inches, the average height of the family being six feet six inches.

"Yes, sir," yelled a preacher in a Dakota church, one Sunday morning. "There's more lying, and swearing, and stealing, and general devility to the square inch in this here town than all the rest of the American country," and then the congregation got up and dumped the preacher out of the window.

A Nevada woman recently knocked down seven burglars one after another. Her husband watched from the top of the stairs, and felt so brinful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eight-year-old boy out of bed and "whaled" him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

An Iowa woman went to church one Sunday and "experienced religion." Arriving home she called her children about and said: "I am pious now, and I am going to give you two days to get religion. If you don't do it in that time I'll whale your hides off. I have learned my duty. Do you hear me?"

President Porter, of Yale College, recently gave the following laconic and excellent advice to the students in the course of an extended address: "Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love God and your fellow-men."

As an advertising medium the New York Herald on Sunday surpassed itself. It was the usual Sunday sheet—a quintuple of twenty pages and one hundred and twenty columns. Of these columns seventy-nine and a half were devoted to advertising, or twelve and a half more that the Herald ever before contained, sixty-seven, which was the number on Sunday, March 20, being, we believe, the previous maximum. There are two hundred and eighty-three lines in every column of the Herald devoted to advertising. Estimating that each line costs the advertiser forty cents, a whole column nets the proprietor \$113.20, and the receipts for the seventy-nine and a half were \$8,999.40.

The Shoe and Leather Reporter is responsible for the following: "A prominent Swamper, somewhat renowned for practical jokes, having been subpoenaed as a witness on the Beecher trial, utilized his time, while awaiting his turn, by jotting down memoranda on his cuffs as to what he could testify regarding the case. As the time went on, and his name was not called, not only his cuffs, but all the available portions of his shirt were covered with biographies. At last, when he had about exhausted his memory—and his shirt—he informed counsel that if they would pay for the shirt he would swear to it and let that go in evidence, thus giving him a chance to attend to business of greater personal importance. As Theodore Tilton's night-gown went into evidence last week it might have paved the way for admission of more testimony of that kind."

Mr. Frederik Kreiser, of Jackson township, Lebanon county, is between eighty-four and eighty-five years of age. His wife is eighty-two years of age and still able to perform her household duties. They had eight children, four of whom are still living, thirty-seven grand-children and ninety-five great-grand-children. His oldest son Henry is sixty-five years of age and his wife fifty-four. All of them are in good health and able to attend to their part in the daily walks of life.

Our correspondent in York county, says the Columbia Courier informs us that a cat named Woots, and a great favor the in cat family of Aaron Rambo, near Cross Roads, died a short time since, aged twenty-two years. We are not sufficiently posted as to the age of the feline tribe. Perhaps our friend Albright, of Marietta, could give us some information on the subject. The Harrisburg papers, a short time since, state that a cat in that city died at the age of twenty years, and recorded the fact as something remarkable. Woots, the York county cat, was two years older, and his death was much lamented, as he had qualities rarely found in the cat family. No ticks or mice could exist in the house of him, or the neighborhood where poor Woots used to roam. During the latter part of his life his teeth got so bad that he could not kill the rats he would catch, and a number of times brought them to the presence of Mr. Rambo, and would look imploringly at him, but would not seem to say, kill by rat for me, Aaron, which was done and Woots was satisfied. Such is cat instinct.