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JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS,
executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

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Homœopathic Physician,
Residence: Benjamin Dungan, Cherry Valley,
MONROE COUNTY PA.
May 13, 1875.—1y.

DR. A. LEWIS KIRKHOFF,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,
SAND CUT, WAYNE CO., PA.
All cases promptly attended, to day or night.
Charges moderate. [May 13, '75-4f.]

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Surgeon Dentist.
Announces that having just returned from Dental College, he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and Hygienic 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 all kinds of dentures. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.
Office in J. G. Keller's new brick building, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa. [Aug. 21, '74-4f.]

DR. E. BROWN,
Operating and Mechanical Dentist,
Announces that having returned from Dental College he is fully prepared to perform all operations in the dental line, in the most successful and skillful manner. Teeth extracted by the use of gas when desired. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.
Office in Hantel's brick building, over Shotwell's store, East Stroudsburg, Pa. [April 22, '75-1y.]

DR. S. L. FOULKE,
PHYSICIAN.
Office nearly opposite Williams' Drug Store.
Residence, formerly occupied by E. L. Wolf, corner South and Walnut streets, Stroudsburg, Pa.
March 25, 1875.—4f.

DR. HOWARD PATTERSON,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,
Office and Residence, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Seip. Prompt attention given to calls.
Office hours { 7 to 9 a. m.
1 to 3 p. m.
6 to 8 p. m.
April 16, 1874-1y.

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, '72-4f.

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 Steuple's old store stand, at East Stroudsburg, Pa. [Dec. 17, 1874.—1y.]

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,
Proprietors.
169 Main street.
January 9, 1873.—1y.

MERCHANTS' HOUSE,
413 & 415
North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Reduced rates, \$1.75 per day.
HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r.
L. R. SNYDER, Clerk.
Nov. 26, 1874.—6m.*

WILLIAM S. REES,
Surveyor, Conveyancer and
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Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
FOR SALE.
Office nearly opposite American House
and 21 door below the Corner Store.
March 20, 1873-4f.

DR. J. LANTZ,
SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST.
He has his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg 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 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 13, 1874.—4f.

Don't you know that J. H. McCarty & Sons are the only Undertakers in Stroudsburg who understand 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, 74-4f.

BLANKS OF ALL KINDS for Sale at this Office.

How to Keep House on a Small Salary.

A clerk's wife sends to Scribner's Monthly the following bit of experience, which may have for many of our readers an interest both timely and practical:

After many years of married life passed in comparative affluence, reverses came, and my husband was obliged to accept a situation in a large city, with a small salary of \$800 per year. I felt that this could suffice for our maintenance only by the exercise of the strictest economy. A little over \$15 a week! How many times I divided that \$800 by 52, and tried to make it come out a little more. Still I determined to solve the problem of the day—namely, whether one could keep house on a small salary, or whether boarding house life was a necessity, as so many clerks' wives assert. We had neither of us been accustomed to economizing, and I felt it was but just, if my husband worked hard for his salary, that I should perform the labor of making it go as far as possible.

Thirty replies were received to our advertisement for two unfurnished rooms, without board. Looking them over carefully, I selected half a dozen which came within our means, and started on an exploring expedition. In a pleasant house and neighborhood I found a lady willing to rent two adjoining rooms, with closets and water conveniences, for the modest sum of \$12 per month. In one room there were two deep south windows, where I could keep a few plants in the winter. I consulted my husband, and with his approval engaged the rooms.

We had \$175, ready money. With this we bought bright, but inexpensive carpets, a parlor cook stove, an oiled black walnut set of furniture, a table, a student lamp, a few dishes, and some coal. With the few pictures, a rack of books, and some ornaments in our possession, we decked the rooms tastefully, and commenced the serious business of keeping house on \$800 a year.

We determined from the first that we should not have any accounts, but would pay cash for everything, and when we could not afford an article, do without. After paying rent and washerwoman he had fifty dollars per month for other expenses. Twenty dollars of this furnished us a plentiful supply of food and paid car fare. I learned to love my work. Strength came with each day's labor, and renewed health repaid each effort put forth to make my little home pleasant and restful to my husband. And how we did enjoy that little home!

When the stormy nights came, we drew our curtains, shutting out the world, with a bright fire, and the soft glow of our reading lamp upon the crimson cloth, reading a magazine or evening paper (in which we were able to indulge) with a "God pity the poor this dreadful night," forgetting in our cosy and comfortable home how many there were in the great city who would call us poor. We always kept within my husband's salary, wearing plain but good and respectable clothing, and eating simple but substantial food. And now as circumstances have been improving with us, and we are living in a house all our own, with servants, and thousands instead of hundreds a year, we look back to the year spent in our simple, frugal little home, and know that it will always be the happiest portion of our lives.

A BAD BOY.

A FATHER IN SEARCH OF AN ERRING SON AND DELUDED DAUGHTER—A REWARD FOR THEIR CAPTURE.

[From the Erie Dispatch, 24th.]

Yesterday morning the eastern train brought to this city an elderly gentleman, who gave his name as Dr. William Burke, a resident in Hanover, Chautauque county, New York, and by no means reticent in making the fact known that he was in search of a son and daughter, who ran away from his house during Wednesday night, April 7th.

Mr. B. owns a farm in Hanover and practices medicine. The name of the son (by his first wife) is Milton M. Burke; he is thirty years of age, of prepossessing appearance, five feet six inches in height, and has been a bad boy from his youth up. Some six years ago he was arrested in Erie county, Pa., for burglary and sent to the Western penitentiary at Allegheny. Soon after his release he committed a burglary in Dunkirk, for which he was sent to the State prison at Auburn for five years. After he had served three years of the time, he wrote to his father letters full of penitence, claiming to have reformed and asking him to try and get him pardoned. Mr. Burke's neighbors urged him to do so,

and through his efforts a pardon was procured, and about four months ago he was discharged and returned to the paternal roof, and since that time has been engaged in villainies of various kinds, as Mr. B. has good reason to suspect.

The name of the daughter (by his second wife) is Margaret Burke. She has red hair and is fourteen years old, and is five feet two inches in height. Since Milton's release from Auburn he has not ceased his endeavors to make his half-sister believe that she is being worked too hard by her mother, and a younger sister overheard him tell her, not long since, that if she would go with him he would get a place for her where she could live without work and be a lady. During the night of the 7th ult, the little girl alluded to, who was sleeping below, heard a rustling noise in Margaret's room up stairs, but supposed it was the dog, but as the noise continued to increase, the little girl got up and went up stairs, when she found that the window in the end of the house was open and that her sister was gone, having let herself down that way. In her haste, to avoid being seen by her sister, she left her shoes and stockings and much of her clothing behind.

Mr. Burke suspecting that the fugitives had gone to Buffalo and that it was the intention of the son to place the girl in a house of ill-fame, visited that city and spent about a week's time, with the hope of getting some trace of them, but all to no purpose, and turned his steps to this region of country, and if still unsuccessful will then go to Cleveland.

Mr. B. says he wants to get back the girl, but does not care for the boy except to have him placed back in prison, as he is a dangerous man and not fit to run at large; that he has often threatened to take his life and that all his neighbors are afraid of him. He offers a reward of one hundred dollars for the arrest of his unworthy son and the return of the daughter, the mother of the girl being nearly frantic by reason of her mysterious disappearance.

About Eating at Night.

A legend of ancient times, handed down from generation to generation, through century upon century, still obtains in almost every household to the effect that if one eats just before going to bed one will surely see one's grand mother. Now there seems to be something terrible about the appearance of this nocturnal grandmother, but as the writer never conversed with any one who had been subjected to one of her phantomatic visits we are disposed to be incredulous, and flout the legend in the face of the bearer. However hungry one may be at bedtime, the temptation to satisfy the cravings of the appetite is always met by this "old wives' fable," and it always serves to bar the pantry door against an evening intrusion. There's no telling how much suffering has been brought about by this idea, and now we believe the time has come when hungry men, be it at bedtime or meal-time, ought to burst the legendary bonds which have thus far bound them and eat when they are hungry. To take a hearty meal on retiring is, of course, very injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of the probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements, the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a full dinner, the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the tone of the system—is all that is necessary. We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bedtime. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not wake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia or sleeplessness has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescription has generally been attended with happy results.

Use sulphur freely in the stables to keep off lice from the cattle. It is a disgrace to any farmer to allow his cattle to be tormented by such vermin, when they are so easily destroyed.

The United States possesses one-third of the total steam power of the globe. Pretty good for an infant nation scarcely one hundred years old.

A Comparison Between Eight of the Prominent Agricultural Counties.

Among the prominent agricultural producers of the State, are Berks, Bucks, Chester, Lebanon, Lehigh, Montgomery, Northampton and Westmoreland counties. Their wealth, it is true, does not altogether consist of broad acres, fine wheat and the best of agricultural implement, but it is the foundation of their progress, the mainstay of the population, and their agricultural prosperity is the substantial evidence of future thrift. The figures are taken from the Ninth U. S. census report of 1870.

The total estimated value of all farm productions including betterments and additions to stock in Berks county was \$9,150,789; Bucks had \$8,232,569; Chester, \$8,554,928; Lebanon, \$3,160,020; Lehigh, \$3,085,841; Montgomery, \$7,959,263; Northampton, \$3,402,260; Westmoreland, \$4,176,690.

The produce of the market gardens in the several counties is as follows: Berks, \$36,224; Bucks, \$104,813; Chester, \$35,163; Lebanon, \$2,371; Lehigh, \$11,462; Montgomery, \$80,505; Northampton, \$22,849; Westmoreland, \$2,468.

Chester takes the lead in the value of five stock, being credited with \$5,192,717 worth; Berks has \$4,544,490; Bucks, \$4,357,108; Lebanon, \$1,620,335; Lehigh, \$1,949,157; Montgomery, \$3,835,237; Northampton, \$1,900,041 and Westmoreland, \$3,028,081.

As a wheat grower Berks appears at the head of this list with 929,437 bushels; Bucks 525,710 bushels; Chester, 875,303 bushels; Lebanon, 538,308 bushels; Lehigh, 360,945 bushels; Montgomery, 340,874; Northampton, 473,295.

Berks leads the State as a rye producer with 281,867 bushels; Bucks has 94,095 bushels; Chester, 12,481; Lebanon, 70,188; Lehigh, 162,147; Northampton, 122,584 and Westmoreland, 43,885. Montgomery grows the largest number of potatoes in this list, being credited with 404,363 bushels; Berks has 400,846; Bucks has 372,989; Lebanon, 95,835; Lehigh, 279,718; Northampton, 232,038 and Westmoreland, 148,248.

He was a Simple Old Man.

A dried up old man, apparently sixty years of age, strolled into a billiard parlor in Binghamton, recently, and taking a seat watched the players with some interest. After he had remained in the place for some time he was approached by a hanger on, on the outlook for a greenhorn, with whom to play and serve the cost of playing.

"Hello, there, old man, do you ever swing the cue?" said he.
"Wal, stranger, I used to prance around a little on a three cornered table fifteen years ago, but I don't suppose I could hit the first ball on this new fangled thing," said the old man.

"Well, I'm no player myself; you'll beat me easy enough, I know; just take a stick," replied the accomplished beat.

"Wal," said the innocent, "I'll play just one game to see if I can scratch," and they both banked for the first shot.

The old man had singularly good luck, for he got the first shot and made a run of fifteen points. The other looked on in astonishment, while the player of "fifteen years ago" was at work, and when he ceased and counted up, the challenger muttered an oath, took off his coat, and went to work in earnest. He made five points only; and the next time the old man ran out the game.

"I swear," he said, "I've had the all firedest luck; will you try another?"
"No, not by a darned sight, you old fraud!" said the sport; and he walked off to pay for the game, amid the roars of his companions, and a smile from the old man, who remarked:

"It is strange how I remembered to play so well."

Western New York is literally alive with wild pigeons. Millions on millions of them are congregated in the forests in the neighborhood of Avon and Corning, from which they issue at daylight and scatter over the country in search of food, returning to their wooded roosts at night. The farmers are bagging them in immense quantities, for market, and on the "brainnourishing" theory we shall presently look for a marked improvement in the intellectual tone of our Democratic exchanges from towns contiguous to the region in question.—Pittsburgh Commercial.

Strong efforts are being made among farmers to encourage the crows as scavengers rather than to destroy them. It is claimed that they may be made useful in destroying the potato bug.

Keep Your Own Counsel.

Nothing can be more injurious to your peace of mind than to have too many confidants. You live in abject slavery every day, as you are constantly fearing that some one of your numerous confidants will reveal a secret you would not have anybody know for all the world. We know, in many cases, it does the heart good to open its door to a seeming sympathetic visitor; but, alas! there is much more seeming than reality in this world of ours.

You will sit down and tell some one of your acquaintance all your troubles, real and imaginary, and say to them, "Now, you are the only one in whom I have confided, and I trust you will not speak of this to any one else." Well, they promise to respect your confidence, and at the time, perhaps, they are in earnest; but by-and-by some one steps in, and an irresistible desire takes possession of them to retail all they know of your history—and a little is added on to the fact, to make it interesting, you know, to their friends—not meaning any real harm to you, probably, by so doing; but it does them good to talk it over with that somebody else whom you warned them against.

They, in their turn, tell this friend not to say a word about it—which is one of the hardest things to do. Yet they promise; but are sure to break that promise as soon as they get a favorable opportunity. Thus your cherished secrets are known to the community at large, while you go on in blissful ignorance thinking that your good friend, Miss Jones, alone knows anything about your heart-sorrows. Friend, if you want a secret kept, keep it yourself. You are the safest person with whom to trust it.

Making Soft Soap.

Mary C. West has the following chat with a neighbor, and as she gives a few good hints as to making soft soap, we quote entire:

"How did you run your lye?" I asked.
"I put ashes in a large barrel till it was full, and then allowed water to soak through from the top in the usual way."

"Was your lye strong enough to bear an egg so soon as it came from the barrel?"

"Yes."

"And did it seem to cut up the grease?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was all right—what was the trouble with it, then?"

"Why, the lye and the grease would not unite; when it had cooled the grease was all on the top and the lye at the bottom—it's always just my luck."

"What kind of wood did you burn to make your ashes?"

"Oak, bay and magnolia."

"And what did you put in the bottom of your barrel, under your ashes?"

"Nothing but a little fine brush and broom sedge, to keep the ashes from running out."

"All has been perfectly right except the last—in that lies the secret of your bad luck. You should have put at the bottom of your vessel a few pounds of quicklime—that you are likely always to find necessary when you burn swamp wood. Ashes from swamp wood have a great power to absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and carbonic acid produces the effect which you name; but lime neutralizes the acid and makes it all right."

Woodchuck Oil.

Perhaps some farmers who are troubled by that little pest, the woodchuck, are not aware that the oil of this animal is excellent for oiling harness, boots, shoes and all kinds of leather requiring a simple oil.—Several observing and practical farmers with whom I am well acquainted say it is equal to or better than neat's foot oil for this purpose, and I know of my own experience that it makes leather very soft and pliable.

It is useful for many other purposes besides lard oil, which it very much resembles. There is no doubt but that it would sell for a very fair price if its good qualities were generally known. The woodchuck is very fat in the fall, and a good sized one will yield a full quart of oil. Sometimes the oil is obtained by baking the whole animal, but a still better way is to take off the fat as free from blood and fleshy parts as possible, cut it into small pieces and try it over a slow fire, then strain, bottle up and keep in a cool place.

The paper mill, barns and office of John McLean, at Factoryville, two miles from Ballston, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on Friday night. The loss is from \$65,000 to \$70,000; insurance, \$32,000.

Proverbs.

Borrowed clothes never fit.
Better go round than fall in a ditch.
Better go alone than in bad company.
Be slow to promise but quick to perform.
Better to go to bed supperless than get up in debt.

Cut your coat according to your cloth.
Catch the bear before you sell his skin.
Charity begins at home, but does not end there.

Do not rip up old sores.
Doing nothing is doing ill.
Diligence commands success.
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.
Dependence is a poor trade to follow.
Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.
Do unto others as you would have them do to you.

Every couple is not a pair.
Everything is good in its season.
Everybody's business is nobody's business.
False friends are worse than open enemies.
Fortune knocks once at least at every man's gate.

Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters.
Great barkers are not biters.
Great gain and little pain makes a man weary.

Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself.

The following is a comparative statement of immigrants arriving in the United States for the five fiscal years ending with June 30:

Year	Number
1870	387,203
1871	321,350
1872	404,806
1873	459,803
1874	313,339

Total, 1,886,501
The decrease, last year, as compared with 1873, is regarded as only temporary, and is attributed to the general prostration of business which followed the financial convulsion of October, 1873, and the consequent diminution of the demand for labor. The immigration for the past two years, notwithstanding the great depression in business and labor, was greater than during any previous two years since the establishment of the Government, with the exception of years 1853 and 1854.

The precious metals with which we are generally acquainted are gold and silver, but there are eight more precious than they. It is sufficiently hard for most people to get gold and silver, but indium, vanadium, ruthenium, rhodium, palladium, uranium, osmium and iridium are only obtainable in microscopic quantities, and hence are extremely precious. Indium is worth \$2,250 per pound, or at that rate, while gold is worth only \$302, or thereabouts. The eight metals mentioned above are all more valuable than gold. Then follow platinum, thallium, chromium, magnesium and potassium, which are more valuable than silver but not so valuable as gold. Silver is worth about \$19 per pound, and iron—the most useful of all metals—two cents!

The April report of the Department of Agriculture states that the area in winter wheat appears to have been increased last fall about seven per cent. A small portion of this area, partially or wholly destroyed by the severity of the winter, will be replaced by other crops. The condition of the crop, as far as can be judged by its appearance in April in the more northern latitudes, before the ground is bare and free from frost, is below an average, and far below the status of last spring. In the South, generally, the prospects are quite flattering, and the crops secure against all probable contingences, except rust. In the West the general condition of the wheat crop is below the average.

Perhaps unleached wood ashes furnish the most valuable of the mineral manures. They are worth nearly double as much, pound for pound, as the commercial fertilizers ordinarily sold. Reader, take care of your ashes.

The Somerville (Tenn.) *Falcon* estimates the loss of horses and mules in that county (Fayette) from buffalo gnats, from last Friday night until Monday, at from three to five hundred head.

A fire at Hillsboro, Ohio, on Sunday morning, caused a loss of \$23,000. The principal losers are John A. Smith, \$10,000, fully insured; J. J. Brown, druggist, half insured.

Have you paid your United States license?

There were thirty-one deaths in Harrisburg during April.