

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 33.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., JUNE 10, 1875.

NO. 2.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

Terms—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
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Residence: Benjamin Dungan, Cherry Valley,  
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May 13, 1875.—1y.

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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 fill decayed teeth according to the most improved method. Each 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.  
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Our door above the "Stroudsburg House," Stroudsburg, Pa.  
Collections promptly made.  
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Most central location of any Hotel in town.  
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**MERCHANTS' HOUSE,**  
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OF  
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The stock was not purchased at  
Auction or Bankrupt Sales  
but will be sold at prices satisfactory to  
purchasers, and warranted as to quality.

CALL AND SEE.  
H. D. BUSH,  
Stroudsburg, April 30, 1874.—1f.

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AT THE  
**Corner Store!**

**THE CHEAPEST GOODS IN TOWN.**  
Great bargains are now offered in  
**FANCY DRESS GOODS,**  
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**CLOTHS,**  
CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, &c.,  
all of which have been marked down to  
**PANIC PRICES.**

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(2 doors west of the "Jeffersonian Office,")  
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DEALERS IN  
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery  
and Toilet Articles.

**Paints,**  
OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS & PUTTY.  
Abdominal Supporters and Shoulder  
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**Seeley's**  
Hard RUBBER TRUSSES—Also  
**Ritter's**  
TRUSSES OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.  
Lamps and Lanterns—Burning  
and Lubricating Oils.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Com-  
pounded.  
N. B.—The highest Cash price paid for  
OIL OF WINTERGREEN.  
may 4f.

**A DISTURBANCE IN CHURCH.**  
AN IRREVERENT CLUCKER.

The have had more trouble at our Methodist meeting-house. Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Moody was just beginning his sermon, and had uttered the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention this morning to the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Saint—" when a hen emerged from the recess beneath the pulpit. As she had just laid an egg, she interrupted Mr. Moody to announce the fact to the congregation; and he stopped short as she walked out into the aisle, screaming: "Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-to-ko! Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-to-ko!" Mr. Moody contemplated her for a moment, and then concluded to go on; but the sound of his voice seemed to provoke her to rivalry, and she put on a pressure of five or six pounds to the square inch, and made such a racket that the preacher stopped again and said:

"Will Deacon Grimes please remove that disgraceful chicken from the meeting-house."  
The deacon rose and proceeded with the task. He first tried to drive her toward the door, but she dodged him, and still clucking vigorously, got her under the seat in the front pew. Then the deacon seized his umbrella and scooped her out into the aisle again, after which he tried to "shoo" her toward the door; but she darted into a pew, hopped over the partition, came down in the opposite pew and in the side aisle making a noise like a steam plating mill. The deacon didn't like to climb over after her, so he went round, and just as he got into the side aisle the hen flew over into the middle aisle again. Then the boys in the gallery laughed, and the deacon began to grow red in the face.

At last Mr. Binns came out of his pew to help, and both he and the deacon made a dash at the chicken from opposite directions, and she flew up with a wild cluck to the gallery and perched on the edge, while she gave excited expression to her views by emitting about five hundred clucks a minute. The deacon flung a hymnbook at her to scare her down again, but he missed her and hit Billy Jones, a Sunday-school scholar, in the eye. Then another boy in the gallery made a dash at her, and reached so far over that he tumbled and fell on Mrs. Miskey's new bonnet, whereupon she said that he was predestined for the gallows. The crash scared the hen, and she flew over and roosted on the stovepipe that ran along just under the ceiling, fairly howling with fright. In order to bring her down the deacon and Mr. Binns both beat on the lower part of the pipe with their umbrellas, and at the fifth or sixth knock the pipe separated and about forty feet of it came down with a crash, emptying a parlor or two of soot over the congregation. There were women in that congregation who went home looking as if they had been working in a coal mine, and wishing they could stab Deacon Grimes without being hung for murder. The hen came down with the stovepipe, and as she flew by Mr. Binns, he made a dash at her with his umbrella and knocked her through a fifteen-dollar pane of glass, whereupon she landed in the street, and hopped off clucking insanely. Then Mr. Moody adjourned the congregation. They are going to expel the owner of that hen from the church when they discover his identity.—*Max Adeler in the New York Weekly.*

**A Venerable Tree Toad.**

At Lexington, Ky., a few days ago, a remarkable discovery of a living frog in the heart of a large tree was made. A section of a sycamore tree, four feet in diameter and three feet wide, intended for a butcher's block, was cut into two equal sections with a cross-cut saw, thus making two blocks of the same size. In the centre of the tree an irregular fissure, was discovered which measured six inches in length and three-eighths of an inch wide, and extended into each block. One of the blocks was placed upon its end, the newly cut surface being uppermost. One of the workmen happening to look into the narrow crack, noticed the green and slimy surface of what he supposed was a snake. Having procured a small stick, he thrust it into the orifice, when a green frog jumped out, and fell, apparently lifeless, upon the surface of the block. In a few minutes it commenced to breathe. The pulsations of the blood could be plainly seen on the under surface of the throat, and it soon revived. It was placed in a glass jar half filled with water, when it immediately climbed up the slippery surface and stuck to the side of the glass, where it could be plainly observed. Its back was bright green, and the under part of the body was of a pale blue, like the colorless appearance of vegetables which have grown in a dark cellar. It was about three inches in length, and was evidently a tree frog (*Rana hyla*). At latest reports it was still alive, and made the nights melodious with its singing.—*Lexington (Ky) Journal.*

A monster expedition is organizing in Philadelphia for the Black Hills. It is said that ten thousand men are enrolled, and that the crusade will start early in June.  
The following notice comes from Elk county: "Kash pade for littel kalves nut moun two daze old." That fellow never fooled away his time loafing around spelling schools.

**Our National Future.**

We give the following short extract from Dan. Dougherty's new lecture:  
"I may be asked the remedy. Direful conclusion; alas! there is none. If the people cannot stand the pressure—if they give way—this colossal republic, and every pillar that props the mighty fabric, will sooner or later crumble and fall with a crash that will strike the loud earth breathless. Yet do you expect to see all nature convulsed, warning you of coming danger? Do you expect to see the heavens darkened, as at your Saviour's death? No, trade may flourish, the marts be crowded with customers, the sea white with ships, the valleys flaming with verges, yet the spirit of your institutions may have fled forever. The sun shines as brightly to-day over the ruined Acropolis at Athens as over the dome of the Capitol of Washington.

All history is ablaze with proof of the mutability of nations. Do you need an admonition within the memory of a child? Eight years ago imperial France was the arbitress of Europe, her monarch's nod made peace or war, prosperity reigned throughout the realm, her cities were beautiful, her splendid capital was crowded with strangers from the extremities of the earth, kings were entertained with a magnificence unparalleled, her boundless treasures were displayed in the gorgeous Exposition, and all the world wondered! Where is she now? Her glories sunk in blood at Sedan, her armies surrendered, her capitol captured, the Emperor died in exile, and the Empire passed away like an exhalation! You will tell me this was the folly of her people, the corruption of her officials, and the blunders of her men. If so, take heed, the like causes may produce like results. I take back what I have said. There is a remedy. It is the people. You and you, and you, and I, and all of us. Under God the people here are omnipotent. They have made the republic, they alone can preserve it.

Think not less of me, my countrymen, that I have purposely painted the dark side of the picture—spots, if you will upon our sun—your pride of country may be equal but cannot exceed my own. Oh, when I recall the countless glories of my native land, my soul expands in ecstasy! It is the very intensity of my love that dreads the possibility of danger. My aim has been not to weaken faith in free institutions but to incite a more ardent love of country—to show that our perils are not from without less a sentiment but mere a duty, that its highest expression is to be found not in the barbaric courage of the battle, but the enlightened exercise of the ballot—to show that while the republic breathes aspirations the most noble its facilities enable the most depraved—while capable of transcendent achievements for good, its simplest functions may work gigantic evils—that while it fosters the genius that will immortalize, it breathes the infamy that may destroy. The downfall of this republic would be a calamity to mankind—it would dim the future of the world. We, the people of all parties, are the custodians of American liberty; through us to be transmitted to posterity—if we be faithless to the sublime trust future ages will groan for this foul act. Let us own the past and pledge the future.

**A Reign of Terror.**

**HOW THE TOWN OF KEARNEY IS RUN BY THE JAMES BOYS—FIFTEEN PROMINENT CITIZENS ORDERED TO LEAVE THE PLACE BEFORE THE 11TH OF JUNE.**

The Atchison (Kan.) *Champion* of the 12th, ult. says: To the unprejudiced observer it would look as though the old days of lawlessness had returned to Western Missouri. The law seems to have no power to protect the citizens of that part of the state, and especially in Clay County and Kearney, which has the unpleasant notoriety of being the home and habitation of those precious villains, the James boys. The inhabitants of this small and peaceful village stands in perpetual fear of these desperadoes, whose will is law in all things. When they feel so disposed they act in the capacity of may or, police, judge, jury and executioner.

'Tis but short time ago since we chronicled the fact of the murder of Mr. David Askew, who was shot down in his own dooryard without warning, his only crime being that he was a Union man and a quiet citizen. On the night of the murder the perpetrators of the deed called at the residence of a neighbor, called him out, told him what they had done, saying, however that it was the work of the detectives, and gave him permission to bury the body, with the provision that he would find it to his interest to leave the town as soon as possible. Since that bloody night, when the house of the mother, Mrs. Samuels, was fired and that lady wounded, the boys have been especially vindictive to warn all Union men living in the town, and have notified fifteen of the more prominent citizens to leave. One gentleman, whose name we withhold by request, upon being so notified, wished to sell his property there, and, finding a buyer, called upon a notary to get the necessary papers made out, at the same time asking the latter to accompany him to where the land lay, about six miles from the place.

Although armed, the time broad daylight, the notary positively refused, saying that he would not go there for all the land in Clay county, because he had in some way incurred the anger of the brothers, and was in fear of being put out of the

way. He subsequently left Kearney, and will in all probability never return. A Mr. Green, who was at one time attorney for the detectives, was also forced to flee for his life, and told that if he was ever seen in those parts again, certain death would be the result. The telegraph operator at Kearney, Wheat, has also been unable to retain his position there, and has resigned, his only fault being that he was obnoxious to the James. Also the conductor who had charge of the caboose which brought the detectives from Kearney, on the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad, received the customary note of warning, and being a prudent man, obeyed it, and has not been seen in that vicinity.

**TO AVOID CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.**

By contagious diseases are meant such as may be propagated by touch, or by being in the direct presence of the patient himself, or from some material derived from him, such as scarlet fever, small pox, etc. Infectious diseases are produced by some noxious matter in the atmosphere—not produced or augmented by the body itself; of such are ague, typhoid fever, etc. In the latter class of diseases the necessary precautions are to try and change the character of the surrounding air by enforcing strictly sanitary laws; which is in a great measure different from the course to be taken in avoiding contagious diseases. This consists chiefly in the shunning of all unnecessary contact with the sick and in destroying all noxious materials they create. Whenever we see a person sick with a contagious disease, no excessive fears should be allowed to occupy the mind. It is wholly needless, and more than this, it predisposes the system to the disease it so much dreads, by diminishing its tone. A good plan is to eat or drink something before entering the sick room, as it is supposed that when the stomach is acting the catching position is to a certain extent repelled, hence after meals would be the time to choose.

Some think or believe that the virus of a sick room is introduced into the system through the spittle coming in contact with the poisonous air and then swallowed.—Therefore it would be well to eject and not to swallow it. Cleanliness is a good preventive to contagion, those exposed should take a bath morning and evening; also change clothes daily.

After leaving the sick room, take a brisk walk, as this will excite nerve force and air the clothes. It is not well to sleep in the room with a person having a contagious disease. Therefore, when called upon to watch a night with the sick—which every humane person is, and others ought to be, willing to do—it is well to take a book and try and keep awake all night. For when asleep the system is relaxed, thus offering less resistance to contagion. Certain odors are also beneficial as preventative—as camphor, hartshorn, vinegar and many other substances, although modern science has branded them as popular delusion.

Science has introduced disinfectants which deserve great merit. Of these the carbolic acid is deemed best of all; an ounce may be put in a gallon of water, and then used by sprinkling. Among others always at hand are wood charcoal, quicklime and fresh earth.

**A Wooden Hand Growing Out of a Grave.**

On Monday our city was unusually excited by the exhibition in the *Courier-Herald* office of a hand of wood which grew out of a grave near Yorkville, Gibson county. It was brought into our office by Capt. G. S. Andrews of that county, who gives us its history. William Herron was out walking with his wife one Sunday evening not long ago, and in passing an old, neglected graveyard near the public road she saw a gum bush with a bunch of mistletoe on its top and requested her husband to get it for her. He cut the top off the bush and commenced breaking off the mistletoe, when, to his surprise and terror, he discovered that the wood underneath presented the perfect form of a human hand. Capt. Andrews, hearing of the wonderful discovery, went to the house of Mr. Herron, who, feeling rather uncomfortable over the thought that he cut it from a grave, and perhaps, some theory as to its supernatural significance, very willingly let Capt. Andrews have it. The bush from which it was cut was six feet high, and the hand was on the top, pointing upwards, presenting the position of the minister's hand when pronouncing a benediction. It is about the size of a six-year-old child's hand, with long, slender fingers like those of a person very much emaciated by sickness. The wood has enlarged formations on each of the fingers and the thumb, representing and corresponding with the joints of the human hand. The most remarkable feature about it is the natural appearance of the nails. They had a kind of flesh color, and the rest of the hand, where the bark had been entirely removed, looks ghastly white. Mr. Andrews says the grave from which it was cut is supposed to be the grave of a very devout Methodist minister by the name of Butcher, who was buried there many years ago.—*Jackson Miss., Courier Herald.*

A chicken hatched at Kennett Square, Chester county, had three separate, perfect bills, two combs, and three eyes, one of the eyes being in the forehead. It lived but a short time.

Philadelphia claims that it furnishes employment to not less than 60,000 women, exclusive of those engaged in domestic service.

**Making Them Smart.**

"Look here, Henry, do you know what makes these pigs look so lean?" "Yes, sir, I do. I made them look that way myself, sir." "What! Do you mean to tell me that you keep them from their feed, after my giving you orders to be careful and feed them well?" "No, not exactly that; but you see I read in a book that the best way to feed pigs and make them smart was to give them plenty to eat one day, and nothing the next, as that is the best way to bring them up and it makes nice meat." "How does it make nice meat, you young fool!" demanded the now exasperated farmer, seeing that his pigs that he took pride in raising, were being half starved. "Well, the book said to feed them one day—that makes a streak of fat—and give them nothing the next day—that makes a streak of lean; and that's the way I like pork." "What book did you learn that in?" asked the farmer. "Why, in that old almanac that hangs in the kitchen." "Oh," said the farmer, "that's so. There's a good many things in that book; but hereafter I want you to feed the pigs as I tell you, and I will attend to the reading matter." Henry was surprised to see the table loaded that day, and the farmer telling him to eat plenty. He did not know what to make of it until the next morning, when he was kept waiting for his breakfast until eleven o'clock, and could stand it no longer; up he went to his employer, and said, "I say Mr. W., ain't we going to have any breakfast this morning?" "Well,—no, I don't think we will," replied Mr. W.—"You see it says in that almanac that a pig inwardly is the same as a human being; and I'm going to try the same plan of getting a streak of fat and a streak of lean on my men as on to make them half-way smart. If they have all fat they will be too lazy. Don't you think it is a good plan, Henry?" The next day that almanac was missing.

**Almost a Cure for Consumption.**

I will only tell what I know of a woman who took a heavy cold that settled on her lungs. She is getting pretty well up in the forties and inherits a tendency to consumption, and one of her children died of it. Her cough was almost constant, and that, with pains, lasted, as she said, "for weeks and weeks." After trying many remedies and getting no permanent relief, some one told her of linseed oil, which she took according to directions; was much relieved in a few days and seemed entirely well in a month. That was six months ago and she has had no return of it and "feels as well as ever." She took fifteen drops of linseed oil on a little brown sugar three times a day before eating. Some stomachs may not be able to bear it, but it certainly sounds as palatable as cod liver oil. The woman kept cold coffee to take the taste out of her mouth.

If this information will cure or even mitigate the suffering of any one laboring under this disease, or threatened with it, I shall feel amply repaid for sending it to the always reliable Telegraph.

In conclusion I will say that this patient took the linseed oil straight along for a month. I do not pretend to say that it will cure a deeply seated case or any kind of a case, in another person, but I do say that in the present case the effect was marvelous, to me, and the cure positive, so far, and I regarded her as a great sufferer.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

**Ladies Shoes.**

The new style of ladies shoes are worth talking about. They cost \$40, and a pair described are made of pink silk, with bands of faint blue running across the upper, whereupon sprigs of the lilies of the valley were delicately painted, while over the lower portion of the beautiful marvels the brush of an artist touched rosebuds and violets into almost fragrant realities, while tiny humming-birds and gay tinted butterflies, seemed to hover in trembling delight over the dainty sweets, hidden with the chalice cups of the flowers.

A conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad recently got himself into an embarrassing situation. A lady entered a car at Harrisburg, carrying a basket which the railroad official deemed entirely too bulky to remain in the passenger car. He said it must go into the baggage car. The lady demurred, but the conductor insisted and seized the basket. Then his fair passenger deliberately uncovered the basket, and behold! two charming babies, twins, peacefully sleeping. The blushing conductor beat a precipitate retreat, and the lady remained master of the situation.

They have a way of doing things at Pottsville which may be fun for lookers-on, but it is death to the lawyers. A party of Germans had a suit at court which went against them. They became so enraged at this that they chased their lawyer into the Sheriff's office, and he only escaped from them by jumping out of a window.

Mrs. Jane Anderson, of Chester county, has just been relieved of a needle which has been racing around her arm for six years.

A Reading life insurance agent insured \$140,000 worth of lives in Lancaster in one day, recently.

The High Constable of Wilkesbarre has impounded enough cows to start a milk route.