

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

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NO. 27.

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SOMETHING NEW!

A SHOE MANUFACTORY.

The undersigned would respectfully give notice that they have established at Williams' Hall building, corner of George and Monroe streets, Stroudsburg, Pa., a

SHOE MANUFACTORY,

for the making of all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's and Children's Boots and Shoes and Uppers. Particular attention paid to

CUSTOM WORK.

Persons having deformed feet, bunions or corns, or children with weak ankles, or crooked limbs, can have here first class materials and at reasonable prices. Shoes made to suit their cases.

Having had a large experience in New York we feel confident that we can suit customers as to qualities and price, all of our goods both for general and special sale are warranted to be as represented. Please give us a call, examine our goods and materials consisting of English, French, Italian, and French Calfr Kid, long grained, Brush and Pelted Goat Morocco, French and American Calf and Kip Skins, all of which will be cheerfully shown to those who may call. Intending to make a first rate wearing article we have nothing to conceal, either in stock or make from the public, but would invite their closest scrutiny.

July 5, 75-11. R. E. CROMMETT & CO.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers at private sale, his Farm, situate in Hamilton township, Monroe County, Pa., near Rosarville, and 6 miles from Stroudsburg, County-seat of Monroe, containing

75 Acres,

about 6 Acres Timber Land, the balance improved land, lime stone and a high state of cultivation. The improvements are a

Frame House,

containing nine rooms; Barn 32 by 40 feet; Wagon Shed, Pig-pen 18 by 30 feet, with Carriage House attached, and all other necessary out-buildings, never failing well of water near the dwelling. There is an excellent Orchard of

Choice Fruit Trees

on the farm, consisting of Apple, Peach, Cherry, Plum, Prunes, Crab-apples, several varieties of grapes, standard and dwarf cherries, etc.; a Lime Kiln, and one of the best stone quarries in the valley. The kiln has capacity enough to burn one hundred and fifty bushels of lime per day.

The crops and stock can be bought with the Farm. Here is a good chance for a bargain.

PETER W. SHAFER, Rosarville, Pa., July 1, 1875-11.

LEANDER EMERY,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Carriages and Buggies, Two-seated Carriages

for Livery stables and private Families, Platform Spring Wagons,

of the latest style and for all kinds of use, kept on hand or made to order.

SINGLE-SEATED CARRIAGES,

with top or without top, all styles,

of different styles, shipped to order. All work warranted in every particular for one year. I will make to order any style of Carriage or Light Buggy that may be wanted. Some last first class work leaves my shop. I use only first class stock and employ first class workmen, and feel confident that I can give entire satisfaction to all who may purchase my work. All orders by mail shall receive prompt attention. Hoping that I may be able to furnish the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity with anything that they may want in my line. Address all orders to

LEANDER EMERY, Marango, Calhoun County, Michigan. April 22, 1875-11.

G. H. Dreher. E. B. Dreher

PHENIX

DRUG STORE,

(2 doors west of the "Jeffersonian Office.")

ELIZABETH STREET,

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DREHER & BRO.,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery

and Toilet Articles.

Paints,

OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS & PUTTY.

Abdominal Supporters and Shoulder Braces.

Seeley's

Hard RUBBER TRUSSES—Also

Ritter's

TRUSSES OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.

Lamps and Lanterns—Burning

and Lubricating Oils.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

N. B.—The highest Cash price paid for OIL OF WINTERGREEN.

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BLATCHLEY'S

Improved CUCUMBER

WOOD PUMP is the acknowledged STANDARD of the market, by popular verdict, the best pump for the least money. Attention is invited to the Chamber which never cracks, scales or rusts and will last a life time. For sale by Dealers and the trade generally. In order to be sure that you get Blatchley's Pump, be careful and see that it has my trade-mark as above.

If you do not know where to buy, describe the circular, together with the name and address of the agent nearest you, will be promptly furnished by addressing, with stamp,

CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer, 508 Commerce st., Philadelphia, Pa. March 4, 1875-5m.

\$15 to \$20 Per Day at home. Terms free. Ad-dress G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me. February 4, 1876-11.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

It was in the Winter of 1865, shortly before the collapse of the rebellion, that Gen. Shafter, commanding at De Vall's Bluff, Ark., sent a detachment of cavalry up into the Cache River country to intercept some contraband goods that were being smuggled through the lines to the enemy. That country was an almost interminable wilderness of swamps and forests of cypress and gum trees at that time, and was the last place in America that any one would be supposed to choose a home. There were occasional spots, however, of a few hundred acres each, a little higher than the surrounding country, that by cheap expense had been converted into handsome and valuable estates, with large and pretentious residences for the wealthy owners, who, though isolated from the busy world, were content to forego some of its pleasures for the peace and quiet seclusion afforded. Once each year, when the cotton was ready for shipment, and the little river was swollen by the Winter rains, a steamer would come up to the plantations and take the season's product and a year's supplies purchased. Then, after a few weeks spent in the society of the metropolises, they would be carried safely back to the landing at home. Thus the years were spent until the children, who had been under instructors at home, were far enough advanced to be sent abroad to finish their education.

It was at one of these plantations that the squadron of cavalry was halted and dismounted about daylight, with instructions to surround the house and allow no one to escape. The Lieutenant then directed a Sergeant and six men to go through the house and seize any goods that might be contraband of war. The detail was made, and the men proceeded to their work. Entering the house, the Sergeant made the inmates acquainted with the nature of his errand, and assured them that all private property should be respected. When the party ascended the stairs leading to the second story, one of the men, a young Prussian, who had landed in this country just in time to enlist, remained below, and passed into the parlor. Perhaps the single occupant of the room, a beautiful girl, may have attracted him, and perhaps he didn't just like this unceremonious style of ransacking a gentleman's house, war or no war. At any rate, the squad got along without him, and came down presently, and continued their search. All the rooms had been visited except one into this went the entire party, lady and all. There were four large trunks there, all of the same pattern, and entirely new. The suspicions of the soldiers were aroused still more when the young lady asked the privilege of opening and displaying the contents of them herself. The request was granted, but each man scanned the articles as they were taken out, expecting the long looked for bolts of Confederate cloth would be brought to light. They were disappointed, however; there was nothing but what was evidently intended for the household, and the last trunk, had been emptied of its contents—not quite, for the Sergeant noticed that the drawer in the lid had not been opened, and called the girl's attention to it. With a slight tremor of her voice, she replied that there was nothing there but private property, and she did not wish to remove it. This attracted the attention of the men, who gathered around, when the Sergeant again demanded that the search be made. Still the girl, who was kneeling by the trunk, with her hands resting on the lid, made no movement, but looked imploringly into the faces of the soldiers. She was a beautiful creature, scarcely seventeen, yet with all the grace and bearing of an accomplished lady. Before the Sergeant could repeat the order or execute it himself, the Prussian, with a touch of the hat and a polite bow to his superior officer, said: "If the lady give you her word of honor that there is nothing there we seek, you should be satisfied." "Word of honor!" repeated the Sergeant, contemptuously; "honor among rebels, indeed!"

There was a free fight in an instant, for the Prussian dealt him a terrible blow in the face, which staggered him back among his comrades, who took sides about evenly for and against the "Dutchman," leaving it uncertain which would be victorious, when the Lieutenant, hearing the row, rushed in and quelled it. In the excitement which followed the trunk was forgotten, and the party left the premises and resumed their march. When the war was over the troops were disbanded at St. Louis, and the Prussian was lost sight of for several years, until the railroad from Memphis to Little Rock was revived, when he turned up as a civil engineer, and assisted in locating the route. His name mentioned frequently in the papers at the time, but when the road was finished he disappeared again, and I saw nor heard nothing of him until the other day I met a lady and a gentleman in the cars, whose faces seemed familiar, and which proved to be my Prussian comrade and his wife, the planter's daughter, whom he protected in the war. Then followed a long story of how the railroad was located across the plantation, and how they met again—a case of love at first sight—and were married, and had made a tour of the lakes, and revisited the seminary at Cincinnati where she educated, and were on their way to California.

"Well," said I, "you haven't told me what was in that trunk."

"It was a pitcher full of gold and silver coin," said the happy Dutchman, "but I didn't know it till we were married."

However that may be, its value was of

no comparison to his treasure of a wife.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.*

The Friends and the Indians.

During the recent sitting of Baltimore Yearly Meeting the report of the Society on Indian affairs were submitted. This committee is composed of representatives of all the Yearly meetings, who annually assemble together at Baltimore to consider the affairs of the Nebraska Superintendency, which has been placed in their charge by the Government. The report for the year was read by Gerard L. Reese. It stated that the work at the various agencies, without being attended with any peculiarly striking results, is very prosperous and highly encouraging. The sum contributed by the Yearly meetings above named to the cause was \$7,666.79. Among other good purposes consummated is that of establishing schools for teaching the English language, one of which has been organized at each agency. Subjoined to and read with this report was another from the General Superintendent, Barclay White, that gave much interesting information in relation to the subject. Accompanying it was a list of statistics exhibiting the actual conditions of the Indians of this charge. This was explained by Samuel M. Janney, of Loudon county, Virginia. The Santee Sioux were represented as the most northern of all the tribes, numbering about eight hundred in population at their reservation. They have 481 acres of land under cultivation, producing during the past year 800 bushels of wheat and 1,300 of corn, besides potatoes and other products. The Pawnee, the tribe especially under the care of the Baltimore Yearly meeting, number about 2,200. They have a boarding school and a day school, the latter having 125 pupils. About 140 of the tribe write English. They cultivate 600 acres of land, and during the past year have raised 5,000 bushels of wheat and 1,000 bushels of corn, working 1,000 horses, and occupying 11 large houses. The other tribe are the Omahas, Winnebagos, Otoes, Missouris, Iowas, Sacs and Foxes. All of these are prospering well, and promise to make steady advances towards civilization. In giving these facts Friend Janney stated that much difficulty was had to accomplish reformatory charges in the habits of the older Indians, and although they were by no means discouraged in their attempts, yet it was to the rising generation that the proper cultivation for a civilized and Christian life was especially directed, and from them came the prospect of improvement. He explained that the matter of dress was not one of preference, but of economy, the Indians refusing to wear the clothes of the white man only because they were much more expensive than their own simple garb. Edmund P. Smith, United States Commissioner, expressed the pleasure that he felt at getting away from the busy routine of office life, to come among those with whom he could talk upon a subject of common importance, but which he feared scarcely laid close enough to the hearts of the American people. He said that there was a curious history attached to Indian affairs, and that as long as he could remember there had been a discussion about their relation to the Christian community. Previously there had been many obstacles to be met with in establishing missions among the tribes. Missionaries were imprisoned, and other serious hindrances given by the Government. Now, the Government is ahead in its willingness, while all the Christian denominations, with the single exception of the Friends, have lagged behind, and the work is not commensurate with the opportunity. He referred to the fact that in the aggregate of sixty-five hundred Indians in all the tribes under this Superintendency not one murder had been committed by them for four years. Education and civilization are the right to all humanity, and we are bound by Divine obligations to recognize and regard this truth by performing our own duty toward the Indian. You cannot transport civilization in wagons nor in Government papers, but only by the means of throwing around these savages worthy examples, and they will then adhere to that which is good by natural instinct.

The Fruits of Good Work.

About two years ago the ladies of the Dorcas Society at our church, made up a large quantity of shirts, trousers and socks, and boxed them to a missionary station on the west coast of Africa. A man named Ridley went out with the boxes and stayed in Africa several months. When he returned, the Dorcas Society, of course, was anxious to hear how its donation was received, and Ridley, one evening, met the members and told them about it in a little speech. He said:

"Well, you know, we got the clothes out there all right, and after a while we distributed them among some of the natives in the neighborhood. We thought may be it would attract them to the mission, but it didn't, and after some time had elapsed and not a native came to church with those clothes on, I went out on an exploring expedition to find out about it. It seems that on the first day after the goods were distributed one of the chiefs attempted to mount at shirt. He didn't exactly understand it and he pushed his legs through the arms and gathered the tail around his waist. He couldn't make it stay up, however, and they say he went around inquiring in his native tongue what kind of an idiot it was that constructed a garment that wouldn't hang on, and swearing some of the most awful heathen oaths. At last

he left it dragging, and that night his legs got tangled in it somehow, and he fell over a precipice and was killed.

"Another chief who got one on properly went paddling around in the dark, and the people imagining that he was a ghost sacrificed four babies to the idol to keep off the evil spirit.

"And then, you know, those trousers you sent out? Well, they fitted one pair on the idol, and then they stuffed most of the rest with leaves and set them up as kind of new fangled idols, and began to worship them. They say that the services were very impressive. Some of the women split a few pairs in half, and after sewing up the legs used them to carry yams in, and I saw one chief with a corduroy leg on his head as kind of a helmet.

"I think, though, the socks were most popular. All fighting men went for them the first thing. They filled them with sand and used them as boomerangs and war clubs. I learned that they were so much pleased with the efficiency of those socks that they made a raid on a neighboring tribe on purpose to try them, and they say that they knocked about eighty women and children on the head before they came home. They asked me if I wouldn't speak to you and get you to send out a few barrels more, and to make them a little stronger so they would last longer, and I said I would.

"This society's doing a power of good to those heathens, and I've no doubt if you keep right along with the work you will inaugurate a general war all over the continent of Africa, and give everybody an idol of his own. All they want is enough socks and pants. I'll take them the next time I go out again."

Then the Dorcas passed a resolution declaring that it would, perhaps, be better to let the heathen go naked and give the clothes to the poor at home, and I think myself that it is more preferable.—*Max Adler.*

How to Get Rid of Household Pests.

I have not seen a bed-bug or a flea in my house for many years. If an army of them were to be brought in, mercury would speedily destroy them; but I think cleanliness is the best perhaps the only preventive. The common house fly I do not molest, believing that it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of affluvia and the animalcules which always arise from the putrefaction of decaying substances during warm weather. So also with the birds, which are quite numerous here during the summer. Instead of shooting them or setting up scarecrows to frighten them away, I throw out every possible inducement for them to build their nests in my fruits trees. The birds capture a large share of the insects in the larva state, and thus the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for future worms—As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early to take the worms or not. For the residue of insects which infest my vegetable garden I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility. The bug or worm which cannot find vegetation unflavored with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere and leave a green garden unmolested. A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will clean house plants of lice in a very short time. If mosquitos or other blood-suckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash thrown into their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the butterfly and store-room free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution and stuff it into a hole, which can be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communication with the depot of supplies.—*Charles Thompson in Scientific American.*

Sod as a Fertilizer.

During the past year I made a limited experiment in the use of grass sods as a fertilizer. It was desired to plant a piece of worn out land in cabbage. Home made manure was exhausted, and it was doubtful whether commercial fertilizers would pay on land so utterly destitute of humus and all other carbonaceous matter. Furrows were opened four feet apart with a one horse turn plough, which was run twice each way, opening to a depth and width of about ten inches. The road sides were resorted to for wild grass sods, which were taken up with a spade, of a width to suit the furrows, which were then filled full of loose earth with a hoe. After the first rain the plants, which were of good size, were dibbled into the loose earth, the roots reaching down generally to the sods. The plants gained a rapid growth within a few days, and the result was such a crop of cabbages as I have never seen produced except in soil in a high state of fertility previously, or made so for the special crop by a very liberal application of fertilizers. The sod was a source of both moisture and fertility, maintained a thriftiness in the plants during a drought, which seriously affected adjoining crops.—*Plantation.*

Throw Away Your Neck Wrapper!

Now that the weather is getting fresh and brisk, we see people coming out with great mufflers and comforters around their necks. Wrappers for the throat give the doctors nearly as much practice on throat diseases as all the malaria and foul air that is breathed in the lungs. They are breeders of disease, and should not be worn at all, unless the person is actually suffering with some disease of the throat or neck that needs protection. The throat grows strong by exposure to the cold air, and no matter how icy the wind may feel, whatever the face will bear, the throat stand without any disagreeable effect being experienced from it. That is, we mean the throat will stand exposure if it is inured to it. If wrappers are used it becomes weak, and a person must exercise the greatest caution in going out of doors or he will contract a cold or a sore throat. The warmer the comforter the more apt will the throat and neck be to sweat, and the more liable will it be to take cold. Of course the breast should be well protected, but we persist in saying that mufflers around the neck are a very dangerous kind of clothing. We have noticed particularly ladies who wear furs around their necks, and those who have none to wear. In the one case sore throats from colds will be a specialty, and in the other a sore throat will hardly be known. The writer of this article has not worn a muffler around his neck for twenty-five years, and he has had but two cases of sore throat, each of which was caused by a general derangement of the system. Discard your mufflers, your comforters, and especially your neck furs. What can be more ridiculous than to see a man with a great towering fur around his neck? It recks with sweat, the smell of tobacco, and poor whisky if he is in the habit of frequenting rum mills. It becomes immeasurably dirty and filthy after having been worn a few times, and will ruin any man's throat who wears it.

Don't turn up your nose at cheap metals. Men have accumulated large quantities of gold by starting in life with a good stock of brass.

Don't try to drown your troubles in whiskey. A man in this town has used sixteen barrels, and his trouble "still lives."

Don't use the term "I flatter myself." Some impudent bystander will tell you it is wrong to flatter a fool.

Don't kick a man when he starts down hill. It is wrong to waste your powers in unnecessary labor.

Don't flatter yourself that you can preach a better sermon than your pastor. A brick mason cannot mend a watch.

Don't talk a man to death. It is a hard way to die.

Don't worry about the crops. Plant the seed in good time and let the Lord have his way about the harvest.

Don't give your coin to a blind organ grinder. It is better to spend it for circus tickets.

Don't slip in at the back door and drink alone. It reduces the barkeeper's profits.

Don't imagine that the welfare of the country can be affected by the conduct of a town policeman. A tempest in a teapot is not very destructive.

Don't make haste to gain wealth. Better be comfortably poor than miserably rich.

Don't abuse a policeman. Some of them are orphans, and all of them are entitled to your sympathy.

Was Ready to Go.

A colored man named Nelson is owing a butcher on Beaubien street five or six dollars, and after trying in vain to collect the money the butcher and a friend put their heads together the other night and laid a plan. About midnight they called at Nelson's house and he was awakened by a rap on the window.

"Who's dar?" he called out.

"The Devil!" solemnly replied the butcher.

"You is, dey?"

"Yes, I want you."

"What fur?"

"You refuse to pay your butcher, and I am sent to take you to the bottomless pit!"

"You is?"

"I am!" "Come forth at once!"

"Ize coming!" replied the negro as he jumped out of bed; "I can't pay dat six dollars half as easy in any odder way, an' de old woman is so mighty cross Ize glad to get away from home!"

The butcher and his friend didn't wait for Mr. Nelson to come out.—*Ex.*

Irish Sharpness.

An Irishman had sold his farm, and moved all his personal property to one adjoining, which he had purchased.

He claimed that stable manure was personal property and not real estate, and he commenced moving the same. A law suit ensued, and the court decided against him. His final remarks to the judge, after the jury had found a verdict against him, were as follows:

"Mr. Judge, a horse and a cow are personal property?"

"Yes," answered the Judge.

"Mr. Judge, corn, oats, hay, etc., are personal property?"

"Yes," responded the Judge.

"Then," says Pat, "how in the devil can personal property at personal property and produce real estate?"

Nineteen thousand houses were built in Philadelphia in four years.