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

WILSON PEIRSON,
Notary Public,
EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.
Acknowledgments taken and all business pertaining to the office carefully executed for
J. H. THOMPSON,
Real Estate Insurance Agents,
Office, Kistler's new building near the Depot,
East Stroudsburg, Pa., Jan. 27, 1876.

DR. N. L. PECK,
Surgeon Dentist.
Office in Jas. Efinger's new building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank. Gas administered for extracting when desired.
Stroudsburg, Pa. (Jan. 6, 1876.)

DR. R. BRUCE JOHNSTONE,
Homoeopathic 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, 1875-1y.)

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Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,
Office and Residence, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Sapp. 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 8/72-1y

DAVID S. LEE,
Attorney at Law,
One door above the "Stroudsburg House,"
Stroudsburg, Pa.
Collections promptly made.
October 22, 1874.

MERCHANTS' HOUSE,
413 & 415
North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Reduced rates, \$1 75 per day.
HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r.
L. R. SYDNER, Clerk.
Nov. 25, 1874.—6m.*

WILLIAM S. REES,
Surveyor, Conveyancer and
Real Estate Agent.
Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
FOR SALE.

Office nearly opposite American House and 2d door below the Corner Store.
March 29, 1873-1y.

DR. J. LANTZ,
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Office in the office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Watson's brick building, nearly opposite the Reading House, and he flatters himself that by eight 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, and to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver, or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases required.
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.—1y.

ANOTHER TROPHY WON
BY THE
ESTEY COTTAGE ORGANS!
These superior and beautifully finished instruments are so far eclipsed their competitor in volume, purity, sweetness and delicacy of tone, as to carry off the first and only premium given to exhibitors of reed Organs at the Monroe County Fair, held September 25, 1874.
Buy only the best. For price list address
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MASON TOCK,
PAPER HANGER,
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Nearly opposite Kautz's Blacksmith Shop,
Stroudsburg, Pa.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is now fully prepared to do all kinds of Paper Hanging, Glazing and Painting, promptly and at short notice, and that he will keep constantly on hand a fine stock of Paper Hangings of all descriptions and at low prices. The patronage of the public is earnestly solicited.
May 16, 1872.

Mr. Shott had been out of Detroit in seven years when the other day business called him to Chicago. Mrs. Shott wanted to go along, but he said times were too hard; he didn't want the bother of taking care of her, and she was compelled to remain at home. He reached home in the evening after an absence of two days, and as he sat eating his supper he observed:
"I tell you it was a long ride, and I'm glad you didn't go."
"Lonesome was it?" she asked.
"It would have been fearful if I hadn't had a young lady in the seat with me," he replied.
"What! A young lady in the seat with you?"
"That is—that is—you know the car was crowded," he said.
"And you offered her half your seat?"
"—that is she sat down there," he stammered.
Mrs. Shott's ears grew red and her eyes snapped.
"And so it was lonesome, was it? You didn't speak to her, I suppose?" inquired the wife.
"Why, I—I spoke once or twice, of course."
"Nice young lady, I suppose?"
"Well, no; I can't say she was."
"And there you sat and looked your sweetest, and I'll bet you passed yourself off as a single man."
"I don't know as I did," he replied as he drank his tea.
"Did you inform her that you were married and had three children?" she demanded.
"I don't remember, though I presume I did."
"You presume you did! Well, I presume you didn't. I know just how you sat up there and pretended to be a rich widower, and took care of her satchels, and popcorn and illustrated papers for her."
Mr. Shott inquired if there were any more biscuit.
"It's a nice operation your coming home and expecting to find biscuit for you!" she went on. "Why didn't you ask if that young lady could make biscuit? why didn't she come home to tea with you?"
"Nancy, don't be foolish," he observed.
"Don't be foolish! Who is foolish? Here I was, scrubbing and baking and patching, and breaking my back, and you were braced up in a seat with a young lady, stroking those yellow whiskers and talking about your bonds and mortgages and lonely widower life."
"I wasn't," he briefly observed.
"Daniel, did that girl ride all the way from Chicago with you?" asked Mrs. Shott as she toyed with the handle of the milk-jug.
"Did she? Lemme see!" he mused, as he helped himself to the butter.
"You know she did!" shouted Mrs. Shott.
"If she got off at any one of the stations I didn't see her," he admitted.
"And there you sat and sat, and rode and rode, and you paid out money we need so much in the house for peanuts, and popcorn, and juba-paste, and picture papers! Daniel, let me see your wallet!"
"My wallet?"
"Yes, sir, your wallet!"
"What for, Nancy?"
"I want to see your wallet!"
"It's the same one I always had!"
"You left home with twenty-six dollars, and I know exactly what the trip cost. Fare to Chicago and back, seventeen dollars. Hotel bill, two dollars. I'll allow one dollar more for incidentals, and now where's that six dollars?"
"—I—I!" he stammered.
"You what?"
"I met Green down by the depot and lent him four dollars."
"Daniel Shott, who is Green, and where does he live?"
"Daniel did not reply."
"This was a crusher. The young man knew he couldn't beat it, and he replied:
"No, I don't think he can; but I'll warrant him to jump forty feet and catch a fly!"
"You can take doze away, my fren't," said the old man.
"You won't take him?"
"No, zur; I vhaunts no dog what can't shump over der City Hall!"
"But you made a fair bargain and said you would take him?"
"I can't help dot. When I buys two dollars for a dog he shall shump like a pird."
And the young man dragged his brindled dog out of the house and back to the market, where he offered him for fifty cents without getting a buyer.

the oldest boy ran out doors and yelled "fire!" Several of the neighbors ran over, but Mrs. Shott met them at the door and said it was only a burning chimney. When they asked four Mr. Shott, she remarked:
"Mr. Shott doesn't feel a bit well, and is covered up on the lounge!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT BRINDLED DOG.

Yesterday morning a soap-haired young man of eighteen was drawing a big brindled dog around the City Hall Market, anxious to find a purchaser. A corpulent old chap, smoking a long pipe and dodging the rain, finally halted the young man and asked:
"My fren't, how little you vhaunts for dose dog?"
"Two dollars will take him," was the reply, "and a better dog never stood on four legs and howled."
"Vhell, goom along mit me," continued the old chap, raising his umbrella. He paddled a full mile through the pouring rain, the young man and the brindled dog at his heels, and reaching home at last the dog was led in. The old man refilled his pipe, and sat down and said:
"Now, my fren't, ish dose a good dog?"
"He's the best kind of a dog," was the reply.
"Does he keep thieves away from my house?"
"You bet he will! Why he would chaw up a man quicker than a flash!"
"Does he keep der bat poys out of my gartin?"
"Well, you ought to see him go for a boy once. He's had his teeth into every boy in Macomb county."
"Does he like my children?"
"Like 'em? Why that's his great hold. Nothing so pleases him as a house full of children."
The old man hesitated for a minute and said:
"Can doze dog play on the fiddle?"
"Play on the fiddle? Why—why—yes, sir, he can! He can play seven different tunes on a fiddle."
It was big lie but the soap-haired young man was bound to make a sale if he had to bury the truth out of sight.
"Can doze dog play on a horn in der brass band?" asked the old man after a pause.
"On a horn? Why, he has led the Mt. Clemens band for the last year. Yes, sir, he can play a horn with anybody!"
The old man was a little staggered, and he waited quite a while before asking:
"Can doze dog write letters for me to my broder in Sharmany?"
"Write? write letters?"
"Yaw."

"I wish I had pen and paper here! He writes the most beautiful hand you ever saw; and he writes like lightning? I could hire him out for fifty dollars a month to keep books, but I don't want to work him to hard. Besides there's a mortgage on my farm, and I must have money to raise it."
"Der price is two dollars?"
"Only two dollars. He's worth a hundred if he is worth a cent, but I'm forced to sell. If you keep him till March I'll buy him back and give you two hundred dollars for him."
The old man smoked away for a while and then asked:
"Can doze dog baint a house?"
"Paint a house! I'd like you to see three big houses he painted last week. He's as good as three men, and he never waste a drop of paint. I'm in a hurry to catch the train, and I'd like the money!"
"Two dollars?"
"Yes, two dollars. You'll never have another such chance."
The old man made a motion at his wallet, but let his hand drop and inquired:
"Can doze dog shump over der City Hall?"

"This was a crusher. The young man knew he couldn't beat it, and he replied:
"No, I don't think he can; but I'll warrant him to jump forty feet and catch a fly!"
"You can take doze away, my fren't," said the old man.
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"But you made a fair bargain and said you would take him?"
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And the young man dragged his brindled dog out of the house and back to the market, where he offered him for fifty cents without getting a buyer.

Mysteries of Tobacco.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

One of the mysteries of New York, of which we have never seen in type an attempted explanation, is: "What under the sun becomes of the enormous quantity of this coarse brown wrapping paper which we every where see piled up to the ceiling in warehouses, or shying across the sidewalk from truck to store, like Parthian arrows darkening the sun, or perchance coming to the city from mills in the surrounding country, loading whole trains of freight cars?" This, surely, is a profound puzzle, which fewer even among old residents can unravel. But here is the answer: ("Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askalon.") In brief, we have at this port an enormous export trade in straw paper between New York and Havana, where it enters into manufacture of tobacco. The trade can be reckoned by thousands of tons. Not a steamer leaves port that does not take out from 2,000 to 5,000 reams, or in occasional instances as high as 30,000 reams. But very few days have elapsed since a steamer sailed with the quantity last named. It was long since evident that this heavy export of paper, that, too all of a single description, the coarsest and cheapest, could not be for ordinary consumption. No market could possibly demand such quantities unless people were inordinate shoppers, and did nothing except run to the grocery for small packages. The paper referred to sells at 26 cents per ream of 8 or 9 pounds, and when packed for export is usually pressed into bales of 100 reams each. It is said that the exports are so large that our entire domestic consumption is scarcely equal to one sixteenth of the total shipped to Cuba alone, while additional quantities are in demand for Brazil, Bermuda, etc.—very much of it, doubtless going into the manufacture of cheroots and cigarettes. For this purpose, we are told, it serves admirably, the paper, under combustion, leaving no residuum other than a pure white ash. There is but one conclusion as remarked by a leading dealer in the trade, that the great bulk of this paper is converted into cigars of the lower grade, and when returned under custom-house brands, neatly boxed and fragrant with illusive odors, readily commands a sale. The peculiar manipulation which straw paper undergoes in process of conversion is of course known only to the initiated. But it is well understood that when saturated in the juice of tobacco stems, and, perhaps, almost dissolved the once despised yellow reams make a "filling" almost equal, if not superior, to the genuine leaf. In fact it is sometimes possible to detect, as we are informed, the delicate film of paper interlapped with leaves in the finished cigar, or neatly folding the exterior. To such a refinement of art has this business been carried, that by the use of machines rolled over the sheet of papers an almost perfect impress of the tobacco leaf it obtained, the peculiar "spots" being printed as on calico. The waste and refuse of factories in like manner is carefully gathered, and, by intermingling with paper, once more acquires body and consistency, so that in subsequent use the votary of tobacco inhales it in his pipe, securing comfort and solace, or takes it pulverized into snuff, through the nostrils, imagining himself transported in dreamy lassitude beyond the cares and worries of this lower life—on a wisp of paper.

EFFECTS OF THE SUN ON LUNATICS.

The French *Gazette des Hopitance* contains a curious article on this subject. Dr. Ponza, director of the lunatic asylum at Alessandria (Piedmont), having conceived the idea that the solar rays might have some curative power in diseases of the brain, communicated his views to Father Secchi, of Rome, who replied in the following terms:—"The idea of studying the disturbed state of lunatics in connection with magnetic perturbations and with the colored, especially violet, light of the sun, is of remarkable importance, and I consider it worth being cultivated." Such light is easily obtained by filtering the solar rays through a glass of that color. "Violet," adds Father Secchi, "has something melancholy and depressive above it, which, physiologically, causes low spirits. Hence, no doubt, poets have draped melancholy in violet garments. Perhaps violet light may calm the nervous excitement of unfortunate maniacs." He then, in his letter, advises Dr. Ponza to perform his experiments in rooms the walls of which are painted of the same color as the glass panes of the windows, which should be as numerous as possible, in order to favor the action of solar light, so that it may be admissible at any hour of the day. The patients should pass the night in rooms oriented to the east and to the south, and painted and glazed as above. Dr. Ponza, following the instructions of the learned Jesuit, prepared several rooms in the manner described, and kept several patients there under observation. One of them, affected with morbid taciturnity, became gay and affable after three hours' stay in a red chamber; another, a maniac who refused all food, asked for some breakfast after having stayed twenty-four hours in the same red chamber. In a blue one, a highly-excited madman with a strait waistcoat on was kept all day; an hour after he appeared much calmer. The action of blue light is very intense on the optic nerve, and seems to cause a sort of oppression. A patient was made to pass the night in a violet chamber; on the following day he begged Dr. Ponza to send him home, because he felt himself cured; and, indeed, he has been well ever since. Dr. Ponza's conclusions from his experiments are these:—"The violet rays are, of all others, those that possess the most intense, electro-chemical power; the red light is also very rich in calorific rays; blue light, on the contrary, is quite devoid of them as well as of chemical and electric ones. Its beneficent influence is hard to explain; as if the absolute negation of all excitement, it succeeds admirably in calming the furious excitement of maniacs."

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

The Centennial Exhibit—The Opening Day—July 4th, 1876.

The ceremonies at the opening of the Centennial exhibit are pretty nearly determined upon. The President of the United States, attended by the heads of departments, distinguished guests, representatives of foreign governments, judges of the supreme court, members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, representatives of the several States and Territories, the Centennial commissioners and foreign commissioners—all these will participate. But the most stupendous "time" will be had on the fourth of July. According to the written assurance of a gentleman concerned in the preparations, the ceremonies on that day "will be of a grander, more imposing character than those which have attended any event of modern times, either in Europe or America." They will consist in part of a musical performance, the assemblage of the military and civic organizations of the country and the unveiling of appropriate statues. The morning will be announced from the old State House by the great bell of peace, the gift of a citizen of Philadelphia for the occasion. The bell, now casting, will weigh 13,000 pounds, and is inscribed with the words:
"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land, and to the inhabitants thereof. Glory to God in the Highest! Peace on Earth, and Good Will to Men."
The musical performance will be directed by Theodore Thomas. The military display will be superintended by a high officer of the general government. The Philadelphia park commission has furnished free camping ground for a portion of the volunteers to be assembled from different sections of the Union. Barracks will be erected, furnishing cheap and comfortable lodgment for soldiers. Already official notification has been received of the attendance of more than 18,000 equipped men.
Wm. M. Evarts will deliver the fourth of July oration, and the Declaration of Independence will be read by Richard Henry Lee.

MENTMORE.

The Estate of the Richest Man in the World.

Baron Rothschild's residence and estate at Mentmore is described as one of the finest and most extensive in England. It contains some 20,000 acres of the finest land in Buckinghamshire. It has gardens, greenhouses and graperies so arranged as to furnish fruit every month in the year. Oranges, pineapples, figs, bananas and other tropical fruits are grown in abundance. When the Baroness is absent yachting in the channel or at her London house, orders by telegraph are sent to Mentmore daily for the supplies required. The vases in the fountain and Italian gardens cost each £1,000. The statuary is all of the most costly kind, executed by the first masters. The great hall, which about 20x30 feet, is filled by vases and statuary. Its contents must represent the value of not less than £100,000. It takes not less than three

hours to pass through the rooms. The finish is exquisite, and the furnishing of each sumptuous. Some idea may be found of the whole from the furniture of a single bed-room, one of the many guest chambers, costing £25,000 or £30,000. In the dining and baronial hall are furnishings exceeding £200,000. Costly cabinets of the time of Louis XIV., of ebony inlaid with ivory or gold, diamonds, rubies and all sorts of precious stones, walls hung with the costliest tapestries of the time of Louis XIV., or covered with the richest needle embroidered satin, may give some idea of the wealth lavished on this more than princely mansion. The costliest paintings adorn the walks, and the most skillful and expensive workmanship is displayed on the ceilings. The idea of the Baron seems to have been to build and furnish a mansion such as no other person in England, except perhaps the Duke of Westminster, could expect to rival. The stud is said to contain more high bred horses than any other in the world. It embraces thirty-five hunters and as many racers, none of which are less in value than £500, while many of them run up to thousands.

Japanese Centennial Building.

The Philadelphia Times gives the following account of the method with which the Japanese are constructing their buildings at the Centennial:

"The way in which the Japs managed the pile-driving brought many a burst of laughter from the bystanders. They had a portable tripod, about twenty feet high, with two fixed pulleys under the apex, from which was suspended by grass rope a cylindrical iron hammer, weighing three hundred pounds. Six Japs on each side of the machine seize a grass rope, which passes over one of the pulleys, the foreman stands at one side, holds up his forefinger, closes one eye, and then, apparently not satisfied with this, picks up a short stick, holds it in a verticle position between his two forefingers, sights the pile with it, and at last winks with both eyes as a signal to the workmen that the ceremony of Japanese plumb-bobbing is concluded, the hammer moves up and down very rapidly, driving the pile an inch into the earth at every descent, until it was time for the forman to do a little more plumb-bobbing. The Japs draw their plane toward them instead of pushing them from them, and use an ink line instead of a chalk line. It resembles a tape line case, and contains a sponge which may be saturated with ink of any color; through this sponge the cord may be drawn and wound up, dispensing with the tedious process of chalking.
"In the bamboo building not a nail will be used; all the material is there, dovetailed, bevelled and mortised, ready to be fastened together with wooden pins. The artisans live in a farm structure within the enclosure, do their own cooking and laundry work and live on soup, rice and dried meats, which they brought with them in hermetically sealed cans."

SINGULAR FUNERAL RITES.

The funeral rites of kings and their wives in some parts of Angola, Africa, are peculiar. A shallow pit is dug in the floor of the hut in which he or she died, just enough to contain the body. This is placed naked in the trench or its back, and then covered with a thin layer of earth. On this three fires are lighted and kept burning a whole moon or month, the hot ashes being constantly spread over the whole grave. At the end of this time the body is usually sufficiently baked or dried; it is then taken out and placed on its back on an open frame-work of sticks, and fires kept burning under it till the body is thoroughly smoke dried. During the whole time the body is being dried, the hut in which the operation is performed is full of people, the women keeping up a dismal crying day and night, particularly the latter. When the body is completely desiccated it is wrapped in cloth and stuck upright in a corner of the tent, where it remains until it is buried, some-times two years after. The reason for this is that all the relations of the deceased must be present at the burial ceremony, when the body is wrapped in as many yards of cloth as they can possibly afford, some of the kings being rolled in several hundred yards of different cloth. At the close of the burial, a wake or feast, consisting of dancing with firing of guns and consumption of rum, roast pig and other food, is held for the whole night. It is believed that the spirit of the dead person will haunt the town where he died, and commit mischief, if the wake is not held.

A McKean county farmer had three daughters married at one time, last week. His rejoicing is great.