

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

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Three Dollars a year in advance, and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.

Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, under three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 75 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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.

Real Estate Insurance Agents,
Office, Kistler's new building near the Depot,
East Stroudsburg, Pa., Jan. 27, 1876.

DR. S. MILLER,
Physician and Surgeon,
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Office, formerly occupied by Dr. Seip, Residence with J. B. Miller, one door below the Jeffersonian Office.
Office hours, 7 to 9, 12 to 2 and 6 to 9.
May 11, 1876-67.

DR. N. L. PECK,
Surgeon Dentist.

Office in Leo E. Decker's new building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Gas administered for extracting diseased teeth.
Jan. 6, 76-67.

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, 75-67.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.

Office in Second Ward, new building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank. Residence on Stroud street,
Sand Cut, Pa.
Collections promptly made.
October 22, 1874.

WILLIAM S. REES,
Surveyor, Conveyancer and
Real Estate Agent.

Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
FOR SALE.

Office nearly opposite American House
and 24 door below the Corner Store,
March 29, 1875-67.

DR. J. LANTZ,
SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Office on Main street, in the second story of J. W. Watson's book building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, and he flatters himself that by eight to ten years constant practice and the most earnest and conscientious attention 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 extracting the Natural Teeth, and the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver, or Platinum bases, and perfect fits in all cases.

ANOTHER TROPHY WON
BY THE
ESTLEY COTTAGE ORGANS!

These superior and beautifully finished instruments 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 one the best. For price list address
Oct. 15-74.
J. Y. SIGAFUS,

MASON TOCK,
PAPER HANGER,
GLAZIER AND PAINTER,

MONROE STREET,
Nearby 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.

FOR SALE,

A double house and lot, near the Court House, cheap. Will be sold together or separate to suit purchasers.
D. S. LEE,
Stroudsburg, Dec. 23, 1875-67.

Dwelling House for Sale.

A very desirable two-story Dwelling House, containing seven rooms, one of which is suitable for a Store Room, situated on Main street, in the Borough of Stroudsburg. The building is nearly new, and every part of it in good condition. For terms see, and all this office.
[Dec. 9, 1875-67]

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, 74-67

VALUABLE STOCK AT

PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers at private sale the following celebrated stock of Cows, Heifers and Calves, which breed was imported by — Fowler, one of the best Judges of stock in the United States.
A lot of Ayrshire Cows and Heifers.
A lot of Durham Cows and Heifers.
A lot of crossed stock.
A lot of Ayrshire Calves.
A lot of Durham Calves.
The stock can be examined on the stock farm of Col. E. E. Norton, near this Borough. For terms, see call on

JOHN SELWOOD,
Stroudsburg, April 6, 1876.

DOWN TOWN Clothing Store!

We the undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity, that we have added to our large assortment of

HATS AND CAPS,

Men's & Youths' Ready-made Clothing

of the latest and most fashionable styles and best quality. We have also a complete line of

CENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Please give us a call and examine our stock and prices before you purchase elsewhere. We shall soon offer a large assortment of

Umbrellas, Traveling Bags, &c.

You will find us one door west of Keystone Drug Store, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.

N. B.—Silk Hats ironed and repaired at short notice. Give us a call.

WALTON & WINTERMUTE, Stroudsburg, April 20, 1876.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.



\$3000 REWARD!

MISSING

FROM STROUDSBURG.

A tall-complexioned YOUNG MAN, aged 35, 5 ft. 6 in., height 150 lbs. Had on, when last seen two pairs of swallow-tailed sealskin trousers, fashionable mutton cutlet waistcoat, with delirium trimmings; double-barreled frock coat, with horse collar and sausage lining; patient leather-bottom top shoes, laced up at the sole, and buttoned inside.

He is deaf and dumb of one eye and hard of hearing with the other, with a slight squint in his eye teeth; stoops very upright with a load impediment in his look, chignon on upper lip with whiskers bitten off short inside; mouth like a torn pocket; hair of a deep scarlet blue and parted from ear to forehead; Calves of legs rising 4 years, to be sold cheap on account of the dearthness of milk; very liberal with other peoples' money, and well known to a good templar, having been eleven years a member of the I. O. G. T. (I Often Get Tight Society).

Any one who knows of his whereabouts will please report at the

Empire Clothing Store,

where he will find the

LARGEST and BEST ASSORTMENT

OF

Men and Boy's Clothing,

Hats and Caps,

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Trunks, Valices, &c. &c.

kept in this vicinity, and which we will sell at the

LOWEST PANIC PRICES!

If you want to save money—don't fail to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. If you want GOOD GOODS at low prices, there is no place in Monroe County to compete with the EMPIRE CLOTHING STORE.

Our new stock is complete in every particular. Please call and examine for yourselves.

SIMON FRIED, at EMPIRE CLOTHING STORE, Stroudsburg, March 23, 1876.—67.

BLANK MORTGAGE For sale at this Office.

A TERRIBLE SCALP RAISER.

WHAT BUFFALO BEN TOOK SOME DRY GOODS CLERKS ABOUT INDIANS AND ZOOLOGY.

It was in a saloon in Chicago. He was a gaunt young man, whose face hadn't been washed for two months, and who wore his hair long behind. He was attired in a slouch hat, buckskin breeches, a red flannel shirt open at the neck, and a rough coat. He had four revolvers and a big knife in his belt. When four dry goods clerks came in a group and ordered some beer, the first dry goods clerk said to the barkeeper:

"Say, John, who's that fellow over yonder?"

"That," said the saloon keeper, dropping his voice to an awestruck whisper, "that is Buffler Ben, the Wild Trapper of the Great Plains. Ask him to drink. Perhaps he will."

The first dry goods clerk did so, and the Wild Trapper replied:

"Wall, stranger, seein' as its you, I will just take some fire water. As I heard Old Red Tail say to Spotted Cloud, 'It's a mighty long time between drinks.' Here's to us," and he gulped a dose of whiskey.

"You are," said the first dry goods clerk, "connected with the trapper business?"

"In the scalp and grizzly line," said the second dry goods clerk.

"Your reminiscences of a personal character, I doubt not, would be exciting and interesting," said the third dry goods clerk.

"Truth is stranger than fiction. Take something," said the fourth dry goods clerk.

"Wall, no," said the trapper; "I never drink when I'm off the war trail. It kinder makes me ugly, yer see, and I'm apt to drop my cutlery. I killed seven men that I was talking to as friendly as I mout be to you, but I sorter got riled; wall, gimme some more whiskey."

"Your hand," said one of the dry goods clerks, "has often been stained with human blood?"

"Stranger, she hev. The first time you come up and see me at my wickiup in Montana—second lodge on the right beyond the Yellowstone river, and be sure you turn to the left up by the big bowlders three hundred miles this side—ask any Injin, and tell him yer want to see Buffler Ben, and ef he don't scalp yer he'll show yer the road plum straight. I'll show yer Old Bull's Eye, my rifle. She's old Kaintuck stock (likewise the barrel) and is sixteen feet long, and whenever I wipe out a white man I make a notch on the barrel, and there's notches all the way up one side and nine feet down the other. I went up to see yer graveyards at Cavalry and Greeceland. They're a good deal like my private graveyards, more poses and statues, and so on, though they ain't so spacious. Now, just about three months ago I turned loose in a barroom down to Lafayette, Arkansas, and the coroner was kept busy for three days after attending to seven inquests. And this was just because a durn skunk stood up at the bar and improved his mind with my conversation, and never asked me if I would take."

Herr one of the dry goods clerks caught Buffler Ben's eye, and he stammered out an invitation to fill her up again. Mr. Buffler Ben irrigated himself, and in reply to a question concerning his solution of the Indian question, said:

"Injins! Wall, no; I never keep count of the reds I wipe out. I used to when I was young and sort of vain, but I grew out'n it. It looked too much like vanity. I suppose I've not taken the trouble to lift the bar of the last 150 or 200 Indians I've killed. Before that I was kinder particular that way, and took so many scalps that I bust the 'Frisko chignon market, and seven dealers in false hair went into bankruptcy. Injins is poor trash. Gimme a whole tribe of 'em, and I'll wipe 'em out as fast as I can load my revolver and put it to my shoulder."

Here he paused again and was promptly refreshed. Then he continued:

"I tell you, boys, if you want to see the choicest country on the footstool, jest you go to them ar Black Hills. The only thing agin the country is the buffaloes. They hatch there, and when they take to flight it's awful to see them in clouds so thick you can't see the sun, and when they fight they chew on garden sass, and sour apple trees, and corn, railroad ties, and potatoes, and telegraph poles. But ther's gold in the Black Hills. I've seen it myself. When you get down to the bed-rock you strike \$50 and \$20 pieces, and you wash out eagles and dollars in the streams, and up in the roots of the grass you find small scrip and nickels. No nuggets as I know on, though I did hear at Shyan of one worth \$165,000."

Thus, with anecdote and information, Buffler Ben whiled away the time. When the four dry goods clerks had settled for the drinks, their bill amounting to \$6.85, he bade them an affectionate farewell, and made them promise to call at his teepee if ever they were up in Montana. When they had gone out, the barkeeper paid him his twenty per cent. commission on the drinks sold through his instrumentality, and told him to recollect next time that it was grasshoppers that flew, not buffaloes.

A Presbyterian minister, while marrying a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt exceedingly disconcerted on his asking the bridegroom if he was willing to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying, "Ay, I'm wallin' but I'd rather hav her sister."

A Little Misunderstanding.

There was some horse racing over at the Blank course one day last fall and Butterwick attended to witness it. On his way home in the Reading cars, in the afternoon, he encountered the Rev. Dr. Potts, a clergyman, who knew no more about horseracing than a Hindoo knows about seven up. Butterwick, however, took for granted in his usual way that the doctor was familiar with the subject, and, taking a seat beside him, he remarked:

"I was out at the Blank course to-day to see Longfellow."

"Indeed! Was he there? Where did you say he was?"

"Why, over yer at the course. I saw him and Gen. Harney, and a lot more of 'em. He run agin Gen. Harney and it created a big excitement, too; but he beat the General badly, and the way the crowd cheered him was wonderful. They say that a good deal of money changed hands. The fact is, I had a small bet on the General myself."

"You don't mean to say that Longfellow actually beat Gen. Harney?"

"Yes, I do! Beat him the worse kind. You'd hardly've thought it, now, would you? I was never more surprised in my life. What's queer about it is that he seemed just as fresh afterward as before he commenced. Didn't faze a bit. Why, instead of wanting to rest, he was jumping about just as lively, and when the crowd began to push around him he kicked a boy in the stomach and doubled him up—nearly killed him. Oh! he's wicked! I wouldn't trust him as far as I could see him."

"This is simply astonishing," said the doctor. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Are you sure it was Longfellow, Mr. Butterwick?"

"Why, certainly, of course; I've seen him often before. And after breathing awhile, he and Maggie Michell came out, and as soon as they stepped off he put on an extra spurt or two and led her by the neck all around the place, and she came puffing and blowing and nearly exhausted. I never took much stock in her, anyway."

"Led her by the neck! Why, this is the most scandalous conduct I ever heard of. Mr. Butterwick, you must certainly be joking."

"I pledge you my word it's the solemn truth. I saw it myself. And after that Judge Fullerton and Gen. Harney they took a turn together, and that was the prettiest contest of the day. First the Judge'd beat the General, and then the General'd put in the lieks and give it to the Judge, and all of a sudden the General would give a kinder jerk or two and leave the Judge just nowhere, and by the time the General passed the third quarter the Judge keeled over against the fence and gave in. They say he broke his leg; but I don't know if that's so or not. Anyway he was used up. If he'd passed that quarter he might have been all right."

"What was the matter with that quarter? Wasn't it good?"

"Oh, yes. But you see the Judge must have lost his wind or something; and I reckon when he tumbled it was something like a faint, you know."

"Severed him right for engaging in such a brutal contest."

"Well, I dunno. Depends on how you look at such things. And when that was over Longfellow entered with Mattie Evelyn. He kept snooting past her all the time, and this worried her so that she ran a little to one side and somehow, dunno how it happened, but his leg kinder tripped her, and she rolled over on the ground, hurt pretty bad, I think, while Longfellow had his leg cut pretty near to the bone."

"Did any of the shots strike her?"

"I don't understand you."

"You said he kept shooting close to her, and I thought maybe some of the bullets might have struck her."

"Why, I meant that he ran past her, of course. How in thunder could he shoot bullets at her?"

"I thought maybe he had a gun. But I don't understand any of it. It is the most astounding thing I ever heard of, at any rate."

"Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you how Longfellow could manage a gun?"

"Why, as any other man does, of course!"

"Man! man! Why, merciful Moses! you didn't think I was talking about human beings all this time, did you? Why, Longfellow is a horse! They were racing, running races over at the course, this afternoon, and I was trying to tell you about it."

"You don't say so," remarked the Doctor, with a sigh of relief. "Well, I declare, I thought you were speaking of the horse or not; it seemed so strange that he should behave in that manner."

Then Mr. Butterwick went into the smoking-car to tell the joke to his friends, and the Doctor sat reflecting upon the outrageous impudence of the men who named their horses after respectable people.

Good Advice for the Young.

Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitality of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offense, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.

Sam Lawson on Courtin'.

"I 'member I used to lead the singin' in them days, and Miry she used to sing counter, so we sot putty near together in the singers' seats; and I used to think Sunday mornin' when she'd come to meetin' in her white dress and her red cheeks and her bonnet all tipped off with baylock, that 'twas for the world just like June sunrise to have her come into the singers' seats. Them was the days I didn't improve my privileges, boys," said Sam, sighing deeply.

"There was a time that ef I'd spoke there's no knowin' what might'n't happened," 'cause you see, boys, I was better lookin' in them days than I be now. Now, you mind, boys, when you grow up, ef you go to waiting on a nice gal, and you're most a mind to speak to her, don't you go and put it off, 'cause if you do you may live to repent it."

"Well, you see, from the time that Bill Elderkin came and took the Academy, I could see plain enough that it was time for me to hang up my fiddle. Bill he used to set in the singers' seats, too, and he would have it that he sung tenor. He no more sung tenor than a skunkbird, but he made b'lieve that he did, just to git next to Miry in the singers' seats, and then they used to be writin' backwark and forward to each other till they tore out all the leaves of the hymn-book and the singin-books besides. Wal, I never thought the house o' the Lord was jest the place to be courtin' in, and I used to get consid'able shocked at the way things went on atween them. Why, they'd be a writin' all sermon-time; and I've seen him a-lookin' at her all through the long prayer in a way that wain't right, considerin' they were both professors of religion. But then the fact was old Black Hoss John was to blame for it, 'cause he never let 'em have no chance to home."

You see, old Black Hoss he was set agin Elderkin 'cause he was poor. You see, his mother, the old widdah Elderkin, she was just about the poorest, peakodest old body over to Sherburne, and went out to days work, and Bill Elderkin he was all for books and larnin', and Black Hoss John he thought it was shiftlessness, but Miry she thought it was a genius, and she got it sot in her mind he was a-going to be President of the United States or some sitch.

"Wall, old Black Hoss he wain't none too polite to Miry's beau in general, but when Elderkin used to come to see her he was snarlier than a saw; he hadn't a good word for him no ways; and he'd rake up the fire right before his face and eyys, and rattle about fastenin' up the windows, and tramp up to bed, and call down the chamber stairs to Miry to go to bed, and was sort o' aggravatin' every way."

"Wal, ef folks want to get a gal set on havin' a man, that ar's the way to go to work. Miry had a consid'able stiff will of her own, and ef she didn't care about Tom Beacon before she hated him now; and ef she liked Bill Elderkin before, she was clean gone over to him now; and so she took to goin' to the Wednesday evening lecture and the Friday evening prayer meetin', and the singin' school, jest as regular as a clock, and, so he did; and afterward they always walked home the longest way. Fathers may jest as well let their daughters be courted in the house peaceable, 'cause ef they can't be courted in the house they'll find places where they can be; it's jest human nature!"—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Amateur Art Criticism.

A Detroit artist has for the last five or six months been throwing his whole soul into a landscape which is now on exhibition in a Woodward avenue window. It is called a fine painting by art critics, yet what are art critics in number to the great public no two of whom see or criticize alike. There was a crowd around the pictures yesterday, and a boot-black took a square look at the painting and said:

"Purdy good river he painted, but it runs uphill. Wonder if the artist didn't ever go fishing?"

There was a pause, and an elderly gentleman with spectacles ar remarked:

"What strikes me most is that all those six cows should be switching their tails the same way and at the same time."

The crowd looked closer, and it was the general opinion that the artist should have switched over some of those tails.

"It's very nice," said a young man with a sore eye, "but look at that log house from a builder's view. Why, it's so far out of plumb that it will fall over and hurt some one before night, and the chimney wouldn't draw ef there were forty fires below."

There was a long period of silence as each one of the crowd lined the walls with his eye. Then an old woman cautiously remarked:

"No matter about the house or the cows or the river—it's a nice picture. I got two chromos that I paid a dollar apiece for, and I don't believe they are a bit better than this."

There was a woman at her side with a head of cabbage in a basket, and she put in:

"Ef I can find a smooth board anywhere I'll have my husband make three or four pictures like that!"

There was another long silence, and then a sedate man, whose garments were fast going to Time's hospital for old clothes, elbowed the boys back with a great show of authority, and remarked:

"You folks don't know anything about art. You had better go and criticize a lamp-post or a street sign. That there painter has used up three yards of good factory cloth, a whole day's time and more'n two shillings worth of paint, and you ignoramuses come around here and go to abusin' his picture!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

How They Hang a Man In China.

I observed one mode of Chinese capital punishment known as the "cage." The "cage" used was between two and three feet square, and over six feet high. Near the bottom was a close floor of plank. The four sides were open work of plank palings. The planks composing the cover were made to fit around a man's neck, close enough to strangle him. The condemned man was put into this cage, his head projecting above, the cover fitting around his neck, and under his feet a number of bricks one above the other, just enough to enable him to tip-toe. When this position, from weariness, became unendurable, his only relief was to hang by his neck. The design is to make a man suffer as much as possible, but not to kill him too quickly. Usually after a criminal has been stranding thus for a day or so, one of the bricks is removed, and then another, until he hangs by his neck altogether. It is said that a strong man ordinarily will endure the torture several days before life becomes extinct.

On the present occasion death was hastened more quickly. The man was put into the cage on Sunday afternoon, I believe about one o'clock. I heard of it on Monday morning, and went over to Amoy about two o'clock in the afternoon to see him. He had then been dead some time. The guard said that he died just before daylight; that he was conscious of having committed great crimes, and had hastened his own death by kicking the bricks from under his feet. But the people said (privately) that the guard wished to get rid of their charge that they might prepare to keep New Year's day (the Chinese New Year was near at hand), and therefore had taken the bricks from under his feet during the night. This probably was the fact.—*Christian at Work*.

Happiness and Health.

The following maxims are from Dr. Hall's new book, "How to Live Long."

1. One of the happiest and most independent of all occupations is that of an intelligent farmer whose land is paid for and who keeps out of debt.

2. The facination of salaried positions is but too often the facination of a serpent, which beguiles but to destroy.

3. Be your own master, and master of your calling, and you will soon become the master of others.

4. Next to religion, there is no element so essential in life as vigorous, robust health.

5. A sound mind in a sound body is a fitting foundation for all that is high and noble in human achievement.

6. The safest and best remedies in the world are warmth, rest and abstinence—the brutes employ these.

7. Physical, mental and moral health are interdependents—hence, what improves or promotes one, improves and promotes the other.

8. Almost all feel gratified at every pound's increase in weight, as if people like pigs, were measured by fat.

9. He brings the most happiness to himself, who does the most to promote the happiness of others.

A Burning Rock.

The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* says: "The family of Mr. J. G. Freeland, who lives seven miles from this city, on the North Carolina railroad, bore witness, on Friday last about midday, to a singular sight. Some member of the family was standing on the porch, when, casting his eye forward he saw a bright light of an egg shape spring up from the ground about two hundred yards from the house, on a small eminence close to the railroad. He called the attention of the other members of the family to the sight, and they watched it until it reached the size of a half bushel measure. After burning this way for a while the light suddenly went out, and those who had seen it ran to the spot where it had been seen. There they found a rock, which, as they could tell from one side of it, was a white flint. It was very black on one side, and was too hot to be handled at first. When it had cooled it was taken up easily and broken in two. It was found very brittle, and could be taken in the hand and mashed up as can a piece of charcoal. The facts are undeniable, and can be easily established. There are, we believe, similar instances on record, and the burning is said to be caused by gaseous exhalations from earth which lies above gold deposits."

How to get rid of Flies.

The Rev. George Meares Drought, writing from Ireland, says: "For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast table, while all my neighbors' rooms were crowded. I often congratulated myself on my escape, but I never knew the reason of it until two days ago. I then had occasion to move my goods to another house, while I remained on for two days longer. Among other things moved were two boxes of geraniums and calceolarias, which stood in my window, the window always being open to full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me. This, to me is a new discovery and perhaps it may serve to encourage others in that which is always a source of pleasure, and which now proves also to be a source of comfort, viz: window garyening."

Philadelphia consumes 3000 barrels of flour per day.