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June 18, 74-75

## SPEECH OF GEN. NOYES.

Gen. Noyes, of Ohio, a noble man as well as a scarred veteran of the Union Army, made an eloquent and effective speech at Buffalo. The following magnificent tribute to the loyalty of War Democrats, and thrilling appeal to the memories of the boys in blue, in behalf of the cause for which they fought and so many of their comrades died, will be found to be good reading:

"Let me not be misunderstood. I don't arraign the great Democratic Party as being disloyal. I am here willing to admit that the great body of that party is just as patriotic and honest, as the party to which I belong. [Applause.] I don't forget that when in 1861, the bugles of war were sounding, there came from every hillside and valley in this land tens of thousands patriotic young Democrats, who shouldered their muskets and went and fought side by side and shoulder to shoulder with us; and that many made the last great sacrifice which a freeman can make—laid down his life for his country. [Loud applause.] I should do great injustice to my own sacrifices which these Democratic soldiers performed and made on behalf of an imperiled country; but, my friends, it is also gratifying to me to know that the great body of these boys in blue, these Democratic soldiers, are now standing side by side with me, and I have no doubt to-night, if I should look over those before me, I would find many an old comrade. [Cheers.] But while these Democratic soldiers were helping to save the country, I beg to ask what the leaders of the Democratic Party were doing to sustain our imperiled cause, or sustain our Government, when called to grapple with rebellion? They nominated a convicted traitor for Governor of Ohio, and did they not, from the beginning to the end, year after year, call us 'Lincoln's hirelings,' when we were fighting the battles of our country, and even after Grant went into the Wilderness and Sherman was marching from Atlanta to the sea, did they not continue to call us such names? [Applause.] And then they went into a national convention at Chicago, and there they declared the war a failure. And I beg the pardon of my Democratic friends if I have to remind them that the chairman of the subcommittee who reported the infamous resolution was Samuel J. Tilden. [Loud applause.] Now, gentlemen, suppose the Republican Party had taken the same view of affairs in 1861 that Samuel J. Tilden and the Democratic leaders took at Chicago, where would have been your country—rent asunder, divided into many small confederacies or principalities, without honor at home or respect abroad! [Applause.] Is it nothing to have saved our country? When Democratic politicians said there was no power under the Constitution to do it, Abraham Lincoln [cheers]—God rest his soul—found power to coerce the rebels, and thanks to him and the boys in blue who rallied to his support, we have now a country prosperous at home and a Government that commands the respect of every civilized nation on the earth. [Cheers.] Now, when the war was over and we had reorganized the South and reunited our country, from the lakes to the gulf and from the great river to the sea, from that time to this there has not been one single drop of blood shed for the crime of treason. There have been no disabilities imposed, except very few, and these have been nearly all removed. [Cheers.] Can you say that we have not been magnanimous? Believe me, the history of the world shows no such magnanimity. [Cheers.] Some time ago I went to Washington, and I had to go on my wooden leg, which somehow I have come to have a sort of pride in—[applause]—perhaps pardonable in me; but at least it was a sort of refuge from that unpleasant consciousness which cripples have to endure. However I went to Washington, and I was there ushered into the House of Representatives by the Sergeant at Arms of the Confederate Congress; and when I got inside and looked around, and looked all over, who were there filling the subordinate places formerly filled by Republicans, in many instances by crippled soldiers? Not Northern Democratic soldiers! If I had seen them there I would never have uttered a word of complaint. I would have made no objection to Democratic soldiers had I found them filling the places of those turned out; but I found their places supplied by ex-members of the Confederate Army? I looked over the floor of the House, and I found seventy-three Major and Brigadier Generals of the late Confederate Army sitting there making laws for the country which only eleven years ago they moved heaven and earth to destroy! [Loud applause.] Then I heard Ben Hill of Georgia rise up and excuse the atrocities of Andersonville and Libby prisons. I know some in this audience know all about them. I heard him arraign the Northern people for atrocities which he said were worse than those of Libby or Andersonville. I saw him advance with his finger raised and warn the Northern men to abide by the Constitution, which they had so often violated, and I saw Sam Cox, of New York, come and congratulate him on the speech he had made. I was not proud of it; and are you, my Democratic friends? [Voice, 'No.'] Is there a Democrat in here who likes it? If we look at the Democratic papers, what will they say about it? They say a demagogue got up and waived the bloody shirt? Well, gentlemen, it was no disgrace to Rutherford B. Hayes to wear the bloody shirt when the rebel bullets went crashing through his blood and bone, and a broken arm lung by his side, and he led his brave boys on. [Great cheering.] It was no dis-

grace to 500,000 of your dead comrades who laid down their lives and made their bloody shirts their winding sheets. I say to you Democrats, have you no sacred memories of this bloody war! Have you no dear ones sleeping where the Almighty God year by year covers them in their graves in the Spring-time with green grass, and scatters His beautiful flowers above and around their nameless graves? Don't you remember the time when there came thrilling over the wires the news of a great battle fought, and that ten thousand brave fellows had gone down and that the struggle would be renewed at daylight, and when you went to your chamber you knelt before your God and prayed that some dear one might be saved through the terrible fight and brought back safe to you when the war was over? Remembering all this, do you think it respectful to the million living boys in blue—without saying anything about the five hundred thousand dead ones—that we should hand over within eleven years after the close of the war the control of this Government to the very men that undertook to destroy it? [Loud applause.]

## REPRODUCTIVE FORCE.

There is nothing more wonderful in life than its reproductive force. Everything which has in it the element of growth has also the power of creation. Every organism, from the humblest blade of grass to the most illustrious man, is not only living its own life, but impressing it upon myriads of other similar existences, and this not by any intentional act of its own, but by an inevitable law of its very being. In the simpler forms of life this transmission of self appears to be chiefly in the direction of propagation. The plant lives its individual life, and drops its seed, which springs up into similar organisms. As we rise higher in the scale, however, we notice that this reproductive force is widened in its action. The bird not only lays its eggs, but cherishes its young, and doubtless maintains some degree of social influence upon its feathered mates. But it is reserved for man to exercise this power in its fullest and broadest sense. He reiterates himself, not only in his children but in all with whom he comes in contact. He impresses not only his physique upon a few, but his character upon the many. There are births of conduct going on continually, and each one of us is a present. As the sun sheds unconsciously its light and heat, and makes all things within the range of its influence in some degree like itself, so we shed our dispositions and qualities upon one another, and transform them in some degree to our own image.

This influence is something quite apart from any voluntary and intentional action. We often deliberately set at work to produce some change in our friends or in society at large. Perhaps we work hard, to improve a man, to educate a child, to promote a reform or to break up a vice. We may bring all our powers to bear upon the matter in hand, we may set other influences in operation, we may descend eloquently upon the advantages of one course and the evils of another; may, we may even call to our aid all the restraints of the law and the rewards of public favor, and with it all, we shall not accomplish so much as with a single, good and pure life by its mystical attraction. The one is artificial, spasmodic, noisy; the other natural, constant, quiet; the one is like medicine given to counteract some evil, the other is like a pure and bracing atmosphere entering into the lungs and giving new vigor and tone to the entire system.

Take the child from its earliest years—how is its character built up, its disposition engendered? Partly no doubt by the parents active and earnest labors and precepts, but much more largely by their lives. The opportunities they have for deliberately instructing him are a mere nothing compared with those that he has for observing their conduct, drinking in their opinions, and finding out their real desires, feelings, and aims. He is told, for instance, of the sacredness of truth, and the sinfulness of deceit, but if he sees those around him practicing small artifices, if he hears unfair transactions recounted as good jokes, if he is himself duped and misled by insincerity, how much will the moral lectures affect him? They will but add another instance of duplicity and strengthen within him the spirit of dishonesty which he is constantly absorbing.

The same thing is going on everywhere and with every one. We are all continually and inevitably influenced by the lives of those around us. It is not that we copy them, but that we unconsciously absorb them. We are, as it were, pouring our natures into each other all the time, without thought or intention. The stronger nature the more potent its magnetism. The closer we approach the sphere of another, the more we partake of his character. Patience, courage, hope and enthusiasm, are caught, but infused. They are transmitted by an electric current that no power of ours could create, and certainly none could destroy.

We can never fully estimate this reproductive force. Not only every action, but every thought, feeling, desire and aim is full of potency upon others. They are constantly being shared, and are ever writing their impress on the characters of those with whom we mingle. We are always either lifting some one up or drawing him down to our own level. All atmosphere of some sort is always emanating from us, and permeating others. Is it pure or corrupt? Are we infusing the spirit of justice, truth

and love, or of selfishness, deceit and hatred? Are we instilling the habits of industry, temperance and frugality, or of idleness, sensuality and extravagance? As the fountain is, so shall be the stream. If we would know what influence we are shading, we have but to examine our most cherished thoughts, hopes and purposes. We may fancy them hidden in our breasts, but it is not so. They are all at work reducing themselves in doubtless forms in the hearts of others, and building up their characters for good or for evil.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## CARE OF THE HAIR.

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* says: To get and retain beautiful hair you must attend to brushing it daily, occasionally washing it, and periodically trimming it, and striving at all times to keep the general health up to the average.

Now as to brushing. The skin of the head, like that of every other part of the body, is constantly being renewed internally, and these are removed by means of the body brush. But it is not so easy to brush the hair as one might imagine. Few hair dressers, indeed, know very much about it. The proper time for the operation then, is in the morning, just after you have come out of your bath, provided you have not wetted your hair. Two kinds of brushes ought to be found on every lady's table, a hard and a soft. The former is first to be used, and used well, but not too roughly; it removes all dust, and acts like a tonic on the roots of the hair, stimulating the whole capillary system to healthy action. Afterward use the soft brush—to give the gloss, from which the morning sunshine will presently glisten and gleam with a glory that no Macassar oil in the world could imitate. Whence this gloss? you ask. Why, from the sebaceous glands at the root of the hair, nature's own patent pomade, which the hard brush does not spread.

Secondly, one word on washing the hair. This is necessary occasionally, to thoroughly cleanse both head and hair. One or two precautions must be taken, however. Never use soap if you can avoid it; if you do, let it be the very mildest and unperfumed. Avoid so-called hair-cleansing fluids, and use rain water filtered.

The yolks of two new-laid eggs are much to be preferred to soap; they make a beautiful lather, and when the washing is finished, and the hair thoroughly rinsed in the purest rain water, you will find when dry that the gloss will not be destroyed, which an alkali never fails to do. The first water must not be very hot, only just warm, and the last perfectly cold. Dry with soft towels—but do not rub till the skin is tender—and afterward brush. Be always careful to have your brushes and combs perfectly clean and free from grease, and place other brushes on the table for friends of yours who happen to be Macassarites.

Pointing the hair regularly not only prevents it from spitting at the ends, but renders each individual hair more healthy and less attenuated—if I may apply the term to hair—and moreover, keeps up the growing process, which otherwise might be blunted or checked. Singeing the tips of the hair has also a beneficial effect.

It will be seen that I am no advocate for oils and pomades. My advice in all cases is to do without them if you possibly can, for by their clogging nature and overstimulating properties they often cause the hair to grow thin and fall off sooner than it otherwise would. Let well alone.

One word in conclusion about dyes. Avoid them if you are your own friend. Hair dyeing is very satisfactory, as far as dead hair is concerned, but on the living head its perfect success is a chemical impossibility. As to hair restorers, those are not simply stainers, but depend upon the action of the light, chemically altering and oxidizing the application after it has been used—their ineffectiveness, I must add, is fraught with great danger.

## A Couple of Extracts.

The following are two extracts from a speech delivered in Aurora, recently, by Mr. Wm. Lathrop of Chicago, upon current politics:

"For the last twenty years there has not been a real reform that now bears the stamp of law, but what had its origin in the Republican party. It is true these reforms have not always been carried out; but it should be taken into account that a body comprising between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 of people necessarily moves slowly. Those who went in search of reform in 1872 have returned again, confident that true reform was alone to be found in the Republican party. Hayes, in his letter of acceptance, pledges his honor that, if he is elected President, the constitutional power of appointment shall not be misused. What the Cincinnati platform lacks in certainty on this point his letter certainly makes good."

Of this Democratic platform Mr. Lathrop said: "Read this Democratic platform and find out, if you can, what the party is for. If any man can tell, from reading that document, what the party proposes to do with the Government, he ought to have a patent on his ingenuity. No one can tell what it is for, save and except this: It thinks that what is desired to purify the Government is, that the Democrats should hold office. Beyond that, I think no man can discover what the party is for. You would not trust an individual if you could not tell what his principles were from day to day. If he professed to be something one day and

something very different another day you would say promptly that you would not trust him. Now, a party is nothing but an aggregate of individuals, at the very best; and, remembering this fact, we have only to look at the recent past of the Democratic party to judge whether or not it is worthy of trust. In 1864 this party declared the War for the Union a failure, and denounced the Republican party as a band of usurpers for attempting to suppress the Rebellion by force of arms. In 1868 the Democrats were denouncing everything the Republican party had done to reconstruct the Union, as unconstitutional. In 1872 they denied their own existence, by gulping down Horace Greeley, who had been their lifelong enemy. In 1876 this party of Greenbackers at the behest of Wall street, becomes an absolute hard-money party. But the most ridiculous part is to come. Hardly have the delegates at St. Louis got home before the Democrats met again in a State Convention at Springfield and gulped down Lewis Steward, the nominee of the Greenback party."

In the above terse manner Mr. Lathrop summed up the record of the Democratic party. There was a very large audience, and his speech was received with much enthusiasm.

## A RASCALLY TRANSACTION.

*Indianapolis Journal, August 5.*

It is not a pleasant duty to expose the true inwardness of Gov. Hendricks and the hollowness of his professions of reform, but it is a duty nevertheless. The record of a public man is public property, and no matter what it may contain, he must face it. We published yesterday the official record of Mr. Hendricks' connection with the fraudulent claim of Charles W. Hall and E. A. Smith against the Government on account of mules, alleged to have been furnished during the War. The evidence shows that Hall and Smith were both rascals; that they attempted to defraud and did defraud the Government out of a large sum of money, and that both of them were sentenced to the Penitentiary. After this Mr. Hendricks, then a Senator of the United States, became the agent and attorney of their bogus claims against the Government. By some hocus-poems it was assigned to William Henderson, of this city, a cousin of Mr. Hendricks, but whom the latter innocently presented as a constituent of his. The claim was vigorously pressed before the War Department while Mr. Hendricks was in the Senate, and after he retired from that body he continued to urge it before the Senate and the Department. Let it be borne in mind all this time that the claim grew out of a fraud on the Government, and that both the claimants, Hall and Smith, had been found guilty and sentenced to the Penitentiary. Finally, in 1871, eight years after the perpetration of the fraud in which the claim originated, it was paid into Mr. Hendricks' hands—\$7,860.

Now, here is the sequel. After Hall's conviction and sentence, Mr. Hendricks undertook to procure his pardon from the President, and was successful. After procuring his pardon, he undertook to have him appointed to a responsible position in the New York Custom House, and in this he was also successful. So that he actually succeeded in having Charles W. Hall, a convicted swindler of the Government, pardoned out of the Penitentiary and appointed to a position in the New York Custom House.

In view of these facts, not one of which can be controverted, we should be pleased to hear some explanation from the Reform candidate or his friends of the amount and kind of fee he received for his services. Did Mr. Hendricks really own the Smith & Hall bogus mule claim, and was the assignment to Henderson a mere pretense and fraud? These are pertinent questions.

## A Jealous Dutchman.

A good natured German became jealous of the warm friendship his sweetheart manifested for one of his male friends, and one evening reproached her for her conduct. She said she had only been polite to the man who had aroused his jealousy, and politeness was nothing to get angry at.

He replied: "Ish vishpering nodding? Ish shlamming noses to noses and shmelting sour krount mit onions—ish dot nodding? Kissing mit de inside auf de lip! shlopping de burst of laughter mit a smack! (a sound like an exploded watermelon!) playing tag mit foot on foot under the table, and hiding behind window curtains—ish dose nodding? Vishing for glucks to go more slow, and counting der minutes mit der most shlobbery shmacks until lateness auff der midnight arrives, ves all odder eyes are glued togadder mit sleep! Den on der door step, youst previously befor he tooks his last final firvel, he squozes your waist yust like his arms vas a ingine rubber band yot grows smaller mit efty squeeze, and he tries mit his front teeth to take a leetle bit out auf your lip! If all dese ish nodding, ves is somedding? Would you answers dot codnundrum?"

Victory is sometimes more costly than defeat. In spite of the immense indemnity paid out of French savings and divided among the German States, France is to-day the least depressed country in Europe, while Germany is suffering in every branch and department of enterprise.

Returned Black Hillers report flour six dollars a hundred and potatoes five dollars a bushel, with 7,000 miners in the hill country.

## A Queer thing in California.

*From the St. Helena Star.*

A strange friendship has sprung up between two very dissimilar animals at Mrs. Stratton's. A black rabbit came to the place some three months ago and took up its abode. Mrs. S. keeps on the place a couple of cows, and a short time since the rabbit took up the strange habit of sleeping with one of these cows. It goes to the cow's wonted place of rest, waits her coming, and when arrived the motherly cow licks the little protegee with much the same affectionate tenderness that would be bestowed on a calf, the rough tongue and tremendous licks nearly raising the little animal off its feet, and it the meanwhile bracing itself with its four feet to withstand pressure. Then little bunny puts its little nose up to the cow's nose and appears to kiss it, after which the rabbit nestles up and goes to sleep. It is a singular bedfellowship, the tiny bundle of fur and ears of perhaps three or four pounds with the unwieldy carcass of six hundred.

There are 105 prisoners at the Luzerne county jail at present.

Cattle thieves abound in Berks county. Stock is driven away from the fields and sold to butchers.

A poverty-pinched child was lately sentenced to imprisonment in New York for stealing a loaf of bread.

For forty years past no epidemic has caused such loss of life as is now attending the small pox in Chili.

Appropriately enough, a chap who pleaded guilty to watch stealing in Philadelphia last week, gave his name as James Pickup.

The hard times are felt more in the smaller German towns than in this country, and it is estimated that 200,000 Germans have of late gone into France after work.

Mr. Sankey contemplates living permanently in Boston, in order to give his children superior educational advantages. He declines all invitations to camp meetings.

Dogging her steps: A large Newfoundland dog in Connecticut takes and bears proudly along in a fashionable way the skirts of his mistress, when she goes out to walk.

It is estimated that at least 2,000 persons have died from sunstroke throughout the country during the present term. The death rates have everywhere increased to a fearful degree.

Hardin county, Iowa, has an immense snake, that kills horses and cattle, and the people are armed and searching for the "varmint." They must drink crooked whisky out there.

It was a New Jersey wife who said: "My dear, if you can't really drink bad coffee without abusing me, how is it that you can always drink bad whiskey without abusing the barkeeper?"

An eminent New York physician attributes much of the prevalence of diphtheria to the common practice of turning down the wicks of kerosene oil-lamps until they emit a strong smell of oil.

Child—"Papa, Mr. Winkle that died went to Heaven, didn't he—he taught in Sunday school?" Papa—"We will drop that subject, my child; Mr. Winkle was president of a gas company."

It is affirmed that Mexico is abundantly able to produce all the coffee used in the United States, and of the finest quality. In the production of coffee alone the country has a source of wealth far greater than her mines of gold and silver.

The grasshoppers made a clean sweep of the mountain ranches around Central, Colorado, one day last week. Crops that were all right in the morning, growing beautifully and promising abundant harvest, were mown to the ground before nightfall.

On a recent Sunday at Lowell, Mass., a collection was taken up at one of the churches. As the box reached the pew occupied by a lady, her daughter and little son, the two former found themselves without a cent of money, Master Hopeful reached over and deposited a cent in the box, and then whispered to his sister: "There, I just saved this family from being white-washed."

The sale of Circassian girls to Turks continues. A correspondent of the London Times says that a Maslem dealer makes choice of four young, unsophisticated girls, imports them to Constantinople, sells them, and then goes back for more. If he can achieve four such trips in a year he can make a good living out of sixteen women. Many of the Circassians are settled in Turkey, and there actually breed children for sale, having no more shame about it than a fashionable English mother may feel about bringing out her girls for the matrimonial market.

The Dalrymple farm at Casselton, Dakota Territory, numbers 30,000 acres, 1300 of which were sown with wheat this season. Harvesting was done in a week, with the aid of nine self-binders, twelve men following each machine and shocking the wheat as fast as it was cut. The entire cost of breaking, sowing, reaping, threshing and marketing is estimated at \$9 per acre, and as the yield averages 17 bushels per acre the profit will reach \$7000. Next year 9000 acres will be sown to wheat. One hundred teams are employed during the "breaking" season, the furrows turned being six miles long. If Washington thought farms were too large in his day, what would he say now?