

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 34.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 23, 1877.

NO. 37.

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For a twenty-eighth, the amount of all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

## STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF MONROE COUNTY, FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 1, 1877.

LINFORD MARSH, Treasurer of the County of Monroe, in account with said County, for Receipts and Expenditures for the year ending January 1, 1877:

DR. NATHANIEL C. MILLER, Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence: Corner Main and Pocono Street, STROUDSBURG, PA.

Office hours from 7 to 8 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. H. SIBULL, M. D.

Second door below Barnhart House, Residence and 412 West of Hickok's Quaker Church, Office hours 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., 6 to 7 p. m., 21 1/2 St. 1876-77.

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

Office, formerly occupied by Dr. Selp, Residence with 2 1/2 miles west of Hickok's Quaker Church, Office hours 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., 6 to 7 p. m., May 11, 1876-77.

D. A. N. E. PEEK, Surgeon Dentist.

Office in Tax. Bldg's new building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Gas administered for extracting with a rubber, Stroudsburg, Pa. [Jan. 6, 77-78]

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.

Office in Standard Wood's new building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Residence on Sarah street, near Pocono, August 27, 77-78

DAVID S. LEH, Attorney at Law.

One door above the "Stroudsburg House," Stroudsburg, Pa. Collections promptly made. October 22, 1874.

WILSON PETERSON, Notary Public.

Real Estate and Insurance Agent and CONVEYANCER.

This service and conveyancing in all its branches promptly and promptly attended to.

Attorneys taken for other States.

Office, Klaser's Brick Building, near the R.R. Depot, EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.

P. O. Box 21, September 23, 1876-77.

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

Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots FOR SALE.

Office, nearly opposite American House and 1 1/2 door below the Corner Store. March 20, 1876-77.

DR. J. LANTZ, SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Office in his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Waller's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he follows him that by his long and successful practice, and the most correct and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in his dental line in the most careful and skillful manner.

Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also, to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver, or Gutta-percha, and perfect fits in all cases.

Most persons know the great folly and danger of crowding their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance. April 13, 1874-77.

Opposition to Humbuggery!

The undersigned hereby announces that he has removed his business to the old stand, next door to Foster's Clothing Store, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa., and is fully prepared to accommodate all in want of

BOOTS and SHOES, made in the latest style and of good material. Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call. C. LEWIS WATERS, Dec. 1, 1876-77.

MASON TOCK, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER AND PAINTER, MONROE STREET.

## COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

Peter S. Edinger \$240 00  
Cornelius Starner 250 00  
Jacob B. Truesne 180 04- 670 04  
Commission for receiving \$24,176 31 at 2 per cent 483 52  
Paying out \$22,862 26 467 14- 940 76

By balance due \$34,133 44  
395 64  
\$34,529 08

Examined, passed and allowed this 23d day of January, A. D. 1877.

J. E. SNYDER, A. A. SINGER, SILAS L. DRAKE, Auditors.

LINFORD MARSH, Treasurer of the County of Monroe, in account with said County for Dog Taxes for the year ending January 1, 1877:

DR. On Duplicate of 1875 \$ 13 50  
Amount Assessed 1876 151 00- 164 50  
On Duplicate of 1876 65 50 65 50  
\$ 230 00

OR. Outstanding Taxes on Duplicates of 1876 \$ 96 00  
Exonerations 9 00  
Commissions to Collectors 60  
Dog Checks paid 51 50  
Commission for receiving and paying out \$130 50 at 2 per cent 2 61- 159 71  
Examined, passed and allowed this 23d day of January, 1877.

J. E. SNYDER, A. A. SINGER, SILAS L. DRAKE, Auditors.

STATEMENT showing the indebtedness of the County of Monroe for the year ending January 1, 1877:

Bonds, old issue outstanding \$3,045 00  
Bonds, new issue for new jail outstanding 23,200 00  
Checks outstanding 33 36- \$29,278 36  
County Tax due by Collectors 9,323 49  
Due by J. Frable, late Commissioner as per settlement of his account 43 41  
State Tax due by Collectors 108 50  
Liabilities over assets 19,802 87- 29,278 36  
Examined, passed and allowed this 23d day of January, A. D. 1877.

J. E. SNYDER, A. A. SINGER, SILAS L. DRAKE, Auditors.

STATEMENT showing balance due by Collectors on Duplicates.

COUNTY TAXES. 1874 Barrett, David Price, \$ 59 42  
E. Stroudsburg, E. Kestelbow, 37 31  
Jackson, Thomas Frantz, 22 15  
Pike, Jacob Serries, 154 26  
Price, Josiah B. Price, 18 50  
Stroudsburg, Jacob Serries, 33 24  
1875 Christman, Amasa Sharp, 21 75  
Cochran, J. Frenkel, 55 58  
East Stroudsburg, J. H. Van Auker, 67 48  
Hamilton, J. B. Shuler, 20 72  
Jackson, Thomas Frantz, 61 41  
Mable Smithfield, H. Van Auker, 12 74  
Pike, John Knepper, 22 24  
Price, Wm. Rutes, 45 19  
Rose, Jacob Knepper, 1 18  
Stroudsburg, Peter L. Kinney, 23 43  
Tobyhanna, Allen Price, 161 07  
1876 Barrett, A. Shupp, 835 60  
Cochran, Lewis J. Smith, 174 43  
Edford, Aaron Frantz, 415 51  
East Stroudsburg, C. W. Bausch, 195 92  
Hamilton, C. B. Shuler, 1250 84  
Jackson, Thomas Frantz, 289 75  
Mable Smithfield, H. Van Auker, 339 92  
Pike, Samuel Hilbert, 254 16  
Poccano, Thomas E. Shively, 145 01  
Pike, J. B. Bausch, 67 48  
Price, Nathan Price, 72 17  
Rose, Charles Koehler, 452 35  
Smithfield, T. W. Bausch, 69 10  
Stroud, Anthony Staples, 1 87  
Stroudsburg, Edwin Fisher, 628 82  
Tobyhanna, C. W. Bausch, 123 87  
Tunkhannock, Edwin Marvine, 141 73  
\$ 5239 49

STATE TAXES. 1874 Barrett, David Price, \$ 4 80  
1875 Cochran, J. Frenkel, 2 25  
Hamilton, C. B. Shuler, 9 19  
Pike, J. B. Bausch, 32 45  
Stroudsburg, Edwin Fisher, 27 45  
1876 Barrett, A. Shupp, 1 20  
Cochran, Lewis J. Smith, 8 95  
East Stroudsburg, C. W. Bausch, 6 45  
Hamilton, C. B. Shuler, 10 92  
H. Smithfield, H. Van Auker, 17 01  
Poccano, Thomas E. Shively, 1 25  
Pike, J. B. Bausch, 3 35  
Rose, Charles Koehler, 2 49  
Smithfield, T. W. Bausch, 69 10  
Stroud, Anthony Staples, 1 87  
Stroudsburg, Edwin Fisher, 628 82  
Tunkhannock, Edwin Marvine, 141 73  
\$ 108 30

DOG TAXES. 1875 M. Smithfield, H. Van Auker, \$ 10 50  
1876 M. Smithfield, H. Van Auker, 45 99  
Smithfield, T. W. Bausch, 27 00  
Due by Simon Meyers, former Treasurer as per settlement of his account, 2 02  
\$ 85 32

MILITIA TAX. 1871 M. Smithfield, A. Van Auker, \$ 27 50  
\$ 27 50

COMMISSIONERS of Monroe County, in account with said County, for the year ending January 1, 1877.

DR. Peter S. Edinger, as per Checks, \$ 240 00  
By balance due, 17 50- 257 50

Peter S. Edinger by 107 days services, at \$2.50 per day, \$ 267 50- 257 50

Cornelius Starner as per Checks, \$ 250 00  
By balance due, 22 60- 272 60

Cornelius Starner, by 116 days services, at \$2.50 per day, \$ 290 00- 272 60

Jacob B. Truesne as per Checks, \$ 180 04  
By balance due, 44 40- 224 44

Jacob B. Truesne by 90 days services, at \$2.50 per day, \$ 225 00- 224 44

Examined, passed and allowed this 23d day of January A. D. 1877.

J. E. SNYDER, A. A. SINGER, SILAS L. DRAKE, Auditors.

JACOB K. SHAFER, Sheriff of the County of Monroe, in account with said County, for the year ending January 1, 1877.

DR. To Jury funds received, \$ 23 00  
By balance due, 89 50- 109 50

By summoning 300 Jurors, at 35 cents each, \$ 105 00  
Commonwealth costs, 17 50  
Advertising election, 2 00- 109 50

Examined, passed and allowed this 23d day of January A. D. 1877.

J. E. SNYDER, A. A. SINGER, SILAS L. DRAKE, Auditors.

Feb. 1, 1877-78

## A CASE OF PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

BY MAX ADELER.

There is a very fierce rivalry between our two undertakers Toombs and Sinnickson, and sometimes it causes trouble.

On the day of old Mr. Chew's funeral, which was conducted by Toombs, a colored man named Bands was to be buried by Sinnickson. It so happened that the two processions reached the turnpike leading to the cemetery at the same moment. Both horses were moving at a slow walk, but as soon as they got abreast of each other Sinnickson touched up his horses and made them walk rapidly. Then Toombs put on more speed and tried to drive across the front of Sinnickson's horses, in order to block them off and keep them in the rear.

Whereupon Sinnickson remarked that if Toombs didn't take that old coffin cart out of the way he'd rip the wheels off and bang it into splinters.

"You keep behind," said Toombs. "I don't low no nigger buryin' to take the lead of me."

"There ain't no decent nigger in the county that kin git dead enough to be willing to ride behind such horses as them of yours."

"Oh! there hain't, hey?" replied Toombs. "Well, just let me tell you that there's more money in the rear hind leg of my horses than you've ever made by selling yaller pine coffin for mahogany."

"If my horses weren't better'n your'n I'd a killed 'em long ago and got you to bury 'em. It's more in your line than human beings."

"We'll see about that," said Toombs, as he started his team at a brisk trot.

"I'll bet we will!" exclaimed Sinnickson, whipping his horses furiously.

A second later both hearsees were going down the turnpike at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the coffin bouncing about in them at a furious rate, and the friends of the deceased parties looking out of the carriage windows at the race, some cheering the undertakers, and others feeling pretty mad about it.

The funeral processions, however, proceeded to the cemetery, and when they reached it they stopped to wait for the undertakers to turn up. It was then about half-past twelve o'clock. A little after four somebody saw a man coming in the cemetery gate with his nose bloody, his right eye swollen and discolored, and his clothes torn and covered with dirt. It was Toombs.

He was balancing a coffin on the front axle-tree of a vehicle only two wheels of which remained. He limped up to the grave pushing the receptacle before him, and sliding the coffin off, he said:

"Gosh! but I'm tired! I've run that thing along on those wheels for nearly four miles."

Then stepping up to Judge Pittman he whispered to him:

"Me and Sinnickson 've been playin' particular thunders! I beat him in the race, and then he ran into me and smashed both hearsees all into notin'. Then we grappled and fit for about an hour, and finally I hit him in the stomach and curled him all up in the corner of the fence. But when I came to look for old Chew's coffin it was gone. I must a dropped him out along the road somewhere; I dunno where. So what did I do while Sinnickson was layin' there howlin' but grab up Sinnickson's sigger and mount him on my front wheels, and bring him along. Old Chew's people won't know the difference. Less bury this chap and lay low about it, and Sinnickson can shove off old Chew on the colored folks. He'll do almost anything after the way I bounced him."

So the funeral services proceeded, and just as they got the remains in the grave in came Sinnickson, looking as if he had been passed a couple of times through a bark mill, and pretty nearly ground to rags. The first thing he said was:

"I say hold up there! You've got the wrong man. Mr. Chew's lying in the ditch about three quarters of a mile up the pike, and this is my corpse you're burying."

"Don't pay any attention to that liar," said Toombs, turning pale.

"Who are you calling a liar?" said Sinnickson, and then he sailed into Toombs, and they had another tussle until Judge Pittman separated them. Then a committee of friends got a cart and went back for Mr. Chew, and finally everything was properly arranged. But as the folks went home Toombs passed Sinnickson at the cemetery gate, and shaking his fist at him, he said:

"Never you mind, old fellow. The next funeral I have 'll be yours, and I'll not run it, but I'll have the corpse ready; you see if I don't."

There is a good opening for an amiable undertaker in our village.

An easy method of breaking glass to any required form is by making a small notch, by means of a file, on the edge of a piece of glass; then make the end of a rod of iron red hot in the fire, apply the iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of glass, in any direction you please; a crack will be made and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the middle by wrapping round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, and setting it on fire when fastened on the glass. This process is familiar to old campaigners with whom glass bottles are more plentiful than tumbler, and the former are thus utilized to supply a want of the latter.

## An Incident of New York City Life.

A reporter of the New York World writing of the crowd that may be seen daily at the office of the Superintendent of Outdoor Poor, gives the following incident:

On Tuesday morning there was an unusually large crowd about the place. It huddled on the Third Avenue side because the wind came down Eleventh street full of needles.

One woman braved the side street because she wanted to be alone. She kept pacing up and down, as if in keeping her own blood in circulation she could keep the bundle warm that she carried in her arms. Doubtless this was her first attempt at the official trough. She was young, and probably thought that she could keep her humiliation to herself she selected the coldest place to wait. So she turned up the collar of the thin jacket, set her teeth and braved it. When anybody came down Eleventh street she turned short about. Now and then she gave the bundle a shake up in her arms, as if it were heavy. But it was a comfort not to be noticed.

But she was noticed. The reporter in this case happened to be of her own sex, and after watching her for a few moments crossed the street to speak to her.

"Why don't you go round in the avenue? You'll freeze your baby to death here."

"She said nothing but deftly pulled the covering aside and looked in. There was a rascal of a paper. She had got an inner layer of newspapers for the sake of warmth. Quick as she was, she was not so quick that the reporter failed to see the pink face and note the tasty face and linen.

"Stop a moment. It's a beauty. Let me look at it. Come into this shelter out of the wind."

Probably the reporter, anxious to obtain a bit of history, would have succeeded in warning the mother into affability had it not been for an unforeseen interruption.

Talk she would not, except by nods and shrugs. But nature, which disregards language with a sublime eloquence, said she was in dire necessity, and she made a sort of mute summary of her wants by lifting up the pink face and allowing the reporter to catch hold of one of the little purple hands.

Just then a quartet of roistering blades came down Eleventh street. They looked like young politicians' sons. They ran over in the sharp air with mingled vitality and carelessness. They flung snow at each other. They pushed each other down upon the snow heaps. They filled the street with their loud laughter and jocular defiance. They came like a burst of skaters and all at once the two shrinking persons standing there were enveloped.

"Hello!" says one, "there's a baby."

"If it ain't a chubb I hope I may die," said another. "Where's Santa Claus?"

There was a loud peal of laughter, and one of them, a rickshaw wretch, spread out his ulster coat into wings and dropped upon the infant, vampire like. "Coochee, coochee," said he, chucking it under the chin with a gloved finger. "Look up here sonny. Beg your pardon, ma'am. Sonny, isn't it?" Without heeding the mother, who had no answer, but seemed to be making up her mind to cry for help, he went on. "Come here, Gys. Here's a red-hot baby. Smarter than lightning and brighter than the morning star. You needn't laugh. I can tell genius before its six months old. Look here, sonny, which will you have?"

He held up a silver half-dollar, fumbled a moment and brought out with his other hand a gold piece.

"Hold on," cried one of his companions. "Two to one he chooses the silver."

"Dona," said the Vampire; "five to ten; up with your money?"

In a twinkling they had their bills out. They roared and shouted, "Who'll hold the stakes? O, here, the mother holds the bet, let her hold the stakes, and the bills were tossed into the warm cavity round the baby.

"Now then, sonny, which is it? Take your pick 'll, and a little blue hand went up for the gold. As it did so one of the party shouted, "There's our car!" and like a troop of wild Comanches the four of them went tearing down the street to catch at the hand rail of a horse car, sling themselves aboard and disappear forever. So does carelessness slip over in charity without ever considering that a lark looks like a duty.

One look at the woman. Her eyes were full of water. Then the reporter helped her gather up the money and went away, thinking what a splendid story that would have made if it had only happened in the case of special providences.

The Wealthy Apple.

This comparatively new apple has become exceedingly popular in the northwest corner states during the past few years. This variety seems to have continually gained friends, and is now being extensively planted in the west. It originated near St. Paul, Minn., from seed brought from Maine, somewhere about the year 1860. The tree has proved to be very hardy and vigorous. The fruit is medium to large. The form is a roundish oblate, the color, whitish-yellow ground, shaded with deep brick crimson in the sun, with obscure, broken stripes and mottling in the shade. Flesh white, fine-grained, stained with red, tender, juicy, vinous, sub-acid, season December to February. A most excellent variety for cold northern localities.

Said Jones, sweepingly, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," and Johnson replied: "When you are in gin, do as the Injuns do."

## Fashion Notes.

Old-fashioned linked sleeves buttons are in vogue again.

Very light blue stockings are clocked with navy blue silk.

Veils with gilt dots some distance apart are fashionable.

New bracelets are very narrow and do not closely fit the arm.

Natural flowers are worn in the hair when it is dressed for the evening.

Shawls of various unique styles are to be brought out the coming spring.

Two large, thick curls are worn in the neck when the hair is dressed high.

The crepe dresses now so popular for evening wear are worn over satin petticoats.

Small leather work-baskets are made which, when folded, look like tiny umbrellas.

The driest hair is said to be kept glossy if it receives fifty strokes from the brush every night.

The latest in belt buckles is the Elizabethan style, of Russian leather, mounted in gold and silver.

Shark skin is commonly used for making pocket books and other articles where Morocco leather was formerly required.

Several new styles of writing paper have lately been introduced. We were shown some very dark, almost black to be used with the new white ink lately brought out.

Shoes with high Spanish heels are much worn, but are very injurious to the bones of the feet as well as the spine, and are consequently condemned by the medical profession.

Black is the favorite color for cloaks, but for mild weather they are made of light shades of camel's hair cloth, trimmed with feather trimming, or the handsome woolen, ball or tassel fringes now so stylish.

Candles and candlesticks are much used for decorating drawing-rooms. The candles are of wax, varied in style and design, some being colored, others beautifully painted wreaths and flowers, in bright tints.

A new patent in shoes reveals the ingenious invention of movable heels. Three or four different sets accompany the boots and the body wears the size which will suit the height of the gentleman who is with.

The "widow's cap" is no longer worn, but instead a simple ruche of tulle or lace is placed inside the bonnet. The veils are not worn nearly as long as formerly, and often it is of the fine twisted gauze instead of crape.

Hankkerchiefs are in silk and pongee, of the color of unbleached muslin, with borders, a monogram wrought in colors in one corner—price one dollar and upward. Any style or fanciful color is considered *en fait* in handkerchiefs now-a-days.

The latest importations from Paris for evening dresses show that the combination suits, either in material or color are passing by, though two contrasting shades of the same color are admissible. The latest caprice in finger-rings is the wide, a fashionable ring now reaching