

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

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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.  
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## DAVID S. LEE,

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Collections promptly made.  
October 22, 1874.

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Titles searched and Conveyancing in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to.  
Acknowledgments taken for other States.  
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## DR. J. L. LANTZ,

SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST.  
Still has his office on Main street, in the second story of Dr. S. Waller's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most careful 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; also to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver, or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.  
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.—77.

## Opposition to Humbuggery!

The undersigned hereby announces that he has removed his business at the old stand, next door to Ruster'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.  
Dec. 9, 1873-77. C. LEWIS WATERS.

## MASON TOCK,

PAPER HANGER,  
GLAZIER and PAINTER,  
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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.]

## JOB PRINTING, of all kinds neatly executed at this office

## BLANK MORTGAGE For sale at this Office.

## AN EXPENSIVE TRAIN.

### A RUSSIAN STORY.

At the thime when the first open court of law was established in Russia, a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm, and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dust and dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madam," said the officer, with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"You have insulted my wife."  
"Nothing was further from my intention, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady with her head thrown back in a spirited way. "To-day is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost me two hundred rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madam, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the two hundred rubles—I really cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right; the dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale.  
"You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the two hundred rubles and you are free."

The quickly changing color in the young man's face betrayed how inwardly disturbed he was; but stepping close to them both, he said with apparent self-command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a—poor man, who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of two hundred rubles in a whole year. I can, therefore, make no amends for the misfortune, except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh! anybody could say all that; but we'll see if it's true; we'll find out if you have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady, in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true—you are right," the husband added, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court now in session. Go with us before the judge and he will decide the matter."

All further protestations on the officer's part that he was poor, that he was expected on duty, and so forth, did not help matters. Out of respect for his uniform, and to avoid an open scene, he had to go with them to the court room, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

After waiting some time the lady had leave to bring her complaint.  
"What have you to answer to this complaint?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole, very little. As the lateness of the hour, and being required on duty, compelled me to hurry, I did not notice this lady's train which was dragging on the ground. I caught one of my spurs in it, and had the misfortune to tear the dress. Madam would not receive my excuses, but perhaps now she might find herself more disposed to forgiveness, when I again declare, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any mischievous intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery, evidently from the people taking sides with the defendant, and against long trains in general and the lady in particular.

The judge called to order, and asked: "Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanation?"

"Not at all satisfied. I demand two hundred rubles in payment for my torn dress."  
"I would have paid it long before this had I been in a position to do so. Unfortunately, I am poor. My pay as an officer is all I have to live on."

"You hear, complainant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the complaint to stand?"

An unbroken stillness reigned throughout the hall, and the young officers' breath could be heard coming hard.

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."  
There ran through the rows of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like the rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequences of your demand. The defendant can be punished only through being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you could obtain no satisfaction, while to the defendant it might prove the greatest injury in his rank and position as an officer who is poor and dependent upon his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."  
The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He spoke with his wife urgently, but, as could be seen by the way she held up her head and the energy with which she

shook it, quite uselessly. The judge was just going on to further consideration of the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience:

"I will place the two hundred rubles at the service of the defendant."  
There followed a silence, during which a gentleman forced his way through the crowd and placed himself by the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince W., and beg you will oblige me by accepting the loan of the two hundred rubles in question."  
"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness, for I don't know if I shall ever be able to pay the loan," answered the young man, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money, at all events. I can wait until you are able to return it."  
Thereupon the prince held out two notes of a hundred rubles each and coming close up to him, whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lighting up of the officer's face. He immediately took the two notes, and turning toward the lady handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madam, you are satisfied."  
With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money.

"Yes, now I am satisfied."  
With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators, she prepared to leave the court-room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madam," said the officer, who had suddenly become like another man, with a firm and confident manner.

"What do you want?"  
The look that the young woman cast upon him was insulting as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered, with a slight but still perfectly polite bow.

"Give me your address and I will send it to you."  
"Oh, no, my dear madam, I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favor me with the dress immediately."

A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"Order!" cried the judge.

"What an insane demand!" said the lady's husband. "My wife cannot undress herself here."

"I have nothing to do with you, sir, in this matter, but only with the complainant. Be so good, madam, as to give me the dress immediately. I am in a great hurry; my affairs are urgent, and I cannot wait a moment longer."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word, until it was hard to enforce any approach to quiet, so that either party could be heard.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will hurry, and send you the dress as soon as possible."  
"I am not jesting, I demand from the representative of the law my own property—that dress," said the officer, raising his voice.

The judge, thus appealed to, decided promptly.

"The officer is right, madam. You are obliged to hand him over the dress on the spot."  
"I can't undress myself here before all these people, and go home without any dress on," said the young woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up the dress of your own accord, or—"

A nod that could not be misinterpreted brought to the lady's side two officers of justice, who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of the lady's maid.

"Take your money back, and leave me my dress."  
"Oh, no, madam; that dress is now worth more than two hundred rubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?"  
"Two thousand rubles," said the officer, firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband responded, promptly. "I have here five hundred rubles. Give me pen and paper and I will write an order upon my banker for the remaining fifteen hundred."

After he had written the draft the worthy pair withdrew, amidst hisses from the audience.

An old darkey of 62, tired of longer leading a life of single blessedness, hobbled up to the marriage license clerk's desk the other day, and said: "Is dis whar yer gits der lisens for ter marry?" "This is the place."  
"How much is dey apiece?" "Seventy-five cents." "Lord, honey, I isn't got dat much money." "Then I can't let you have a license." "Say, boss, times is hard, an' dis case is pressin'. Couldn't yer trust me for a couple of weeks till de white wash season commence?" "No, sir; we don't do a credit at this desk." "Jist for a day or two?" "Nary day," was the heartless rejoinder, and the poor old darkey hobbled away. Yesterday he again knocked at the outposts of Hymen's temple with the necessary 75 cents tied up in the corner of a red bandana handkerchief. "Dese is monso hard times, boss, an' ef my credit wasn't pooty good I'd never been able to hev borred all dis deah money ter worst." The license was made out in due form and handed to him, and then the clerk said: "If that's all the money you have got how are you going to support your wife?" "Well, de fact an' dat de lady am got a room all furnished nice, an' we'll jist mosey long till dis election trouble is over, an' den der'll be a pow'ful site of whitewashing to be done dis spring. Yes, indeed, honey, times is gwine to be red hot arter awhile."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## VAS BENDER HENSPECKED.

Any shentlemen vill got round pehind your face, and talk in front of your back about somethings, was a shvandler. I heard dot Brown says veek before next about me I vas a henspecked huspand. Dot vas a lie! De proof of de eating, vas in the pudding: I am married twenty year already, and I vas yet not paid headed. I don't vas onder some pettygoats goferments; shtill I tinks it vas better if a fellow vill insult mit his wife und got her advices about somethings or uder.

Den American voman don't know somethings nefer about his huspand's peensness, und when den hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de horse, dot makes not some difference mit her. Shtill she moost have von of dot pull-back-in-de-front hoop-skirt pooty goat, mit every kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspand gets panke-rupted all to pieces. Dey send for de Doctor; und when de Doctor comes de man dies. Den dot voman vas obliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she don't maybe like mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first wife already, and possobly vone or two mudders-in-law,—vone second-handed, und de oder a shtep mudder-und-law. Den she says mit herself, "I eten vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tiference. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maybe himself. His wife goes mit de peensness on shust like notings has happened to somebody.

American voman and Cherman voman vas a tiferent kind of peebles. For inshtinct, last year dot same fellor, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in de putcher peensness together. He vas American man,—so vas his wife. Vell, many time when efery peebles got de panic pooty bad, dot voman comes to her huspand und says she moost have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriage.

Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henspecked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust because his wife tells him, please don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my wife, ve had a little talk about somethings; und de next day I says to Brown, "Look here vons! My wife she makes sausages, und works in dot shitore; also my taugher she works py the shitore und makes head skeeses; und your wife vas going riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied pack cardinal-shitriped shokeekings. Now your wife moost got vork in de shitore und eat peef-steaks, und make saurkraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell, Brown, goes home und he tells his wife about dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und ve had a misundershtanding about somethings, in which eferybody took a part, including my little dog Kasier. Pooty soon up comes a policemen und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or somethings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas broke up. I go about my peensness, und Brown goes mit his peensness. My wife she helps in the shitore. His wife goes riding mit de horses-cars, und efery night she vas by de theater.

Vot's de consequences; Along comes dot Centennial panie. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chiminy. My income vas shittl more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes round dot shitreets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

## Fritz's Troubles.

Fritz had moose trouble with his neighbor. This time he determined to appeal to the majesty of the law and accordingly consulted a legal gentleman.

"How vas does tings?" he said. "Vell, a veller's got a garden, und der oder veller got some schickens eat 'em up. Don't you got some law for dot?"

"Some one's chickens have been destroying your garden?" asked the lawyer.

"Straw in my garden! Nein, it vas vegetables." "And the chicks committed depredations on them?"

"Ish dot so?" asked Fritz, in astonishment.

"And you want to sue him for damages, continued the lawyer.

"Yass. Vant tannages, und der gabbages, und der lettucees."  
"Did you notify him to keep his chickens up?"

"Yass, I did notify him."  
"And what did he say?"

"He notify me to go und vipe mine shin off down mine vest."  
"And he refused to comply with your just demand?"

"Hey?"  
"He allowed his chickens to run at large?"  
"Yass. Some vas large und some vas leedle vallares, but dey dos scratch mine garden more as der sefen dimes inch."  
"Well, you want to sue him?"

## Model Advertisements.

"Two young women want washing,"  
"Teeth extracted with great pains."  
"Babies taken and finished in ten minutes by a country photographer."

And what does this mean?  
"Business chance—To be disposed of—genuine fried fish business at the West End."

Does the genuineness apply to the fish, the business, or to the way in which they are fried?

And one's mind gets hopelessly dazed over the advertisement offering a large reward for "A large Spanish blue gentleman's cloak lost in the neighborhood of the market."

There are others deliciously inconsequent, like the advertisement of a runaway which furnished this valuable hint for identification:

"Age is not precisely known, but looks older than he is."  
Or the notice a shoemaker put on his door:

"Shall be back in ten days from the time you see this shingle."  
Some, however, leave no loophole for doubt:

"Babies, after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup, will never cry any more."  
And an editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said:

"No person having one tried one of these air-tight coffins will never use any others."

Eight More as Dwelve.

A farmer let his lands to an oil company last spring, on condition of receiving one-eighth of the oil produced. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the farmer began to think that the oil men should give him a better chance, and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted. He said they ought to give him one-twelfth. The agreement was finally made, with the understanding that the farmer was not to tell any one. All went smooth until the next division day came, when our friend was early at hand to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were rolled to one side of the oil men, and one for him. This did not suit him. "How's dish?" says he. "I think I was to get more as before. By jinks you make mistake!" The matters were explained to him, that he formerly got one barrel of every eight, but it was his own proposition to only take one of every twelve. This revelation took him aback. He scratched his head, looked cross, and relieved his swelling breast of feelings of self-reproach by indignantly remarking; "Well, dat ish de first time as ever I know'd eight was more as dwelve."

The Land of Texas.

A Texan, visiting this point, gathered around him some of our old citizens Monday, and entertained them with some of his experiences in the Lone State. One incident told by him is as follows:

"You'd hardly believe, now, what I am going to tell. In Texas we use raw-hide straps, or thongs, for traces, and in wet weather they do stretch amazingly. Why, often in cool damp weather at home I've hit had up two horses and drove down hill from my house to the creek bottom for a sled load of wood. I have loaded the wood and many times driven back home and unhitched the horses and the sled would not be in sight."

"How did you get the wood home then?" asked an inquisitive bystander.

"Oh, I just tied the ends of the traces together and threw them over a post, went knocking about my work and waited until the sun shone out. Sometimes it would be more than two hours before that sled load would get home, but you'd see her crawling up the hill at last gradually approaching as the raw-hide traces shrank up to their proper lengths. Yes, Texas is a great country, you bet."

A Grave Mistake.

As a resident of Woodward avenue stood at his gate yesterday morning, a boy about thirteen years old came along with a snow-shovel on his arm.

"Ha! boy—come here—want a job?" called the gentleman.

"Sir!" answered the boy with great dignity.

"Pitch the snow off my walk and I'll give you a quarter," continued the Avenuer.

"You don't know me," said the lad as he marched on. "I am on my way to clear the walks in front of father's fourteen lots up here. All our eighteen horses are lame, and our gold-mounted snow-plow is out of order, and you wouldn't see me carrying this shovel around. I'm offering five dollars to any one who will carry it up as far as Parsons street.—*Free Press.*

"Dare's gwine to be wah," remarked a colored citizen, "an' all ye niggabs mou't jes's will git ready for active business."  
"Which side shall we take?" asked one of his harrers. "You niggabs can take jes' what side yer please; I see gwine to take de Canada side."

A German looked up at the sky, and remarked: "I guess a leedle it will rain somedime pooty queek."  
"Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman. "What business have yees too pertend to know about Ameriken weather, ye furriner?"

A New Jersey woman is so cleanly that she uses two rolling pins, one for the pie crust and the other for her husband's head.

## Fashion Notes.

The silk importations will be smaller than they have been for years.  
Blue, brown, dark steel and smoke shade are the prevailing colors in gros grains.

Chip bonnets of ecru shades will continue in vogue.  
Push stripes an inch wide with armure stripes between are novelties in gauzes for evening dresses.

Persian and India gauzes are worn as scarfs and draperies over princess dresses.  
Bonnet fronts will all be close to the face, but there will be some variation in crowns.

A new fancy silk is a plain ground nearly concealed by tiny points or dots of many brilliant colors.  
Colored grenadines will be much worn this summer.

Lacing will take the place of buttons on evening dresses.  
Monogram buttons are used for kid gloves.

Many flowers will be used for millinery decorations.  
The high gloss of taffets silks makes them unpopular, but they are the most serviceable and cool.

The fashionable color for spring will be gray.  
Gloves for evening wear are of light color and laced on the outside of the arm.  
Etruscan styles take the advance in gold ornaments.

A stylish ball dress must have a peacock train.  
Lockets have completely driven brooches out of fashion.

Leaf patterns are the most stylish in brocaded silks.  
Properly made bouquets have a covering of kid over the stems to keep the moisture from soiling the gloves.

A striking combination for evening dresses is made with cardinal and blue.  
Fawn colored cashmeres piped with pale blue make the prettiest indoor dress for young girls.

Very bright colors softened by graver ones is a novelty in Persian silks.  
In bonnets, silk crowns will match the costume and the fronts will be of satin-finished straw or fancy braids.

Evening silks are brocaded and accompanied by one gros grains of similar color.  
Flowered lawns with border trimming are coming into fashion again.

Empress Eugenie flourishes a cane on her promenade.  
Five cents' worth of gum arabic dissolved in a very little hot water and left to stand over night in enough alcohol to make it thin, will make hair remain crimped. It can be bottled.

## Little Things.

A cross word iz a little thing, but it iz what stirs up the elephant.  
A kind word iz a little thing, but it iz just what soothed the sorrows ov the setting hen.

An orange peel on the sidewalk iz a little thing, but it haz upset menny a giant.  
An oath iz a little thing, but it iz rekorked in the great ledger in Heaven.

A serpent's fang iz a little thing, but death iz its viktry.  
A baby iz a little weeing thing, but a constable was once a baby.

A hornet's sting iz a little thing, but it sends the school-boy home howling.  
A star iz a little thing, but it kan hold this grate world in its arms.

The tung iz a little thing, but it fills the universe with trouble.  
An egg iz a little thing, but the huge krokerdile keeps into life out ov it.

A kiss iz a very little thing, but it betrayed the Son of God into the hands ov his enemy.  
A spark iz a little thing' but it kan light the poor man's pipe, or set the world to burning.

The akorn iz a little thing, but the blak bear and hiz family live in the oak that springs from it.  
A word is a little thing, yet one word haz been menny a man's destiny, for good or for evil.

A penny iz a very little thing, but the interest on it from the days of Cain and Abel, would buy out the globe.  
A minute iz a little thing, but it iz long enough to pull a dozen aking teeth; or to git married and hav yure own mother-in-law.

A lap dog iz a little thing, but he iz a very silly thing besides.  
Life iz made up ov little things. Life itself iz but a little thing; one breath less, then comes the phunerul.—*Josh Billings.*

"The sentence of the Court is," said Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow; and I hope you will spend the time in cursing whisky." "Be jabbers, I will, and Porter, too," was the answer.

A Western lawyer who was defending a man on trial for wife murder, sought for some euphonious and innocent phrase with which to describe his client's crime, and finally said: "He winnowed her into Paradise with a fence rail."