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BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST
NOTICE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

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The oldest person in the city of Boston, is supposed to be a Mrs. Boston, a colored woman, who is 100 years old, and wonderfully retains her faculties.

Buffalo Rough Notes.

Hogs at Cincinnati.—A despatch dated at Cincinnati, October 20th, says that "hogs for immediate shipment, weighing two hundred pounds and upwards, sell freely at 34 per gross. Buyers are in the market, offering to contract at 33.75 to 33.50, delivered, during November and December next."

THE WORLD AS IT IS.
BY M. W. DECK.

This world is not as bad a world as some would like to make it; Though whether good or whether bad Depends on how we take it; For if we scold and fret all day, From dewy morn till even, This world will ne'er afford to man A foretaste here of Heaven.

This world is in truth as good a world as e'er was known to any Who have not seen another yet— And these are very many; And if the men and women too, Have plenty of employment, Those surely must be hard to please Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world, In rain or pleasant weather. If people would learn to live In harmony together; Nor seek to burst the kindly bond By love and peace cemented, And learn the best of lessons yet, To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world, And pleasant folks were in it, The day would pass most pleasantly To those who thus begin it; And all the nameless grievances, Brought on by borrowed troubles, Would prove, as certainly they are, A mass of empty bubbles.

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.
When I was a schoolboy, more than thirty years ago, I remember to have read a story which may have been a fiction, but which was very naturally told, and made a deep impression upon me. I will endeavor to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repairs, were lingering over their fruit and wine, at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age and middle stature entered the public room, where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was sad, with a light touch perhaps of melancholy; and he wore a gray surcoat, with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, slyly slipped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon the right ear. His eyes were instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features, as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. The singular procedure, with his pre-conceived impression of the customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsize their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group. Unmoved by the rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

STORY OF AN INTREPID CHAMBERMAID.
"Galiganni's Messenger" tells the following curious story. Annetto, a young chambermaid of Marne, had kept the room of two wealthy bachelors for several years. She wanted to get married, but her lover was so poor that they durst not venture.—These bachelors were brothers, and one day they had sold some property which they owned jointly, and the money, amounting to 100,000fr., was all in bills of the Bank of France, too late to take it to Paris that afternoon.

At midnight a great noise was heard in the house. Annetto ran and rapped at her master's door, saying that robbers were at work below.

"You have a gun," says she, "take it and shoot the villains."

Both the bachelors were much frightened. One began to barricade the door, while the other removed a tile from the hearth in order to secrete the bank bills.

"Fools," said the girl, "they will murder us all—give me the gun!"

She seized a double barreled gun which laid upon a shelf, and started down stairs, the two frightened men watching her movements without saying a word. Presently, bang went the gun and a groan was heard—bang went the second barrel, and now a screech of pain resounded through the house.

Annetto soon came tripping up the stairs and asked for powder and ball to re-load. The astonished bachelors gave her the requisite charges, but soon steps were heard retreating from the house. All three went cautiously down the stairs, when lo! a pool of blood clearly showed that one robber at least had paid the penalty of his rash attempt. In the morning it was plain to see that the body of the victim had been dragged to the river. Blood marked the whole distance, and the police were instantly on the alert for the arrest of the living thieves, and the recovery of the body of the dead one. All was vain however; but the intrepidity of the poor girl was discussed far and near.

The grateful bachelors, knowing Annetto wanted to marry, prepared to give her a dowry.

"Ah! Monsieurs," replied she, "how can I leave you?—you may again be attacked by the robbers."

THE YOUNG LADIES AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN.
A young lady, over the signature of "Kato" sends the following spirited article to the *New Orleans True Delta*. We think she gives fashionable young men a well merited rebuke. Her remark, "It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side," is worthy of consideration. She entitles her piece, "How to Educate Young America."

I read in a paper, she says, the other day, that some new ornamental branches in young ladies education were coming out soon—"Cook-ology, Spin-ology, and Weaving-ology." All honor to the projector of so happy an improvement; but, allow me to ask, when our young Misses become such pattern housewives, in what "circles" will they look for suitable companions? Not in upper-tendom could they be found.—Just fancy one of the well-wiskered, be-scened, moustached exquisites, in companionship with one of Solomon's maidens, who layeth her hand to the spindle, or playing the flying shuttle, or compoundeth rare cookery. What affinity would there be between them? The same that exists between a butterfly and a honey-bee—one all glare and glitter, and frisking movements, the other all patient industry and sobriety.

I cannot think of a more useless article, or one more out of place, in a room where work is progressing, than a fashionable young man. He knows so little about matters and things, I feel in pain till he is safely lodged in the parlor, among other things "more for ornament than use," annuals and bijouterie.

It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side. I propose three branches more to be added to the list of studies for finishing young gentlemen fashionably: *Saw-ology, Chop-ology and Split-ology*, and that, in addition to the requisite number of "sheets, towels, spoons and napkin rings," each promising pupil be furnished with a new wood-saw and axe, well sharpened, and daily exercised with them by parades.

In our onward-march to perfection, and in taking up the accomplishments of our grand-mothers, we earnestly beg cut off provision be made against being cut off from the "best society," and such would be the result, unless the lords of creation be willing to keep pace with us. Their lily hands would scarcely, with present views, be willingly united with those which bear marks of labor, and what a dreadful state of affairs would occur in upper snobby, if one of the first families were to marry beneath its dignity.

Hasten then, the glorious era, when walking-sticks shall be converted into hoes, needles, crochet-hooks into knitting-needles, and quizzing-glasses and flirtations be known no more.

SCRATCHES.—A correspondent of the "Newspaper" asks for a cure for the "scratches" in horses. Let us first look for the cause, then for the cure. Twenty years experience and observation has shown me that it is almost as difficult to cause some horses to have the scratches, as it is to keep them off others. A horse with black legs and black hoofs will seldom be troubled with this complaint, however careless his owner may be; while it is almost impossible to prevent one with white stockings and a white skin under the stockings, from having the scratches the wet months of fall and spring. As this complaint seldom or never shows itself in summer, I think it must be brought on by want of proper care of a horse's feet in wet and cold weather, by allowing him to stand in the stall with wet feet, or to hard driving, and doing nothing to prevent a chill. When a horse comes in from a drive in the cold mud and storm, his legs and feet should be well rubbed with hay or straw, to produce a quick circulation; or rub dry if you choose, and you will seldom see the scratches. This preventative is also a cure. Keep the feet and legs as dry as you can. I once had a white-legged, white-hoofed nag which I doctored all the fall for the scratches but with little purpose, and when my patience was exhausted, and the prescriptions of the know-all failed to cure, I put her on the barn-floor, and kept her thrashing wheat and oats until she recovered, and her legs came out smooth. In this case the exercise took down the swelling, and the friction of the straw cleaned the skin more effectually than I could do it in any other way. One word more—avoid a horse with white stockings.

P. S.—The best wash for a horse's leg is alcohol.—*Corr. Dollar Newspaper.*

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