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J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

Gems of Poetry.

MOONBEAMS.
Over fields of thyme blossom,
Over beds of daisy flowers,
Now upon the streamlet's bosom,
Now within the whispering bowers,
Soft and slow
The moonbeams go
Wandering on through midnight hours.
Lightly o'er the crested billow,
Where the heaving waters flow,
Where the sea-bird finds her pillow,
There the the glistening moonbeams go
Soft and slow
Soft and slow
Ever wandering, soft and slow,
Queen of beauty robed in splendor,
Finds thy silent foot no rest?
Looks thy smile so kind and tender,
N'er upon a soft breast?
Soft and slow
Soft and slow
In their silver sandals go.

Queen of beauty! can't thou ever
Thus thy lonely task fulfill?
Sister voices, never, never,
Answering thee from bowers or hill?
Soft and slow
As winter's snow
Fall thy footsteps, cold and still.
Silent moon! thy smile of beauty
Fainting hope will oft renew;
Teach me then, thy holy duty,
Waste and wild to wander through
Soft and slow,
Still to go,
Patient, meek, but lonely too.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Come from your long, long roving,
On the sea to wild and rough;
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blessed ever.
Where your sails have been unfurling,
What winds have blown on your brow,
I know not, and ask not, my darling,
So that you come to me now.
Sorrowful, sinful, and lonely,
Poor and dejected though you be,
All are nothing, if only
You turn from the tempter to me.
Of men, though you be unforgiven,
Though priest be unable shrive,
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,
If only you come back alive.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.
"I've done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hands together, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself.
"And so have I," Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself.
"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that victory will be on his side, "and see which has done the best day's work."
"You, of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.
"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."
"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give the first experience."
"Very well." And full of his subject Mr. Barlow began.
"You remember the debt of Warfield, about which I spoke a few months ago?"
"Yes."
"I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another creditor of Warfield's will get a third of his claim."
"The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I considered about as good. About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie county, for debt, at a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I never see him again, I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant, for cash. He thinks he has a bargain; and perhaps he has, but I would have let them go any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent.—And thought the sale a desirable one.—Now there's my day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being upon the whole a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."
The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments, and then said:
"Let us hear of the yards of stitching and the piles of good things made."
"No—nothing of that," said Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal."
"A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Word keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your estimation, for you said so. Go on, I am all attention."
Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.
"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self upbraiding, that I would, for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this dark day has been the trial day. Shall I go on?"
Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes for he had turned them partly away.
"Yes, Jenny dear, go on."
The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.
"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse. I thought cross, as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone.—Dear little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found just behind one of his ears a small, inflamed boil. It has made him slightly feverish and worry-some all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!"
"After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her perverse humors. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate, and then her slow pinched her. I felt very much annoyed, but recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her willfulness with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me, and started for school with a cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward."
"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and a pair of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignant words came. 'Patience!—Patience!' whispered a small still voice.—I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion."
"You must have forgotten yourself," said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humble at once; confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproof, and she went back to the kitchen, something wiser, I think than when I summoned her. The washing I required has been done, and well done, and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service, for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed."
"Other trials I have had through the day. Some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down, I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much to your eyes."
Mr. Barlow did not look on speak, as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he bent forward suddenly, and kissed her, saying as he did so:
"Mine was work, yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jenny dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angels' robes. Loving monitor! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a two-fold blessing!"

The Silver Mines of Arizona.

A letter has been received from Mr. H. C. Grosvenor to Mr. W. Wrightson, Secretary, dated Hacienda de Santa Rita, June 22d, giving a very encouraging account of the prospects of the mining company in which he is concerned, and also of the other trials that have been formed for the same purpose. The yield of the Sonora mines he estimated at \$2,000 a ton, and he anticipates an equally abundant return from the Santa Rita. The following extracts from this letter will interest many of our readers:
"All possible arrangements having been completed, on the morning of the 19th we left Tubac at 8 o'clock, and at 11 o'clock, having ridden about twelve miles, we halted, and Colonel P. (who had kindly volunteered to accompany us) pointed out the old Hacienda of the Santa Rita mines, which were destroyed some thirty-five years since by the Apaches, who also massacred every soul belonging to the mines, not one escaping. Here were discovered the remains of old furnaces and other evidences of mining operations.
"Specimens of slag, still containing silver, found in the debris of the furnaces, show that the former occupants must have treated the ore in the rudest manner and with the simplest means.
"Our first visit was to the *Sadero*, which we descend through a large opening, some sixty feet or more, without difficulty. The vein is divided at the surface, but unites about one-third of the way down, forming a ledge or lead of three feet average width. It was been cleaned out some eighty feet, and at this time, the last of the dry season, is apparently free from water. If means were on the ground for cleaning out the shaft to its full depth before the rainy season, much labor would be saved, and the value of its ore made manifest.
"It will be our first care to secure it as far as possible with the few implements

The Indian Cemetery.

The following interesting description of the manner in which the Northern Indians bury their dead, is from the pen of Mr. Wallace, the traveling agent of the San Francisco *Alta California*. It is written from Fraser river region:
Yesterday, I took a walk up the river to look at the mining and the wild precipices that overhang the river at the foot of the little canon. I had not gone more than two miles, before I came upon an Indian burying-place. They do not place their dead in the earth, but in sarcophagi, raised upon sticks, about three feet from the ground. As soon as dead, the body is tied by the knees and shoulders, and thus brought in a doubled position, as if the dead would rest easier with the muscles unstrained. They are thus placed in the sarcophagi in a sitting position. The bottom is shaped like a canoe, and projects from the sides. They are about three feet long by two and a half high, and two wide. The sides and covers are made from blocks split from pine trees. The Indians appear to hold these relics in much veneration, and guard them with jealous

Foreign News.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE TROUBLE.
The stopping of signals through the Atlantic Cable was announced in the English papers of the 6th, in the shape of a letter from the Secretary of the Company. The letter says that intelligible signals ceased to be received from Newfoundland at one o'clock on the morning of the 3d, from some unknown cause. The directors and a corps of scientific and practical electricians were at "Valencia investigating the matter, with a view, if possible, to remedy the difficulty."
The quotation of the shares immediately became quite nominal, the only price named being from £400 to £500, without any operations.
The London *Times* says that a similar difficulty was understood to have occurred temporarily a short time back, and the hope is that the accident is merely one of those to which the cable must be liable until the necessary measures shall have been completed for the protection of the portion near the shore. Some disagreements between the electricians and Board of Directors have latterly existed, and these, it may be presumed, tend to embarrass the general proceedings. Mr. Whitehouse, who signs himself "Electrician-in-chief, and one of the four original projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph," writes to the *Times* that he believes the injury to the cable to be in the home end, which he had foreseen, and had on one occasion repaired. He apprehends that there is little cause for anxiety, and thinks there is nothing in the obstructions calculated to dampen the most sanguine hopes of ultimate success. Mr. Whitehouse complains of the summary manner in which he has been banished from the service of the Company.
Charles T. Bright, the Engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, received the honor of knighthood on the 4th of the month, from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
A banquet took place at Killarney on the 7th instant, in honor of the laying of the Cable. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland attended. He emphatically denied that he absented himself from the Dublin banquet from sectarian bigotry or personal hostility to the great enterprise. Official necessity was the sole cause of his non-attendance.
The toasts included the President of the United States, Mr. Cyrus W. Field and Capt. Hudson, the officers of the Niagara, etc.
A TRAGICAL JOKE.—Quizzing, says the Mobile Tribune, has sometimes awkward results. Every good thing has some attendant evil, and so of this. There are dangers accompanying it, that they who aspire to enjoy the unspeakable pleasure of enjoying the frightening, deceiving, or disappointing of their fellow creatures, instead more of old-fashioned and humble jokes, must make up their minds to do so at some risk. A case of this sort, which occurred of late on the Pacific coast, is thus related by a California paper:
"Two of the Rogue river Indian Chiefs a father and son, were sent down from Fort Vancouver, W. T., to San Francisco, by the steamer Columbia. On their passage down, the Indians were informed by some of the foolish passengers that they were going to be hung. The savages resolved to sell their lives dearly: so, in the dead of night on the 11th of June, while the passengers were all asleep, these Indians stealthily arose, and, stealing from some of the slumbering guards revolvers and knives, suddenly commenced an indiscriminate shooting and cutting among the people around them. The passengers, startled from sleep by the sound of pistol shots and the shrieking of the wounded became panic-struck. The lights were put out and an indescribable scene followed. One passenger was shot in the breast, three others were cut, one woman being badly injured. The officers of the boat finally armed themselves, and after a desperate struggle, succeeded in wounding and overpowering the savages. They were both wounded one of them very severely."
INDIANS AS A MATTER OF FACT.—A man who had been out West, and been chased by an Indian, writes:
"Much as has been said by poets and by romantic young ladies about the picturesque aspect and the noble form of an untamed, untamable warrior of the prairie, and far be it from me to gainsay them.—An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture, or at a safe distance—but when this 'noble spectacle,' in company with a dozen other 'noble spectacles,' is moving moccasins in your direction, and to do some tall walking in order to keep the capillary substance on the top of your cranium, all his 'nobility' vanishes, and you see him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, lift your hair with the same Christian fortitude, composure and most serene, with which he would ask with another 'spectacle' for 'a little more of that baked dog.' I used to think like the poets; now the sight of an Indian gives me the cramp in the stomach."
HOW TO WED A WOMAN.—Women have really more taste in matrimonial affairs than we are apt to give them credit for. Next to the suitor's money, the lady has undoubtedly an eye to his person, and admires a manly stature and handsome limb more than the loss because she happened to marry a mankin instead of a man. A story was told of a Roman suitor who obviously understood human nature—or rather woman nature—far better than our modern beaux. Going to wed a fair lady, he took with him a bag of gold and a bar of iron. The former he threw at her feet, the latter he bent in her presence. Spine and 'spectator' did the business.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

D. O. CROUCH,
PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville, Pa.
May

DR. R. V. WILSON,
H. VING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer any special calls as heretofore.

C. KRATZER,
Merchant and Lumber Dealer, corner of Front and Loust streets, Clearfield, Pa.
Dec. 29, 1857.

J. H. LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencios, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties.
July 30, —y.

JOHN TROUTMAN
STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rows, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Litz's Foundry.
June 13, 1858.

DR. GEORGE WILSON respectfully gives notice that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and will promptly attend to all calls in his profession.
Luthersburg, April 2, 1856.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.
Iron Founders, Curwensville, Pa. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order.
Dec. 29, 1857.

L. JACKSON CRANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.
June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,
Physician, may be found either at his office at Seidell's hotel, Curwensville, where he is professionally absent.
Dec. 29, 1857

FREDERICK ARNOLD,
Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa.
April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,
At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber,
July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville.
Dec. 29, 1853.

D. R. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity.
Residence on Second street, opposite to that of J. Crans, Esq.
my 7 326.

WM. P. CHAMBERS,
CARPENTERS on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield co. All orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 5, 1858.

DR. W. M. CAMPBELL having located at Kylerstown, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Morris and the adjoining townships. He will always be found at the residence of Thos. Kyler, when not professionally engaged.
May 21, 1856.

A. T. SCHRYVER,
HAS resumed the practice of medicine, and will attend promptly to all calls in his profession, by day or night. Residence opposite the Methodist church.
May 4, 1858. 6 mos.

JOSEPH PETERS,
Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna.

ONE door east of Montalini & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice.
March, 31, 1858.—y.

P. W. BARRETT,
MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTTLE,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield.
March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,
RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

ALL friends of MERCILE and FREE-LENDING CHILDREN. Please procure circulars gratis of Dr. GEORGE BROWN, Barre, Mass.

CUBA HOTEL, JAYNESVILLE, PA.
THE above Hotel, having recently been fitted up for a house of entertainment, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Travelers will find this a convenient house.
May 19, 1856. JOHN JORDAN.

RAILROAD HOUSE, corner of Main and White Streets, Brookville, Pa.
Feb. 24, '58. R. E. MEANS, Proprietor.

Job Printing neatly executed here