

[These of our hard-fisted, hard-working brethren throughout the North, who have been deluded into setting and selling with the "Black Book" for the past few years, should read and ponder well the following lines, and then answer for himself, if he say, "Why the rich grow richer and the poor poorer?"]

Work! Work! Work!
With pick and shovel and ax,
To pay New England's protection,
Your own and the landlord's tax.

Work! Work! Work!
There are millions of beggars to feed,
And the cost is laid on with the landlord's
claim,
And the sum of New England's greed.

Work! Work! Work!
Still harder than each day before,
It will go to keep beggars and bondholders to
And the wolf away from the door.

Work! Work! Work!
From the dawn to the dusk of day,
For your hopes are crushed with a weight of debt,
That tall of your life won't pay.

You gave your son to the war;
The rich man bought his gold;
And the rich man's son is happy to-day,
And yours is under the sword.

You did not think, poor man—
You scarce believe when you're told—
That the same which the rich man loaned to the war,
Was the price for which you were sold.

Your son was as good as his!
And as dead, perhaps to you;
But your dead for his, and your daughter now
For his dear wash and soap.

Nay, do not pause to think,
Or sigh for your children or wife,
For your money is mortgaged to hopeless toll,
The rest of your weary life.

Assassination!
What has become of the charge of
Mr. Davis' complicity in the assassi-
nation of the late Lamented, the na-
tion's martyr? What, we repeat has
become of that charge? One hundred
thousand dollars were offered two short
years ago for his capture, and he is
now released without a word, without
a hint, from the Court upon the sub-
ject. Jefferson Davis a murderer? Who
are his accusers? Where is Conover
and the whole army of perjured ruffians
and scoundrels, the suborned assassins,
the licensed perjurers? Where are Holt
and his gang, who murdered Mrs. Surratt?
Where are they, from the highest to the
lowest? Ha! the day is coming, the
time is near, when this land will be no
abiding place for them. They have
their short-lived revel—the retribu-
tion is to come, and so sure as Holt
and Conover are Mrs. Surratt's murder-
ers, so sure is it to overtake them
wherever they may be. Let them
escape the gallows, let them evade the
laws, but in their black hearts there is
a fiend that will abide there, making
their lives a hell upon earth, and con-
juring before their affrighted vision,
the form of the lady they have so foully
murdered. Well may the people
stand appalled at the enormity of the
crime; well may they shudder as they
think of that Court constituted to
hang. Where was the manhood that
should have broken through the bonds
of restraint of Court rules and legal
forms, and proclaimed that it was a
murder? Shame, deep, burning,
darning shame and remorse be theirs,
when they think of their mothers,
their wives, or their daughters, and
with the thought comes the madden-
ing, torturing memory of the woman
in whose murder they were accom-
plices.—Banner of Liberty.

The Difference.—About one year ago
the President of the United States
visited Chicago for the purpose
of participating in the inauguration
of the monument to the memory of
Stephen A. Douglass, and at almost
every point on the route, where he
stopped, was grossly and indecently
insulted by Radical blackguards. A
few days ago this same President
visited Raleigh, North Carolina, to
be present at the inauguration of a
monument to his father, and from the
hour he left Washington until his re-
turn, he received nothing but courtesy
and hospitality at the hands of the
people. Such is the contrast between
Northern Radicals and "Southern
Chivalry"—such the fruits of New
England paritism, on the one hand,
and the "barbarism of Southern slav-
ery" on the other.—Crawford Dem-
ocrat.

The Jacobin Arch Fiend.—Phillips
raves and foams at the mouth. He
has gone stark mad over the release of
Davis. He wants the "chief rebel
hunger"—nothing less will satisfy him.
Greeley is abused without measure by
this blood-thirsty and bloodless ruffian
for going bail.

Let Phillips take care. The history
of the war which he was so instru-
mental in provoking will not be com-
pletely left to his deserving. Robespierre
finished his career on the guillotine,
and if Phillips has only half justice
done him, he will terminate his
note his at the foot of the gallows.
He is not a human being, but a hell
hound, and his bloodless, puffy like-
cadaverous look, his cold-blooded
unimpassioned manner, all give warning
of the fiendish hate, the devilish mal-
ice, with which he is filled to over-
flowing.

NOT A BAD TRADE.—The Cork Her-
ald, under this heading, has the fol-
lowing paragraph: "It has reached us,
indirectly, from quarters likely to
possess accurate information on such
a matter, that the informer Corydon
has made a demand on the government
for £5,000, as the price of his services
in revealing the details of the Fenian
conspiracy. Although the government
have demurred to pay this sum,
it appears they are disposed to give
him a sum of £3,000, so as to produce
a comfortable annuity for the worthy
during the remainder of his miserable
existence."

Europe pays a small price for in-
formers, sneaks and spies; still we
presume this is more than many of
the same class received in this coun-
try during the war.

BILLIARDS.—A match game of bil-
liards for the championship of Ohio—
fifteen hundred points carom—was
played at Cleveland on the 21st ult.,
between John Frauley, of Cleveland,
and Harry Choate, of Cincinnati.
Frauley was the winner by five hun-
dred and twenty-two points. His
largest run was one hundred and
twenty-five, his average eleven and a
half. The next billiard match for the
championship of America will be be-
tween Joseph Dion, of Montreal, and
E. K. Nelson, of Philadelphia. Time
not fixed.

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The Fallen Snow--A Sad Story.

A beautiful poem entitled "Fallen Snow," a production of extraordinary merit, has been copied far and wide by the press of this country. The author's name does not appear, no doubt to the disappointment of many readers who admire the true and beautiful in sentiment and composition. Knowing her history, a correspondent of the Mason (Ga.) Sentinel, gives a brief biography.

The maiden name of the authoress was Dora Shaw. She was born and grew into womanhood in the Wabash Valley, Indiana. Her parents were plain, honorable people, blessed with plenty, though not rich, as the world goes. They loved their beautiful Dora, and bestowed on her an education which very few females ever receive.

To that accomplished, to wed her to some wealthy and distinguished gentleman, as is too often the case, they had the fatal delusion that the daughter's will should be sacrificed upon the altar of Mammon—that wealth and ambition should be preferred to love.

In 1850, F. S. LeBaum and Dora Shaw were married. LeBaum was a citizen, and the possessor of an immense property in St. Louis. Being in the Wabash Valley upon business of his house, he saw, loved and wooed this young, beautiful and accomplished woman. He then obtained her parents' consent, and marriage, which followed, was hallowed by no love, save upon the side of the husband.

Taking his bride home to his splendid palace in the city, she was there given everything that wealth could bestow. Still she was not happy. Did you ever see a contented eagle in gilded cage?

The wife was at once introduced to, and became the admiration of the best people of the city. To the outward world she appeared the happiest of mortals, illustrating how few there are who really know the secret sorrows of the human heart. She passed her hours in splendid misery.

At the time, the famous theatrical manager, Ben. DeBar, had a fine company at the St. Louis Theatre. His leading star was Miss Annette Ince—less renowned for her acting than for her beauty and many womanly virtues. To this theatre Mr. and Mrs. LeBaum went one night and witnessed a play. Dora had never been inside a theatre before, and before the curtain fell upon the second act, she had made a resolution which would change the whole course of her life—she had determined to be an actress like Miss Ince.

An interview with the manager was easily obtained, who saw in the aspirations of the lady a chance to make a splendid hit, and put gold in his purse. He gave her encouragement, dismissed the idea of her first assuming a second part, but assured her she should make her debut in the leading character of the play she had witnessed—"Julia, in the Hunchback." More than encouraged, indeed completely resolved, Dora at once commenced the study of the play, and, possessing a quick intelligence, was at last master of the language in a few days. Private rehearsals appeared to give perfect satisfaction to the manager, as well as to the company—trained for that particular purpose and for that occasion. All this was apt from the husband.

One morning the city was thrown into a fever by the announcement in all the journals, and upon all the bulletin boards that "Miss Dora Shaw would appear that night as Julia, in Sheridan Knowles' great play entitled the Hunchback." LeBaum and his friends were struck as if from a thunderbolt from heaven. He first entreated, appealed and threatened his wife, and next the manager, and finally declared his intention to murder her upon the moment she made her appearance. All to no purpose. The manager duly had all this passed into the streets, which of course increased the sensation and strengthened the desire to attend.

Every ticket was sold by 9 o'clock, and it was needless to say that when night came that place of amusement occupied the thoughts of the city.

The curtain rose—Dora appeared—walked, stammered, blushed and repeated her part mechanically—like any girl reading her composition at an examination. Still the audience was pleased—not by the acting, but by the novelty of the occasion. The next, the third, the fourth, and fifth nights were like the first. The morbid appetite of the public, satiated with novelty, demanded good acting. This Dora could not supply. The audience fell off, the managers became restless and refused to offer a re-encouragement, but intimated that she had best go to another city.

In the meantime LeBaum sued for a divorce, which was readily granted by the Court. The next appearance of Dora was in New Orleans, where her former social position was unknown, and where she was thrown upon her merits as an actress for success. It was needless to say that she failed to elicit one single plaudit.

The rest of the story is soon told. Abandoned by friends, home, husband, and penniless she fell—to use her own words:

Fell, like the snowflakes, from heaven's 1-hill;
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell, to be trodden, to be spit on, and beat;
Falling, Cursing,
Breeding to die,
Telling her soul to whoever would buy,
Trailing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.

"In them follows alive now!" said
and urchin to his teacher. "What
follows do you mean, dear?" "Why,
Paul, and Luke, and Deuteronomy,
and them."

Loyalty and True.

"Loyalty," of which we hear so much, is of foreign origin, and was introduced into this country by the Plymouth Rockers. In 1776, with the aid of Indians and Hessian hirelings, loyalists scalped rebels, confiscated property, exterminated Quakers and banished Baptists "beyond the lines" of the Massachusetts saints. They were enemies to the peace and happiness of America then, and they follow the same calling now; their zeal is unabated still. But when Lord Cornwallis, commanding the British Forces, surrendered to the American army under the command of Washington and Lafayette at Yorktown in 1783, the terms of "capitulation" were of a character to confer honor upon the conquerors and the vanquished. There was nothing bitter or revengeful in the terms on which peace was concluded, notwithstanding the Red Coats and the "Jersey Blues" had contended for seven long years in unrelenting hostility. The conduct of the British in the treatment of American prisoners in the Jersey prison ships, and the barbarities of their Hessian allies under Kriehagen, were still fresh in the general recollection; but neither the "Jersey Blues" nor the old Maryland Line, in view of the triumph they had achieved, felt like inflicting a Bill of Pains or Penalties upon the Tories of the Revolution. From the year '76 to '83, nearly all the members of the respectable society of Friends, and numerous others in the Colonies, belonged to the Tory or Loyal King George side of the question. Dr. Franklin's son, the Governor of New Jersey, was a "Tory," but the patriots of '76 rose above the spirit of revenge. They had no "friends to reward—no enemies to punish," but forgave the past, and regarded all Whigs and Tories, as American citizens. There was no confiscation of property. No proscription of "Loyalists" or "Rebels" was for a moment entertained. All were guaranteed the rights of persons and property. The true men of the country were for a General Amnesty and forgiveness of the past. As it was then, why cannot it be so now? A common origin, a common brotherhood, a common country, and a common destiny, no less than the precepts of humanity and christianity, teach us to forgive and forget the past, no matter how wrong our Southern fellow-citizens may have been in commencing the Rebellion. They have paid the penalty of their error, however wicked or willful it may have been. Let us treat the vanquished South with a generous confidence, if we are to have peace and prosperity in the future.

Grades of Political Power.

Every freeman of the nation, native or naturalized, however humble he may be, possesses more or less political influence. Each is strong according to circumstances, in proportion to his intelligence, his ability to convince the judgment, his eloquence as an advocate, the extent of his acquaintance, and the favorableness of the position he occupies. Some are ten, some twenty, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred, some a thousand, and some, perhaps, ten thousand fold strong. Each is a sovereign, having a throne in the heart of the Republic, and wields the sceptre of the elective franchise, the ballot of the free, which is more potent and glorious than the sceptre of king or emperor.

And if the humblest of these noble patriots, should feel and act as though the destiny of the country had been specially committed to his care alone, so much the better, as great results may be looked for when such is the case. There is no danger to be apprehended by their overrating themselves, in this connection; the danger would be in their not thinking as much of themselves, of their power and influence, as they ought. Let not then, those who are a hundred, or a thousand fold strong, laugh at their more humble and less influential constituents, for they wield a mighty sceptre, and can turn the great political scale all the way up from the precinct gathering to the Presidential chair.

It would be well that every true American should feel that the weal of the country rests upon his fidelity, and govern himself accordingly—that he should assert his native dignity—that he should realize the high importance of his position—feel that he is a peer among the sovereigns of the nation—and ever regard himself as a committee of vigilance in his country's behalf.

Thus feeling and thus acting, the Republic will be safe, for this mighty power, this omnipotent influence for good, can tear down and scatter all will to the four winds of heaven, whatever is false and base, and build up and make permanent as the everlasting hills, that which is wise, patriotic, just, and for the greatest good of the country.

Let none, therefore, despise the day of small things. There are those in the lumber walks of life who know their strength, and who will know how to exert it when the proper time comes.

We like to see the hardy sons of toil, whose palms are raised by wielding the pick, the trowel, the jack-plane, who man the shrouds of our Navy, speed the plough, who gain their bread by the sweat of their brows over the anvil, in our workshops, in our manufactories, etc., assume all the importance which is their due, and it is much, for they are the bone and sinew of the country, the staff and support of the nation. All are virtually dependent upon the producing classes.

Underrate, then, no freeman's influence, whatever may be his situation in life, however poor he may be.

Esop informs us, that once upon a time the monarch of the desert was rendered important service by the diminutive mouse, who relieved the noble captive from inevitable death, by gnawing asunder the meshes of the net, in which his lionship was caught. The moral of this fable, is applicable to our own time, and to all time, past, present and to come.

No true patriot holds his patriotism at a premium in the market, or expects that his adherence to the right, will be purchased by gold or position, yet he has claims upon the consideration of the powers that be, that are paramount to those of the unfaithful and neglectful, and these should be respected at all times and under all circumstances.

During the long period of Democratic rule in this country, it never severed a single iota from the just and righteous policy, that to the friends of the administration, belong the patronage of the Government, and, as we all know this doctrine was approved and enforced with emphasis by the immortal Jackson.

But, under some other administrations, we have noticed that the policy has been in many instances, different from this, thereby seeking to lay up political interest against the time of the coming in of a new and a different administration. But never were trading politicians more deceived. It has been invariably found that they have reckoned without their host.

It is unwise for those who bear rule in the nation, to neglect their true friends, whose sense of justice is keen, for the sake of a problematic advantage. It is an old, but true saying, that a bird in hand, is worth two in the bush.

Since the hailing of Jefferson Davis by Horace Greeley, the Jacobin newspapers have much to say about the so-called heroes of the Andersonville prison, for which Captain Witz was hung. The Cincinnati Folk Blatt, edited by the Hon. Frederick Hauser, the ablest German Jacobin in Ohio, charges all these horrors on Best Butler and Edwin M. Stanton, who flatly refused to exchange prisoners with the South. The blood of the starved and slain in that prison, the Folk Blatt charges, and proves, lies at the door of these Jacobin virtues.

An exchange suggests that Henry Ward Beecher is literally following the advice given by Artemus Ward to a worthless young man. "Do something," said Artemus, "do something. If you can't get to be clerk to a manure wagon, why write for the Ledger."

Not Going to Church.

The above is the caption of a good editorial in a late number of the N. Y. Observer, from which we are gratified to learn that the editors of that paper have become protestants against political preaching. We extract from the article referred to, the following truthful and sensible remarks:

"The moment that a suspicion of the existence of a predominant partisan or political feeling, on the part of the preacher, is excited in a certain class of minds of opposite sentiments, his influence over them is utterly gone. The preacher himself may conscientiously believe that he is called to the lofty work of vindicating the independent utterances of the pulpit, and he may brave strong adverse influences in discharging what he regards as a sacred duty. But it would be well for him to consider what the effect of his words and course must be on persons not predisposed in his favor who may chance to hear him, and who have souls to be saved or lost. The interests of what are sometimes spoken of as political crises sink into utter insignificance by the side of those vast issues which attend upon the delivery of the solemn message of heaven to a guilty, dying race. We are confident that there can be no vindication of the dignity or authority of the pulpit to be compared to that which is found in the faithful discharge of its sacred duties, in calling men to repentance, and pointing their trembling trust to the Lamb of God. It is a startling thought that there are men who visit our sanctuaries, and, having heard once, are declined to repeat the visit, because they feel that they have been treated to a ritualistic show, or been fed on political or metaphysical rhetoric. Multitudes of intelligent and even educated men, who ought to be found openly and boldly on the side of religion, are abandoning our churches, and, although the leading cause of their withdrawal is one for which they are alone responsible, it is to be feared that, in some cases, there is only too much ground for the reasons by which they extenuate the guilt of their neglect. To every church and to every pastor it should be a serious question—how far is an unfaithful presentation of Gospel truth, or a feeble exhibition of his power, the occasion for so sad a result?"

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you had but one. Wouldn't he thought we were dreffal poor?"

The young lady who left the table because the salad was not dressed, entered into courtship about a month ago, and all went smoothly as a marriage bell, until Tuesday night last, when a quarrel disturbed the "even tenor of their way," in reference to a pair of slippers, she declined to sleep in the same room with them, as they were fellows.

Maine sends a man to Congress who has the brass to call Ben. Wade—who in a printed pamphlet, accused Lincoln of being a usurper—a scallawag. Sherman calls the Massachusetts hero and champion of miscegenation, Sumner, a liar. Butler—whom all human beings loathe, and to whom all infamy attaches—calls Bingham a murderer. These parties know each other, and we believe tell the truth about each other.

An Honest Answer.—Recently a clergyman was preaching in Belfast when a young man in the congregation, getting weary of the sermon, looked at his watch. Just as he was in the act of examining his time-piece for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the consciences of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out, in hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "a quarter past eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was much disturbed for a time.

In this wide-awake age nearly all the prominent rocks, board fences, and other available places in proximity to, and on the thoroughfare leading to the principal marts of the country are filled with advertisements of quack medicines, gift enterprises, and general notices, "all and singular." Baltimore is a focus for a full share of these inscriptions, and among them on the turnpike from the city to the county seat of Towson, may be seen on a board fence, well adapted to the purpose, the imperative command, "Take Ayer's Pills." Some zealous colporteur had appropriated a rail immediately underneath the admonition, "Prepare to meet your God!" A wag, taking advantage of the "situation," connected the two inscriptions with a conspicuous "And," and thus left it. Whether Dr. Ayer has sold more pills in consequence of that advertisement, the writer knows not.

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Charles Woodman, the sexton of the Rev. Dr. Garrett's church, in Boston, was arrested on the 21st ult., charged with enticing young girls to the church and subjecting them to licentious indignities. He was held in \$1,000 for trial. Had for the "hah."

Wit and Wisdom.

"A little tongue is more than them,
To relished by the best of men."

Man is a miser, and woman a naysayer. In sorrow, always weep, or shed tears; never cry.

Bear fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a bier. Live within your means, if you would have means within which to live.

Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait until they are not worth advancing.

Red noses are light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

A conscript, being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

"Son," said a careful Quaker to a spendthrift son, "thou art a sad rake." "Nay, father," replied the promising youth, "thou art the rake, and I am the spender."

"A Distressed Mother" writes to the Allentown Democrat for advice, which she gets—thusly: "The only way to cure your son of staying out 'late o' nights' is to break his legs, or else get the 'calico' he runs with to do your house-work."

A Scotchman went to a lawyer once for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" said the lawyer. "Oh, sir," rejoined he, "I thought it best to tell you plain truth; ye can put the lies in yourself."

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A clerk in Iowa City says: A very pretty and noble young lady called in the store the other day and requested to see our lavender kid gloves, whereupon she was shown several different shades of that color. Being a little overcome with so great a variety, she asked: "Which of these pairs are the lavenderest?"

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Josh Billings truthfully remarks that "trying to live on the reputation of a dead grandfather is just about as enterprising as trying to hatch out rotten eggs under a tin weathercock."

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Maine sends a man to Congress who has the brass to call Ben. Wade—who in a printed pamphlet, accused Lincoln of being a usurper—a scallawag. Sherman calls the Massachusetts hero and champion of miscegenation, Sumner, a liar. Butler—whom all human beings loathe, and to whom all infamy attaches—calls Bingham a murderer. These parties know each other, and we believe tell the truth about each other.

An Honest Answer.—Recently a clergyman was preaching in Belfast when a young man in the congregation, getting weary of the sermon, looked at his watch. Just as he was in the act of examining his time-piece for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the consciences of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out, in hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "a quarter past eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was much disturbed for a time.

In this wide-awake age nearly all the prominent rocks, board fences, and other available places in proximity to, and on the thoroughfare leading to the principal marts of the country are filled with advertisements of quack medicines, gift enterprises, and general notices, "all and singular." Baltimore is a focus for a full share of these inscriptions, and among them on the turnpike from the city to the county seat of Towson, may be seen on a board fence, well adapted to the purpose, the imperative command, "Take Ayer's Pills." Some zealous colporteur had appropriated a rail immediately underneath the admonition, "Prepare to meet your God!" A wag, taking advantage of the "situation," connected the two inscriptions with a conspicuous "And," and thus left it. Whether Dr. Ayer has sold more pills in consequence of that advertisement, the writer knows not.

It is said that Horace Greeley has written a letter to John C. Breckinridge, requesting him to return home and aid in "reconstructing" the country, regardless of what may be said about him by "narrow-minded block-heads."

Charles Woodman, the sexton of the Rev. Dr. Garrett's church, in Boston, was arrested on the 21st ult., charged with enticing young girls to the church and subjecting them to licentious indignities. He was held in \$1,000 for trial. Had for the "hah."

Josh Billings truthfully remarks that "trying to live on the reputation of a dead grandfather is just about as enterprising as trying to hatch out rotten eggs under a tin weathercock."

Professionals & Business Cards.

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
See with J. B. McMillan, Esq., over First National Bank.
Prompt attention given to the securing of County Claims, &c., and in all legal business.
March 28, 1867-19.

WALTER BA RETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [Nov 21, 66]

Wm. A. Walker, Esq. Wm. D. Bigler, Esq.
J. Blake Walker, Esq. Frank Fielding, Esq.
WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. [May 15, 67]

THOS. J. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office adjoining the Bank, formerly occupied by J. B. McMillan, Second St., Clearfield.
Will attend promptly to collections, sale of lands, &c. [Dec 17, 62]

JOHN L. CUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street, opposite the Jail.
Specially offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, states himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb 23, 64]

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