

REVENUE-Bondholder's Parlor. DEARER FRIENDS—A giddy Bondholder in his day shirt, sitting by a table, drinking wine...

Poor man—Good afternoon, Mr. Bondholder. I have brought you a present. Here are two little children, your slaves for life. I give them to you, if you please, for no fault of theirs...

When you were afraid of the draft, you were the kindest smile. And you patted me on the back and said I was a dear, good, patriotic man...

You said the war was to restore the country to peace and prosperity. You said the object of the war was not to coerce States, nor to deprive any people of liberty.

You said those who would not fight were cowards. I was no coward, Mr. Bondholder, so I went to war. You were a coward—I won't dare not go...

Old Madame Rothschild, mother of the mighty capitalists, attained the age of ninety eight; her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, were preserved to the end.

The "fast" trait of the Yankee character was touchingly developed recently in this wise: A loving father of a dutiful son died in one of our Western cities, and his body was brought East for interment.

Just so.—The following pretty clearly illustrates the position of the business man who does not advertise: "Why don't you deal with me?" said a close-fisted tradesman to a friend the other day.

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarrelled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance towards a reconciliation?"

An editor, getting tired of paying printers, resolved to put his own shoulder to the wheel. Here is a specimen of his effort at setting type: "We hope you will be most of our own setting of type hereafter—Printers may talk about being difficult to work, but we don't experience much difficulty."

CLEARFIELD

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. VOL. 38--WHOLE NO. 2040.



PRINCIPLES—NOT MEN. CLEARFIELD, PA., THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1867.

REPUBLICAN.

TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance. NEW SERIES--VOL. 8, NO. 12.

Table with rates for advertising: Single quires, 25¢; Double quires, 50¢; Full page, \$1.00; etc.

Tracy's Second Wife.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES. "What makes you so late to-night, Tracy?" Frank Tracy laughed and reddened a little as his room mate, Howard Leigh, carelessly put the question.

"Blushing, eh?" pursued the latter with a spice of mischievous malice in his voice, "then of course I am to conclude that you have been in the charming society of some young lady."

"Your guess is partly right," said Tracy, lightly, "but the lady is a very little lady. To tell you the truth, I have been spending the evening at Mrs. Walton's, and playing with that charming baby of hers. I never saw such a little Hobe in my life. Why, I could have sat for hours with that baby on my knee."

"Then I am to conclude that she neither chewed your cravat ends nor jerked at your watch chain, to say nothing of crying?" "Not a bit of it. She's the most perfect little piece of flesh and blood I ever saw in my life; if I thought she would grow up half as pretty as she is now, upon my life I'd wait for her."

"And what would Leonore Warren say?" "Ah, what indeed! I'm glad you've recalled me to loyalty, though certainly Leonore can't very well be jealous of my tiny flirtations with Mrs. Walton's pretty baby. Heigho, I sometimes think I've made a mistake in engaging myself to Leonore Warren. She is as beautiful as an angel, and yet somehow we don't seem to be congenial."

"Rather late to think of that, I should imagine, when the wedding day is fixed, and passage taken in the European steamer for the wedding tour. By the way, Frank, how long shall you remain in Europe?" "I can't say, some years I believe, Leonore thinks a residence in Paris will be delightful. I don't agree with her, but brides, you know, are privileged to have their own way. I'll tell you what, Howard, the prettiest pink coral I can find in Naples shall be sent to hang around the ivory neck of Mrs. Walton's baby."

"Frank, how fond you are of children?" "You're wrong there, my boy—I am not fond of children, generally speaking, but I don't know who help loving that little brown eyed seraph."

Frank took up the newspaper as he spoke, and the conversation gradually merged into the all-engraving subject of politics, foreign and domestic. Twenty years have ebbed and flowed in the broad channel of time, and Mr. and Mrs. Tracy had just taken possession of their elegant home, after a long residence abroad. It was evening. The gilded clock on the mantel pointed to the hour of seven, and the fire burned brightly in the ornate grate, and the flowers in the several vases on either side of the chimney, were scarcely brighter in their hues than the pictured blossoms on the superb velvet carpet. Frank Tracy, who had changed from a handsome youth into a tall, stately man of about forty, stood thoughtfully before the fire, while his languid, faded looking wife, reclined on a satin sofa in the lustrous shine of the glowing chandeliers. There was only one guest present to break the monotony of the conjugal tête-a-tête, and he was our old acquaintance, Howard Leigh.

Security for the Future.

In all the annals of men's doings upon this earth, there is no record of any nation or race of men who had their freedom thrust upon them, who ever long enjoyed it. Only those having energy and intelligence enough to earn liberty, have shown themselves capable for any length of time of maintaining liberty. A race which patiently submits to bondage, never rightly enjoys its freedom. Through long and patient effort, through need and blank despair do races grow up to the high estate of free men.

At the South are four million Africans, a race which fell to itself, has always and only existed as barbarians, and among civilized nations, only in a state of the most servile bondage; with us, from the first settlement of the country, they have occupied this last position. Never in all this lapse of years have they made even the slightest effort to throw off the yoke.

When their masters were engaged in a most desperate war, as has been alleged, to perpetuate their bondage, they, the Africans, made not the slightest effort to throw off the yoke. During the four years of our late war, their is no reason to suppose that the negroes made even an attempt at insurrection in any part of the South.

Nothing more was said on the subject, and several times that afternoon it occurred to Frank Tracy's mind. He wished he could see her. The gas had been lighted, however, and the little girls were safely tucked up in bed, after having said their prayers on "papa's" knees, before the new governess was announced.

He saw at the first glance that the pretty baby had grown into an exquisitely lovely girl of twenty-two, with soft, tender eyes like a Madonna, and sad quivering lips. Poor Agnes—she had been so much accustomed to rebuffs and cold neglect at the hands of the world, that Mr. Tracy's chivalric politeness affected her nearly to tears. He noticed it, he observed the delicate, shy refinement, and the timid glances from beneath her lashes.

"My dear Miss Walton," he said, smiling, "I commissioned my friend Leigh to find a governess for me, but I am much more in need of a wife. I think you would suit me in that capacity. Will you accept of the home as a permanent engagement, and me as the encumbrance thereof?" Agnes looked a moment into his kind eyes, and placed her little hand confidingly in his hand, and said "I will."

And thus concluded their extremely brief courtship. Yet when Frank told her how many years he had secretly worshipped at the shrine of "Mrs. Walton's pretty baby," she didn't think it so very strange after all.

Thus it was that Frank Tracy married his beautiful second wife, and the little ones, instead of a governess, got a mama, whom little Minnie confidently informed her sister, "she liked a great deal better than the old mama who was always afraid of having her hair or collar disarranged, while new mama liked to have her daughter hug and kiss her."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Robbers come just like rain—they fall on the just and the unjust. Time is money; of course, or how could you "spend an evening?" Do you know what charity is? Forgive if you bear ill will, and pay what you owe.

A business man can go along without advertising; so can a wagon without greasing; but it goes hard. An inveterate old bachelor says that ships are called "she" because they always keep a fellow on the look-out.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she is always ready to receive proposals. GENT—Confound the hair oil—how it sticks. Wife—"Oh Harry! that is not the hair oil; it must be the baby's soothing syrup."

One man asked another why his beard was brown and his hair so white? "Because," he said, "one is twenty years younger than the other." A suit is pending in Missouri brought by a lobby agent against a member of the Legislature for neglecting business for which he was paid \$11,000.

Mrs. Mary Huskins, now residing in Camden township, Lorraine county, Ohio, was one hundred and eighty years of age on the fifteenth of July. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what time it is, tell it.

There is a young lady in this place whose lips resemble peach blossoms so much, that she has to keep a veiled tight over her face to keep bees out of her mouth. The Boston Post says a lady passed through that city the other day for the mountains, with sixteen trunks, four puddles, three maid servants, an Irishman and a husband.

Some thieves broke into the residence of Simon Cameron at Harrisburg, a few days ago, and carried off a portion of his silver-ware. They had evidently forgotten the old maxim, "Honor" &c. "My friend," said one gentleman to another, "I see your hair is getting quite gray." "Yes," answered he, "old Father Time has been sweeping up the years around me, and the dust has settled on my head."

The question why printers do not succeed so well as brewers was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains." A conductor of a newspaper, speaking of a cotemporary, says: "He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose till he obtained a respectable position as an editor—a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances."

CHEAP FURNITURE.

JOHN GULICH. DRESSERS to inform his old friends and customers, that having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make order such Furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for CASH. He generally has on hand, at his Furniture rooms, a varied assortment of ready-made furniture, among which are: BUREAUS AND SIDE-BOARDS. Wardrobes and Book-Cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, breakfast and Dining Extension Tables; Chests, Dressing, Wash, and Bed Room; Bedsteads; Sofas of all kinds; Work stands; Chairs; Spring-seated and Rocking chairs; Mattresses and other Chairs; Looking-glasses of every description on hand; and new glass for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms on shortest notice. He also keeps on hand at factories to order, Cork, Hair, and Cotton-top Mattresses.

COFFINS OF EVERY KIND Made to order, and funerals attended with a House whenever desired. Also, House Painting done to order. The subscriber also manufactures, and has constantly on hand, Clement's Patent Washing Machine, best ever made. Those using this machine never need to without clean clothes! He also has Fyler's Patent Churn, a superior article. A family using this Churn never need to without butter!

Remember the shop is on Market street, Clearfield, Pa., and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." JOHN GULICH. November 25, 1867.

CLEARFIELD MARBLE WORKS.

Italian and Vermont Marble finished in the highest style of the Art. The subscribers beg leave to announce to the citizens of Clearfield county, that they have opened an extensive Marble Yard, in the south-west corner of Market and Fourth streets, Clearfield, Pa., where they are prepared to make Tomb-Stones, Monuments, Tablets, Head-Stones, Cradle Tombs, Counters, Tables, Mantel-Pieces, Grates, and on short notice. They always keep on hand a large quantity of work finished, except the lettering, so that persons can call and select for themselves the style wanted. They will also make to order any other style of work that may be desired, and they flatter themselves that they can compete with the manufacturers outside of the county, either in workmanship or price, as they only employ the best workmen.

ALL inquiries by letter promptly answered. JOHN GULICH. May 22, 1867.

DRESS-MAKING.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—PARISIAN DRESS AND FASHION MAKING. My Dresses, Suits, Coats, and Business hand-made and trimmed at the shortest notice, at the old-established stand, 1081 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Fancy and plain Fans, Mantilla Ornaments, Dress and Cloak Buttons, Bonnets, Claws and Hairpins, Lace, Bangle and Gimp Dress Trimmings, with a large variety of Stieple and Fancy Goods from 25 to 50 cents. Also, receiving daily, Paris Fashions in tissue paper, for Ladies' and Children's Dresses. Sets of Patterns for merchants and retail makers now ready at 15¢ per set. J. B. WRIGHT. 1081 Chestnut st., Philadelphia. sep25-67

Clearfield Nursery.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY. THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the "Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwinstown, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf), Evergreens, Shrubs, Grass Vines, Greenhouses, and all kinds of ornamental plants, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early sweet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. J. B. WRIGHT. sep25-67

Attention, Soldiers.

EQUALIZATION OF BOUNTY. ALL SOLDIERS OF 1861-'62-'63 are entitled to an INCREASED BOUNTY. This underwritten is prepared to collect all such Bounties, as well as the increased pay to Soldiers' Widows. All inquiries and communications answered promptly. Discharges accepted for. Post Office address, Curwinstown, Pa. sep6-67 JOSIAH EVANS.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.

"GET THE BEST." THE question why printers do not succeed so well as brewers was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains." A conductor of a newspaper, speaking of a cotemporary, says: "He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose till he obtained a respectable position as an editor—a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances."

A clergyman on the Duquesne railroad accidentally sat down on a large basket of eggs to the great injury of the "fruit" and his nice clothes. A brakeman scraped him down with the stove-herth, but the beauty of his attire and his dignity were temporarily spoiled.

A young lady school teacher of Indianapolis, last Sunday, endeavored to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them that for seven years he ate grass like a cow. Just then a small boy asked: "Did he give milk?"

The New Jersey consolidated railroad company intend running a line of through cars direct from New York to Cincinnati, via Philadelphia and Pittsburg, via the Pan Handle route. The route is one hundred miles shorter than any other through line. It will leave New York every afternoon at 5:30 o'clock.

From June 2d to September 28th Bishop Stevens, of Pa., has delivered one hundred and six sermons and addresses; has had forty-nine confirmations, seven ordinations; has laid four corner-stones reopened three churches with semi-dedicatorial services, administered the Holy Communion on several occasions, and traveled over two thousand miles. Dyspepsia will never kill him.

SILVER WASH POWDER.

Saves time, labor, money. Makes washing a pastime and Monday a festival. Sold everywhere. Try it. Address all orders to the Manufacturer, RIGLER & SMITH, Chemists and Wholesale Druggists, 104-17 1st North Third St., Philadelphia. sep14-67

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.

A recent act has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving a three years' soldier \$100 and a two years' soldier \$75 bounty. \$200 BOUNTIES and \$100 FINESTONES collected by us, for those entitled to them. WALTER BARRETT. Atty at Law, Clearfield, Pa. sep14-67

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary, have been granted to the undersigned, on the Estate of JOHN D. DOUGHERTY, deceased, late of Lawrence township, Clearfield county, Penna. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before the 10th day of November next. JOHN HENRY, WILLIAM HENRY, Administrators. August 22, 1867. sep14-67

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Thomas Henry, deceased, late of Ferguson township, Clearfield county, Pa., having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before the 10th day of November next. JOHN HENRY, WILLIAM HENRY, Administrators. August 22, 1867. sep14-67