THE CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN

Terms of Subscription.

paid in advance, or within three months...$2 00
If paid after three and before six months.... 2 50
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Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, per square of 16 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estrays..... 1 50
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Obituary notices, over five lines, per line..... 10
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1 square	$8 00	¼ column	$35 00
2 squares	15 00	½ column	45 00
3 squares	20 00	1 column	80 00

Job Work.

BLANKS.

Single quire	$2 50	6 quires, per quire	$1 75
2 quires, per quire	2 00	Over 6, per quire	1 50

HANDBILLS.

1 sheet, 25 or less	$1 50	4 sheet, 25 or less	$4 50
2 sheet, 25 or less	2 50	1 sheet, 25 or less	8 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Boots and Shoes.

JACOB S. COLE,
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.

THE subscriber adopts this method of informing his old customers and the public generally, that he still continues to manufacture boots and Shoes at the old stand, opposite Drancker's Hotel, where he invites the public to give him a call. His work is made out of the very best French Calf and Kip, and at exceedingly low prices for cash or approved country produce. All kinds of heavy boots and shoes made to order, and all work warranted. JACOB S. COLE.
Curwensville, July 30, '68-1y

PEACE PROCLAIMED.

THE WAR OVER IN CLEARFIELD.

KNOX TOWNSHIP QUIET.

Nearly all the Contrabands going back to their old masters; but 'nary one going to old Massachusetts, where they were loved so long and so well.

IN consequence of the above facts, F. SHORT, of the old "Short Shoe Shop," would announce to his numerous patrons, and the people of Clearfield county at large, that he has now a first rate lot of good material, just received from the East, and is prepared on short notice to make and mend Boots and Shoes, at his new shop in Graham's row. He is satisfied that he can please all, (unless it might be some intensely loyal stay-at-home patriots.) He is prepared to sell low for Cash or Country Produce. Don't forget the Shop—next door to Showers & Graham's store, on Market street, Clearfield, Pa., and kept by a fellow commonly called
jy2,'67-y "SHORTY."

DANIEL CONNELLY,
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer

HAS just received a fine lot of French CALF SKINS, and is now prepared to manufacture everything in his line at the lowest figures. He will warrant his work to be as represented. He respectfully solicits a call, at his shop on Market street, second door west of the postoffice, where he will do all in his power to render satisfaction. Some fine Gaiter tops on hand.
my9,'67-y DANIEL CONNELLY.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

EDWARD MACK.
Cor. MARKET & 3d Sts., CLEARFIELD, Pa.

THE proprietor has entered into the BOOT & SHOE business at the above stand, and is determined not to be outdone either in quality or price for his work. Special attention will be paid to manufacturing Sewed work. He has on hand a large lot of French Kip and Calf Skins, of the very best quality. The citizens of Clearfield and vicinity are respectfully invited to give him a trial. No charge for calls.
nov7,'67-tf

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP,
IN CURWENSVILLE.

THE subscriber having lately started a new Boot and Shoe shop in Curwensville, on Main street, opposite Joseph R. Irwin's Drug store, respectfully announces to the public that he is prepared to manufacture all styles of Boots and Shoes, and everything in his line, on short notice. He also keeps on hand a good assortment of ready-made work, which he will sell cheap for cash or country produce.
oct17-tf [8:13] LEWIS T. ROSS.

Hotels.

THE MANSION HOUSE,
Corner of Second and Market Streets,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

THIS old and commodious Hotel has, during the past year, been enlarged to double its former capacity for the entertainment of strangers and guests. The whole building has been refurnished, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render his guests comfortable while staying with him. DAVID JOHNSON,
nov8-tf Proprietor.

THE WESTERN HOTEL,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years this well-known Hotel, (kept for many years by Mr. Lanich,) and re-fitted and refurnished it throughout, is now prepared to entertain travelers and the public generally upon terms it is hoped alike agreeable to both patrons and proprietor. His TABLE and BAR will be supplied with the best the market affords; and no pains will be spared on his part to add to the convenience and comfort of his guests.
JOHN DOUGHERTY,
oct15 Proprietor.

THE EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, PA.

THIS old establishment having been leased by J. MORRISON, formerly proprietor of the "Morrison House," has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences necessary to a first-class Hotel. The dining room has been removed to the first floor, and is now spacious and airy. The chambers are well ventilated, and the proprietor will endeavor to make his guests perfectly at home.
je25 J. MORRISON, Proprietor.

THE CLEARFIELD HOUSE,
(Formerly kept by Jas. H. Galer.)
Front Street, Phillipsburg, Penn'a.

WE will impeach any one who says we fail to give direct and personal attention to all customers, or fail to cause them to rejoice over a well furnished table, with clean rooms and new beds, where all may feel at home and the weary be at rest. New stabling attached.
JOHN McLAUGHLIN & CO.,
Phillipsburg, June 11, 1868. Proprietors.

J. W. WALLACE.....THOS. H. SHAW.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE,
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

THIS well known and long established Hotel, formerly kept by R. W. Moore, and latterly by Wm. Schwem, sr., has been leased for a term of years by the undersigned, to which the attention of the traveling public is now called, and a liberal share of public patronage is solicited.
apr15,'68-1y-pd SHAW & WALLACE.

SUSQUEHANNA HOUSE,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.

THIS old and well established Hotel, beautifully situated on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the borough of Curwensville, has been leased for a term of years by the undersigned. It has been entirely refitted, and is now open to the public generally and the travelling community in particular. No pains will be spared to render guests comfortable while tarrying at this house. Ample Stabling room for the accommodation of teams. Charges moderate.
nov21-tf WM. M. JEFFRIES.

THE RAILROAD HOUSE,
MAIN ST., PHILIPSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned keeps constantly on hand the best of Liquors. His table is always supplied with the best the market affords. The traveling public will do well to give him a call.
nov1,'65. ROBERT LLOYD.

SUSQUEHANNA HOUSE,
COXESTOWN, DAUPHIN CO., Pa.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the Waterman of Clearfield county, that he has refitted and re-opened the hotel formerly kept by E. Shreiner, at Coxestown, where he will take special pains to render satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage. He has blown all the rocks out of the river and planted stabbing posts for half a mile above his place. [feb19,'67] GEORGE FALK.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Etc.

THE CLEARFIELD STORE
RECONSTRUCTED.

George L. Reed.....William Powell,
John F. Weaver.....William W. Betts.

GEO. L. REED & CO.,

Two doors north of the Court House,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

HAVING returned to our old business stand, we hereby notify the citizens of Clearfield and the public generally, that we have entered upon, and intend to prosecute, a vigorous campaign against high prices and inferior goods, and have now on hand a full supply of all kinds of goods used in this market. In the line of

Dry Goods,

We claim to have a full assortment, consisting in part of Muslins, bleached and unbleached; Prints of all grades and styles; and

Fall and Winter Dress Goods,

Such as Alpacas of all shades; De Laines, Merinos and Flannels; besides, a full assortment of gentlemen's wear, consisting in part of

Cloths, Cassimeres,

Satinetts and a full assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Notions, Hosiery, Trimmings,

BONNETTS, &C.,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

GROCERIES.

We have a full supply of Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Molasses, Tobacco, Fish, Salt, linseed, coal and fish Oils,

FLOUR, BACON, DRIED FRUIT,

Sugar-cured Hams, Mess Pork, and a full supply of Provisions.

Hardware and Queensware,

Wooden & Willow Ware.

All the foregoing articles will be exchanged for CASH, LUMBER, or COUNTRY PRODUCE, and at prices to which there can be no exception. Those in need of Goods in our line, will please

CALL AND SEE US!

GEO. L. REED & CO.
Clearfield, Sept. 17, 1868-tf.

RICHARD MOSSOP IS NOW

Selling, at half their usual price,

DRESS GOODS,

CLOAKS AND SHAWLS,

BROWN SHEETINGS,

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS,

WOOLEN GOODS,

HOSIERY,

MEN'S CLOTHING,

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING Goods

LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES,

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,

BOYS' do do

HOOP SKIRTS,

BALMORALS,

LADIES' COLLARS AND CUFFS,

RAISINS AND CURRANTS,

BROOMS AND TUBS,

CANNED FRUITS,

BEEF AND PORK,

FLOUR AND FEED,

&c., &c., &c.

Down! Down!!

THE LAST ARRIVAL
AND OF COURSE THE CHEAPEST!

A Proclamation against High Prices!

WE are now opening up a lot of the best and most seasonable Goods and Wares ever offered in this market, and at prices that remind one of the good old days of cheap things. Those who lack faith upon this point, or deem our allegations superfluous, need but

CALL AT OUR STORE,
Corner Front and Market streets,

Where they can see, feel, hear and know for themselves. To fully understand what are cheap goods, this must be done. We do not deem it necessary to enumerate and itemize our stock. It is enough for us to state that

We have Everything that is Needed

and consumed in this market, and at prices that astonish both old and young.
dec26 JOSEPH SHAW & SON.

READING FOR ALL!!

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

Market St., Clearfield, (at the Post Office.)

THE undersigned begs leave to announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has fitted up a room and has just returned from the city with a large amount of reading matter, consisting in part of

Bibles and Miscellaneous Books,

Blank, Account and Pass Books of every description; Paper and Envelopes, French pressed and plain; Pens and Pencils; Blank, Legal Papers, Deeds, Mortgages; Judgment, Exemption and Promissory notes; White and Parchment Brief, Legal Cap, Record Cap, and Bill Cap, Sheet, Music for either Piano, Flute or Violin constantly on hand. Any books or stationery desired that I may not have on hand, will be ordered by first express, and sold at wholesale or retail to suit customers. I will also keep periodical literature, such as Magazines, Newspapers, &c. P. A. GAULIN.
Clearfield May 7, 1868-tf

BUY the DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC. Only 25 cents. Every voter should have one. tf.

Drugs and Medicines.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

A. I. SHAW, DRUGGIST,
(Second street, opposite the Court House,)
CLEARFIELD, Penn'a.

THE subscribers respectfully announces to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has now on hand a full supply of—

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
Dye Stuffs, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectioneries Stationery, &c.

PHYSICIANS
Will find his stock of Drugs FULL and COMPLETE, and at a very slight advance on Eastern prices.

SCHOOL BOOKS.
Teachers and others will be furnished with classical and miscellaneous books by express, at short notice.

STATIONERY,
Consisting of Cap, Flat Cap, Foolscap, Letter and Perfumed Note Papers; also, a very neat stock of Mourning Note Paper and Envelopes on hand. Pens, Pencils, Ink, &c.

HOUSEKEEPERS
Will find a full stock of PURE SPICES, SODA, SODA ASH, Concentrated LYE, SOAP, &c.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Are requested to examine his stock of Perfumery, Hair Oils, Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Toilet Sette, &c., &c.

SMOKERS AND CHEWERS
Will find a full supply of prime Chewing and Smoking TOBACCO, Imported and Domestic CIGARS, Snuff, Fine-Cut, &c., &c.

CARBON OIL,
Of the best brands, always on hand.

LIQUORS.
The best quality of Liquors always on hand, for medical purposes.

Physicians' Prescriptions promptly and carefully compounded.
April 9, 1868. A. I. SHAW.

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER

SCHEETZ'S
Celebrated Bitter Cordial.

THIS medical preparation is now offered to the public as a reliable substitute for the many worthless compounds which now flood the market. It is purely vegetable, composed of various herbs, gathered from the great storehouse of nature, and selected with the utmost care. It is not recommended as a CURE-ALL, but by its direct and salutary influence upon the Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Stomach and Bowels, it acts both as a preventive and cure for many of the diseases to which those organs are subject. It is a reliable Family Medicine, and can be taken by either infant or adult with the same beneficial results. It is a certain, prompt and speedy remedy for Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Bowel complaint, Dyspepsia, Lowness of Spirits, Faintings, Sickheadache, &c. For Chills and fevers of all kinds, it is far better and safer than any quinine, without any of its pernicious effects. It creates an appetite, proves a powerful digester, and will counteract the effects of liquor in a few minutes. Prepared by JACOB SCHEETZ, Sole Proprietor, N. W. cor. Fifth and Race streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists. [nov12-1y

Attention, Afflicted!

THE subscriber gives notice that he has resumed the practice of Medicine in Luthersburg, where he intends to devote his attention to the treatment of CHRONIC DISEASES in general. He will keep on hand a choice selection of DRUGS and MEDICINES adapted to the treatment of chronic diseases, and may be consulted at his office at any hour of the day.

N. B.—A word to those afflicted with chronic diseases may be to THEIR advantage. MANY MAY NOT be aware that COUNTRY Physicians who do a RIDING practice have not TIME to attend to the treatment of CHRONIC diseases, and consequently NEGLECT them; hence this class of diseases require EXCLUSIVE attention.
GEORGE WILSON, M. D.
Luthersburg, Feb. 27, 1868-tf

RUSS'S St. Domingo, Hubbell's, Drake's, Hoofland's German, Hostetter's and Greene's Oxygenated Bitters; also pure Liquors, of all kinds for medicinal purposes, for sale by
HARTSWICK & IRWIN.

Banks.

Clearfield County Bank.

THE Clearfield County Bank as an incorporated institution has gone out of existence by the surrender of its charter, on May 12, 1865. All its stock is owned by the subscribers, who will continue the Banking business at the same place, as private Bankers, under the firm name of the "Clearfield County Bank." We are responsible for the debts of the Bank, and will pay its notes on demand at the counter. Deposits received and interest paid when money is left for a fixed time. Paper discounted at six per cent. as heretofore. Our personal responsibility is pledged for all Deposits received and business transacted. A continuance of the liberal patronage of the business men of the county is respectfully solicited. As President, Cashier and officers of the late Clearfield County Bank, we require the notes of said Bank to be presented for redemption.

JAS. T. LEONARD, RICHARD SHAW,
WM. PORTER, JAS. B. GRAHAM,
A. K. WRIGHT, G. L. REED,
WM. A. WALLACE.

The business of the Bank will be conducted by John M. Adams, Esq., as Cashier. [Jun28,'56

J. D. M'Girk. Edward Perks.

BANKING & COLLECTION HOUSE
OF
McGIRK & PERKS
Successors to Foster, Perks, & Co.,
Philipsburg, Centre County, Pa.

WHERE all the business of a Banking House will be transacted promptly and upon the most favorable terms. mar7-tf

County National Bank.
CLEARFIELD, PA.

THIS Bank is now open and ready for business. Office on Second street, in the building formerly occupied by Leonard, Finney & Co.

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.

JAS. B. GRAHAM, RICHARD SHAW,
WM. A. WALLACE, WM. PORTER,
A. K. WRIGHT, GEO. L. REED,
D. W. MOORE, JAS. T. LEONARD,
ja28,'66] Cashier. President

Clothing.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

THE times are hard; you'd like to know
How you may save your dollars;
The way to do it I will show,
If you will read what follows.

A man who lived not far from here,
Who worked hard at his trade,
But had a household to support
That squandered all he made.

I met him once. Says he, "My friend,
I look thread bear and rough;
I've tried to get myself a suit,
But can't save up enough."

Says I, my friend, how much have you?
I'll tell you where to go
To get a suit that's sound and cheap:
To REIZENSTEIN & Co.

He took what little he had saved,
And went to Reizenstein & Brothers',
And there he got a handsome suit,
For half he paid to others.

Now he is home, he looks so well,
And their effect is such,
That when they take their daily meal,
They don't eat half as much.

And now he finds on Saturday night,
With all their wants supplied,
That he has money left to spend,
And some to lay aside.

His good success, with cheerful smile,
He gladly tells to all,
If you'd save money, go and buy
Your clothes at—
REIZENSTEIN'S CLOTHING HALL.

Where the cheapest, finest and best Clothing and good Furnishing Goods can be had to suit every taste and in every style aprl1,'67

THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1866 1867 and 1868 for sale at the Post Office. Price 25 cents. Mailed to any address. [je22-tf

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum, in Advance.

VOL. 41—WHOLE NO. 2094. CLEARFIELD, PA., THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1868. NEW SERIES—VOL. 9, NO. 19.

The Republican.

A Minister Falls Among Thieves.

On Broadway, below Fourteenth street, stood a church that at one time was one of the most fashionable in the city. The congregation was wealthy and large; the minister eloquent and popular. The bells of the city, with the young and the fashionable, crowded the church when the pastor filled the pulpit. In the full flush of his popularity, when a pew could not be hired at any price, when any salary would have been paid to him that he demanded, the minister disappeared. Quite late on Saturday night the vestry received a letter from the rector, dated off Sandy Hook. The letter tendered the rector's resignation, and announced that he had sailed that day at noon in one of the cunard steamers for Europe. The parish were surprised and alarmed. The whole affair was a painful mystery. Here was a minister, settled over a flourishing and liberal charge, with a fine church and parsonage, a church crowded with the elite of the city, with a salary equal to any demands he might make, with the best singing in the city, and all the popular appliances, who had suddenly resigned, and privately left the country, to go no one knew where.

The story is a romance. The explanation came after the minister had completed his European tour. At midnight the door bell of his parsonage was violently rung. Going to the window, the minister saw a man standing on his door-stone, and he demanded his business. He came with a message, he said, from a dying woman. Hastily dressing himself, the good man came to the door and received the message Just around the block was a poor woman, and she was dying. Her only treasure was a babe. She could not die in peace unless her babe was baptized. If his reverence would come to her dying pillow, and administer that sacrament, the blessing of a poor dying woman would be his reward. It was much to ask, and at midnight, too, but his great Master, who loved the poor, would not have denied such a request as this.

His humane and religious sympathies were aroused, and the minister followed the messenger. Common prudence would have said, "Take a policeman with you. Call up a friend, and get him to bear part in the ceremony." But, dreaming of no peril, he went on his way to do, as he thought, his Master's will. He was soon in a dessolute region, in a street notorious for its uncleanness. The messenger knocked at a heavy gate, that closed up a narrow, dark alley. It opened immediately, and slammed behind the parties like a prison door. Through a long, narrow, and unwholesome entry, that seemed to be an alley-way covered, the parties took their way. They passed up a narrow staircase, broken and rickety. Lewd women were passed on the stairs. Dark-featured and villainous-looking men seemed to crowd the place. With his sacred vestments on his arm, and his book of service in his hand, the minister was ushered into a dark and unwholesome looking room. The door was closed behind him, and locked. A dim candle on the table revealed the outline of a dozen persons, male and female, of the most abandoned and desperate class. His inquiry for the sick woman, and the child to be baptized, was greeted by shouts of laughter. He knew he was a victim. He demanded the reason for this outrage. He was informed that his friends who had invited him there wanted money. His standing and character were well known. He was in one of the most notorious houses in New York; his midnight visit to that place was well known, and could easily be proved. If he paid one thousand dollars, all would be well. If not, his ruin was certain. Instead of defying the villians, calling on the police, or confiding in his congregation, he thought he would hush the matter up. He might have known that it would all come out, and that every dollar he paid would be used as evidence against, or as means to extort more. But he was thoroughly frightened; would not have the thing known for the world; his hand was in the lion's mouth, and he must draw it out as easily as he could; so he gave his obligation to pay the money promptly at noon the next day, which he did. Of course new demands were made from time to time. He was dogged in the streets. Suspicious looking men stopped to speak with him on the corners. Notorious men rang his door-bell. Mysterious notes, from ignorant, low-bred, and vicious persons—as the spelling and language showed—came to his hand, and into the hands of his family. The poor man was nearly distracted. He paid away his own money and borrowed till his reputation suffered. The threat of exposure hung over him like an ominous sword held by a hair. In a moment of desperation he decided to leave the country, which he did to the astonishment and regret of his friends.

On his return from Europe, the rector settled in Massachusetts, over a small rural parish. He was soon tracked to his country home. Blackmailing was renewed. His old terror came upon him. Again he acceded to the extortion. The police of New York at length came to his relief. In searching for other game, they came upon proofs that this minister was in the hands of black-mailers. Letters were found containing information of his whereabouts, how to terrify him, what sums to demand, and at what time his salary was due. He was relieved from his pursuers. The large sums he had paid were never refunded. His spirits were broken, and he has never recovered his position. I saw him not long since in Canada. He holds a subordinate position, and is preaching to a small parish. He will die a victim of black mailing.

It is stated by scientific men that lightning strikes more women than men every year. We can easily believe it, for women are more *attractive*.

THE ART OF TAKING THINGS.

The author of the "Recreations of a Country Parson" has written some very fine articles on the art of putting things, but if he has not yet written, or does not hereafter write, something on the art of taking things, he has left his work only half finished. When we speak of taking things we do not mean taking what does not belong to us, for that is forbidden, but only those things which minister to our own happiness, and do not in any way diminish that of others or interfere with their property. The author above spoken of teaches us how to put things which are in themselves unpleasant, in such a way as to make others least uncomfortable, but he must also learn how to take things from others and often from ourselves with a kind of stoical philosophy, or we will continually be fretting over things, which makes us unhappy and does not mend matters in the least.

Fontenelle, a celebrated French writer, attained to the age of nearly a century with all his faculties unimpaired, mainly because he allowed nothing to disturb the equanimity of his mind. He took everything as a matter of course, and thought no more about it.

A story is told of a certain negro, who had the right spirit in this respect, though he may not have been eminently successful in the practice of it. If all of us were actuated by his desires, both taking things and putting them could be made less unpleasant. Being one day working his master's oxen, both of them fell into an unfortunate ditch and broke their necks. When he came home his master asked him what he had done with the oxen. He answered that one of them had fallen into a gutter and broken his neck. "And what become of the other one?" "He fell in, too," said the darkey. "But, why," said the master, "didn't you tell me about both at once?" "Cos I war 'fraid you couldn't stood it." Unfortunately, too many persons, unlike this black philosopher, try to put things in their most disagreeable light, and if we do not school ourselves in the true art of taking things we will be kept in a continual boil.

It is no little comfort to a man if he can laugh at the shortcomings of mankind, especially if they are of such a character that from the very nature of things he can not remedy them. When we say *laugh* we do not so much mean that expression (or contortion) of the countenance called laughing, but rather that inward serenity of temper that always puts the best construction upon everything. "Always take things by the smooth handle," said Thomas Jefferson, and we should all make this the text upon which to preach and practice the sermon, our *life*. How many misfortunes we sigh over that never happen!

Our misfortunes may all be divided into two great classes—those we can help and those we can not. Now is there any use in making ourselves miserable about either of these? If we can avoid trouble, let us do so; if we can not let us meet it like heroes, and never for a moment grieve over it. It seems to be the case that too many of us overrate our own importance, and fancy that others are thinking of us when really such a thing is farthest from their thoughts. A young rustic, who for the first time gets into company, in most cases affords a specimen of a genuinely unhappy creature. He is one who seems to feel that all eyes are upon him; trick this position and that, puts his hands in his pockets and then behind his back, stands on one foot, then on the other, then sits down, yet still ease seems nowhere to be found. Here is evidently one who is unhappy, because he does not know how to take things. And are there not many persons, who, in a different way, from an equally ridiculous source, are just as unhappy? If we have done anything wrong, or anything we are sorry for, we should resolve never to repeat it, and there let the matter end. Of what account is it to us when we have done with this life whether we have been richer than our neighbor or poorer; and this beggar's philosophy, as it may be called, will save us much discomfort, if we remember that a man's real worth is not to be estimated in this way. A man who can philosophize thus, and put his philosophy into practice, has some sterling points of character no matter what other defects he may possess. On the other hand a man displays some contemptibly weak points of character, we can say as did the poet Lander, that his bad dancing caused him more misery than all his other misfortunes together. If dancing is not a man's forte there must be something else at which he can succeed better.

In what striking contrast to the last remark is that noble one of an eminent general—unfortunate, too, as some would think—who said, "I am ugly, and no favorite of the ladies, but I will make myself feared by the enemies of my God and my king."

Few of us are aware how much pleasanter we could make our lives if we would only set ourselves to the work of doing it. We seem to be unhappy when we are not grieving about something. And yet we shorten our lives by so doing. Dr. Merryman is one of the best physicians in the world, but nobody wants to take his medicines except when they do not need them.

"Whole years of joy glide unperceived away,
While sorrow counts the minutes as they pass."
"Half of the ills we board within our heart,
Are ills because we board them."
—*Our Mutual Friend.*

A country youth came to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

Josh Billings says he "seen some awful bad throat diseases completely cured in 3 days by simply jineing a temperance society."

A MENAGERIE ON FIRE.

Forepaugh's menagerie caught fire in Philadelphia on Saturday night, and, from the following account, there was a lively time among the animals:

The buildings of Mr. Forepaugh were completely wrecked. He estimates his loss at between $30,000 and $40,000. He had no insurance whatever upon his properties. Two or three cages of small animals were destroyed; one of them contained several specimens of monkeys, the others were filled with foxes, raccoons and wolves. Besides, no less than fifteen of his fancy wagons were destroyed, in addition to harness and other paraphernalia incident to a menagerie. Although, as mentioned, some of the animals were burned, fortunately the great majority of them were rescued. As soon as the flames were first discovered the animals were thought of, and citizens rushed in and rolled the cages out into the street. It was impossible to save the wagons.

The fire burned stubbornly for some two hours before the firemen could get it under control.

Of course the fire soon gathered a large crowd to the spot, and the highest excitement reigned—an excitement, too, very materially augmented by the escape of several of the animals from the cages during the hurried confusion of rescuing them from the rapidly approaching flames. Before the fire reached the building in which were most of the cages, the firemen and citizens had succeeded in getting them out and running them along the sidewalk and the street. While this work was in progress, a tigress was seen making her way out of the building. She had escaped from the cage in which she was confined, and, bristling with fright, rushed toward the street—rapidly, to be sure—but yet with much uncertainty.

As soon as she was observed a shout arose—"A tiger! a tiger!" and men, women and children, dismayed at the thought of encountering the formidable beast, ran pell-mell in every direction, in search of places of safety. The women shrieked, the children cried and the men yelled. The very noise lent speed to flying legs, and some of the more aged, hurrying in flight, made far better time than they had done for years. The firemen, however, stood their ground, watching a chance to capture the escaped animal Following after the tiger came a leopard, then a wolf. Things were getting warm, and one might easily have imagined himself—as the noise of the crackling timbers sounded in his ears, the lurid light of the flames burst upon his eyes, and the unshackled beasts passing near him—upon a Western prairie while it blazed in fire.

The people who had been gazing from doors and windows upon the scene of conflagration hastily retreated, and shutters were closed in a trice. Clouds of petticoats dodged around the corners, and many were trampled under foot in the demoralized skedaddle. The fortunate presence of Mr. Forepaugh and some of his assistants at the breaking out of the fire, together with the manly conduct of the firemen, prevented, however, any serious consequences resulting from the escape of the beasts.

In one instance, where a bar was loose from one of the cages, and a tiger was endeavoring to make his exit, two men stood by the opening with clubs and beat back the animal until one of Mr. Forepaugh's employees reached the scene and replaced the iron bar. A lion succeeded in getting free, but as the huge brute was about to pass down the street some of the firemen seized a large packing box, and throwing it over the dangerous customer, held him prisoner until after the fire was extinguished.

The animals themselves were evidently frightened, and only sought after their escape, places where they could hide.

Some of the employees of Mr. Forepaugh started in pursuit of the fugitive animals. The tigress was found in the cellar of a building about two squares distant from the fire, where she had taken refuge; she was easily captured. The leopard ran up Jefferson street to Twenty-first, when, perceiving the open door of a dwelling, in he ran, passing, on his way to the parlor, one or two ladies. They at first supposed the brute a large dog, but after they discovered its true character precipitately left the place. Mr. Forepaugh's assistants some time afterwards were informed of his whereabouts and captured him.

A young Jonathan took it into his head one day to get a wife. He accordingly looked about him, and very soon made such a selection as suited him, and was not long in striking a bargain and settling the preliminaries. He then applied to a clergyman to perform the ceremony.

"But are you prepared for such an important change in life?" said the reverend gentleman. "I guess I be," says Jonathan, "for I have got my land just paid for and own a good yoke of steers and a cow."

"Very well," said the holy man, with a long breath and sober face, "all these wordly things may be very proper in their place, to be sure; but have you ever thought of salvation."

This was a poser. "Sal Vation," says Jonathan, "who in the thunder is she?" It is needless to say Jonathan got married.

State of the Fincastle Markets.—Breadstuffs, rising every day; gunpowder, goes off easily; bitter beer, this article has a downward tendency; indigo, the trade is dyeing; pickled pork, dead and very inactive; brandy, very spirited; vermillion, finds a ready sale; nutmegs in grater demand; soda water, brisk and lively; lead, veay heavy.

"May I leave a few *tracts*?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady who responded to his knock.

"Leave some *tracks*—certainly you may," said she looking at him most benignly over her specks, "leave them with the heels towards the house, if you please."

An Extraordinary Case of Bigamy.

An extraordinary case of bigamy was before the court yesterday evening. The prisoner was a handsome and fashionably attired young man, named Albert A. Whitehead, about 21 years of age, and the circumstances of his case are as follows: On the 17th of June 1868, Whitehead, who is a real "lady-killer," married a young lady named Emma Doubleday—the daughter of Mr. Henry Doubleday, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn—the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Fleet Street M. E Church.

On the 4th of July last, young Whitehead asked his father-in-law, Mr. Doubleday, for the loan of $500, in order to get into business. Mr. Doubleday advanced him $220. Just at this time, however, a young girl brought the news to Mrs. Whitehead that her husband was courting a Miss Emma Gable, and was to be married to her at an early date, an that "Albert's" wedding suit was then being made. The wife informed her father, who, by skill and activity, actually found the tailor making the wedding suit, and obtained other information leading him to the conviction that the money borrowed was for the purpose of paying for his wedding expenses and a flight to Nashville, Tennessee. Mr Doubleday, therefore, had Whitehead arrested for obtaining money under false pretences, and also obtained information of his former marriage with Miss Mary Jane Tallman, of Buffalo, by the Rector of St. James' Church there. On his complaint, indictments were found in June by the Grand Jury, for both bigamy and obtaining money under false pretences. The case coming up yesterday, Mr. Doubleday procured the attendance of the first wife from Buffalo, who confronted the prisoner in court, much to his surprise. Whitehead, seeing that the "jig was up," plead guilty to the indictment of bigamy. When conducted before the bar of the court, the two young wives were provided with seats near him, while in the rear among the spectators, were two sweethearts, who had been expecting marriage. The prosecuting personage, the father of the last wife, bound to see the thing out, was near by, one arm upon the bar of the court, and watching the proceedings with great interest The prisoner stood up coolly before the court, but had nothing to say. He was attired in a fashionable black suit, with white neck-tie and immaculate linen. We was sentenced to the State Prison for three years, and then stated with the air of an old libertine, that he had a third wife in Washington.

The first wife has buried one child, born in wedlock with the prisoner, and the second is soon to be confined. One of the sweet-hearts, who still clings to Albert, waited till all others had departed, to take a final interview with him, on his way, handcuffed, to jail. The other women wept "copiously" in the court-room, and the spectators looked on with interest.—*N. Y. Democrat.*

BILLIARDS.—A match of more importance than any that has been played in this city for years began last week between Victor Estephe and Isadore Gayraud, at the rooms of the former, 609 Chestnut street. The terms of the match are as follows: First 2000 points French three-ball carom game; second 3000 points American four-ball game, on a carom table, push shot barred, each carom to count but one point. The object of this stipulation is to lessen the chances of luck, and make the result depend more upon skill, as a carom on the two red balls will count no more than one on the white and red. Two hundred points on the French game will be played at each meeting, and five hundred points of the four-ball game at the next. This will be a remarkably interesting contest, as both players stand in the front rank at the French game, and dispense altogether with the unscientific push-shot. No stakes are to be played for, as the match is simply a trial of skill, and this is an advantage to the public for the playing is apt to be all the finer for the absence of any betting.—*Philadelphhia Post.*

GOOD JOKE.—The Altoona *Vindicator* tells a good joke at the expense of a young tanner of that place. He was marching in a procession, and as he was passing the house of his sweetheart she was sitting at the window, and wishing to attract his attention, she threw a soft tomato at him. The youthful tanner was impressed with the idea that the Ku Klux had shot him, and dropping his lamp, he fell over into the arms of a comrade, exclaiming: "Kiss me for my mother! Oh, tell my mother that her darling perished for what he thought was right! Whisper my parting blessing to Mary—comrades avenge my death!" It was some time ere the youth realized the truth, and severe anathemas were showered upon his head for mixing the ranks in inextricable confusion.

ABOUT BABIES.—The *young* editor of the Columbia *Herald* has evidently got his first baby, from the way he assails his superiors in his last issue. He says, these little specimens of humanity are very plenty this year, and Columbia can boast of more handsome babies than any other place in the world. Babies are great peace makers and no family should be without them. No lady or gentleman who does not love babies, is fit for a wife or husband. Give the sweet little creatures a kiss.

Who don't love babies hates his race,
And in his footsteps, you can trace
A monkey dressed in human shape,
With mind as grovling as an ape.

A lady being asked for a receipe for whooping cough, for little twin patients, copied by mistake something referring to the pickling of onions, which said: "If not too young skin them pretty closely; immerse in scalding water; sprinkle plentifully with salt, and leave them for a week in strong brine.

A Beautiful Legend.

The Countess Uda, daughter of the Palatine Godfrey, first gave her hand to Count Eberstein, who died a year after their marriage. Numerous rivals then disputed the hand of the young widow, who joined to the happiest gifts of nature the brilliant advantages of wealth and station. From the number of her most illustrious suitors, Uda chose the brother of the Duke of Bavaria. It was a proud alliance but not a happy one. After passing the rest of her life in the bitterest domestic trials, the Countess Uda became a widow for the second and last time, as the idea of another marriage was extremely repugnant to her mind. Already bowed down by the weight of age, the Countess thought only of another and happier world; devoted wholly to the practice of sincere devotion, she was only anxious to secure the repose of her soul and gain eternal happiness hereafter. To obtain this object the noble lady conceived the idea of enjoying a part of her wealth in founding a monastery. As she hesitated where to build it, she resolved to leave the decision to the will of Heaven, and, according to the legend, the following were the means she adopted to learn the divine pleasure: An ass was loaded with a large sack filled with pieces of gold, to the amount which she intended to devote to this pious purpose: "The convent shall be erected on the spot where the gold first touches the ground, whether the ass lies down, or gets rid of his burden by throwing it off." Such was the order given by the Countess Uda; and immediately the ass, gaily caparisoned, was sent on its mission, followed by a chaplain and two grooms, who watched its movements. On leaving the castle, it struck across the valley, and in two hours arrived at Sholberg. There, being thirsty, it struck the ground with its foot, and a spring of water gushed forth, the ass drank and went onwards. Having reached the summit of the mountain, the animal seemed to think it had carried its load far enough; and by dint of kicking and plunging, it broke the cords by which it was attached, and the sack thus violently thrown off, rolled from the top of the mountain into the valley, where it burst. A little chapel, ornamented with a commemorative inscription, was erected on the spot where the spring had gushed forth; and a monastery was built at the place where the pieces of gold were scattered upon the turf.

The Two Apprentices.

Two boys were apprenticed in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with the other boys to have a "good game." "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books; come with us. What is the use of all this reading."

"If I waste these golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall lose what I shall never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State house to be built