

Merchant Tailors.
SOMETHING NEW IN SHAW'S ROW.
FRANK & STOUTON,
MERCHANT TAILORS
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
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CLEARFIELD RE-PUBLICAN.
GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.
PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN.
VOL. 41—WHOLE NO. 2097.
CLEARFIELD, PA., THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1868.
NEW SERIES—VOL. 9, NO. 22.
TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.
The majority against negro suffrage in Missouri is 28,445.
Can't you get water when you were thirsty?
A man's wealth and a woman's age can never be known accurately till they die.
A pleasant style of suicide—to hang upon the notes of a pretty lady while she is singing.
If nature abhors a vacuum, why does she permit so many empty-headed people to live?
Hartford, Conn., is to have a Green Band ball, with a premium of \$10 for the largest band.
There is an old lady in Columbus, Ohio, eighty years old, who is setting her third set of teeth.
A Br of Advice—You had better find out your own faults than those of your neighbor.
"Reflect before you act, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking," was a maxim of Gen. Jackson.
A young woman in New York is in grief. She can't get married because her well has not arrived yet from Paris.
Beautiful thoughts of an oriental poet—"He who shakes the tree of sorrow is often sowing the seed of joy."
A late philosopher says that if anything will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the lamp's blown out.
A number of "elegant and refined young gentlemen" in Missouri, it is said, advertise for situations as sons-in-law in wealthy families.
Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.
A Medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated near the jaw-bone.
J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, is named as a Radical candidate for United States Senator from this State.
A writer in the New York Citizen says: "If Plimouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim fathers it would have accomplished something worth talking about."
A Polish landlord had to pay three hundred roubles because his daughter of seven years, in a room by herself, played a Polish national air on a piano.
A true friend is distinguished in the crisis of hazard and necessity; when the gallantry of his aid may show the worth of his soul and the goodness of his heart.
A Belgian clergyman shot himself recently at the tomb of Napoleon, in Paris, saying that he wished to offer himself up as a sacrifice to the genius of the first Emperor.
Bill McDonald, colored, has been elected a Justice of the peace in Smith County, Ga., beating two white candidates, who are said to be much disgraced at the negro's impudence.
A Tragedian had his nose broken. A lady on one occasion said to him: "I like your acting, but I can't get over your nose." "No wonder," replied he, "the bridge is gone."
Thomas Hood died composing, and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to turn a lively Hood.
The Boston Post says: A Sunday paper says it is in favor of women voting, if they want to. We should like to see the man that could make them vote, if they didn't want to.
A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments. It is better to have a white fault in a good man than more attention than a great offense in a bad man.
"My dear," said an anxious matron to her daughter, "it is very wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at each other." "Why so, mama? I'm sure they don't hurt, even if they do it."
During the month of November, 36,341 eight wheeled freight cars moved over the middle division of the Pennsylvania railroad, being 5,947 in excess of the corresponding month of last year.
We have lately been reading of some person who was killed by a cork which struck him in the eye when drawing it. But if the cork has killed its one man consider how many the bottle has killed without a word being said about it.
A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they just stepped down to the Post-office.
A young man, who recently fell in love with a very beautiful young lady, says that when he ascertained last evening that she had accepted his passion, he felt as though he was sitting on the roof of a meeting-house and every shingle was a Jew's harp.
"Are a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, holding his aching head in both hands.
"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.
"Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."
When the women in the Madrid cigar factories recently mutilated, they went in a mob to the office of one of the directors, demanding to be heard. He agreed to admit a committee of them, adding that they must be the three oldest and ugliest in the lot. That deputation was never sent.
A lover who was slighted by the ladies, very modestly asked one if she would let him spend the evening with her. "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't." "You needn't be so fussy about it," replied he, "I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."
Meek, of the Bellefonte Watchman, is threatened with another suit for libel, whereupon he snuggly replies: "We suppose we have character enough to divide among fifty of them. [Radical preachers,] sufficient at least to make the middling decent members of society, and the first to come will be first served."
The Herald says editorially: We learn from the best attainable authority that General Grant is emphatically in favor of amending the National Constitution so to limit therein the President to one term, and to make universal suffrage or suffrage to male citizens of all races and color above the age of twenty-one years the supreme law of the land.

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BUSINESS MEN.
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"Here," said they, "we have been patronizing and supporting you, and this is our reward. You must change this mode of doing business, or we'll show you the merchants are a power you may not trifle with. Without our patronage, where would you stand?"
"Gentlemen of the Merchants' Committee," said the polite printer, "I am, as you see, very busy now; but call at my house this evening for dinner, and I shall consider the matter over with you in a friendly manner." The committee, congratulating themselves that old Ben was evidently frightened, came to dinner at the hour named, but surprised to find nothing on the table but a large pitcher of milk. "Gentlemen, good-night," said the printer, "I have no dinner to offer you, but I have a better plan. I will call on you tomorrow evening, and we will talk the matter over." And for many years, Philadelphia merchants were better and far more honest owing to this incident.

THE CLEARFIELD STORE
RECONSTRUCTED.
GEO. L. REED & CO.,
Two doors north of the Court House,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
H. BRIDGE
K. BRIDGE
J. BRIDGE
L. BRIDGE
M. BRIDGE
N. BRIDGE
O. BRIDGE
P. BRIDGE
Q. BRIDGE
R. BRIDGE
S. BRIDGE
T. BRIDGE
U. BRIDGE
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X. BRIDGE
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Z. BRIDGE

Drugs and Medicines.
REMOVAL.
HARTSWICK & IRWIN,
DRUGGISTS,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
W. BRIDGE
X. BRIDGE
Y. BRIDGE
Z. BRIDGE

THE REPUBLICAN.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Thursday Morning, December 17, 1868.
THE RADICAL SCHOOLMASTER.
Hannibal is attacking the Freedmen's Bureau as a corrupt political machine, and the Radical journals declare that it is to be abolished on and after the first of the coming year. But other facts do not look as if the abolition of this gigantic fraud and swindle was a certainty. General Howard announces that for some purposes the Bureau will be continued in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and in the District of Columbia, after the first of January, 1869, and that he wants eleven millions of dollars for the coming year. In all these States the organization is to be maintained, and at Washington there is to be an assistant commissioner and chief superintendent of schools; one disbursing officer for the educational department and payment of claims; two agents for payment of bounties; two assistant superintendents of schools and clerks, by the working men of the country out of their hard earnings. This matter of educating the negroes is a mere cover under which politicians can bend this class of voters in the South in their own direction. The school houses will be decorated with portraits of Mr. Lincoln and General Butler and Wendell Phillips; extracts from emancipation proclamations and Radical speeches will be placed upon the walls; teachers selected from the most bigoted class of Union-baiting Puritans, and the schools turned into recruiting stations for the Radical party. The Constitution will be denounced as a "league with hell, and a covenant with death," the teachings of the fathers of the Republic held up to scorn and derision, and John Brown and his followers exalted above General Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Andrew Jackson, in point of patriotism and love of country. New England books, brim full of the peculiar notions of that section, will be used, and none others. New England teachers will poison the minds of those entrusted to their charge, and New England politicians shape the whole educational policy and run it in the channel most likely to lead to the design upon the perpetuity of this free representative form of government.

ROMANCE OF BANKRUPTCY.
Under the above caption the St. Louis Republican tells a rather sensational story, which we condense as follows:
Who is that does not remember the financial crash of 1857? Many of our most enterprising merchants had to succumb to the pressure of the time. Among them was a merchant whom we shall call "Smith." His real name, and some of the circumstances we are about to relate, will, doubtless, be recognized by many in St. Louis, even today. He kept an extensive mercantile establishment on—street, and his enterprise and promptitude won the confidence of the best houses in the East and West.
He had a young wife and three little children. They lived in a neat little villa in a fashionable portion of the city, and the neighbors said a happier family did not exist in the State of Missouri.
The crash came, and his debtors were unable to meet his calls, and as a consequence he was unable to meet the demands of his creditors. His first resolve was to make over the villa to his wife and family and secure an annuity of \$600 a year for the support of herself and children, and leave the store secretly. Proclamations and rewards were of no avail, and the universal verdict was—mysterious disappearance.
Mrs. Smith mourned her husband as dead for two years, till she wisely concluded it was useless to mourn any more, so she decided to receive the long proffered attentions of William Bradford, an old bachelor, a companion of her late husband.
But her happiness was not destined to be perpetual, for William Bradford was afflicted with consumption, and died during the last spring, leaving his wife for the second time a widow.
To her and his children, fell his business, which he converted into cash, realizing a sum that placed him, and her children in easy circumstances.
During all those years what became of Smith? He made his way to Montana, and worked in the mines, where his intelligence and enterprise soon put him on the road to wealth. Some years after he went there the small-pox broke out among the miners, and he caught the infection, from which he recovered, but so pitted that his mother would not know him.
Last spring he struck a rich vein, and beheld in the bags of gold dust, around him enough to liquidate all the claims against him, and place himself and his family—if they still were in existence—in luxury for the rest of their days. He sold out, packed up, and reached St. Louis about the first of January.
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