THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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If paid after the expiration of 6 months.... 3 00

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GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Editor and Proprietor.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 42--WHOLE NO. 2169. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1870. NEW SERIES--VOL. 10, NO. 44.

Cards.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.

WALLACE & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in residence of William A. Wallace. jan12,70

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa. 1y

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. J. BLAKE WALTERS.

WALLACE & WALTERS,
Real Estate Agents and Conveyancers,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Real Estate bought and sold, titles examined, conveyances prepared, taxes paid, and insurances taken. Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. jan1,70

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market St., over Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store.
Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 28, 1867-1y.

ROBERT WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wallaceton, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
All legal business promptly attended to.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,66

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [feb23,'63-tf

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street one door east of the Clearfield County Bank. [may4,'64

John H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa. [sep13,'65-y

E. I. KIRK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Luthersburg, Pa.
Will attend promptly to all professional calls. aug18:1y:pd

DR. AI THORN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Kylertown, Clearfield co. Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country. [Sept. 29,'69-y

DR. J. F. WOODS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Having removed to Annamille, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and the surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. [Dec. 3 6m pd.

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Pennfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13 tf.

JEFFERSON LITZ,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country.
All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin st., formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. my19-1y

DR. S. J. HAYES,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office on Main St., Curwensville, Pa.,
WILL make professional visits, for the convenience of the public, commencing in April, 1869, as follows, viz:
Luthersburg—First Friday of every month.
Anson ville—First Monday of every month.
Lumber City—First Thursday of every month.
Spending two days in either place. All orders for work should be presented on the day of his arrival at each place.
Teeth extracted by the application of local anæsthetic comparatively without pain. All kinds of Dental work guaranteed.
N. B.—The public will please notice, that Dr. H., when not engaged in the above visits, may be found in his office, in Curwensville, Pa.
Curwensville, Feb. 4, 1869. [8-42

DENTAL PARTNERSHIP.
DR. A. M. HILLS,
Decires to inform his patrons, and the public generally, that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry,
S. P. SHAW, D. D. S.,
Who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attestations of professional skill. All work done in the office I will hold myself personally responsible for being done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession.
An established practice of twenty-two years in this place enables me to speak to my patients with confidence.
Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs coming. [June 4, 1868-1y.

Miscellaneous.

1870. MAY. 1870.

RECONSTRUCTION!

Will Fight it Out on This Line!

WILLIAM REED,
MARKET STREET,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

Dress Goods, Fancy Goods,
Notions and Trimmings,
LADIES' AND GENT'S
FURNISHING GOODS,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes,
AT POPULAR PRICES.
The entire stock on hand will be sold at a reduction to present value, and I will replenish the stock every sixty days with choice styles of the best goods in the market.
Near the Postoffice,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. 2:2

THE FIRST ARRIVAL!
Spring Millinery Goods
Just Received at
Mrs. WATSON'S.
ALL the Ladies in Town and the Country are invited to call and see the Spring Styles in
BONNETS, HATS,
FRENCH FLOWERS, &c.
We have to suit all ages and sizes. We intend keeping our stock full and complete, so that all can be accommodated with the best and newest styles of each season, and at the lowest prices.
Also, new inducements offered in the way of DRESS MAKING, in the most elegant and fashionable styles, on the shortest notice possible.
Remember the Place:
Main Street, opposite Mossop's store,
CLEARFIELD, PA. mar23

DAVID REAMS'
LUMBER MANUFACTORY,
NEAR LUTHERSBURG, PENN'A.
MANUFACTURES all kinds of Lumber for building purposes. Always on hand—
LATH FOR ROOFING,
PLASTERING LATH,
PALINGS, &c., &c.
His Plastering Lath are evenly sawed and of different lengths, to suit purchasers; the Palings are four feet long and ready pointed.
All kinds of Sawed Lumber will be furnished to order, and delivered if so desired. Prices will be liberal, according to quality.
All kinds of GRAIN taken in exchange for Lumber.
Luthersburg P. O., Jan. 19, 1870.

NOW! NOW!! NOW!!!
JOHN A. STADLER
Respectfully informs the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity that he has removed his Bakery to the building on the corner of Market & Third Streets, formerly occupied by John Hillburn, where he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of
CONFECTIONERIES,
BREAD, PIES,
ROLLS, CAKES, &c.
Which will be sold at very reasonable rates.
BREAD ONLY TEN CENTS A LOAF.
ATTENTION, RAFTSMEN!
Raftsmen are informed that the best and cheapest Bread can at all times be had at
STADLER'S BAKERY,
Clearfield, Pa. m16-3m

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat
Requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in an incurable Lung Disease.
Brown's Bronchial Troches
will invariably give instant relief.
For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, they have a soothing effect.
Singers and Public Speakers use them to clear and strengthen the voice.
Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing.
Be sure to obtain the true
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
Sold everywhere. nov10-6m

THE OSCEOLA BAKERY!
C. J. SHOFF, Proprietor.
I WOULD respectfully announce to the old customers of Shoff & O'Brien, and the citizens of Osceola and vicinity in general, that I have become sole proprietor of the Osceola Bakery, and am prepared to furnish the "STAFF OF LIFE," as well as PIES, CAKES, &c., of every description, in any quantity and on short notice.
Osceola, January 12, 1870.

Furniture! Furniture!
I WOULD respectfully inform the public that I have on hand, at my furniture rooms in WALLACETON, a large stock of Furniture, such as Chairs, Bedsteads, Stands, Rocking-chairs, &c., which I will sell cheaper than they can be bought anywhere else in Clearfield county. Give me a call. ISAAC SHIMEL.
Wallaceton, Jan. 12, 1870-6m.

FURS WANTED.—The undersigned will pay the highest CASH PRICE for all kinds of FURS and DEER SKINS. Give me a call
Clearfield, Dec. 81. I. L. REIZENSTEIN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1870.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I'd been away from her three years—about that—
And I returned to find my Mary true;
And though I'd question her, I did not doubt that
It was necessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting;
"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
"Frankly," said she—just pausing in her knitting,
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for the three years past I'll tell you what I've done; then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was inconsolable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot.
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Abbotsholt;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new;
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie Phipps,
I met him at uncle's, Christmas-tide,
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips met lips,
He gave me his first kiss"—and here she sighed;
"We stayed six weeks at uncle's; how time flew!
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Lord Cecil Fozzmore, only twenty-one,
Lent me his horses. Oh! how we rode and raced;
We scoured the downs; rode to hounds—such fun!
And often was his arm about my waist—
That was, to lift me up and down. But who
Would count that unfaithfulness? Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,
When we were lost in Clifton woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?

"I've yet another ring from him. D'you see
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
I took her hand. Oh, Mary! can it be
That you"—. Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere.
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"
"No," I replied, "for I am married too."

Costa Rica Coffee Growing.

The manner of cultivating the coffee plant varies but little in the several Central American States, and a short sketch of how this favorite beverage is produced, may be interesting to all good coffee drinkers.

The coffee beans are first planted in hot-beds, from which, in a few months, they sprout and shoot up five or six inches high, when they are removed singly, and taken to the fields which have been prepared to receive them. There, the young sprouts are planted anew, in rows, with a space of from four to six feet between each plant. For two years they need no more care, except an occasional plowing out of the weeds which spring up around them. The third year the plant is from three to four feet high, and commences to bear, producing about a pound of coffee fruit. Each year adds to the size and productiveness of the tree, till it reaches about ten feet in height; after which it gives a product of from twenty to thirty pounds of green fruit.

The coffee fruit resembles in shape, size, and color a plump cranberry, and grows clinging closely to the small, lateral branches of the tree; so that the hand can strip off at once the fifty or more berries a branch may bear. On some plantations the trees are dwarfed, for the double purpose of increasing the fruitage and facilitating the picking.

The time of picking the crop varies, according to the locality, but ranges on this coast, from December to March. When the fruit is ripe, all hands are employed—men, women, and children—and, as fast as picked, the berries are sent to the mills, which, arranged something like corn shellers, remove the pulpy coverings—freeing the kernels, which are immediately spread out in the sun to dry. At this time the skies are watched carefully, and in case of rain, the kernels are rapidly gathered under shelter, as rain upon them, while drying, would cause an irreparable injury; and upon some plantations, machines for drying by hot air have been introduced. After a few days in the sun, the kernels become dry and crispy; they are then thrown into a circular trough, and large wooden rollers shod with iron, crush the shell and liberate the two beans which each shell contains. The bean has still another coating—its skin—which is the hardest of all to remove, but through long continued attrition with the iron shod rollers, this also, is mostly removed, and then the fanning-mill cleans the bean, by blowing away the loosened skin and broken shells.

But the most expensive part of the process is now to come. Before long tables sit the natives, young and old, chattering, laughing, and singing as they work, and on these tables are poured the beans as they come from the fanning-mill. Each Indian holds a basket in her or his lap, and with both hands rapidly picks out, separately, every perfect bean, till there remains on the table nothing but broken and imperfect coffee, of no value. The hands are paid, at this work, so much per quintal, of one hundred pounds, and skillful pickers make good wages. It takes 660 pounds of the fruit, as it comes from the tree, to produce one hundred pounds of clean marketable coffee—and yet it pays.—*From Mexico to Costa Rica.—Overland Monthly, for May.*

A city exchange tells the following: "A gentleman from the country, stopping at one of our hotels, the other day, entered into conversation with one of the boarders. After a few minutes' talk, the boarder drew his cigar case, saying, 'Will you take a cigar, sir?' 'Well, I don't mind if I do,' was the reply. The cigar was passed to him; also the one which our boarder was smoking, for the purpose of affording him means to ignite the fresh weed. Mr. Countryman carefully placed the cigar first handed him into his pocket, and then drawing his knife, deliberately proceeded to cut off the end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, remarking with an innocence that was quite refreshing: 'It ain't often that a man from the country runs afoul as clever a fellow in the city as you are.'"

Useful marriage—being wedded to one's business.

THE SURPRISE.

BY MISS HANNAH F. LUNT.

[From Old and New.]

A gloomy March morning had dawned on our village, and our neighbors in the small brown house, near to the corner of our street, were more blue and dismal than the day. Mr. James Symonds had scolded his wife, because his breakfast was five minutes late, and because one button had come off his working coat. Breakfast was always behindhand; he was always late at his work, unless he hurried fast enough to break his neck; his buttons were always starting off for want of a stitch, something that wouldn't take half a minute! When Mr. Symonds had said this he shut the door hard, and went miserably down the street.

Our neighbor's bad temper seldom lasted ten rods beyond his home; his repentance often came before he was well started on his walk; and even while he was uttering reproaches he was dimly feeling that he should feel miserable all that day—he always was wretched when there had been a fuss at home. He always had visions of Mary taken suddenly ill, and of the house filled with neighbors trying to help her; or of Johnnie terribly hurt, or of the baby sick with the croup.—All such days he trembled and turned pale, whenever a strange head appeared at the top of the open stairway; and he would catch himself listening to any strange voice in the shop below, dreading lest a messenger had come to summon him, on account of some fearful calamity. The shop was too far off for him to go home to his dinner; he always took that meal with him in a tin pail; and when he had gone to his work in a pleasant mood, he and half a dozen fellow workmen sat down together, talking over the news, and comparing notes of family expenses; or, when the boys were away, telling stories of their children's progress in walking, talking, etc. When, as it often happened, things went wrong in the morning, Mr. Symonds found that he must do errands at noon; then, after hurrying down a few mouthfuls, he went out and walked all the rest of the hour—He could not bear laughing and talking freely with his comrades while his wife was unhappy. Many a time he would gladly have gone all the way to his house just to see that Mary and the children were all right, only he was ashamed to show her how troubled he was; and he could no more have put into words his sorrow for ill temper (so he thought), than he could have changed to a real angel, then there.

Mary, for her part, would have died sooner than have helped on with any such confession. She always shut her lips fast together, and went about her work with the air of a martyr, while her husband was in the house. The forenoon was always passed in recounting to herself the wrongs and injustices of which she was the victim; the number of things she had to do, cooking, washing, ironing, sweeping, mending, with two troublesome children always to look after—one just running about, the other in its cradle; how could any woman see to buttons and get meals to a minute, when her hands were tied half the time! So at home Mrs. Symonds dwelt on her troubles, and worked a husband's unkindness into the dish-washing, the sweeping, the cleaning up generally, even into the washing and dressing of the little ones. The sense of injustice met her in all the familiar objects in her little kitchen; and when she had carried Johnnie up stairs, and had set him in a high chair, out of harm's way, while she made the beds, her energy had gone up before her, and meeting, tortured her there. She wondered how it would be if she were to die, whether James would be sorry; whether he would learn how much she had had to do, and if he would not feel that he had been all to blame! But by-and-bye, when the housework was done up, her hair combed and her dress changed, as the afternoon grew on, she thought less of herself and her troubles, and more of Johnnie's little speeches—what pain it gave her to think how little she had noticed them at the time; of the way baby was beginning to hold things; and she longed to tell James these small marvels. She knew herself too well to presume that she would do anything of the sort. Had not her husband been cruel and unjust; was it not his place to make advances? He should at least say that he had been wrong, just that, and she would overlook all. But she would like to have one talk with him, and show him how things really were; she did think he ought to see that; now he only thought of late breakfasts and missing buttons, never of her thousand toils and cares. Perhaps, after all, it would be better if she or one of the children should die; then these miserable troubles would come to an end—she shuddered as she did this about the children, and didn't mean it at all. Mary, too, had really her fears about something dreadful happening to James or the little ones, but she kept it farther away, and pretended that she was courageous.

Late that afternoon, James, going near to the front shop windows, saw a man in a chaise below, leaning forward and talking eargerly to one of the firm. He could not be mistaken; he saw his master point straight up to the window where his own bench stood, and distinctly heard the question, "What does the doctor say?"—The answer did not reach him, but James turned deadly pale and sick; he staggered shudderingly back to his little corner, his whole body resolved into the act of listening. He knew that the strange man was coming to find him, and he only waited to hear the dreaded step upon the stairs, and to hear one of the boys delightedly point out himself as a person of great consequence, at that moment. A few minutes went by; he had not heard the chaise driven off, but nobody came for him. Half an hour had passed, when one of the boys rushed excitedly in, to say that the old building was really to be altered now; he had heard Mr. Cilley talk it all over with one of the owners, and it was all settled, he guessed; he should not wonder if workmen were there next Monday. Then James Symond's blood ran freely once more; the man in the chaise, the pointing up at the window, the question about the doctor, were explained. Doctor Bent was one of the owners, and had hitherto gone against any change.

Was ever any man so relieved and happy before? Grateful tears would come into his eyes as he bent over his work; and he made a swift, but earnest, humble resolution that very moment.

On that same afternoon, Mary, in trying to find some new playthings for Johnnie, had overturned on the table a box containing her own little treasures, things which had not seen the light for many a year. Among these were some small reward-cards, with texts and mottoes, which she read over as she took them up, recalling the old time when she had carried them home in triumph and learned all that was on them, before night.

Now, while she was sewing again, and Johnnie was playing with bright shells and her own old cup-and ball, the words kept running in his mother's mind. "In honor preferring one another. Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

What does looking on the things of others mean? thought Mary to herself.

Putting the verses together, she could not help seeing that to esteem others first, and to look out on one's own things, were both exhortations to unselfishness; and following out her attempt to get it clear, she thought:—it must mean that we should try to think how other people feel about things, instead of always thinking how we feel. It is not just what we do to others, that is good for evil, but it is seeing how things look to them, that is right. Now, if James saw things as I do—but he doesn't at all; and so he finds fault. But then, like a flash, came the thought, "Do I see things as he does?" and when she tried to put herself in her husband's place, by remembering little conversations they had held, and little things she had heard about his work and his companions, with what she knew of herself, she did seem to see better how affairs must look to him, than she had ever done before. His time was not his own; he must be punctual at his work, or lose his place; their house, and bread, and clothes, their very living, depended on his promptness. Of course he wished to go neatly dressed to his work; she would not have him disgrace her or himself; then his buttons must be looked to in season, for when he put a garment on there was no time for repairs. Then he had wood to split and water to bring, after the day's work was over; so that his time was almost all spent out of the house. She could manage many things to suit herself; he must please other people, and people who didn't care for him as she did; and then she felt that her husband might have a hundred cares and perplexities which she did not know. So, for half an hour, Mary had really been looking out at her own interests, but away from it, at the interests of another.—That half hour put a new aspect on the whole range of her affairs.

Two days later, Mr. Symonds was splitting wood while his wife was getting breakfast; everything seemed determined to stop by the way; James came in hungry and cold to find his wife nervously trying to make the kettle boil, to finish setting the table, and quiet the fretting baby all at once; and just at that moment Johnnie had managed to knock down a dish to break in twenty pieces against the stove hearth. Mary looked up in mute despair, as her husband came in expecting a storm, and feeling that there was enough to raise one; but a cheery voice cried out, "Pick up the pieces, my boy!" and she saw James catch up the baby, tossing her and quieting her in a minute. The fire burned, the kettle boiled, and breakfast was quickly on the table. Mary had not spoken a word, for wonder; but her husband, looking up quickly as she handed him his cup of coffee, saw tears shining in her eyes, and he knew that they were tears of joy.

What a reward for a minute's self control!

These two never talked matters over, or told each other what had changed their minds; ten to one if they had, the peace had been broken before it was fairly concluded. But they practiced the lesson which they had received.

Though each person is to consider the interests of others, he is not called to make others see his interest in return. The moral of this is not that persons should be kind at home lest some calamity overtake their families, and themselves suffer remorse. It might be: let each person be just, and seeing a fault correct it. So, he will not be a slave to fears of evil tiding. Or let no man or woman hesitate to say, "I am wrong," when there is occasion to make such confession.

An Irishman who was brought up in the country happened one day to be walking along a street in Dublin, when he was attacked by a ferocious dog. Pat ran into the middle of the street to pick up a cobble-stone to defend himself, but finding it secured, so that he couldn't remove it, he exclaimed: "This is the devil's own place entirely; they tie the stones, and let their dog's run loose."

In marrying a young white girl to a smart mulatto, in the presence of a number of the dignitaries of a western town, on Saturday, Justice Garrett said: "In the name of the Great Jehovah, the Continental Congress, and the Fifteenth Amendment, I pronounce you man and wife."

THE SEASONS.

BY AN UNHEEDED RAKE.

I love the Spring! its tender grass
(Not cabbage, but colors) please;
The vernal flowers that strike its mass
Are hardy, each in their degree.
But then, upon the other hand,
Its softness makes one overbold,
And—how, one cannot understand—
Affects one with a cough and cold.

No, Summer is the time for me,
When earth its beauty bright discloses,
When sings the bird and hums the bee,
And all the sense is rich in roses.
Yet, still, it may be urged again,
That fever, by its warmth begot,
Stalks gaunt through hamlet, town, and plain,
And often it's uncommon hot!

So give me Autumn! Calm and cool,
With woodland russet, gold, and brown;
When every evening, as a rule,
You can hope early settles down.
Still, that it has its drawbacks too,
I dare not, I admit, deny,
While pangs rheumatic wield the screw
On foot and ankle, arm and wrist.

Therefore shall Winter be my choice!
When silent lies the landscape white,
Save for Dan Robin's cherry voice,
Who chirps from morning until night.
But then in winter chilblains come,
And we're with frosts and chills opposed;
The blood grows cold, the fingers numb—
It's hard to say which season's best!

That's the Talk.

The following is an extract from a speech recently delivered in Indianapolis, by Congressman Daniel L. Voorhees, on the question of negro suffrage. These outspoken sentiments, coming from so able and fearless a champion of Democracy, will be read with interest by all those who cling to a White man's party:

I believe, as I have ever believed, that the admixture of the races is ever fraught with evils and errors to both, and with blessings to none. All history tells his sad, calamitious story, and sustained Gov. Morton when he occupied the same position, as I do now. There is not a spot of earth beneath the sun where the experiment has been tried that has not been blighted, with ashes and blood, and always with a deterioration of both races, and acceleration of all the vices of mongrels, and a backward flow of the tide of civilization. Nor will we in the future years escape this revolting doom if we persist in the attempt to absorb in the body politic three millions of a degraded and inferior race.

The wretched results may come slowly here in Indiana, but they will as surely come as the footprints of time continue to advance into the unknown years. There are some, perhaps who desire the votes of this people. I do not. I would treat them in all kindness, as I ever have, but the white man of my own great race—great in all the world's history, great in peace and great in war, great in science, letters, free governments and Christian progress can better control the destinies of this proud commonwealth without their aid, and into their hands I cast my fate, *and with a white man's party I will stand or fall.* Already the vagrant negroes, the black lazaroni of Kentucky and other Southern regions, are in transportation to Indiana.

Already it is loudly announced that their votes are to encompass my defeat if I am again a candidate. It will be for the laborers of the State—the white man who tills the soil, the mechanics in the shops—to determine whether they desire this population in their midst. It will be for the oppressed workman of every avocation and calling, who have nothing left save civil rights of citizenship, to decide whether they wish to share them equally with the African. I will appeal to them whether Indiana, a border State, shall be overrun with refuse black elements of the South. I will appeal to them whether they will encourage the presence of these elements in their fields, their workshops, and their firesides. Nor do I fear the result.

The people will be true to the rights of their State, true to the wise and safe traditions of their fathers, true to their own lofty blood and history, true to the purity of their industrial pursuits and social organization, and true to their highest type of civilization, which springs from a separation of races. And if bad and designing men are flooding Indiana with a negro population which of right does not belong here—if this nefarious schemes is at work to carry elections, I warn and implore the agents of this outrage to desist.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.—Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are with all your lessons of experience; and most probably you are a faulty being at best. Above all don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials. Sympathize with them in their mistakes or troubles; don't ridicule them. Remember not to measure child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," says the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy in all the children's griefs. Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime.—Lastly, don't think a child hopeless, because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undeniable traits; yet these same children have become noble men and women, and ornaments to society. But they had wise, affectionate parents, and whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values, plenty of loving kindness.

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a shopkeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie; it seems so necessary to thy happiness."

Enchanted Mountain in Georgia.

In one of the northeastern counties of Georgia, and less than a hundred miles from Chattanooga is a natural curiosity called, from Indian tradition, the Enchanted Mountain.

The mountain is not large and there is nothing remarkable about it until you get on top, when human tracks, or impressions in the solid rock which appear to be human tracks, are seen.

How these almost human tracks came to be impressed on the rock of this mountain, is one of the many mysteries of this mysterious land of ours. There are a great many traditions among the Indians in regard to this mountain, but none of them are satisfactory, and it probably never will be known who it was that left their tracks upon the summit of the Enchanted Mountain. One of the Indian traditions is curious, for it shows that they had a vague idea of Noah's flood before the advent of the white man. The story had been handed down among the aborigines that was the landing place of the great canoe, after the deluge, and the tracks were made by the people in the canoe, as they stepped out upon the rock which had been made soft by the long inundation.

One of the tracks, and the largest one, is seventeen and a half inches in length and seven and three-fourths inches wide. Unlike the others, it has six toes. This must have been Noah's tracks, and if there was anything in the Mosaic account of the flood concerning the size of Noah's feet, we might have a confirmation of the Indian tradition. The size of the track would indicate that he wore number eighteen.

There are 135 impressions of the feet and hands visible on the face of the rock. The smallest foot-track is four inches in length and of perfect shape. Another Indian tradition is that a great battle was once fought there, and the large track with six toes is that of the victorious commander. This is essentially Indian, as their ideas of mental greatness were circumscribed by physical size. To be a great warrior with them was to be of immense size and strength. They did not recognize the size and quality of the brain as having anything to do with it.

But who made these tracks upon the Enchanted Mountain? If it was human feet, then whose feet, and at what age of the world? If they were chiseled out by human hands, whose hands, and when? Alas, that the learning of the world amounts to so little, for no man can tell.

THE REPUBLIC DYING.—The Baltimore *Telegram* thinks that the American Republic is slowly but certainly dying. It says: "We are treading swiftly the old beaten path of downfall, decay. The history of the world teaches its saddest lessons in its record of the death of republics. Once dead, forever dead, is the mournful epitaph inscribed upon them all. We too are floundering along the same decline; we too are proving, as every republic that has preceded us has done, that popular government is a failure and its brief culmination is either anarchy or despotism. Our fathers tried to render us exceptions, but in a passionate hour we forget their precepts, deteriorated in political morals and disregarded their wise and wholesome injunctions, and we have been on the march which never yet has been stayed, and which leads to inevitable ruin. To people who have preceded us who have permitted their rights, their liberties in their government to be usurped or appropriated by either a one-man power, or an oligarchy, proven themselves capable, competent or willing to regain them. Nor are we any better, any wiser, any more vigilant than those who lived before us. We are indifferent to usurpation, we are mislead, deceived and despoiled by a reckless and unscrupulous partisanship; we see our rights and liberties invaded and destroyed, and we shrink like cowards or crouch like slaves before the arm of lawless power. Soon even the name with which we cheat ourselves and mock the truth will be exchanged for the proper one to describe our new form of government, and the American Republic will be remembered only among the eulogies of history.

IF IT IS THY WILL.—There is a difference between submission and resignation. We submit to what we cannot escape, and when we find that our own wills can no longer resist successfully the degrees of a superior power. We may do this without love, without reverence even, and simply from a conviction of the futility of pursuing any other course. "Even the devils fear and tremble." But resignation means more than this. It is a surrender of our own impulses, a yielding of our own desires, an abnegation of our own natures, a consciousness that He who rules in and over all is more competent to decide for us, than we for ourselves, and an entire and uncomplaining readiness to be governed by Him. It is this spirit the true Christian can accept whatever may come, whether of good or evil, as a means of discipline and development, and be uncomplaining even in the midst of sufferings—feeling that "all things work together for the good to them that love the Lord." This does not presume a callous indifference to trial; but a readiness to bear it, if such be the will of the Master. It is the spirit expressed by a suffering Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemene, when he exclaimed: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

LATE CURIOSITIES.—A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife. A plate of butter from the cream of a joke. The small coins "in the change of the moon." The original brush used in painting the signs of the times. The latest contract with the trade winds. The chair in which the sun sets. A garment for the naked eye. Buckle to a laughing stock. The animal that drew the inference. Eggs from a nest of thieves. A bucket of water from "All's well."

A late judge was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination far into the upper regions, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the judge exclaimed, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of the court."

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."