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RECONSTRUCTION!
Will Fight it Out on This Line!
WILLIAM REED,
MARKET STREET,
CLEARFIELD, PENNA.

THE PEACE OF STANDING ARMIES;
The Tax of Blood.
When rumor after rumor comes to us of war and revolution in Europe; when nearly every telegram and every mail brings us some fresh account of wrong and outrage, until

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WALLACE & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS,
NOTIONS AND TRIMMINGS,
LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS AND CAPS.

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NIAGARA.

HISTORY AND POETRY.

It will be remembered that the history of Niagara, as written by man, goes back hardly two centuries; at this time Father Hennepin, who appears to be the first white man who ever saw or heard of the falls, discovered them while on his way from the St. Lawrence to the Upper Mississippi. He has left an account of that "Prodigious Garden of Waters" which falls down a surprising and astonishing manner, inasmuch that the Universe cannot afford its parallel; "the Waters," he adds, "which fall from this horrible Precipice do foam and loyle after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise more terrible than that of Thunder." The good Father, further exaggerates the "prodigious" character of the falls, which he says are "the most beautiful and the most sublime of the world."

But Niagara's own rock-engraved record of itself goes back into ages compared with which the two centuries of its human history are but a day. We can tell the precise appearance of the falls at almost any epoch since when, some 50,000 years ago the water plunged over the edge of the cliff, just above a sawtooth, six miles below the present place. But this descent of three hundred and fifty feet was not accomplished at a single leap; there must have been three falls of different heights, separated by intervening rapids. The highest single fall, at any period, was some 20,000 years ago, when the cataract was at the whirlpool, four miles below the present falls. The fall was then two hundred and forty feet high, the whole body of water descending in a single sheet. And as the fall recedes a little less than a foot a year—about a mile in 5,000 years—by examining the character of the rocks and dip of the strata, we can predict the appearance which Niagara will present for two hundred centuries, providing that in the meantime no change takes place in the present order of nature. Thus, in 5,000 years the main fall will be a little over a mile from Goat Island; the American fall will have disappeared, and Goat Island will be an island no longer. The height of the fall will then be twenty feet less than it now is. Another 5,000 years and the height of the fall will be reduced by forty more feet.—In 10,000 more years the gorge will have lengthened back to the head of the rapids, and all that constitutes the present Niagara will have disappeared. The Christian era will come around so soon? Why should years crowd so fast on each other? And even space—familiar space—why should it contract itself so marvelously? The old farm, the encircling hills, the remote mountain tops, the very heavens—none are as large as they once were, and yet for it all no reason!

The first shock of surprise with which advancing life announces itself is a very definite experience. It is a deep-cut notch, and the bark of life's tree never grows over it. And when we are in the philosophy of devices of all electronic conceits of peripatetic logics, to persuade ourselves that we are not quite so old as the calendar testifies. A spice of folly gives a flavor to the effort. Animal spirits are zealously encouraged, young ways put on, fashionable attire assumed, light manners cultivated, boys and girls patronized, small print read, big type eschewed, extra lights refused, so as to dissipate the fatal symptoms. But a grand child comes, then another, and yet another, and so the sharp reality moves on as space, the thin veneering ruff, and the conclusion is plainly met that are getting old. And there is a touch of pathos in it, something that vicies one to one's self, something that empties the memory very suddenly to present consciousness, something that amazes us by the immense contents of the small world.

Not that the struggle is all over.—The resistance to the thought of age is not ended, it is only intermitted; and back it comes on fine bracing days, on festal occasions, and when enterprises of path and moment challenge our pluck. If we chance with elderly individuals, men that are very bold, women that are very fat, the weakness of age appears again, and asserts itself with alarming buoyancy, verging on a little demerol. But at last the true nature begins to recover its lost ground. The gathering time of the harvest is at hand; soon the beautiful fruits are ours; and then appear one by one the sweet compensations for what has been taken away from us. Slowly, too, a new insight is granted to our inward being, and this touches the heart with strange tenderness. A deep quietness pervades us. We do not need our magnificent passions to quicken our intellects, for we can be struck without anger, firm without obstinacy, decided without dogmatism, and earnest without fanaticism. If our senses have decayed, has not the soul gathered thereby? The outer world has narrowed; how small is its horizon, and how few friends remain in its shining light! It is all very sad, but the world within has gloriously enlarged; its horizon was widened into a shining space, and its zenith is far higher, and its lofty sky burns with serene lustre.