

# THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.  
WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 18, 1871.

Cadet Smith.

This charming lad is a boy and brother of African extraction, who was sent to West Point last summer to share the young Caucasians of the Military Academy into proper respect for the Fifteenth Amendment. Master Smith, strange to relate, was not received with open arms by his brother cadets. These haughty and unreasonable youngsters failed utterly to recognize the fraternal relation declared to subsist between Master Smith and themselves by our renovated Constitution. The obsolete word "digger" was freely whispered about the parade ground when Smith's gleaming bayonet and woolly head were discovered in the ranks. Nobody could be found loyal enough to accept him as a teammate. The ablest dandies who hord at the Point in the dog-days, and make love to the infant warriors at nurse on the bosom of that benignant plain, turned up their noses in emphatic scorn when the lad of Guinea displayed his shining ivories and sought to simulate the conquering and coquettish smile of his brethren. In vain did the Professors, who are a service pack of old doddles, attempt, by a display of unusual deference to Cadet Smith, to invite an imitation of this unwanted courtesy on the part of the young gentlemen in gray. Smith was "cat," "dead." He was not even honored with the attention of being ducked, kicked, or hair pulled—a process of initiation never omitted in the case of a newcoming white. He was severely ignored.

For a considerable time Master Smith confined himself to the business of pouring into the ears of sympathetic Congressmen the story of his wrongs, and in this way, became quite a noticeable person in the newspapers. But when, at last, the M. C.'s wearied of wording the bad grammar and spelling out of his letters to make them fit for publication, the amiable youth in a moment of impulsive wrath, applied a heavy tin dipper to the head of a white boy and brother named Wilson who encountered him in the vicinity of the pump. Unluckily for Wilson the vengeful Smith overestimated the power of resistance of the Caucasian pate, and fancied that all heads were like the one which he had oftentimes butted against cheeses and stone walls for the trifling recompence of a penny. Hence it came to pass that a blow which would doubtless have rebounded harmless from Wilson's cranium did Wilson dire mischievous and laid him fast in the hospital.

The Faculty—precious studies though they are—could not quite overlook this misapplication of the Academic dipper and Smith was Court Martialed. Doubt O. Howard presided over the tribunal which tried him, and this amiable body after hearing the case, sentenced him to pronounced one or two hours a week for one or two weeks, on the parade ground under the escort of a guard. This preposterous sentence having been submitted to the Secretary of War, that functionary pronounced the punishment wholly inadequate to the offense and, therefore, remitted it altogether. The Court Martial not having given Smith enough, the War Department rebuked its neglect of duty, by giving him nothing. And so he struts at his post once more, rampant and victorious.

MORAL.—White Cadets who feel thirsty had better in future postpone refreshment until Smith has had his turn at the pump or else stell the dipper.—*Easton Argus.*

## Bill Arg on Life Insurance.

"Bill Arg," the famous Georgia humorist, has been "interviewed" by several life insurance agents, and favors the public in his own inimitable style, with his experience:

A friend (I suppose he was a friend) found me and said he wanted to see me particularly. He took me away back and handed out some little thin papers full of figures, and said he wanted me to insure my life. That scared me worse than anything, for I looked like I was in danger, and he had just found it out. I axed him if he thought there would be a fight. He explained things to me, and I felt relieved, and declined to insure for the present. You see I felt mighty well, and couldn't see the necessity. At the next corner I met another friend, who seemed glad to see me exceedingly. He held my hand in his several moments. He axed me if my life was insured. He said he was agent for the very best company in the world. I axed how long a man would live under his company. He then explained to me that a man might die at any time; that they didn't keep a man from dying. So I declined, but expressed my gratitude for his interest in my welfare, and promised to buy a policy as soon as I got right sick. Just as I left him I heard some call some fellow a darned phool. When I got to the hotel there was a fellow waitin' for me on the same business. He talked to me an hour about the certainty of death—I thought, perhaps, he was a missionary. He seemed much concerned about my wife and children, and once or twice wiped his eyes with a white pocket handkerchief. I knew he was a friend, and told him I would reflect seriously about the matter.

I believe that company is a purely philanthropic institution, and would lend a poor fellow a few dollars if he was suffering. I think I will try and borrow a little from their agent, tomorrow. This morning the first one come to see me again and I concluded I was mighty bad, and axed him to excuse me as I was not feelin' well. I told him I supposed I was and the reason why. He then told me all about it and said there was about 100 of them fellers in town, and they bored about a half an inch at the first interview and an inch at the second in the same hole, and so on until they get to the hollow, and the patient give in and took a polley. I don't know about that, but I will say they are the friendliest, most sympathetic kind hearted men I ever struck; only I don't like so much talk like about collins and graveyards. I didn't take the salts.

The bright spots of a man's life are few enough without shooting any out. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless, but for the sunshine of smiles.

## PLANING MILL.

**NOTICE.** (Wm. Pease,  
J. F. Weaver, W. W. Bellis.)

**G. L. REED & CO.**

## CLEARFIELD

## PLANING MILL ALL RIGHT!

THE proprietors respectfully inform the citizens of Clearfield county, that they have entirely refitted this establishment with the latest improved wood-working machinery, and are now prepared to execute all sorts in their line of business.

Dealers in all kinds of LUMBER, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

FLOORING, WEATHER-BOARDING,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

BRICKETS & MOULDINGS,

OF ALL STYLES,

We always have on hand a large stock of DRY LUMBER, and will pay cash for all clear Lumber, one-and-a-half inch plan stuff preferred.

Lumber Manufactured to Order,

Or exchanged, to suit customers.

Any Orders solicited, and Lumber furnished on short notice and on reasonable terms.

G. L. REED & CO.

Clearfield, Nov. 7, 1867.

## Medical.

**P. T. I.**

"For thy Stomach's Sake and thine other Infirmitie's"—St. Paul.

**DR. BOYER'S**

PURE

WEST BRANCH BITTERS.

A safe, pure, pleasant and health-giving Tonic—strictly vegetable, and manufactured from the most pure and choice materials—is not a spirit drink nor substitute for whisky, but a scientific compound, for the protection of the system and the cure of disease, made from chemically pure spirits, entirely free from fat oil or other irritating properties, and will not disagree or offend the most delicate stomach. A long private experience has attested its

Superiority over all Ordinary Remedies.

No Bitter at present offered to the public contains so much medicinal virtue, and yet so safe and pleasant to take. Its use is to cure disease, and it will not create an appetite for spirituous liquors, but will cure the effects of dissipation.

To increase the Appetite, USE IT.

To promote Digestion, USE IT.

To cure Dyspepsia, USE IT.

To cure Fever and Aches, USE IT.

To cure Biliousness, USE IT.

To cure Constipation, USE IT.

To cure Chronic Diseases, USE IT.

To cure Heartburn, USE IT.

To cure Flatulence, USE IT.

To cure Acid Eructations, USE IT.

To cure Nervous Debility, USE IT.

To cure Hydrocephalus, USE IT.

To cure Sallowness of Complexion, USE IT.

To cure Pimples and Blisters, USE IT.

For General Prostration of the Physical powers, USE IT.

It will cure you.

Sold everywhere, at \$1.00 per bottle, Manufactured exclusively by

**A. L. SHAW,**

Druggist,

CLEARFIELD, PA.,

Who offers liberal inducements to the trade.

Oct. 27, 1867.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAIL-ROAD.**

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD BRANCH

On and after Monday, NOV. 21st, 1870, two Passenger Trains will run daily (except Sunday) between Tyrone and Clearfield, as follows:

CLEARFIELD MAIL.

LEAVE TYRONE, LEAVE NOBTH.

Clearfield, 7.45 A.M. Tyrone, 9.30 A.M.

Philippsburg, 4.45 P.M. Tyrone, 6.30 P.M.

Tyron, 7.45 P.M. Philippsburg, 9.30 P.M.

Intermediate, 7.30 P.M. Philippsburg, 9.15 P.M.

Tyron, 1.15 A.M. Clearfield, 3.30 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.20 A.M. Philippsburg, 3.45 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.25 A.M. Tyrone, 3.45 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.30 A.M. Clearfield, 3.50 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.35 A.M. Philippsburg, 4.15 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.40 A.M. Tyrone, 4.30 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.45 A.M. Clearfield, 4.45 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.50 A.M. Philippsburg, 4.55 A.M.

Intermediate, 1.55 A.M. Tyrone, 5.15 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.00 A.M. Clearfield, 5.30 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.05 A.M. Philippsburg, 5.50 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.10 A.M. Tyrone, 6.05 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.15 A.M. Clearfield, 6.20 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.20 A.M. Philippsburg, 6.35 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.25 A.M. Tyrone, 6.45 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.30 A.M. Clearfield, 6.55 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.35 A.M. Philippsburg, 7.05 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.40 A.M. Tyrone, 7.15 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.45 A.M. Clearfield, 7.25 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.50 A.M. Philippsburg, 7.35 A.M.

Intermediate, 2.55 A.M. Tyrone, 7.45 A.M.

Intermediate, 3.00 A.M. Clearfield, 7.55 A.M.

Intermediate, 3.05 A.M. Philippsburg, 7.55 A.M.

Intermediate, 3.10 A.M. Tyrone, 8.00 A.M.

Intermediate, 3.15 A.M. Clearfield, 8.10 A.M.

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Intermediate, 4.00 A.M. Clearfield, 8.55 A.M.

Intermediate, 4.05 A.M. Philippsburg, 9.00 A.M.

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