THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & HAGERTY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months..... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less	$1 50
For each subsequent insertion	50
Administrators' and Executors' notices	2 50
Auditors' notices	2 50
Caution and Estrays	1 50
Dissolution notices	2 50
Professional Cards, 1 year	5 00
Local notices, per line	20

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 square	$8 00	¼ column	$33 00
2 square	15 00	½ column	45 00
1 quarter	20 00	1 column	80 00

Job Work.

BLANKS.

Single quire	$2 50	5 quires, pr. quire	$1 75
3 quires, pr. quire	2 00	Over 5, per quire	1 50

HANDBILLS.

¼ sheet, 25 or less	$2 00	½ sheet, 25 or less	$5 00
¼ sheet, 25 or less	3 00	1 sheet, 25 or less	10 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

Cards.

T. H. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market st., opposite Naugle's Jewelry Store, Clearfield, Pa. je14'71

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

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 Joseph Showers' Grocery store.
Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 28, 1867-1y.

THOS. J. M'CULLOUGH. WM. M. M'CULLOUGH.
T. J. McCULLOUGH & BROTHER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street one door east of the Clearfield County Bank. [2:1:71

J. B. McENALLY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. 1:25:71-1ypd

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

J. P. IRVIN. D. L. KREBS
IRVIN & KREBS,
Successors to H. B. Swoope,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
m39'70 CLEARFIELD, PA.

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. [Feb. 28,'67-tf.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. ypd

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Real Estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, and conveyances prepared. Office in Masonic Building, Room No. 1. 1:25:71

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

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 8 p. m.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

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 Ansonville, 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.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr1,'66-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. [May, 19:1y.

Fishing Tackle!
JUST received, a complete assortment, consisting of Trout Rods, Fish Baskets, Lines and Hooks of all descriptions at
HARRY F. BIGLER & CO'S.
Clearfield, April 17, 1871-tf

Cards.

F. K. ARNOLD & Co.,
BANKERS,
Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa.
Money loaned at reasonable rates; exchange bought and sold; deposits received, and a general banking business will be carried on at the above place. 4:12:71:tf

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

JAMES C. BARRETT,
Justice of the Peace and Licensed Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Collections & remittances promptly made, and all kinds of legal instruments executed on short notice. may4,'70tf

GEORGE C. KIRK,
Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Pa.
All business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers, promptly and neatly executed. mar30yp

HENRY RIBLING,
HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
Clearfield, Penn'a.
The frescoing and painting of churches and other public buildings will receive particular attention, as well as the painting of carriages and sleighs. Gilding done in the neatest styles. All work warranted. Shop on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Esquire Shugart. oct19'70

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

DANIEL M. DOHERTY.
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [tf

DAVID REAMS,
SCRIVENER & SURVEYOR,
Luthersburg, Pa.
THE subscriber offers his services to the public in the capacity of Scrivener and Surveyor. All calls for surveying promptly attended to, and the making of drafts, deeds and other legal instruments of writing, executed without delay, and warranted to be correct or no charge. o12:70

SURVEYOR.
THE undersigned offers his services as a Surveyor, and may be found at his residence, in Lawrence township. Letters will reach him directed to Clearfield, Pa.
may 7-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

J. A. BLATTENBERGER,
Claim and Collection Office,
OSCEOLA, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Conveyancing and all legal papers drawn with accuracy and dispatch. Drafts on and passage tickets to and from any point in Europe procured. oct5'70-6m

CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
Clearfield, Pa.
HAVING rented Mr. Entres' Brewery he hopes by strict attention to business and the manufacture of a superior article of BEER to receive the patronage of all the old and many new customers. Aug. 25, tf.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [jy16-1y

GEO. ALBERT.....HENRY ALBERT.....W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
je25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

J. K. BOTTORF'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
CROMOS MADE A SPECIALTY.
NEGATIVES made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of FRAMES, STEREOSCOPES and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. apr28-tf

J. MILES KRATZER,
MERCHANT,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware,
Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions and Shingles,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
At their new store room, on Second street, near H. F. Bigler & Co's Hardware store [jan14

J. HOLLOWBUSH . . . . . R. DAVIS CAREY
HOLLOWBUSH & CAREY,
BOOKSELLERS,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
AND STATIONERS,
218 Market St., Philadelphia.
Paper Flour Sacks and Bags, Foolscap, Letter, Note, Wrapping, Curtain and Wall Papers. feb24,70-1ypd

A Notorious Fact!
THERE are more people troubled with Lung Diseases in this town than any other place of its size in the State. One of the great causes of this is, the use of an impure article of Coal, largely mixed with sulphur. Now, why not avoid all this, and preserve your lives, by using only Humphrey's Celebrated Coal, free from all impurities. Orders left at the stores of Richard Mossop and James B. Graham & Sons will receive prompt attention.
ABRAHAM HUMPHREY.
Clearfield, November 30, 1870-tf.

DREXEL & CO.,
No. 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia
BANKERS,
And Dealers in Government Securities.
Application by mail will receive prompt attention, and all information cheerfully furnished. Orders solicited. April 11-tf

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers. PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum, in Advance.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1871.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer: fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell;
But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
O! tell me o'er this checkered earth
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs—
The rangers of the sky:
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,
To the happy, murmuring bee;
But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods with all their hopes and leaves,
And the blue, rejoicing streams.
To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound:
In sweet, delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound:
To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain
For the gushing founts, and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again.

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps naught have kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.
Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er a sunny pathway shed;
In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside;
'Midst these my melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died!

But oh, thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy,
Wherewith my soul should soar.
Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirt free;
Or in a purer land than this
May our next meeting be.

Sketches by Albert D. Richardson.

JAMES GUTHRIE.

With President Pierce came James Guthrie, the Kentucky Anak, with leviathan shoulders, and six feet and a half of height. Son of a famed Indian fighter, himself a flatboat hand and cattle drover in youth. Once, in a characteristic Kentucky affray, he received a shot from a political opponent which confined him to his bed for three years. He brought to the Treasury boldness, sagacity, and handwriting which no man could decipher. One day he sent a letter to a friend in Baltimore. The next morning its recipient appeared in the Department, and handed back the missive.

"Mr. Guthrie," said he, "I can't make out one word of your letter but the signature, so I have brought it for you to translate."

The Secretary knitted his brows, and puzzled over it for some minutes. At last he gave it up.

"Hang me if I can read it either.—I have forgotten its exact contents, but I know what I wanted to see you about. Sit down and I'll tell you."

Guthrie was a walking cyclopedia of the treasury. He knew more details in each branch than the subordinate specially charged with them.—His intuitions were like lightning. Old clerks insist that after hearing the first sentence he foresaw all that a man was going to say to him, and tell droll stories of his sleeping through long conversations and then waking up and answering each point exactly as if he had heard it. They aver that he would run over a hundred letters awaiting his signature, and throw aside each one containing a mistake of phrase or figure, just as the cashier goes through a pile of bank notes and flings out counterfeits.

The mouldy archieves contain two bits of paper which illustrate not only Guthrie's character, but the contrast between two Presidents. While Jackson was in the White House, he requested that the account of one of his special friends might be paid. The Fourth Auditor refused to pass it, insisting that as a sworn accounting officer he could not overlook its irregularity and illegality. When that answer was reported to him, Old Hickory instantly sent back the original document, with this indorsement on the back:

"Let the President's fiat be obeyed.
Andrew Jackson."

The account was paid forthwith.

During Pierce's administration, Congress passed a law, increasing twenty per cent. the salaries of Government employees. Nicholson, the Public Printer, presented his account, with this additional per centage. Guthrie rejected it on the ground that he was a contractor, not an employee. Nicholson went for help to his friend the President. He indorsed the paper:

"This account seems to be correct, and, in my judgment, it ought to be paid. Franklin Pierce."

Then it was handed back to the Secretary. Guthrie, in a rage, replied:

"Tell the President it is not correct, and I'll be d—d if I pay it."

Nicholson, fancying he foresaw the Cabinet officer beheaded, reported this rash response to the Executive. But that amiable chief only answered:

"Did Guthrie say that? Then I don't think he *will* pay it. I never knew him to give up after putting his foot down!"

"Jabe, I understand you were drunk last Saturday evening, how did you get your liquor?" "Well boss, I met a chap down to Don's who proposed that we should ask questions, and the one who asked a question that he could not answer himself, should stand the drinks. I asked him how a chipmonk, or ground squirrel, dug its hole without throwing out any dirt? He gave it up, and I answered that it began at the bottom of the hole and dug up. He wanted to know how a squirrel could get at the bottom of its hole before the hole was dug! I told him that was his question, not mine. He treated."

A prudent man is like a pin; his head prevents him from going to far.

The Code of Honor and the Duello.

Under the above caption, the Alexandria *Sentinal* published a sensible and well written editorial article in condemnation of the code of honor, so-called, and the duello, from which we make the following extract:

"Poets and novelists have thrown a fascination around the age of chivalry that has left an abiding impression on the mind of a superior civilization, and from the shadow of barbarism has sprung a modern "code of honor" that has stained the fair name of Christian civilization with the bloody batcheries of the duello. This code preserved as a relic of the dark ages has been so potent in its influence, sustained by public opinion, that even churchmen whose faith is based upon a divine law that declares 'vengeance is mine' have yielded in fear of public opinion to its exactions. Statesmen, soldiers and citizens alike stand trembling under its frown, and risk life and soul to win its approval. It is the night mare of fear, peopling the very air with its hissing phantoms of scorn, driving the weak and trembling man to deeds of blood at which his soul revolts. It is the fierce law of public opinion, which but few men have the temerity to brave. Its practice is not so much the fault of its victims as it is the fault of the vitiated and perverted judgment of the public. It is a brave man, a very brave man, who can meet the public frown and sit serene and calm with the public finger of scorn in his face, and there are, alas! but few who have that courage. It is an ordeal too fiery to most natures. The courage that it requires carries with it the pride of guarding its reputation, and between fear and pride there are very few who do not yield obedience to the code of honor, and on occasion practice its duello.

This is a fearful tyranny, a despotism odious to every principle of right, to the laws of God, that with pulpits all over the land and Christian influences in every home circle, binds us to the sway of its iron rod."

The Song that Was Hushed Forever.

A very curious incident, illustrative of the power which can be exercised over the animal creation by kindness and careful training, occurred but a few days ago at Scottsville, Kentucky. The sister of officer Harry Mansfield, of this city, had raised a mocking bird which she taught to go and come at her call, and which, in return for all the kindness bestowed upon it, exhibited a peculiar fondness for her.—Last Monday week, Miss Mansfield was taken ill, and to while away the tedium of the sick room, she had her little pet brought to her bedside, and day and night it cheered her with its sweet carols, bringing to mind many happy thoughts of field and meadow, sunshine and song. As her illness grew more alarming, and day after day brought no relief from suffering, the warblings of the little songster rather served to annoy than to please her, and so turning wearily on her pillow, she said to him, "Birdie, hush, you worry me." Strange to say, the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the bird retired within himself, as it were. On the next day the lady died, leaving, it would seem, a command of silence upon the bird, which will never be broken, for, although several days have elapsed since, and every effort has been made to induce him to sing, he refuses to respond with song to any lips but those of his once beloved mistress.—*Nashville Banner.*

HUMAN VANITY.—In the "Memoirs of Charles Mayne Young" there is a striking illustration of the influence of vanity as an element in human motive. During the first French revolution Lafayette, desiring to disperse a mob, composed of the most brutal rabble in Paris, ordered a young office of artillery to load and train on them two guns. Before the command to fire was given the officer begged to be allowed to try a milder remedy. He was told it was useless to attempt to reason with such brutes. "But I do not mean to appeal to their reason," he replied, "but to their vanity." Permission being then reluctantly given, he approached the crowd and briefly addressed them: "Respectable persons will have the goodness to withdraw; I have orders to fire only on the 'canaille.'" And, immediately, as nobody wished to be considered one of the "canaille," the entire crowd proved its claim to be ranked among respectable persons by scampering off as fast as possible.

HOW TO BEGIN LIFE.—John Hall thus wisely speaks to young people:

There are two ways of setting up in life. One is to begin where your parents are ending—magnificent mansion, splendid furniture, and an elegant turn out. Is not that the pretty dream of many about their start in life? The other is to begin a little nearer the point where father and mother—of blessed memory—began. You see, my dear friend, you can go up so easily and gracefully, if events show it to be safe; but it would be trying and awkward to come down. And it costs much now to live, and business fluctuates, and health is uncertain, and temptations from the side of pride are strong; and many a young man who did not mean to be extravagant has been led along, and, rather than face the position and descend manfully, has tried to keep up by embezzlement, and been called "swindler."

AT LENGTH.—Five times the Legislature of South Australia has passed a bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and five times the English Crown has refused its assent on the ground that the law would not harmonize with that of the mother country. At length, however, the Government has yielded, and the bill has been signed; so that, if any Englishman wants to marry his sister-in-law, he has only to go to South Australia.

A dentist's office is not improperly called his drawing-room.

Benefits of Sunshine.

Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life.—The same cause which makes the potato vines white and sickly, when grown in the dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength.

One of the ablest lawyers in our country, a victim of long and hard labor, came to me a year ago suffering from partial paralysis. The right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged in coming up stairs to lift up the left foot first, dragging the right foot after it. Pale, feeble, miserable, he told me he had been failing for several years, and closed with, "My work is done. At sixty I find myself worn out."

I directed him to lie down under a large window and allow the sun to shine on every part of his body; at first ten minutes a day, increasing the time until he could expose himself to the direct rays of the sun for a full hour. His habits were not essentially altered in any other particlar. In six months he came running up stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared, with sparkling eyes, "I have twenty years more of work in me."

I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondrical people into health by the sun cure. I have so many facts illustrating the wonderful power of the sun's direct rays in curing certain classes of invalids, that I have seriously thought of publishing a work to be denominated the "Sun Cure."—*Home and Health.*

To be an Editor.

Carlton, in his editorial poem, tells of an old farmer who made his way into the sanctum with a runt of a boy, who being good for nothing else, the farmer thought he would do for an editor. The poet tells the story:—

The editor sat in his sanctum, and looked the old man in the eye.

Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made this reply:

"Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?

Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath?

Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?

Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a week?

Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent dunce.

Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once?

Can he press all the springs of knowledge with a quick and reliable touch?

And be sure that he knows how much to know, and *know* how to not know too much?

Does he know how to stir up his virtue, and put a check rein on his pride?

Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide?

Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim?

If so, we perhaps can be making an editor outen o' him."

The farmer stood curiously listening, white wonder his visage o'erspread:

And he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin; he's probably out of his head."

MAPLE LEAVES.—Turning brown, turning golden—falling gently to earth with every breath of autumn air—dying your autumn death, as the old man dies when the autumn of human life is reached. The frost has withered you, and the soft flakes will cover you over and blacken your golden tints, and the heel of man will grind your dust into the earth. Clinging to life, nestling yet closer to twig and branch as you feel the frosty touch, you cannot stay the season's march. The strong wind will seek you out, every one, and you must fall to earth, and be forgotten, just as the bravest and best are laid away to moulder out of recollection. Through the busy streets, along the winding path of the country wood, over the brown, bleak meadows robbed of green, the gale will scatter you afar, until some eddying gust mercifully whirls you into a corner for the slumber of decay. Oh! leaves, brown leaves and golden, falling and dying, you are true emblems of human life. Fading, even as we grow old, clinging as we clutch to life, though it be full of heartaches, falling as we fall when life is no more, and the grave is ready to keep guard over our long, last sleep. We shall soon forget you, and will look at the leafless branches, moaning and tossing in the gale with no more than a single thought that you lived a brief life. The bravest of to-day are the unremembered dead of to morrow.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—Let the following be kept in mind all the year: "Three things to admire: intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness, and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for: faith, peace, and purity of heart. Three things to like: cordialty, good humor and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to contend for: honor, country, and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to think about: life, death, and eternity.

The La Crosse *Democrat* reports "the water so low in the Mississippi river that steamboats have to keep whistling to keep cows out of the channel. Many captains are having cow-catchers put on the boats. This is about the thinnest river yet discovered."

A sensitive old bachelor says that pretty girls always affect him just as ornamental confectionery does—they give him the heartburn.

Drop of Ink.

Think of a queen's first signature of a death warrant, where the tears tried to blanch the fatal darkness of the dooming ink; of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal written in ice; of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son, written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheriting curses on his first born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of those and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent Protean thing a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a desparing prisoner is writing a confession of faith with a rusty nail on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which he only knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilious secrecy of rice-water and innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Ship wrecked sailors about to be engulfed in mid ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil memorandum on the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Everywhere, happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing of each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever pen, whatever ink. The varied stream this forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Energy of Will.

It is energy of will that is the soul of the intellect; wherever it is, there is life; where it is not, all is dullness and despondency and desolation.—People who have no experience of it imagine that it is destructive to the nerves, exhaustive of the animal spirits; that it aggravates the wear and tear of life excessively. But this is an idle notion, as idle as the habits and humors of those who entertain it.—We leave it to any man who knows its real effect, to strike the balance—to compare the exhaustion of an indolent day with that of an active one; to say in which of the two cases the subject is in better heart for work and fitter to undergo it.

Whatever we may be about, one thing, we believe, is certain, that if the spirits are spent by enegy they are utterly wasted by idleness; at worst, energy can only end in relaxation—it is superior to it for a while, and possibly at last may fall into it; whereas, idleness is actual relaxation from first to last, and can be nothing else. But even this view, favorable as it is, is yet not favorable enough to be just. The fact is, that violence is not necessary to energy any more than tyranny is to kingship; on the contrary, it is the greatest energy that does the most work.

Energy, literally from the Greek, means inward workingness; the blooming of the flower is energy, the increase of fruit is energy, the growth of the body is energy; yet, in all these there is no violence; the efficacy is not destructive, but vital; without it the whole frame must fall at once into corruption, with it, instead of corruption, we have life. But this, it may be said, is a refinement. It may be so, but it is true in fact, nevertheless. The gainsayer will find it difficult to produce anything from the subject of surer or more essential truth.

MAN'S SALVATION.—Men who have a half dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure, who mopes and pines and thinks himself into the mad house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental; and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

TOO HOT.—At a recent spiritual sitting, there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort; and, as the manifestations began to respond, the spirit of the departed Benedict appeared upon the scene. Of course, the widow was now anxious to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued: Widow—"Are you in the spirit world?"—The Lamented—"I am." Widow—"How long have you been there?" The Lamented—"Oh! some time!" Widow—"Don't you want to come back and be with your lonely wife?" The Lamented—"Not if I know myself! It's hot enough here!"

Mr. Froude, the historian, in an essay says: "Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolic succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal."

Difficulty excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortune, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

Some lawyers cant't sleep. They lie on one side, and turn over and lie on the other.

Miscellaneous Items.

Switch tenders—hair-pins!

Much in brief—The alphabet!

Cats, like quacks, mew till late.

Backgammon—A lady's pannier!

The tune of the smoker—spit-tune.

If you break your arm, don't use a gin-sling.

A prickly pair—A hedgehog and a porcupine.

Wheels go best when they are thoughly *tired.*

Every person complains of the badness of his memory, but none of their defective judgment.

No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is just so with bad habits.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities; but the affections are only to be fixed by those that are real.

If love is blind, why is it that when a young man falls in love, he is almost universally required "to see papa?"

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made with the heart and remembered by the head.

In proof of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places, we may say that we have seen a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

"I will be in the fashion, if I die for it!" said the ambitious belle, whose locks were not of the ruling tint; and dye she did.

A reader of an article in an evangelical weekly "on converting United States five-twenties," says he longs to be a missionary in that field, and thinks he should cleave unto his flock.

When a Radical politician leaves with a large amount of government funds in his pockets, the government organs announce that his accounts are "adjusted," and his stealings are called "irregularities."

'Tis solace for a man who is never happy unless he is winning, or losing, or making a wager, to recall the witticism: "A man who don't bet is as bad as the man that does; or, at least, he is no *better.*"

In a case under the Vermont liquor law at Lynden, Vermont, a witness caused an unpleasantness in the court room by testifying that he drank with two men—one of the lawyers in the case, and the justice who was hearing it.

A short time since two fashionable young ladies were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fits as if I had been melted and pured in."

Egotism is simply vanity, making itself conspicuous and also ridiculous. True worth is not egotistic, though solid worth may be attended with the weakness of vanity; the weakness, not the worth, is responsible for the egotism.

There may be something in a name, for the very polite Boston papers call their Foundling Asylum a "Refuge for Anonymous Infants," while Chicago, with the most finished etiquette, announces a "Ranche for babies born on the European plan."

The following is from the *Terre Haute Mail*: "If the party who plays the accordeon in this vicinity at nights will only change his tune occasionally, or sit where we can scald him when the engine has steam on, he will hear of something to his advantage."

A brick of a papa observed to his daughter's beau: "Jim if you want Lu you can have her; but I don't want you hanging around unless you mean business. If you intend to marry, hurry up, for I can't be kept awake nights much longer."

A negro was arraigned before one of the Camden courts, a short time since, charged with the larceny of some wood. When called on to plead to the indictment, he said: "I bought de wood, and dat I knows I did; but, to save my soul from de gallis, I can't tell de man I bought it of, kase it was dark when I bought it."

The New York *Mail* says: "It is an exploded theory that woman dresses to please man. They dressed to please or spite each other. Any girl of sense and experience knows that it is just as easy to break a man's heart in a two dollar muslin, neatly made up, as it is in a five hundred dollar silk costume made up by a fancy dress maker.

Jonathan and Paddy were riding together one day when they came in sight of an old gallows. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that I calculate," said he; "and now where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, be jabers," coolly replied Paddy.

ASTONISHED.—A Detroit husband caught his wife and the family physician kissing like young lovers in the gushingest stage, and offered a few remarks, whereat the lady began to cry. The husband inquiring the reason, "Alas," replied she, "I weep because your utter want of confidence in me terribly afflicts my sensitive nature." He looked thoughtful.

One very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had been drinking too freely at a tavern, started for home in a gig, and on the way was upset and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing a short time after, discovered him holding his feet up to the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person:

"Pile on the wood; it's a miserable cold fire!"

It has been reported that among the decorative carvings of the church at Hartford, Connecticut, erected in remembrance of the late Colonel Colt of revolving memory, representations of pistols are not infrequent; as if the Christian dispensation had promised 'not to bring peace on the earth, but a pistol;' and the unregenerate of those parts called the edifice "The Church of the Holy Revolver."

Relief for Chicago.

The New York *Herald* says: Chicago is in ruins. In Europe as in America, in London as at San Francisco, in Calcutta as in Melbourne, the news will be received with sorrow. In rapidity of growth Chicago has been a world's wonder. Some thirty-five or forty years ago it was an unknown village on the shores of a Western lake. But yesterday it was one of the largest, fairest and most flourishing, not only of the cities of America, but of the world. Our Chicago friends were not without good reason for speaking of their own city as a possible rival to New York. To day, if we can judge from our latest news, not more than one third—if indeed any considerable portion—of the city has been saved from the destructive and devastating conflagration. From the time that Rome was reduced to ashes by the fierce barbarians of the North up until the recent effort of the Commune to destroy Paris there have been many disastrous fires; but unless reports have been greatly exaggerated this Chicago fire will rank with the most disastrous that the world has ever experienced. It will be sad, indeed, if Chicago, which sprung up as rapidly as Jonah's gourd, should perish as quickly. In this case the mourning Jonahs will be many.

It is not our business, however, to dwell further on the destruction of our sister city. Our purpose rather is, taking it for granted that there has been enormous destruction of property and that thousands upon thousands have been rendered by one fell swoop of the destroying hand not only homeless but penniless, to appeal, on the broad principles of our common nationality, our common Christianity and our common humanity, to our millions of readers, in proportion to their ability, to come to the rescue. Now or never our charity and self-sacrifice must be tested. We measure this sorrow not by the fifty or sixty or seventy millions of property which has been destroyed, not by the thousands upon thousands who have been left without a home and without a cent, not by the unknown number of precious lives which have been lost. We forget none of these, but we think also of the total destruction of all or almost all sources of income for some time to come, and particularly of the countless numbers of old and young and middle aged who cry for bread when there is no bread to give. It is a sad and sorrowful case. No such case, in fact, has appealed to the world's sympathy in many generations. When was such sorrow so condensed as in the message of the Mayor of Chicago to the Mayor of St. Louis?—"Send us food for the suffering. Our city is in ashes; our water works are burnt." It is equally gratifying to know that from almost all parts of the Union the reports received leave us in no doubt that whatever can be done will be done for the relief of the Chicago sufferers, and that without delay. Cincinnati has rushed to the rescue; so has St. Louis; so has San Francisco; so, of course, have Boston and Philadelphia. Even the great cities of the New Dominion are stirred with sympathetic terror, and Toronto and Quebec and Montreal are determined to give substantial proof that national barrier lines are no hindrance to those feelings which are common to the race and which after all "make the whole world kin." The outburst of feeling has been so spontaneous, so hearty, so noble, that in spite of visible degeneracy and unmistakable general selfishness we feel proud of our common faith and our common humanity.

We should not have been pleased if New York city had lagged behind. In spite of all its faults our city has won its way to a first place among the great cities of the world either in past or present times. Our wealth is second only to that of London. Our enterprise is such that we have no superior, if, indeed, we have any equal. Our liberality is, when occasion calls for it, grand and up to the high mark of our great ability. On hundreds of occasions our liberality has been tested, and when was it found wanting? In 1835, when New York suffered from a great fire, how nobly we came to the relief of our fellow citizens; When Ireland was threatened with destruction by a dreadful famine, which of all the great cities of the world was most generous? It was New York. And what shall we say of our city in connection with the not yet forgotten Avondale disaster and with the recent sorrows and privations of the Parisians? In a common effort to be kind was not New York the first in the race? It pleases us to know that Mayor Hall is determined that in this case New York shall not lose the reputation which it has so nobly won and which it so deservedly enjoys. The Mayor's proclamation is all that it should be. It is timely, it is to the point, it is exhaustive. Let things be done as the Mayor suggests; let our citizens meet and appoint a general committee; let our corporations, our trades, our social, political, religious and other organizations make use of their exisiting machinery; let every man and woman, according to his or her ability, make an effort; let everything be done that can be done in the direction of duty; let us all pull, and pull altogether, and the world will have no cho