THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & HAGERTY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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Publishers.

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McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. 9:11:72

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. jan1:72

G. R. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Having resigned his Judgeship, has resumed the practice of the law in his old office at Clearfield, Pa. Will attend the courts of Jefferson and Elk counties when specially retained in connection with resident counsel. 2:14:72

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office up stairs in Western Hotel building. Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. je11'73

J. W. BANTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office up stairs in Western Hotel building. All legal business entrusted to his care promptly attended to. July 2, 1873.

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. je14'73

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office in the Court House. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
911-1'72 Clearfield, Pa.

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

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. Jan.3,1873.

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. 28:63:tf,

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic Building, Room No. 1. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. y:pd

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

D. L. KREBS,
Successor to H. B. Swoope,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
Pdt1,1'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

John H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander.

ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa. [sep13,'65-y

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialities. n1'71

CYRUS GORDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Market street, (north side) Clearfield, Pa.

☞All legal business promptly attended to Jan. 29, '73.

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
☞Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in Masonic Building.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

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

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 83d 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. [apr4,'66-tf

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers.

PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN.

TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 47--WHOLE NO 2342.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1873.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 14, NO. 42.

Cards.

JOHN A. GREGORY,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT,
Office in the Court House, Clearfield, Pa.
Will always be found at home on the SECOND and LAST SATURDAY of each month. 2:5

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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

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. *t20nov73

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. 19ja73

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

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

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.

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. [*jy16'72

CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER RREWER,
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. *t25aug73

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

LEW. SCHULER,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
Second street, next door to First National Bank,
nov6'72 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [tf

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

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

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-7'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

McGAUGHEY & CO.'S
RESTAURANT,
Second Street,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Always on hand, Fresh Oysters, Ice Cream, Candies, Nuts, Crackers, Cakes, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Fruits, Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of fruit in season.
☞BILLIARD ROOM on second floor.
je21'71 D. McGAUGHEY & CO.

JOHN TROUTMAN,
Dealer in all kinds of
FURNITURE,
Market Street,
One door east Post Office,
aug16'71 CLEARFIELD, PA.

ELI HARMAN,
PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Agent for the American Double Turbine Water Wheel and Andrews & Kalbach Wheel. Can furnish Portable Grist Mills on short notice. jy12'71

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH.
Office next door to Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store, up stairs.
5-7 CLEARFIELD, PA. 6m
REFERENCES.—Dr. R. V. Wilson, Dr. J. G. Hartswick, Faculty of Jefferson Medical College.

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
je19'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 22, 1873.

The Lebanon Shakers.

A correspondent of the New York *World* has been treating himself to the sensation of a visit to the Shakers, at New Lebanon, New York. We copy his picture of the Sunday morning services:

The Shaker meeting-house is a perfectly plain white wooden building, one story high, closed with a low-arched roof unadorned with steeple or belfry. The front is divided by two doors for the "world's people" to enter, and at either end there is one for the brethren and sisters. In the interior ranged along one side were several rows of plain wooden benches for visitors. A single row of seats stood against the opposite wall, and a few were placed at the ends of the room, leaving a large square space in the center of the house entirely unoccupied. Two plain box stoves standing at the extremes of the room and a row of pegs around the wall completed the furniture of the edifice.

One Shaker brother was on hand at an early hour, acting as usher and regulator of the sexes. As the hour for service approached the eastern door noiselessly opened. A band of sixteen sisters entered, and on tip-toe, with a sort of swaying motion, crossed the floor, which was polished up to enamel, to the opposite end of the room. They were uniformly clad in pearl-gray dresses of a rich, thin fabric, having coat-sleeves and round waists from which hung straight skirts in overlapping plaits reaching nearly to the top of their low shoes of black cloth, having just enough of space to reveal the immaculate stocking. Folded over the shoulders in the form of a half square were spotless neckerchiefs of white muslin. Theeldresses wore silk crossed on the breast over chemisettes of white linen, buttoned closely to the throat, where they were banded with high collars reaching to the chin. The hair was shingled closely to the head, over which were worn skull-caps of white lace. The first two entered in single file, the others followed by twos. They seated themselves on the benches, two at the end of the room, two at the side, three nearer the center, four immediately in front of these. When all were seated each unfolded a large white handkerchief which she carried, laid it across her lap, and rested upon it her folded hands. Other bands entered at intervals in a similar manner. Some wore shaker sun-bonnets and white or pale blue shawls, which they took off and hung upon the pegs. The part of the room devoted to women was soon filled. For some moments there was general silence. The white reflection from their caps and neck drapery gave to the faces of these women the waxen hue of death, and as they sat side by side in statuesque repose they seemed like so many resurrected bodies awaiting the ascension. Presently there was a shuffling sound. The brothers tip-toed in, and in the twinkling of an eye all was changed. By this time the outside pressure for entrance was great, and the brother usher blushed in his efforts to keep the commingling men and women of the mundane sphere from together entering the male door. When all were seated the Shakers and and Shakeresses advanced and formed separate lines through the center of the hollow square, the front column headed respectively by Elder Frederick and Eldress Antoinette. After the intoning of a hymn by all the assembled order, one of the brothers stepped from the ranks and uttered a few words of thanksgiving. A second hymn was followed by a request from another brother that no levity be indulged in by the assembly during the service. Elder Frederick Evans then advanced, and, facing the assembled strangers, proceeded to address them, first alluding to the principles of the Shakers' faith, "the basis of which," he said, "was to transfer the back brain to the top brain, or, in other words, to despise the pleasures of the body, and to seek offspring of the soul." He denounced the present system of marriage as one of corruption, though not opposed to it under right conditions, and advocated celibacy as the higher life for men and women.—He rebuked women for their extravagance in dress, and ridiculd their absurd fashions—"their false hair and great hereafters. Compared with the ancient Greek ideas, they would be regarded as monstrosities, requiring the name of woman written under them to know what they were." To the men he said: "You are a set of tyrants, every one of you, and you hold those women under you like the slaveholders of the South held their slaves. The social evil is the cause of your infernal government. The Shaker women manage their own concerns as well as the men do." Closing his remarks with a sharp rebuke for fining women $100 for voting, he exhorted his followers to praise God with zeal, and resumed his place among the elders, who, with the deacons and elderesses and deaconesses, formed into two separate circles in the center of the room, and sung lively songs, while the others, in double lines, marched round them, in a kind of slow dance, moving their extended hands in time with the music. The dance concluded, a fair young sister made an almost inaudible speech. She was followed by Eldress Antoinette, who gave a fervent exhortation, in clear, sympathetic voice, full of warning and entreaty. The audience, who had listened throughout the service with great deference, was then dispersed.

* * *

A satchel containing railroad stock, &c., worth over $4,000 was left in the cars by Rev. Mr. Wilhelm, of Shaver's Creek, while traveling between Harrisburg and Cumberland. He did not recover it. Rev. Wilhelm is evidently a better speculator than either Paul or Peter.

Tricks of a Smuggler.

The especial attention of the Secret Service of the United States having been called to the fact that large amounts of valuable laces and jewelry found their way into this country in some mysterious manner, without paying duty, during the years 1866 and 1867, it was at last ascertained that these smuggled goods came through Boston. A "special" (Captain S——) was sent to the Custom House at that port to "work up" the case, and for several months this gentleman was on the *qui vive* watching the European steamers carfully, but without avail. One fine morning, however, this officer, while on board of a steamer which had just come in from Havre, observed a large deal box, which was being transferred to the shore. His suspicions being aroused, he inquired what it contained, and was answered that it was a corpse—an American who had died abroad, and whose body was being sent home for interment in his native soil, at the request of his mourning relatives. Not quite satisfied with this explanation, the officer ordered the box to be opened. Inside was a handsome black-walnut coffin. Still suspicious, he ordered the lid of the casket to be unscrewed, and there lay the dead man sure enough, the body slightly decomposed. The casket was quickly closed, and the box nailed up and taken away without further investigation.

A short time subsequently a similar occurrence took place. Another steamer arrived from France with another corpse aboard, it was said, addressed to other waiting, mouring friends in America. Somewhat confounded at the apparent mortality going on among American citizens in France, Captain S——ordered also this box to be opened before leaving the ship. This was done, and there was another elegant casket with silver mountings, handles, etc. This unscrewed as before, and there lay the corpse—the cold blue face and head and neck—there could be no question about the fact. The coffin lid, which opened a third of its length upon silver hinges, was just being thrown back to its place when the officer insisted, to the surprise of the sailors, that the entire lid of the casket should be removed.

This was done at once, and, horrible to relate the fact, the trunk and bowels of the corpse were found to have been removed, and, in place of the contents for which intended, the cavity in the casket, for two-thirds of its length, was filled with shallow tin boxes, hermetically sealed, containing some eight thousand dollars' worth of choice Mechlin and other valuable laces! These, of course, were seized and confiscated, while the mutilated corpse went on its way, according to address.

A Lost Daughter Found.

Six years ago Mr. J. S. Hoke, lumber merchant of Atchison, Kansas, married a Miss Leland. Five years they lived happily, in which time a beautiful girl was born. Then he became jealous of W. W. Marbourg's attentions, and shot him in the street. His wife fled with the child. Hoke was indicted for attempt to murder and bailed. Marbourg recovered and fled. Then Mr. Hoke began to look for the child.

He journeyed to a small village in New York where he expected to find her, but was disappointed. He returned to Kansas and prepared for an extended search. For six months he went from one city to another all over the Union and Canada. After travelling eighteen thousand miles he arrived in Brooklyn. As he had done in other cities he wandered through the streets looking for his child, scanning the face of every little one whom he met.

On Tuesday afternoon he walked down Willoughby street. As he passed No. 123 he almost fainted by seeing his child in the rooms of Mrs. R. C. Leland, his mother-in-law. He quietly went to the sheriff's office, told his story, and made sworn complaint. He returned to the house with a deputy sheriff. The child was in Mrs. Leland's arms, and she made a desperate resistance before they obtained custody.

Yesterday the case was taken to Judge Gilbert, and was made a special order for this morning. Meanwhile Deputy Sheriff Stillwell has the child in custody.

Mr. Hoke has not seen his wife since she left him, and he says, knowing that she loves another man better than she loves him, he does not want to see her, but he will have his child at the cost of his life if necessary.—*New York Sun.*

* * *

A CHINESE LAW.—The Chinese of the western cities have a law of their own in regard to wash-houses. According to this law there must be at least eight doors between wash-houses. Sometimes this law gives the Celestials a great deal of trouble; for instance, when they have found a suitable stand for a wash-house where there is not the proper number of doors between it and the next wash-house. The Mongolians, however, are generally equal to the emergency. A few days since a party found a site for a wash-house, which suited them in every respect. When they came to count doors, however, it was found that the next wash-house was but seven doors distant. For a time they were at a loss what to do; but finally they found a vacant bit of ground between the place they were about to open and the nearest wash-house. This ground they leased and on it erected a little shanty in which they placed a door—no windows or anything else that should belong to a house except the door. The door, however, was there, the requirements of the law had been complied with and the new wash-house could be opened.

* * *

Sue Blair, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, played her lover a game of chess the other day to decide whether the wedding day should be fixed for this year or the next. She desired more time but lost the game, and must face the parson before the coming January.

The Great Salt Lake.

As we neared the Rocky Mountains, says a traveler, a thin blue streak appeared beyond the marshes. It was the Great Salt Lake. Gradually the streak expanded until the surface of the sea was spread before us. A strong wind came from the northwest, and caps of foam danced upon the bosom of the waters. They were of dazzling whiteness. The lake, however, was as blue as indigo. In some places it was streaked with green as though veined with streams of sulphur water. We drove along the base of the Mountains, which throw their rocky spurs to the shore line. Looking to the north nothing could be seen but the water heaving against a clear sky. It was like gazing upon the ocean at Long Branch. The lake stretches toward the Central Pacific road over a hundred and twenty-five miles.—Fifty miles west it washes the borders of the great American Desert. It is a large body of water. Delaware and Rhode Island might be thrown into its depths and there would still be room for a fair slice of New Jersey. On our right was Church Island, a mountain etched with sparkling springs and green valleys, nearly thirty miles long. A similar island arose on the left. The lake is dotted with these mountain islands.

Profile Rock is a cliff which projects into the lake about twenty miles from the Tabernacle. Black Rock rears its head from the water several hundred feet from the foot of the cliff. The waves dashed against these rocks with great fury, creating a noise not unlike the roar of the ocean surf.—The beach is white sand, though in some places it is ridged with pebbles of variegated colors. Along the marshes the action of the water has thrown up breastworks of white sand, which line the shore for miles. All the stories about men riding down to the shores of the lake and shoveling up bushels of clear salt are false. The sand beyond the reach of the breakers has a coating of salt, but it is as thin as a sheet of foolscap. Parties, however, go to the beach and boil down the water in large kettles, getting about 33 per cent. of salt; but it can only be used for curing beef and pork. It must be refined before it is fit for table use. The water tastes like spoiled brine, and smells like the seaweed of Long Island Sound at low tide.

How to Fool Rats.

Let us take the case of a house badly infested with rats, says the *Rural Nac Yorker*. How shall we get rid of them? Of course if they come from some public sewer or other colony, the supply is probably unlimited, and the first thing must be to cut off the access of all outsiders. But if we are troubled by none but natives, it will not require much skill to capture every one of them—old, cunning fellows and all. In the first place, then, we must resolve to take time to it and capture the whole lot, and to this end no attempt must be made to capture single animals, since this will tend to make them suspicious and will put the old ones on their guard. Then provide a large box or barrel, place in it a quantity of old carpet, brush, &c., and also some food, such as meal, herring, cheese, &c. Bore a two-inch hole in the side of the box, and leave it for some days. The rats will soon find it out and frequent it. First a young one will go in and have a good feed and come out all right; the old ones, seeing that he is not hurt, they, too, will go in, and in a short time every rat about the premises will frequent it. When this occurs, see that it is well supplied with food and arrange over the hole a block having a correspondig aperture cut in it but having also a series of wires stuck around the hole and pointing inward, just as they are arranged in a common wire trap. Every rat will go in as before and not one can get out.—Various methods may be adopted for killing them. If you are a sportsman you can let them out one at a time and shoot them or kill them with terriers. A few slips of sulphured paper thrust through the hole and burned, is, however, a very simple plan and will give a most effectual quietus. We have known a case in which sixty-seven rats were caught at one time in a box arranged as described. In this instance the premises were effectually cleared of the vermin.

Commercial Honor.

Two centuries ago it was deemed an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a man for his note. It was the same as saying, 'I doubt your honor.' If parties had small business matters to transact together they stepped out into the open air, fixed their eyes on the heavens, and each repeated his obligation with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved in some fence or tree near to be a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract, we are told, was then very rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor, and so truly did they fear Him beneath whose eyes they performed such acts.

When the march of improvement brought in the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by the innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands learning worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart.—This was cheerfully granted, Mr. S. counting out the gold on his library table. This done, the farmer took a pen and wrote a recept and offered it to the gentleman.

'What is this, man?' cried Mr. Stewart, sternly eyeing the slip of paper.

'It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time,' replied Sandy.

'Binding ye? Well my man, if ye can na trust yourself, I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha' my gold!'

* * *

"Stamps" is the name of the editor of a North Carolina paper.

Republican Sybarites.

The latest type of an American Congressman is a magnificent creature, no more resembling his prototype than does the exquisite of the third generation the rugged and homely ancestor who amassed the family fortune. He has intimated pretty emphatically that there is no cheap humanity about him, and that to be honored of his country involves equipping him with all of life's necessities, and as many of its luxuries as he may desire. So now among the annual improvements to be made upon the National Capitol is an arrangement which he will appreciate, and whose inception was doubtless due to a contemplation of his peculiar and super-refined tastes. The Senate Chamber is to be ventilated by imported ducts, through which will pass currents of air cooled by sprays of iced water. Granite embellishments will adorn this system of fountains, and classic taste will superintend their construction. Thus gradually do these men acquire the material concessions that their natures seem to crave. It is not enough that they should be furnished with marble baths and marble bars, nor can men of lofty sentiments do without dozens of hair brushes, scented soaps, cologne, ice cream, lemons, crushed sugar, and other "stationery," but their fevered brows should be cooled by iced, and perhaps perfumed, zephyrs, made expressly to order at a great outlay of time, labor and money.

If the question should be suggested to any one what return the country receives for this expenditure of personal application, he would find his answer in the legislation effected and proposed at recent Congressional sessions. Magnificence expands the mind, and lifts it above the contemplation of little things. Gazing at marble and gold and brocade, it is as easy to think and speak of thousands as it would be to mention hundreds with only the inspiration of worsted and black walnut. It is only by this recent growth of ideas that a Senator has been able to evolve a scheme for an executive palace on a scale of princely magnificence, with an opening up in this modern Sybaris that would afford an almost unlimitable and spendid perspective in every direction. It is here that the Washington Board of Public Works imbibe their first ideas which they afterwards improve upon, however, and help to show the height to which tendencies can be carried by persistent industry. Looking at all these results, can the influence of granite fountains of iced water, Carrara baths and plenty of "stationery" be denied, and ought not the careful conservators of Congressional comforts be yet a little more consistent and supply divans and hookahs?—*Boston Post.*

One of Beau Hickman's Tricks.

Beau once made a raid on the Baltimore restaurants. He determined to dine well that day, or know the reason why. He walked into Guy's restaurant and asked for the proprietor.

"Sir," said he, "I want the best dinner you can give me."

"All right, sir," said Mr. Guy; "walk in here," showing him into a neat little private room.

The Beau ate and drank of the best, and, just after he had finished his cup of *cafe noir*, and had lit his cabanas, a servant entered with a folded paper on a sivor waiter, which he gravely handed to Beau.

"What is this?" inquired the Beau.

"De bill, sah," said the waiter.

"Bill, I don't want any bill. Ask the proprietor to come here."

The proprietor appeared, bowing and smiling; he hoped there was nothing wrong, and that his guest had liked his dinner.

"I liked the dinner well enough, and the wine," said Beau Hickman, "but I want to know what this means."

"That's the bill, sir," said the proprietor.

"Well, I never pay any bills. I am Beau Hickman. I don't pay anybody. Besides, you have no right to charge me for this dinner. I asked you for the best dinner you could *give* me."

"Well, Beau, you have rung in on me and got the better of me fairly.—Now I'll not only forgive you of this trick, but I'll give you $25 if you will play this trick on the St. Clair, on the other side of the way."

The next day the Beau fared sumptuously at the St. Clair, and the scene was re enacted. The bill was presented, and the proprietor wound up with, "Beau, I'll give you $50 if you will play this off on Guy."

"My dear sir," said Beau, "why did I not call here first. Guy has paid me $25 to play it on you."

Stephen Girard's Memory.

"Stephen Girard," says a writer in a Philadelphia paper, "had a remarkable memory, seldom forgetting anything to which his attention had once been called. As an instance, when, in 1793, his ship Voltaire was built, laborers were scarce, on account of a fever raging at the time, and Girard personally assisted his favorite carpenter, 'Jimmy Humphries,' in driving in the copper bolts which held the breasthook fastenings in the bow. In 1812, during the war, the Voltaire required repairing, and it was overhauled at Kensington. It was necessary to remove the copper bolts which held the fastenings, in order to replace som wood-work, and it became necessary to know whether the bolts had been riveted from the inner or outer side. The same carpenter, Humphries, was assisting in the repairing of the vessel, but was unable to find the boltheads. Girard, who was standing near, smiled quietly, noticing which, Humphries asked, rather jokingly, 'Perhaps *you* know something about them, sir?'—The old man laughed and said: 'Why, Jimmy, don't you remember that hot afternoon in '93, when you and I put in those bolts? The starboard ones are riveted from the outside and the larboard from the inside.' Through all the whirling memories of that wonderful head, the old man's mind had gone back to the simple incident of nineteen years before with perfect accuracy."

The N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Strangers visiting the Stock Exchange always express surprise at the youthfulness of the men by whom the enormous business of the place is transacted. Hearing so often of the money-kings of New York, and naturally picturing to themselves solid looking men, well on in middle life, as the bulls and bears of the great stock market, they are astonished at finding merely a multitude of young men most of whom have the appearance of clerks, and any one of whom will, on the slightest provocation, yell at an unknown visitor like a Comanche or Apache savage. The magnates of the streets, who are the men we all read of in the newspapers, are hardly ever seen in the Exchange, and some are not even members of it. They generally remain in the background, concoct their plans in little private offices, and issue instructions to their various brokers as a general issues orders to his subalterns on the battlefield. One of these magnates may have half a dozen brokers employed in the Exchange at the same time, without one of the six knowing that five others are executing orders from the same man that employs him. It is by the secresy of their operations that the leading bulls and bears achieve particular success; and, in order that there shall be no leakage of information, they keep all their plans and purposes to themselves. The whole number of brokers who have the privilege of trading in the Exchange is about one thousand, while the number of operators recognized as leaders probably does not exceed twenty-five or thirty. These are the captains who organize and conduct campaigns; the others are the rank and file who do the fighting—bellowing and goring, or growling and squeezing, according to their classification under the signs of Taurus and Ursus.

A broker desiring to become a member of the Exchange is required to undergo a sort of inquisition before a committee, in order that his qualifications may be determined. He must also make a full statement of his business affairs, and satisfy the committee that he is in a proper financial condition. If he passes the examination successfully, he must then purchase a seat in the board, or, in other words, pay for the privilege of membership. This privilege is an expensive one.—At the present time a seat costs from eight to nine thousand dollars, which must be paid before the purchaser can do any business in the Exchange. A year ago the price was from four to five thousand. The value of seats varies according to the demand. If a broker fails in business, he can neither use his seat nor sell it until his affairs are settled; the seat is held as part of his assets, and may be sold for the benefit of his creditors. Taking the number of seats in the board at one thousand ("seat," by the way, is a misnomer, for seats would only be in the way during the daily battles on the floor,) and the price of each at nine thousand dollars, the total value of membership in the Stock Exchange is found to reach nearly a million of dollars—an increase of one hundred per cent. in a year.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Sensations in the Papers.

We have just taken up at random one of the New York daily papers. Of course it contains the usual standard captions such as "Horrible Murder," "Awful Casualty," "Unknown Suicide," etc. Let us run the eye along, and see what this small single sheet offers to the public to-day: "A Man Boiled Alive," "Cholera and Rinderpest," "Outrage on an English Actor," Send your Children out of this Furnace," "South Oyster Bay Tragedy," "Found in a Well," "No Clue to the Mysterious Murder," "Unwholesome Meat," "The Outrage of the Day," "A Monstrous Attempt," "Pest Ship in the Lower Bay," "Burglars' Latest Dodge," "International Cock Fight," "Arrested for Murder," "Killing of Morrison," Sheriff Street Tragedy," "Suicide of Unknown Woman." But we pause, though not because we have come to the end of the list. These headings are actually taken from a city daily which lies before us. Nor is the reading matter presented specially unlike what many other papers contain. It is the fashion to gather up as many sensational items as possible. It would seem that a newspaper of the period to meet the popular taste, must contain a large variety of horrible dishes, served up with all manner of condiments. We turn away from the dreadful record impressed with the conviction that the world is growing worse—that crime is rapidly increasing. Good old people shake their heads, and say it was not so in their day. But before we dispairingly yield to the belief that the moral tone of the community has hopelessly degenerated, let us consider the great increase in population within the last half century—that much more is done nowadays than in the days of our fathers, not of evil only, but also of good, and that the natural tendency of the rapid increase of journalism is to bring before the public whatever happens. Remembering these things, we may feel that the whole world is not quite hopelessly bad. Yet it is most unfortunate that so much publicity is given by the press to details of shameless and atrocious crimes. Our newspapers are thus rendered both unpleasant and unsuitable for family reading. The finer sensibilities of the community are blunted, the constant reader becomes disgusted or demoralized.—Cannot a higher standard be raised, and public sentiment be gradually educated to give hearty approval and support to a purer journalistic literature?

Lengthy details of murder, suicide, rape and elopements, are not the viands which should grace the literary tables of the refined and the young.

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A lady of Biddeford, Me., lately drew a $5,000 prize in a lottery, and now boasts that she can draw any young man in town

The Boy who Splits Wood,

There was a boy in a Nelson street, Danbury, yard cutting wood yesterday, and he worked at it in a strikingly natural manner. First he set the stick on one end and prepared to strike it, when it tumbled down. Then he stood it up, and put a sliver under the weak side to sustain it, and lifted the ax for the blow, when it tumbled again. As he had got the ax up quite a ways this time, and was fairly quivering with expectation, the reaction was not pleasant. It appeared to weaken him, and before another trial, he leaned on the ax and looked around on the scenery. At the third trial he put several slivers under the stick, and was some five minutes doing it. Then he raised the ax carefully, deliberately took aim, and brought the blade down with terrible force, and within about an inch and a half of the stick, which immediately tipped over. This surprised him. He looked at the ax, then at the stick, and then around at the houses to see if anybody was looking. He was ten minutes propping the stick up the fourth time.—When he got it so it would stand without being held, he took up the ax, and after several mock motions so as to get the right aim, he swung the implement down again. The blade struck the stick with terrible force within about a sixteenth of an inch from the edge, and took of a slip about five inches long. We don't suppose there is anything quite so aggravating as this. Splitting your shin open to the bone is a pastime in comparison. The Nelson street boy stood that stick up again without any ceremony, and with the least display in the world swung the ax over his head and spitefully brought it down. The blade this time clipped off a half-inch chip, and then swung around with such momentum as to throw the boy off his feet and drive him headlong over a pile of other sticks, every one of which he struck with his knees or face. We don't think we ever saw any boy get on his feet as quick as that boy did. And we were not in the least surprised to see him snatch up that ax, and with screams and sobs, beat that stick until he was exhausted. With this unpleasant duty performed, he flung the ax in among the tomato vines, and went into the house for a piece of cake.

Wealth of Pennsylvania.—Mr. Thomas J. Bingham, Commissioner of Statistics of Pennsylvania, has prepared, in advance of his annual report, a tabulated statement of the wealth, taxation, estimated and true valuation and public indebtedness of the State. The aggregate assessed value of real estate in all the counties, he said, is $1,087,793,844, and the assessed value of personal property $85,599,429, making the total assessed value of property of both kinds, $1,172,968,977. The Commissioner, however, asserts the well-known fact that this fictitious value is very much, less than the actual value, and he has attempted upon his own responsibility, without having positive data with which to work, to attain an approximation to the real value. The result thus secured places the real and personal estate of Pennsylvania at $3,475,831,851. Mr. Bingham says that in a few counties, Chester, Delaware and Erie, and measureably in Montgomery and Philadelphia, the assessed creditably approaches the real value, while in others the assessed is shamefully below the cash value; in one county, Luzerne, it is only one-fourteenth. To the real and personal estate of Philadelphia he attributes an actual value of $1,022,049,364. The next largest amount is given to Allegheny, which has $265,890,522, Luzerne coming in third with $153,706,978; Lancaster fourth, with $127,678,488; Berks fifth, with $123,947,328; Schuylkill sixth, with $97,976,665; and Chester seventh, with $93,465,909.

Death of Barnum's Rhinoceros.—During a public exhibition in Philadelphia, recently, Barnum's large rhinoceros gave signs of unusual excitement and presently began a vigorous assault upon the iron bars of the cage vainly endeavoring to break through. The struggles of the great brute drew a crowd around the cage, but when the wood-work began to succumb to to the furious assaults of the enraged animal, and it became evident that there was great danger of its escaping from its confinement, the feeling of curiosity gave way to that of fear, and when the huge monster, with a terrific snort and powerful upward thrust with his head, carried away the top of the cage, ripping it off as though it was gauze, the crowd became paralyzed with fear. Women and children shrieked in terror and sought safety in flight, while strong men stood speechless before the danger that threatened them. The struggles of the dying animal were fearful to behold, but, fortunately, were of short duration. As it was the cage was torn and shattered so as to render it unfit for further use, and had the paroxysms continued a few moments longer, loss of human life might have resulted. The dead animal was the largest one of its species in the county and cost nearly twenty thousand dollars. We did not learn the cause of its death, but understood that it died from a fit. The *corpus* will be sent to the Smithonian Institute for preservation.

How it feels to Fall.—"You are generally looking at something very intently when it happens—perhaps you are smiling to yourself; then your left foot shoots out to one side with a suddenness that creates a sickness in the family. Ice commences to form on your spine and perspiration on your brow, and your scalp lifts enough to permit a streak of cold air to pass under. The other leg goes out at this juncture, your head snaps violently to the front, and there is a faint impression on your mind that the world is about to come to an end, with nobody in charge. Miles of sidewalk spin out from you like lightning; three-story buildings jump over your head in quick succession; people disappear suddenly and with appaling mystery; then your eyes close, your consciousness wanes, and your soul goes out with one expiring quiver, and —and you arrive. The hard reality of the scene is then forced upon you with unpleasant abruptness. Everything is in its place but your spine.—You get up and move off with a sickly attempt at a smile, feeling at the time that the back of your head is laughing from ear to ear, and finding that the hardest thing is, not the sidewalk, but to keep from rubbing yourself.—*Danbury News.*

The Protestant Churches of France are united against a Monarchy, and in favor of a Republic.