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THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 29, 1873.

FALLING LEAVES. They are falling, slowly falling. This upon the forest side.

They are falling, slowly falling. From the noble branches, they have gone forevermore.

They are falling, slowly falling. Where the early violets spring. Yet the birds in sunny spring time.

They are falling, slowly falling. Where the water flows down. And upon its placid bosom.

They are falling, slowly falling. Where the sunbeams play. And where the winds sweetly sleep.

They are falling, slowly falling. When the autumn tresses sigh. When the stars in beauty gladden.

They are falling, slowly falling. When the birds in sunny spring time. Mean like some hollow roar.

They are falling, slowly falling. When the sunbeams play. And where the winds sweetly sleep.

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AN IMPROVED PROCESS OF CASTING METALS.

Recent experiments in England with the process of casting metals under continuous and considerable pressure.

An American invention, says many of our readers will remember—has been so successful in producing perfect and clean castings as to win for this method the commendation of the British press.

The process may be briefly described as follows. The article to be reproduced is a finely cut metal mold, with, say, a plain reverse. It is in the first place laid face upward upon a slip smooth metal plate, fitted with certain steps to keep the mold in position.

The latter is then coated over with a creamy mixture of kaolin, or china clay, and fine sand flour, mixed with oil, the fine sand flour in consistency very thick paint. This is laid on with a soft brush.

The plate and mold are then placed in the bottom of a flask of great strength made of iron or gun metal. The very best description of molding sand is sprinkled over the mold, first by hand, and then the flask filled up about water measure with the same.

This being done, and the sand being well tamped around the sides with a wooden dolly, the flask is pushed beneath a frame, in appearance not unlike a huge letter copying press. The screw of this press is turned by two men moving a long iron cross handle, by means of a precisely fitting the interior of the flask is forced down on the sand, after the manner of making bricks by the semi-plastic process.

The flask is then withdrawn and the sides opened, then the plate and the sand removed, and reversed upon a surface table, and the plate lifted off. The mold is gently heated by a gas blow-pipe; this expands it slightly, and makes it precisely fitting the interior of the flask as required.

It contracts, becomes loose, and is easily lifted out. The fine clay slip makes a beautiful smooth glossy surface lining to the mold. The mold is further hardened by baking, and at the time it is ready to receive the metal it forms a most faithful impression of the object to be reproduced.

Any description of mold, of course, be made either in halves, or with or without core, as required. More than a single casting also may be comprised within one mold block, a separate "gate" being provided for each. The mold has one large orifice going quite through it from side to side, the side gate to the matrix opening from it.

A number of these molds being completed, they are ranged in order within a proper casting case and connected by a screw; the holes of all the molds correspond and form a pipe or tube terminating at the point where the metal is to enter. The orifice in the casting case is fitted with a circular clay colored nozzle, which nozzle is fitted with a clay plug which fits it tightly.

A horizontal iron cylinder communicates with this nozzle, and within the cylinder works a piston and rod, the rod passing out of the end of the cylinder most remote from the molds. In the upper side of the end of the cylinder farthest from the molds is a hole, surmounted by a hopper. As the molten metal would at once chill solid as a ring, where it encountered the cold metal of the cylinder, the latter is coated inside with a soft refractory substance, which is applied with a brush while in a semi-fluid state.

The molten metal of castings is described: The piston being drawn back, the molten metal is poured into the cylinders, the piston is then turned forward, by means of power applied behind, to the piston rod. As the piston—which is simply a solid disc fitted the cylinder itself precisely—advances, it scrapes off the lining of the latter, and this lining curing, it effectively packs the piston and prevents the escape of the metal by leakage.

For a time the clay plug in the nozzle resists the pressure of the iron urged on by the piston; it, however, is at last forced in, and the metal impelled on by the piston, is forced into the minutest cranny of the molds. A great and advantageous feature of the process is the total exclusion of the air during the passage of the iron into the molds. This, from the accuracy in making the molds by the aid of machinery, and the subsequent forcing of the metal into them while the metal is fluid, gives as a result castings perfectly homogeneous and free from air blows; and the design of the metal is reproduced on the metal so perfectly that the finished work is as good as the original itself, perhaps a perfect example of the chaser's art, is reproduced in perfect fidelity. One great merit in the application of Mr. Smith's process of casting is that it involves no operations of a complex or difficult character.

The work is of a nature so simple, and as a rule so light, that women, boys and girls can perform it quite as well as men, and at the same time it supplies a means of reproducing in infinite numbers all the gems of carving, modeling and chasing that are in existence, thus largely contributing to the promotion of a more beautiful taste throughout the world by bringing objects of real beauty within the reach of the most humble household.

There is practically no limit as to the nature of the metal, for any metal, from cast-iron to gold, may be employed.—Iron Age.

A Story.—The Record of Chico, Cal., furnishes one of those quiet, unvarnished short stories which seem to vary the Shakespearean saga. Two sisters were sleeping together in an apartment. One of them awoke during the night and beheld, to her amazement a little girl dressed in white standing a short distance from her. She awoke her sister, who also saw the little girl. Instead of screaming they struck a light and as the light increased the object faded. The description corresponded with that of a little girl who had died in the same room a few months previous. The family were afraid of the apparently harmless visitor and moved from the house the next day.

When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reminded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly, "My mother has tended to me."

THE STOLEN GOLD.

Nelson E. Wade, who has been sentenced to be hanged on the 6th of November by Governor Hartranft, has made a revelation recently with reference to the money which he obtained from the McBride mansion after the perpetration of the fabled double assassination which has heretofore been recorded in these columns.

In a recent conversation, says the Williamsport Bulletin, Wade remarked that everything was all right now, as individuals in the city were in possession of all the gold he had secreted and that those persons had visited him in prison. Upon being questioned as to who these individuals were, he replied that that was his business, and that he intended that it should remain a secret; he had always said that no rich man should ever get hold of it and he had fulfilled his promise.

It will be remembered that during the session of court at which Wade was tried he confessed to having secreted a large amount of gold near the aqueduct in Lycoming creek; that he had several bags, one containing twenty shilling pieces, another five dollar pieces, a third ten dollar coins and the fourth twenty dollar pieces. All of these he poured into one large bag, then walked into the water and sank the money, placing upon it three large stones. Upon search being made the stones were found in the very place described by Wade, but no bag of gold. It is now alleged of suspicion that a boatman has become the possessor of it; that Wade, after secreting the money, repaired to a boat lying not far from the aqueduct and leaped upon the deck, the water dripping from his clothes; that he did not divulge anything at that time, but that for his captives he twice sent word for a certain man to visit him. The man complied with the request, as he had been intimately acquainted with the prisoner, and from this and other facts it is conjectured that the individual referred to was told by Wade where he could obtain the money.

This part of the prisoner's program carried out, he was free to confess where he secreted the gold, knowing full well that it had been moved, and that he had made good his word that no rich man should possess it. And now he boasts that it is in good hands, and even goes so far as to say that some of this gold has been exchanged for greenbacks, and that he has been supplied with paper money obtained by the exchange. To what extent his story is correct is for the reader to determine, but it is generally believed that he secreted the money near the aqueduct, and it is certain that if he did so some one was directed to the spot, or it would have remained there.

It is well known that searches were made of Wade's person, and the cell in which he was confined at that time examined in every nook and corner for money, but none could be found. The officers, after retiring, were surprised to see the prisoner present bills, and ask that certain articles be purchased for him. He now states that he had in his cell a bar of soap; with a spoon he dug a hole in the centre, deposited there the money, replaced the soap, and with his hand pointed out the hole, so that it would not be observed. He takes great pleasure in relating how he fooled the officers.

Various estimates have been made as to the amount of money the McBrides possessed, some placing it as high as \$50,000, basing their belief upon the fact that the old man, a short time before he was murdered, was endeavoring to persuade a gentleman living in the locality to take the farm, work it, and live upon it; he had about \$41,000 secreted in the house, and that he could stand in the door and look upon the spot where he had \$15,000 more. He was old, and would like to have a man upon the farm in whom he could place confidence and who could assist him. This case should ever be attacked. This opinion of the rank and file of the McBrides, and raised the question of the first night's battle.

The next morning the soldiers commenced the conflict by insulting a woman returning from market. The people gathered in groups and discussed this and the events of the preceding day. About noon a group of sailors and a party of soldiers came into collision, a sailor being wounded by a bayonet run through his body. The Mayor ordered the soldiers to disperse, but they refused. A messenger was sent to the barracks for their officers, but the soldiers intercepted him. Just then a party of "Liberty Boys" soon returned from a game of ball, came to the rescue and the soldiers were dispersed, hostilities ceasing for a few hours.

In the afternoon they were renewed. A group of citizens having assembled in front of the jail, a party of soldiers approached them in a body and insultingly endeavored to force their way through, when the citizens quietly opened their ranks and gave them free passage. Not satisfied with this, the soldiers then assaulted the people, who had only stones to defend themselves. The "Liberty Boys" soon came to the rescue, when a sharp conflict ensued, the soldiers being driven to their barracks, their arms taken from them, some badly wounded and others arrested and committed to the jail for trial, thus ending the two days' battle of Golden Hill, one of the stepping stones to the battles of the Revolution.

Enough has from time to time been printed in reference to this desperate villain to conclusively prove that the annals of crime produce but few instances of hardened men his equals. It is true that these stories are related by the prisoner himself in a style leading the hearer to doubt their correctness, yet when the disposition and health propensities of the man are carefully studied there is ground to believe that many of them are unfortunately true. And now we are told of an act committed by Wade that has never before appeared in print. It is in substance that the prisoner, while in the western army, from some cause became offended with a boy, and dragging him into a log house secured the windows and doorway so that escape was impossible and then applying the torch to the structure stood guard and laughed with fiendish glee at the crackling flames as they consumed the body of the poor, defenceless lad. It is positively stated that a gentleman of this city is in possession of the facts of this cruel and blood curdling act.

An Arkansas artist in marble carved a sleeping lion, a while ago, and took it to a county fair for a premium. The award was thus: "James Magill—first premium for a beautiful bull pup in marble."

THE BATTLE OF GOLDEN HILL.

The "Battle of Golden Hill," in New York City was one of the first steps towards the revolutionary war. A flagstaff had been for years a bone of contention between the Sons of Liberty and the soldiers, and had been four times destroyed by the latter. On the 13th of January, 1770, a party of soldiers again attacked it, and putting off the wooden braces, made fruitless attempts to blow it open with gunpowder. Falling in this, they assaulted a number of citizens standing by a public house, which was the headquarters of the Sons of Liberty, and forced them into the house at the point of the bayonet. Doors were barricaded, but the soldiers broke in and demolished windows and furniture, and were only prevented from further destruction by the timely arrival of their officers, who ordered them to their barracks. They subsequently succeeded in their attempt, and leveled the pole to the ground, saved it in pieces, and derisively piled it up before the Sons of Liberty's door. Three hundred citizens assembled that night at a public meeting upon the common. Resolutions were passed declaring employed soldiers to be dangerous to the peace of the city, while their employment by the laboring classes, and should therefore be discontinued. They further resolved that all soldiers under the rank of orderly, except sentinels, who should appear unarmed in the streets, and all, armed or unarmed, who were out of their barracks after roll-call, should be regarded as enemies of the city and dealt with accordingly.

The next day three soldiers were detected by two citizens, Isaac Sears and Walter Quackenbush, in the act of posting a scurrilous placard abusive of the Sons of Liberty. Sears grasped one of Quackenbush's other, while the third soldier, who was armed with his bayonet to free his comrades, but Quackenbush, seizing an old ram's horn which happened to be near by, buried it into his face and placed him hors du combat. Twenty soldiers came to the rescue with drawn bayonets, while the unarmed citizens seized upon the cartridges and defended their comrades. The riot was increasing; every moment great numbers being added upon both sides, when Mayor Hicks came upon the scene and ordered the soldiers to their barracks. They solemnly yielded obedience, retiring as far as Golden Hill, in John street, between William and Cliff streets, closely followed by the citizens. Here they were met by a reinforcement, headed by a presumed officer in disguise, who gave the command to halt and charge upon the people. A few who had been able to obtain weapons placed themselves in front of their defenceless friends, and a battle ensued, in which numbers on both sides were injured. A peaceable Quaker standing in his own door was wounded in the cheek, a sailor at a distance was cut down, a boy wounded in the head, and another wounded in the hand, and a neighboring house for shelter, and as the brutal soldier thrust his bayonet at her, fortunately without injury. The citizens surrounded the hill and blockaded their enemies, but acted on the defensive, repelling attacks, when they might easily, if disposed, have massacred their enemies. The officers at last arrived, when the people at once opened their ranks, and raised the wedge, ending the first night's battle.

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A Wild Horse.

At Camp Brown, in the Wind River country, we saw a wild horse which had a history worth relating. Some years ago the Cheyenne Indians stole him in Kansas, and sold him to the Sioux from which tribe he was bought or stolen by the Snake Indians, and brought to the Valley of the Ponagie. Here he escaped, and for a long time baffled all efforts to recapture him. At length he was captured and sold to a Mr. Gallaher, but while being taken to the settlements he broke a strong chain and got away into the mountains. In time he re-appeared on big stamping ground and again the Indians had plans to take him. He was so fleet that he could outrun their best horses, and no number of them could run him down. When surrounded or cornered he bit, kicked, and fought so fiercely it was impossible to hold him. One day he was surprised in a canon by a body of warriors, and leaped before he could get out. Securely tied with ropes he was brought to the Snake Indians, starved, beaten and choked into submission. An ambitious Indian attempted to ride him, and away he went to the hills. Late at night the Indian returned to camp sore and tired, but without the horse; he had been thrown and the animal was once more at large. He was often seen after this, but defied all attempts to take him. One afternoon an Indian who was fishing saw the wild horse grazing under a bluff, and tying a large stone to his lariar he crawled to the edge of the rock and threw the noose with unerring precision. The horse dragged the rock for some distance, but choked by the thong he staggered, fell to the plain, and was once more bound to the rock and threw the noose with unerring precision. The horse dragged the rock for some distance, but choked by the thong he staggered, fell to the plain, and was once more bound to the rock and threw the noose with unerring precision. The horse dragged the rock for some distance, but choked by the thong he staggered, fell to the plain, and was once more bound to the rock and threw the noose with unerring precision.

He was not seen for a long time; but, soon after the founding of Camp Brown, a sentinel reported a horse on the bluffs, and, on examining the animal through a glass, it was found to be the famous wild horse. An attempt was made to approach him, but he went into the mountains; but the next day was again seen perched on the bluff, quietly looking down at the camp. The commanding officer ordered him not to be disturbed, and next day put some mules on the bluff to graze. He came down and remained on the bluff all day, but retired at night into the mountains. The next day he came down to the cavalry camp on the plain, but seemed greatly excited, and kept running about nearly all day. The commanding officer directed that no one should pursue him as long as he kept in motion, and by gentle alarms, he was made to gallop in wide circles about the herd, but, as if charmed, would constantly return to the place where he had been. A party of cavalry, men on foot, and a company of infantry were sent quietly out of the fort, and occupied the passes and hill tops for miles. It was known he would break through any small circle, and so an immense one was formed to run him down.

The pursuing party were twenty-seven in number, and stationed at intervals of about two miles to pursue the horse at once, and a signal for all to close in was given. The chase began, and as the custom of animals when hard pressed, the horse ran nearly in the circle. The trap had been admirably laid, new pursuers constantly keeping him at his mettle; while the old ones dropped out to occupy their stations in the great ring. The rapidity and length of time which he kept in motion, and the long chain he had on when he moved, his last escape from the Indians was still about his neck, and the end of it thrashed his fore legs until the hair, and even the skin, was beaten off and the blood ran down. On he went like the wind, shaking off cavalryman after cavalryman, and making wide gaps in the ranks, and still the wild chase continued, the horse showing no great signs of distress. As his astonishing powers became more and more evident the desire to capture him increased, and shouts of admiration went up from the little group of officers gathered on the lookout at the fort whenever he distanced his pursuers.

At length the signal to close ranks in was given, and then again the chase began. Men mounted on horses and mules on foot, moved forward, and the circle gradually lessened, until a wall of human flesh bound in the noble horse on every side. Round and round the circle he went, his nostrils distended and his eyes flashing fire. For a time he kept ahead of his pursuers, and the distance between him and the men dropped behind him, until he was within a few rods of the men, and then he stopped. One old saddle mule had become excited in the chase, kept close up, with tail erect, and finally headed him. As the horse swung round, and turned once more toward the fort, the air rang with buzzes for now his captives seemed almost certain. The old mule, with surprising speed and with a kick close to the horse's flanks, and the horse, who had been following in the wake of the chase parting right and left to let the horse through, and, when in the midst of them, they closed around him so thickly that he wheeled and plunged in every direction. A teamster seized hold of the end of the chain, and the next instant a rope was over the wild creature's neck. Still he struggled for his liberty, but many hands upon him, and he fell prostrate upon the plain.

The chain about his neck had cut deep into the flesh, and the end that had hung down had thrashed the skin and flesh to the bone of the poor brute's foreleg. He was of medium size, dark brown in color, deep chested, and with wide nostrils. His eyes were bright and piercing, and his limbs short, stout and full of muscle. On his shoulders and hams the muscles were gathered in knots as large as one's hand; the skin was very thin, and the veins underneath stood out like whip chords.

As the horse had been captured by everybody, the commanding officer ordered that he should be put up at a sale, and each claimant given one chance. This was universally satisfactory, and at the drawing, Lieut. Larabee, of Capt. Plisterer's company, Seventh United States Infantry, won the prize. When I saw him he was quite gentle, and would allow you to pat his sides, and even mount upon his back. It was said that he could trot and gallop, and that he was tamed afterwards being measured, it was found he had run in 1 minute and 40 seconds.

Plowshares are always a good investment. The farmer are the only shareholders who are safe in watering their stock.