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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GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

Cards.

FRANK FIELDING,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov12'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.

WALLACE & KREBS,

(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-12'73 Clearfield, Pa.

R. V. WILSON, M. D. H. B. VAN VALZAH, M. D.

DRS. WILSON & VAN VALZAH,

Clearfield, Pa.

Office in residence of Dr. Wilson.

OFFICE HOURS: From 12 to 2 P. M. Dr. Van-Valzah can be found at night in his rooms, next door to Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store, up stairs. nov26'73

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,

WOODLAND, PA.

Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-73

JOSEPH R. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.

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

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. [dec5-1y

H. W. SMITH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
9:11:72 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.

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 specialties. 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 6 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

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. jy23'73

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 47--WHOLE NO 2349.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1873.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 14, NO. 49.

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

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. 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.

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 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. *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. [tt

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.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:10'73 Clearfield, Pa,

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

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. jy19'71

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

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, DEC. 10, 1873.

HOW THEY POP THE QUESTION.

The sailor says, "I like your rig,
And though I've noticed many,
I really think you are, old gal,
As trim a craft as any;
And if you'll only say the word,
Through every kind of weather,
Just blast my eyes if we don't
Go cruising on together."

The poet, with enraptured gaze,
Points out a single star—
"'Tis thus, sweet lady, that you shine
On mortals from afar;
But oh! it is my fondest hope—
Though selfish, I must own—
That in some modest, vine-wreathed cot,
You'll shine for me alone."

The dancing master, French, of course,
Thinks earnestly of mating,
And seeks some little widow with
A bow excruciating.
"Madame, ze heart is in ze hope,
You love a leetle beet,
And go ze way of life vis me;
Madame, I kees your feet."

The actor quotes from many plays,
And swears by many persons,
His hand shall build his Arabella,
A cot among the flowers.
Without her smile he e'er is like
A ship without a rudder;
Then talks of dark despair and death
Until he makes her shudder.

The tradesman, with a busy eye,
A partner seeks for life—
For sure the best investment is
A tidy, loving wife.
He sees her as a kind of stock,
To sell as any other—
Count out the requisite amount,
And buys her from her mother.

And Pat, the coachman, winks at Bid,
As flits from room to room,
The ever merry chambermaid,
With dusting pan and broom.
He says, "Me darlint, when we've laid
Us by a heap of money,
We'll get the priest to tie the knot,
If you'll say yes, me honey."

Says Hans Von Schmidt, who keeps saloon,
"I want a guter frow,
To help me make der lager pier,
Und milk der prindle cow;
To make mine shirts and cook der krout,
Und efrytings to do;
To feed der horse und slop der peeg,
Und tend mine papies too."

And even Sam, the barber man,
At Nan rolls up his eyes,
And talks of matrimonial bliss,
With most heart-rending sighs.
"If you don't gub that lily hand
To dis 'ere lub-sick nigger,
He puts dis pistol to him head,
And dem him pulls de trigger."

'Tis thus mankind rush to their fate,
For which a brilliant light,
That little elfin being Love,
Has power beyond the sight.
Like children's barks adown the falls
To waters still below,
Some glide along without a heart,
And some to ruin go.

Finding a Bootjack.

A housekeeper writes the following plaint to the Cleveland *Leader*:

When the average husband of the period wants to find a bootjack he steps to the buttery door, and leaning against the door-way with his hands in his pockets, whistles meditatively as his eyes wander along the upper shelves. When a break in the tune occurs, you may know he has found the cake, which he devours absently, still looking for the bootjack. Being now deprived of that aid to reflection—whistling, he executes a waltz in slow movement, sustained by a large piece of cake in one hand, and a sizable pickle in the other. After a while, as the bootjack does not make its appearance the husband does, at the door of the room, where you are getting the baby to sleep, and shouts "Jane," at the top of his voice, under the impression that you are up stairs, an impression speedily removed. To cover the counfusion of his retreat, he steps on the dog's tail and bumps the bird-cage with his head, then wants to know what you have done with that bootjack, and why it is that you never keep things in their place. If you are wise, and simply and calmly point, like Columbia, to the object in question hanging on its accustomed nail, he seizes upon it wrathfully, with the solemn vow that it was not there when he went through the room before.

The offending boots are finally left in the doorway where it is convenient to trip over them, and serenity transpires, unless you have occassion to go around them, when you will at once see their value as a natural means of obstructing a passageway. It is estimated that one pair of boots judiciously disposed about an apartment of medium size, will prevent either a well-disposed person or a professional burglar from quietly making his way about it.

At tea time the average husband does not care about any cake; it isn't much like that his mother used to make.

◆

THE INVINCIBLE SCHOOL MARM.—Ladies traveling through Canada by rail are often greatly annoyed by having their luggage unnecessarily searched, but one of the officials recently got his deserts. It happened that a Yankee school-teacher, on her way from Kansas to Vermont, passed through the Dominion, with a trunk packed to bursting with nothing contraband. When the officer demanded her key she begged him not to open it, assuring him that it had come through from Kansas, contained simply clothes and books, and was so full that it would be very troublesome to repack it. But he sternly demanded the key, and maliciously pulled everything out to the very bottom; then—finding her assertions true—he returned the key and addresed her to "hurry up and get the traps back," as the train would soon move. "What is that to me?" said the quick-witted woman; "I have a check for that trunk, and hold the Grand Trunk Railway responsible for its safe delivery. I will not take the key, and you may do as you please with the trunk." Report says that official was very weary and red in the face and rather profane ere he finised packing that trunk.

◆

Ask a St. Louis man about Chicago, and he will admit there is such a place in Illinois, but will add, "It is all mortgaged to Boston."

Reminiscence of the Impeachment Trial.

The presence of Andrew Johnson in Washington recalls to mind the memorable impeachment trial in which he was defendant toward the close of his term of office as President of the United States. The late Cornelius Wendell, who was familiar with the incidents of that trial and an actor in some of the most important of them, used to say that Mr. Johnson's acquittal was attributable, not as many supposed, to the ability and the eloquence of the distinguished counsel employed by him, but to the use of money. We never understood that Mr. Johnson himself furnished any part of the sum paid, although the parties who advanced it unquestionably counted upon personal advantages to themselves to result from his appreciation and gratitude after the trial should be over.

Mr. Wendell's story was as follows: The idea of saving Mr. Johnson had been almost relinquished by his friends; his conviction seemed a foregone conclusion, and was almost universally spoken of as certain, when, on Sunday, while Mr. Wendell was sitting in one of the public rooms at Brown's Hotel—since changed to the Metropolitan—he was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked: "Wendell, do you want to bet a hundred thousand dollars that Johnson will be convicted? because, if you do, I will take that bet."

Mr. Wendell said he at once comprehended what the proposition meant, and after a little further conversation requested a little time in which to make up his mind, and appointed a later hour in the same day for another meeting with the party who had made it.

"I flew round," continued Mr. Wendell, "and after seeing several persons, found that I could raise sixty thousand dollars; so when this man came back again, I said to him, I will bet you sixty thousand dollars."

"I don't want to bet sixty thousand dollars," was the instantaneous reply; "I offered to bet you one hundred thousand dollars; if you do not wish to take that we will let the matter drop. I will bet that or nothing—no smaller sum.

Wendell now perceived that the man was unquestionably in earnest, and that if he took the bet the result would be one of two things—Johnson would be acquitted or he would win a hundred thousand dollars. He requested further time, which was accorded, with the understanding, however, that at the next interview the money was to be put up or the negotiation was to be at an end.

Mr. Wendell knew where and to whom to go to raise money for such a purpose; no man in the country knew better; and although a sudden demand for so large a sum taxed his energies severely, he succeded in getting the amount together within the time limited. The terms of the bet were fully complied with, and the money was put up.

President Johnson, as we all know to be an historical fact, was acquitted; but very few persons in the country have hitherto understood how it was done.

Mr. Wendell said that some of the money went to quarters which would have been among the last suspected; whereas certain Senators against whom suspicion was most rife never touched a dollar of the money. Mr. Wendell also said that they had several more votes secured to be given in favor of acquittal in case they should be required to accomplished that result; but if not needed to acquit, then to be cast for conviction.

One of the most curious things about the whole transaction was the manner in which the money was paid over after the acquittal had taken place.—It was not handed directly over, from one of the parties to the bet to the other, but was *lost by one to the other in play at cards!*

Some of the readers will probably recollect a very strange account which got into print at the time, of a well known Federal office holder losing a very large sum of money in an inexplicable manner at Brown's Hotel.—He did not execute his part of the programme with the degree of skill which was expected of him, and his performance in the final act assumed a most ludicrous aspect.

Our distinguished townsman, Mr. Evarts, came home big with the glory of his achievement. A sort of ovation—a public dinner—was given him soon afterward at the Astor House, and although some of those who were conspicuous in paying him the compliment took pains to state that it had no connection with his defence of the President, yet he insisted in his speech at the dinner in taking a different view, and in treating it as attributable to his triumph in the impeachment trial. We presume that from that day to this a suspicion of how little his argument had to do with the result of that trial has never entered his head. The men who made and paid the decisive bet did not consult him on that subject.

We have never entertained any doubt that the acquittal of President Johnson would have been right on the merits of the case; but we believe the truth of history is that justice was bought in that instance.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TAKE HEED.—No matter how intimate you may be with the friend with whom you have business transactions—put your agreements in writing.—How many misunderstandings arise from the loose ways in which business matters are talked over, and when each party puts his own construction, the matter is dismissed by each party with the words, "All right; all right."—Frequently it turns out all wrong and becomes a question for the lawyer and the courts. More than three-fourths of the litigation of the country would be saved if people would put down their agreements in writing and sign their names to it. Each word in our language has its peculiar meaning, and memory may by the change in a sentence, convey an entirely different idea from that intended. When once reduced to writing ideas are fixed, and expensive lawsuits are avoided.

John Paul on the Panic.

Well, as I was saying, we all knew this storm was coming. But I have yet to see the man who thought it was coming just yet, or took in his lower sails, if he did his topsails.—When it came or showed itself near at hand would be time enough to be dodging, they thought. And my father once had a horse in his stables, a fine, spirited creature, which I was fond of fondling around. The old gentleman warned me that he might kick, but I didn't thank him for that; of course he might kick—any horse might for that matter. But I hadn't been round the stables, when supposed to be at school, for nothing. I had noticed that when he kicked he laid his ears back. So I waltzed around "John the Baptist"—that was the noble animal's name, though why so christened, unless because of his ability to kick a path through a wilderness, I do not know—just as usual, and relied on a religious observation of his ears for safety. At the least dropping of that barometer I stood ready to jump. One day, having business about his manger—business not wholly unconnected with a hen's nest—I approached by what may be designated as a flank movement, and requested him to stand over on the other side of the stall, as I wished to come in. That there might be no mistake about my meaning, I made it quite clear by pricking the flank most in my way gently with a pitchfork.—But I was careful to watch his ears very carefully while making the request.

Now, if you'll believe me, I didn't see his ears drop, neither did I see his foot rise, but I did hear a boy about my size strike against the other side of the barn with a bang. And after an hour or two, when I had collected my scattered thoughts, and picked up the jewsharps and jack-knives and green apples and stolen watermelons that the industrious animal had kicked out of me, and climbed up in the hay loft for the double purpose of picking up the top of my head, which according to all evidence of the senses, must have landed there—and get a better view of what was going on down below, I remarked that that horse's ears were laid down on his back as flat as though a tailor's goose had lit on them. But the warning did me very little good then. And when I went into the house and the old gentleman said he told me so, and that it would only have served me right if the horse had kicked me into the middle of next week, I found no relief for my bursting bosom till I had emptied the red-pepper cruit into the manger of "John the Baptist"—turning his clover hay into the very wildest kind of honey—and set him sneezing till those confounded ears of his stood up so stiff and straight that they raked forward like a jack-rabbit's. And I made up my mind then and there never again to let my liking for a brisk business bring me round anything the further end of which one has to watch to see what the nearer end is going to do, especially when that

——nearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet than the other,

has a way of lifting so quick and easy.

It is sound business judgment to avoid the vicinity of any animal whose skin is so short that he can't drop his ears without raising his heels, the more so if he happens to be so particularly lively that he can go through both motions at once. Further than this, I don't know that there's any special point to my story. But I was a good deal hurt at the time, and my nose ever since has bore considerable resemblance to a badly turned pancake. It has been some satisfaction to feel that I am more familiar with the habits of the horse than I was before the accident happened, and if any one fishes a moral out of my story, it will not further gratify me to know that my nose was not flattened in vain.

For an explanation of the present trouble I do not think that it is necessary to look very far. If you have ever had hold of a young and growing dog, you must have noticed that nature keeps the skin a good deal bigger than the dog. You can take up the slack of the skin in your hands, put two or three reefs in it if you like, without pinching the dog at all. The matter with us is simply that our dog has grown so fast as to become too big for his skin—after stretching day after day till it got to be as thin as tissue paper it has finally burst.—For several years the dog has been hide-bound. But I don't think he's dead, even now.—*John Paul, in N. Y. Tribune.*

How to Clean Pictures.

A new process of cleaning pictures has recently been discovered. The great difficulty has always been to get off the old varnish, which, by length of time has become almost incorporated with the color underneath, so that any method employed to remove the upper surface is pretty certain to carry off with it the delicate lines below. Some picture-dealers use corrosive substances, which make the matter worse. An ingenious system has been discovered at Amsterdam, which consists in simply spreading a coating of copaiba balsam on the oil painting and then keeping it face downward over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol at an altitude of about three feet. The vapors of the liquid impart to the copaiba a degree of semi-fluidity, in which state it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original briliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil painting; and when the picture is hung up in its place again, two or three days after, it looks as if it had been varnished afresh. The inventors have given the public the benefit of their discovery. The process has the merit of being a short one as compared with the old methods.

A Western woman complains that since her husband joined the Patrons of Husbandry he has sown nothing but wild oats.

Handling the Reins.

Most drivers overdrive, says Mr. Murray, in his book called "The perfect Horse." They attempt too much, and, in so doing, distract or hamper the horse. Now and then you find a horse with such a vicious gait that his speed is got from him by the most artificial process; but such horses are fortunately rare, and hence the style of management required cannot become general. The true way is to let the horse drive himself, the driver but directing him, and giving him that confidence which a horse alone gets in himself when he feels that a guide and friend is back of him.

The most vicious and inexcusable style of driving is that which so many drivers adopt, viz., wrapping the lines around either hand, and pulling the horse backwards with all their might and main, so that the horse, in point of fact, pulls the weight back of him with his mouth, and not with his breast and shoulders. This they do under the impression that such a dead pull is needed in order to steady the horse. This method of driving I regard as radically and superlatively wrong. It would tax the ingenuity of a hundred fools to invent a worse one. The fact is, with rare exceptions, there should never be any pull upon the horse at all. A steady pressure is allowable, probably advisable; but anything beyond this has no justification in nature or reason; for nature suggests the utmost possible freedom of action and head, body and limbs, in order that the body may attain the highest rate of speed; and reason certainly forbids the supposition that by bits, and not by the breast collar, the horse is to draw the weight attached to it.

In speeding my horses, I very seldom grasp the lines with both hands when the road is straight and free from obstructions. The lines are rarely steadily taut, but held in easy pliancy, and used chiefly to shift the bit in the animal's mouth, and by this motion communicate courage and confidence to him. I find that, by this method, my horses break less, and go much faster, than when driven by men who put the old-fashioned steady pull upon them.

* * *

150,000 Miles of Telegraph Wire.

The Western Union Telegraph Company are having another wire put up from Harrisburg to Philadelphia by way of Reading, which will make the eleventh connecting the two cites.—The number of wires from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh is eleven and direct to New York via Allentown four. The Western Union Telegraph Company now have a capital of $41,673,410, of which $7,295,235 are owned by the company. The debt of the company is $6,038,410. The gross receipts for the past year from all sources were $9,333,018; gross expenses, $6,575,055; net earning, $2,757,962. This amount has been applied to the construction of new lines, the purchase of stocks of telegraph companies, etc. The number of messages transmitted during the past year was 14,456,832, being an increase of 2,012,335, or about 16.1 per cent. The average tolls collected upon each message for the last year was sixty-one cents, the average cost of transmission forty-two cents, and the average profits per message nineteen cents. During the past year $706,789 were expended for repairs of the line, and $632,753 for reconstruction. The net profits of the company for seven years, from July 1, 1866, to June 10, 1873, have been $20,312,618. Of this sum $4,857,239 have been distributed in dividends to stockholders and $2,216,194 paid for interest on the company's bonds. The Western Union have purchased during the last year the control of the International Ocean Telegraph Company, whose lines extend from Lake City, Florida, to Havana, Cuba, at a cost of $1,038,400.—They have also secured a majority of the stock of the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Company. They are now operating more than 150,000 miles of wire, and during the past two years have extended at the rate of 20,000 miles of wire per annum. They have expended, up to July last, on the new building, corner of Broadway and Dey street, New York, the sum of $1,224,981.

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AN INSULT TO THE HORSE.—Do you know the origin of the fashion of that cruelty to the horse, known as blinkers on the bridles? No! Then I will tell you. In 1802 they came into fashion in this wise: The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was woefully in debt. Being a Prince, he could not be sued at common law, or arrested, but a ribbon stretched across the sidewalk must not be broken by the debtor. So his creditors contented themselves by using this ribbon to compel him to take to the street, or go back. So he had to travel in a coach-and-four. His off leader got "wall eyed." The Duke could not buy another team, and this white eye made the horse unpleasant to look upon. Here was a fix, a princely fix. Poverty and no credit ruled the roost, and it seemed that his Royal Highness would have to go on foot, until one of his drivers lit upon the blinker dodge, and so one was fitted to his head. It completely hid the white eye, and then a blind was put on the other horses to make things even and uniform.

Our stages were once driven thr'o the country with four blinkers on the horses, *i. e.*, one on the outside of each head-stall, and that fashion continued many years, or until one-horse wagons came in vogue, and then two blinders were placed on each head-stall. Thus, because the Duke was too poor to supply his carriage with sound horses, or those having sound eyes, we to-day, after over seventy years' experience, follow the fashion set by him.

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A Chinese firm has located in Pittsburg. In addition to dealing in celestial workmanship the firm will start a laundry at which washing will be done at fifteen cents per dozen.

Newspapers.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satisfied, and books, though useful, yea, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. Our country newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents as eagerly devoured; then comes the demand for the city news, national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and scientific journals. Lastly, and above all, come the moral and religious journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county and locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance the very next thing after family greetings, he inquires for your village or county newspaper, and you feel discomforted if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it.

Newspapers are just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefooted boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child who is eager for newspapers.—He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal it is a rule that never fails. Give your children newspapers.

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The Modoc Idea of the Creation.

Joaquin Miller, in his "Life Among the Modocs," gives the following idea of the creation of the world as that entertained by the Modocs: "The Great Spirit made Mount Shasta first of all. He pushed down snow and ice from the sky through a hole which he made in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round, till he made this great mountain; then he stepped out of the clouds on to the mountain top, and descended and planted the trees all around by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees and made the rivers. After that he made the fish for the rivers out of the small end of his staff. He made the birds by blowing some leaves which he took up from the ground among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but he made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master over all others. Having done that, the Great Spirit converted Mount Shasta into a wigwam, and its volanic eruptions are the outcome of the fire that he lights in the centre of the mountain. The development of man was a later occurrence. The daughter of the Great Spirit ventured too far, got astray, and fell into the power of the grizzly bears, and she was forced to marry one of them, and the red men were the fruit of the marriage. These red men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit; but the grizzlies were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two. To this day the grizzly bear is never slain by the red men, who recognize him as a sort of kinsman."

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CAPT. JACK'S DOUBTS.—Capt. Jack got off a good thing just the day before his execution. A clergyman was engaged in explaining to him the immortality of the soul and the consolation of religion to one in his fearful situation. He told him all about Heaven, and what a blessed place it was, and how happy he would be when he got there, where he would meet many of his old friends who had gone to glory before him, and how much happier he would be in the next world than in this one, and that instead of suffering a loss by the change he would be the gainer, and that in view of the great glory into which he was about to enter, it was better to die and be translated into Heaven than to stay here in this wicked world of sin and suffering. Jack listened attentively, and when the preacher got through, said:

"But, are these things true you are telling me?"

"Yes, every word I told you."

"You are certain about them?"

"Yes, sir, I am certain. There can be no doubt about it."

"You know it to be so?"

"I do, and am positive about the truth of all I have told you."

"Well, sir," said Jack, "I will give you ten horses if you will take my place to-morrow."

The clergyman, it is almost needless to say, did not accept the horses!

* * *

SUNSHINE AS A FORCE.—A good illustration of man's inability for self support, independent of sunshine, is afforded by the following calculation:

The mechanical equivalent of the vertical sunshine upon a square mile of the earth's surface is computed to be 3,323,000,000 lbs. raised a foot high in a second. Under the most favorable circumstances, a square mile of terrestrial soil receiving this amount of sunshine, if planted with bananas, would yield, according to the estimate of Baron Humboldt, 50,000 tons of nutritious food yearly. This is the greatest amount of food-producing power of which the earth appears to be capable. But this quantity of food would suffice only 100,000 men, whose united mechanical force would not raise more than 10,000,000 pounds a foot high in a second. It would, therefore, not be possible for any number of men, by their mechanical force, to procure anything like a sufficient light and heat in the absence of sunshine to raise from the soil the food which is needful for their support.

Slavery Among the Ants.

Among ants the habit of slave making as discovered by the German naturalist, Huber, is one of the wonders of the animal kingdom. This habit belongs to the Amazons, or red ants of South Africa. These leave their own dwelling in the evening, go to that of some tribe of black ants with the intention of making captives.—The assailed are, however, not to submit so tamely. They organize for the defence and resist their assailants furiously. The battle is long, and fierce, sometimes one side sometimes the other having the advantage. We have read of and admired the bravery of the Old Guard in their charge at Waterloo, but here are charges and counter charges as fierce as any on that famous field. We admire our Revolutionary fathers for defending their homes against foreign invasion, but what shall we say of the ants defending theirs until all the adult members of the tribe are killed or wounded. But, not stopping to dilate upon the contest, we can say the Amazons may be defeated, but they will probably conquer, and after killing or rendering helpless all their adult foes, descend into the dwelling, make captive, and convey the larvæ and young to their homes. This done, and the slaves being trained to perform the duties of their new condition, the captors give themselves up to a life of ease and become so enervated and imbecile as to be unable to care for themselves. If after a short period their slaves are removed, the tribe will die for want of food. The distinguished naturalist to whom I referred took a colony and removed their serfs. The result was the tribe were dying rapidly, when a single slave was introduced, and was immediately set at work supplying food, rearing young, and in every respect caring for the body, so that in a few hours life and vigor flourished where had been only indications of infirmity and death.

◆

A Real Hero.—There is a heroism of humanity that deserves celebrating far more than that cowardly inhumanity which resorts to violence at the least provocation. Here is one act, for instance. Last summer, at a regatta at Courtmashery, Ireland, several persons who did not know how to manage boats got into them, and one of them capsized within fifty yards of the shore. The boat contained two men and two women, and no other boat was near. The men managed to swim ashore, leaving the women under the boat to their fate. McCoy, who was sitting at a window a hundred yards from the beach, immediately jumped through it, a height of ten feet, and, rushing through the crowd to the shore, he swam towards the boat and found the legs of one of the women sticking out from under the gunwale. He dragged her out, swam with her to a lighter, and rested her on an oar, from which she was conveyed ashore and saved. He again swam to the boat, and, seeing some bubbles on the water, dived and, although nearly exhausted, caught hold of the other drowning woman. He succeeded in swimming with her to shore, supporting her with one hand while swimming with the other. The Humane Society very properly voted a silver medallion to the noble fellow. Of course, he was not lionized as though he had committed murder, but probably he felt a good deal more comfortable. Hemp does not always conduce to happiness, especially when compulsorily worn about the neck.

◆

A Defective Arithmetician.—A man from Illinois came over to Fort Madison the other day with sweet potatoes to sell. His early education had been somewhat defective in arithmetic, for he offered to sell his entire wagon load at 60 cents per half bushel, or $2 per bushel. Baskets and sacks were begged and borrowed, and every one was buying potatoes at 60 cents per half bushel. The man did not see it until the last half bushel was sold. He wanted $2 a bushel for the load. One man offered him $1.90 per bushel. He persisted in selling at 60 cents per half bushel, thinking doubtless that there were four half bushels in a bushel. Another said he would take three half bushels. A third took two half bushels. Before the man commenced the retail business a grocer bought two half bushels for his own use at $2 a bushel. He offered $1 90 a bushel for the whole load, in order to sell again, but was refused. When the man saw his blunder, he held up both hands and exclaimed, "Oh, thunder!"

◆

A Successor to Grant.—The police on duty at the President's House in Washington, on Wednesday last week took into custody a crazy man who was loitering about the premises. Upon questioning him, he said he had been appointed to take charge of the United States Government, and walked all the way from Massachusetts for that purpose. He demanded to see the President forthwith, but was taken to police headquarters instead. Among a vast quantity of papers and rubbish upon his person was found a handstamp, which makes the impression in a circular form of the legend "United States Government," and across the face "President." It is probable that he will commence his supervision of national affairs at the Government insane asylum.

◆

Extraordinary rumors come from Washington. It is given out that the receipts of the Treasury from the various sources of income are falling off in consequence of the financial panic and the general disarrangement of business, and that Congress will have to be appealed to early next session, in December, to make additional provisions to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government. If that be true, what is to be done with the $20,000,000 gold debt falling due January 1, 1874? Will it be necessary to make a new loan to pay off the old one? It looks very much like it; but it only proves the utter incapacity and profligacy of the Administration, which, with an annual income of over $400,000,000, is unable to pay even its current expenditures.

◆

A baby was born on a street railway car in St. Louis. If it's a boy it ought to be christened H'oscar. [New York *World*.] But, it's a girl, the mother has determined to name it Car'line.—[Louisville *Courier Journal*.]

◆

A missing man with a Roman nose is advertised, but the *National Baptist* thinks he will never be found, as "such a nose will never turn up."

◆

"A lass, a lass!" exclaimed an old bachelor, who wanted to marry.—"Alas! alas!" he cried, after he had been married awhile.