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

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

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

Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, per square of 16 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year.... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 20

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$33 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 45 00
3 squares.....20 00 | 1 column..... 80 00

Job Work.

BLANKS.

Single quire.....$2 50 | 6 quires, pr. quire, $1 75
2 quires, pr. quire, 2 00 | Over 6, per quire, 1 50

HANDBILLS.

½ sheet, 25 or less, $2 00 | ½ sheet, 25 or less, $5 00
1 sheet, 25 or less, 3 00 | 1 sheet, 25 or less, 10 00
Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

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.

S. V. WILSON, M. D. S. S. 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 B. 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. jel1'73

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,
•1:1:73 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. ypd

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

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 8 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on Market st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug16'70

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

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
[3] CLEARFIELD, PA. [1y

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 at no charge. jy23'73

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

John H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bowers.
ORVIS, ALEXANDER & BOWERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa. [Jan28,'47-y

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.

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. *t20nov74

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

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. *t25aug'73

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

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr1,'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,
3-7'72 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,
je11'73 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. jy12'71

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.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1873.

REMOVAL.
REIZENSTEIN & BERLINER,
wholesale dealers in
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Have removed to 187 Church street, between Franklin and White sts., New York. [jy31'72

Miss E. A. P. Rynder,
AGENT FOR
Chickering's, Steinway's and Emerson's Pianos; Smith's, Mason & Hamlin's and Peloubet's Organs and Melodeons, and Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines.
ALSO TEACHER OF
Piano, Guitar, Organ, Harmony and Vocal Music. No pupil taken for less than half a term.
Rooms opposite Gulich's Furniture Store. Clearfield, May 5, 1869-tf.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 48--WHOLE NO 2363. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1874. NEW SERIES--VOL. 15, NO. 13.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH, 25, 1874.

NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf and celebrate the day,
For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is wiped away;
I have got the papers with me, they are right as right can be—
Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm is free!

Don't all the Yankees celebrate the Fourth day of July,
Because 'twas then the Freedmen's sun lit up our nation's sky!
Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this day ne'er forget!
Where is there any freedom like being out of debt!

I've riz up many mornin's an hour before the sun,
And night has overtaken me befor the task was done.
When weary with my labor, 'twas this thought that nerved my arm:
Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on the farm.

And Mary, you have done your part in rowin' to the shore,
By takin' eggs and butter to the little village store.
You did not spend the money in dressing up for show,
But sang from morn till evening in your faded calico.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her loving heart!
The lad that gets her for a wife must be by nature smart—
She's gone without piano, her lonely hours to charm,
To have a hand in paying off the mortgage on the farm.

I'll build a little cottage soon, to make your heart rejoice;
I'll buy a good piano, to go with Bessie's voice.
You shall not make your butter with that up-and-down concern,
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent churn!

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to town,
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining gown;
Low prices for our produce need not give us now alarm—
Spruce up a little Mary! there's no mortgage on the farm.

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not forget
To thank the God of Heaven for being out of debt,
For he gave the rain and sunshine, and put strength into my arm,
And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage on the farm.

Superfluous Lying.

It was once said after a Sunday morning service in Boston, at which Edward Everett officiated, that he offered up the most eloquent prayer ever listened to by a Boston congregation. Mr. Everett's prayers may have been more eloquent, but it would have been difficult for him to make them more pointed than that which was recently delivered by the Chaplain of the United States Senate. His words are reported as follows:

"O Lord our God, we come in this place to deplore before Thee the spirit of lying which is abroad, and we beseech Thee to rebuke the giant demon of slander that stalks forth, casting upon all the earth a fearful shadow; paralyze the hand that writes the wilful detraction; palsy the tongue that utters wanton calumny, the things which tend to undermine all the confidence in the good and give a malignant power to all the bad elements for the demoralization and destruction of human society. Let Thy flaming spirit take vengeance upon the false accuser and consume this spirit of ruin from all of the land. This we ask in the name and for the sake of Him who was truth itself. Amen."

This was pretty sharp; but we do not think the reverend gentleman performed his whole duty on the subject of lying by simply offering a prayer.

Let him go to work now and preach a sermon about it; and in order that he may do his subject full justice, we will take the liberty of suggesting one point of view from which we think it may be treated with peculiar aptness.

Of course he will begin by denouncing lying in general, and with some other commonplace remarks. Those he can make to suit himself, and as they are not likely to attract attention we shall not dwell upon them.

It is when he comes to treat of lying about this administration that our advice may serve him. And the point which we should make, if we were preaching on that subject, is, that while in point of sinfulness it is wicked, and in this respect like all other lying, it is also entirely void of every excuse, and worse than useless, because there is no lie which can be told or invented about this Administration which is half as bad as the truth. To lie against the present Administration, therefore, is to lie without any object, and merely for the sake of lying.

Let the Chaplain put all this into his sermon, and we think it will be a very good sermon; and we will print it for him in the *Sun*, and will put over it in big letters, "The Sunlight of Truth on Lying." The Chaplain will thus clear his conscience and do a public service.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TELEGRAPHIC CLOCKS.—In Pittsburgh, Pa., an electric clock has been established to move the hands of seventy different clocks, scattered all over the city. The motive clock is powerful, and has a pendulum composed of hollow coils of copper wire. These swing to and fro over the poles of horseshoe magnets, and every time they pass from one pole to the opposite a current of electricity is called up inductively in the coils, flows up the wire, and thence to the seventy dials, giving a current of opposite nature at every swing. Behind each dial is an astatic permanent magnet, suspended on a pivot, and surrounded by a coil of wire, and it rotates under the electric influence from the wires. A small weight may be used to each dial if the hands are heavy, and the pivoted magnet may merely regulate the time. Of course every clock will be alike, and will run with very little attention. To prevent the pendulum of the motive clock from moving too fast by the increase in the length of vibration of the pendulum, a magnetic bridling aparatus is attached.

It was a North Carolina landlord who posted the notice in his dining-room that members of the Legislature would be first seated, and afterward the gentlemen.

Life in Portuguese Country Towns.

There is nothing that would strike a traveler fresh from England, Germany or France more than the great rarity of real country houses in Portugal. It is entirely against the genius of the people to live a country life.—The Portuguese is too sociable to endure to be surrounded only by woods and fields and mountains. He has many of our northern tastes; he likes field sports in moderation; he rides in his own style, better than any nation in Europe except ourselves; he has a sincere delight in country life and country scenery, but he cannot long support the utter solitude of the country. A Portuguese nobleman, if he be rich enough, lives in Lisbon or Oporto, and if he has a country house will visit it for a month or two in the autumn; even then he will often rather endure the misery of a seaside lodging among a crowd than go inland. The larger of the country towns have streets full of gentlemen's houses; and here vegetate, from year to year, families who are just rich enough to live upon their incomes without working. To live, indeed, as the Portuguese do in such towns, need cost but little. A large house, with a plot of cabbages—a *kaleyard*—behind it; with white-washed walls, floors uncarpeted, a dozen wooden chairs, one or two deal tables; no pictures on the walls; no mirrors; no tables pleasantly strewn with books, magazines, newspapers and ladies' work; no such thing visible as a pot of cut flowers; no rare china, no clocks, no bronzes—none of the hundred trifles and curiosities with which, in our houses, we show our taste, or our want of it, but which either way give such a charm and individual character to our English homes. All these negatives describe the utterly dreary habitations of the middle-class Portuguese. For occupations, the women do needle-work, gossip, go to mass daily and look out of windows by the hour. Except the one short walk to church at 8 o'clock in the morning, a Portuguese lady hardly ever appears in the streets. As for the men, they lounge about among the shops, they smoke innumerable paper cigarettes, and they take a "siesta" in the heat of the day. If there is sunshine, they stand in groups at the street corners, with umbrellas over their heads; in winter, they wear a shawl over their shoulders, folded and put on three-cornerwise, as a French or English woman's shawl is worn—for this is a fashion in Portugal, and the Spaniards laugh a good deal at their neighbors on the score of their being a nation who invert the due order of things, and whose women wear cloaks and the men shawls. In these towns there is never any news, and if two men are seen in eager discussion of some matter of apparently immense importance, and if one happens to pass near enough to overhear the subject of conversation, be sure that one of them is plunged in despair or kindling with enthusiasm at a fall or rise of a half-penny in the price of a pound of tobacco. An American gentleman of my acquaintance told me that he had never passed two Portuguese in conversation without hearing one of two words spoken, "testao" or "rapariga," finance or love. There are not even fashions for them to think about; young men and old men dress alike, but the younger ones wear exceedingly tight boots, and "when they take their walks abroad," it is obvious that they do so in considerable discomfort. The young men, however, have one occupation more important even than wearing tight boots, and which, almost, in fact, goes with it—that of making the very mildest form of love known among men. The process, indeed, is carried on in so Platonic a manner, and with so much proper feeling, that I doubt if even the strictest English governess would find anything in it to object to. The young gentlemen pay their addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of their affections, while the young person in question looks down approvingly from an upper window, and there the matter ends. They are not within speaking distance, and have to content themselves with expressive glances and dumb show; for it would be thought highly unbecoming for the young lady to allow a *billet doux* to flutter down into the street, while the laws of gravitation stand in the way of the upper flight of such a document—unweighted, at least, with a stone, and this, of course, might risk giving the young lady a black eye, or breaking her father's window-panes. So the lovers there remain, often for hours, feeling no doubt very happy, but looking unutterably foolish. These silent courtships sometimes continue for very long periods before the lover can ask the fatal question, or the lady return the final answer.—*The New Quarterly Magazine.*

"HEAD US, SOMEBODY!"—A correspondent of a neighboring journal tells of a country clerk in a rural town who had a pet calf which he was training up in the ways of an ox. The calf walked around very peaceably under one end of the yoke while Mr. Clerk held up the other end, but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck into the yoke, to let the calf see how it would work with a partner. The frightened mister calf, elevating his tail and his voice, struck a "dead run" for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along with his head down and his plug hat in hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying at the top of his voice, "Here we come, darn our fool souls; head us, somebody!"

LEGISLATIVE DEFINITION.—There is a bill before the Legislature defining the corrupt solicitation of members of the legislature, state, county, election, municipal or other public officers and prescribing the punishment therefor.

A society for promoting meditation has a rule that whoever breaks the general silence shall pay the damages.

A Fallen Hero.

The Erie *Dispatch*, of February 26, says: "Fifteen days in jail for vagrancy" was the sentence imposed on James Lafferty, a gray-headed, wandering vagabond of the happy-go-lucky stripe, who is scarcely ever sober, but who, drunk or sober, is harmless to all except himself. He was a hero once; one of the men in reality that John Hay must have imagined when he wrote the graphic lines of the engineer of the Prairie Belle:

"I'll hold her nozzle against the bank
Until the last galoot's ashore."

On the 9th of August, 1841, the steam boat Erie, then the finest on the lakes, and which had only made her trial trip previously—having then on board a large number of the citizens of Erie, with their families, and also the "Presque Isle Band," which had stayed on from the time of the trial excursion—left Buffalo for this port. It was a bright, sunny day, and the lake was almost dead calm. When nearing Dunkirk the boat was discovered to be on fire, and the flames spread rapidly. She was headed for shore, and the horror-stricken passengers crowded the forward part of the boat as she clove through the water. Two men were standing at the wheel, Almon Fuller, of Wesleyville, and James Lafferty—the drunken vagabond sent to jail yesterday—of Erie. It seemed almost certain that the boat could not reach the beach, and everything that would float a human being was made use of as passengers and crew threw themselves overboard, but while there was life there was hope. Almon Fuller dropped where he stood, dying at his post. James Lafferty stayed, though his clothes were on fire, his hair burned off, and hands and face crisped by the scorching heat, and only abandoned his post when the Erie was sinking. A number of persons were lost in that appalling disaster, but the great majority were saved. The wheelman who had barely escaped with his life and the memory of the one who died where he worked, were honored then, but that is upwards of thirty years ago, and the surviving hero of that day is now only a drunken vagabond, who must soon drop unnoticed in a pauper's grave.

Legend of a Bad Indian.

THE FLATHEAD WAY OF ACCOUNTING FOR THE HOT WATER IN WASSWEILER'S SPRINGS.

A long, long time ago, according to the traditions of the Flathead Indians, they went once a year to hunt buffalo, just as they do now, and their trails were the same up the Hell Gate and Little Blackfoot and down Ten Mile. The present site of Helena was a favorite camping place. "In those days," according to one of the chiefs of said tribe well versed in its legendary lore, "there was one of the Flathead braves who was a bad Indian; he had no respect for the virtue of the beautiful Indian maidens; he was a regular horse jockey—made races for ponies and buffalo robes, all on the square, and then "dropped" the opponent's fleet broncho; he played that ancient and respected game of "old sledge" in such a dextrous manner as to vanquish all his adversaries, who never could account for the manner in which he "turned Jack;" he had a way of "holdin' em" at draw poker that made his red brethren swear in the most approved Flathead jargon; in short, he was a "very bad Indian." Once upon a time, when they were camped on the little stream where Helena is now situated, on their way to hunt buffalo, the devil "called" for the wicked brave, and told him his time had come, and that he must accompany him to the unhappy hunting ground of bad Indians. The Indian told the wicked Spirit that he had some business matters to arrange with other braves of the tribe, such as a few collections to make, etc., and that if his satanic majesty would go out to the present site of Wassweiler's hot springs, he would come as soon as the wind quit blowing. The devil agreed to the terms, and departed to await the lulling of the wind and the coming of the brave. As the wind has never quit blowing, his victim has never appeared, and the Indians say the devil is still camped there, and that the hot water of the springs is taken from the waters of Ten Mile for use in his camp, from whence it emerges in its present heated state.

THE FATE OF AN EGG-EATING HEN.—A way to prevent hens from eating their eggs, is to fill an egg with a solution of pepper, and put it back in the nest. A Danbury man has tried this, and says it works like a charm. He put a pretty good dose of pepper in the egg, and placed it in the nest of the criminal. Pretty soon the hen came around and took hold. It was a brindle animal, with long legs, and somewhat conceited. It dipped its bill and inhaled the delicacy. Then it came out doors. It didn't gallop, we don't mean, but it came out—came out to look at the scenery, and see if it was going to rain. Its mouth was wide open, and the feathers on the top of its head stood straight up. Then it commenced to go around the yard like a circus horse. Once in awhile it would stop and push out one leg in a tone of astonishment, and then holler "fire," and start on again. The other hens came out to look on. Soon the hens from the neighbors came over the fence and took up a position of observation. It was quite evident the performance was something entirely new and unique to them. There is a good deal of human nature in hens. When they saw this hen dance and have all the fun to itself, and heard it shout "fire," and couldn't see the conflagration themselves, they filled up with wrath, and with one accord sprang upon it, and before the Danbury man could interfere, the brindle hen with the long legs was among the things that were. He says the receipt is effectual.—*Danbury News.*

What is that which, when it is thrown out, you may always catch without hands?—A hint.

An Almost Forgotten Hero.

A writer of the Chicago *Tribune* renders tribute to the memory of Colonel Jonathan P. Miller, of Vermont, of the volunteers in the cause of Grecian independence. Miller, then a young man in the university of Vermont, was one of the first to go out with Dr. S. G. Howe, who was fifty years younger than he is now. Miller arrived at Missolonghi a few months after the death of Lord Byron, and greatly distinguished himself in the war, finally enduring all the horrors of the seige of Missolonghi—the longest and most terrible siege of modern times. The issue of it, it will be remembered, was the assembling of the women and chidren of a population of eight thousand in one place, where they themselves applied the match to the train that insured their destruction, while their husbands and fathers hewed through the Turkish lines, one thousand out of three thousand surviving. Colonel Miller, after the peace, bought the sword of Byron from the family of a Greek officer, to whom Byron had given it, and who was subsequently found dead on the battle-field, with the sword knotted to his wrist. The valuable souvenir, after some vicissitudes, returned to the possession of Colonel Miller, and is treasured by his descendants. According to the Chicago *Tribune* writer, the lady in whose possession it now is, was obliged to flee from her residence on the night of the Chicago fire, and only saved a small box of plate, the shawl thrown over her head and the sword of Byron. Miller brought home with him two sons of Madame Miltiades, whose husband claimed a lineal descent from the hero of Marathon, and was slain on the same field with Marco Bozarris. Her fortune being ruined she entrusted her boys to him; one was adopted into his own family, and the other into that of a friend. These two have since, grown up to success as American citizens. Colonel Miller himself married wealth, and settled down to the practice of law at Montpelier. As a member of the legislature he introduced the first resolution on the subject of slavery, and became one the free soil party in that State. A granite obelisk there marks the resting place of his remains.

The Son of Peter the Great.

Alexis, the ill-fated son of Eudosia and Peter the Great, had long incurred the resentment of his father. Of a tall and commanding appearance, he was looked up to by a nation among whom colossal stature was particularly esteemed. Around him he had collected associates who plunged into every sort of vice and licentiousness; he openly opposed the reforms of his father, and, fearing his displeasure, left the country.

Peter, discovering his retreat at Naples, ordered him to return to St. Petersburg, promising forgiveness if he did so; on the other hand threatening him with the most dreadful curses if he refused. Alexis, relying on his promises, returned, and had barely arrived before he was surrounded and imprisoned; and then began a most painful ordeal, which was carried on for five months. Peter daily visited him, and working on his weak mind, prevailed on him to accuse himself of the most dreadful crimes, and to name all the friends who were in any way implicated. He then nominally consulted the priests and nobles what course to pursue; they, in awe of his power, pronounced sentence of death against Alexis, and Peter, in spite of his previous protestations, confirmed it. Seated in a prison at Moscow, by a dim light, we see the unfortunate prince hearing the sentence from the lips of his father, who actually mingled his tears with his. The door opens, and a vial is handed to the monarch, who pours out the contents and proffers them to his son as a soothing draught. He then retires. Alexis raises to his lips the poisoned cup, he drinks, convulsions of the most dreadful nature follow, and before morning he lies a corpse. Peter gave out that the news that sentence of death had been passed upon him had operated fatally on his feeble constitution. Thus perished the heir to the Russian Empire. Peter afterward alter the order of succession in favor of his consort Catherine, who reigned for two years after him. At her death she bequeathed her crown to Peter, the son of Alexis, who ascended the throne at the age of twelve, under the title of Peter II.

Ollie Datton is the pest of the hotels and shops in Western New York. She is young, pretty and high-toned of address. She goes to the best hotel and takes one of the best rooms, usually telling the enraptured clerk that she wants to stay there a few days until the arrival of her father. She is timid and shy at being left alone, and sweetly asked to be looked after because she is so inexperienced. Then she goes to the dry good stores and selects some valuable things, which she asks to have set aside until her father comes, when she will call, pay for, and take them. On second thought though, she is in a hurry for the silk, as she wants to wear it as soon as she can get it made up. Won't the dry goods man send it to the hotel, where he can find out all about her, and when her father comes he will call for the rest of the purchase and pay the bill. Just at the moment Ollie looks truly good, and the dry goods man says he will send it right around. Before the effect of her grateful smile has left him the silk is at the hotel. When she has got all the goods that can be had she packs up and slips off. But Ollie has been arrested at last in Buffalo, and now she may practice at smiling the bars off her cell.

COULDN'T THINK OF IT.—A gentleman was admiring a young lady's hair the other evening. "Miss D——, please give me one little curl—just one, won't you?" he pleaded. "Couldn't think of it, Mr.——; couldn't think of it for a moment," replied the young lady briskly. "Those curls cost me five shillings apiece."

The Efficacy of Prayer.

The *Gilded Age* tells how Uncle Dan'l and the chil'n first saw a Mississippi steamboat. They were sitting in a row on a log in a warm evening telling about spooks, after the manner of southwestern negroes, when Uncle Dan'l said impressively, "Chil'n, dars sumfin a comin.'" A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long, brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the further darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to grow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession. "Child'n," said Uncle Dan'l, "it's de Almighty. Git down on yo' knees." As the noise and the lights drew nearer Uncle Dan'l prayed: "O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we aint ready yet, we aint ready—let dese po' chil'en had but one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah if you's got to hab somebody.—Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's agwyne to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's guyne to ketch it. But good Lord, dese chil'en don't b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' you knows, yo' own self, dat dey aint 'sponsible. Oh Lord, spah de little chil'n, don't tar de little chil'en away, I'm dey frens, jest' let 'em off jes dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. Heah I is, Lord, heah I is! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole—" Here the steamer's whistle screeched fairly in the faces of the awe struck group, and Uncle Dan'l, seizing as many of the chil'ns hands as his own brawny ones would hold, scoured off towards the woods. Looking back they saw that the boat was rounding a point out of sight. "Well," said the relieved Uncle Dan'l, "deres some folks dat say der ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a been if it warnt fo' dat prah. Dat's it, dat's it."

A Peculiar People.

The *Cologne Gazette* not long since gave an account of some of the peculiar customs and usages of the natives of the African Gold Coast. It seems that all the men born on a certain day of the week are called by the masculine appellation of that day, and all the women by the feminine name for that day. Thus, all girls born on Sunday are named Accussauk; all boys born on Sunday are named Auassie; girls born on Monday are named Adjuah; boys are named Cudje. The choice of names being thus very limited, nicknames are much in vogue. So a fat man born on Monday is not called simply Cudje, but Cudje Kutumus.

An appalling custom of these natives is their habit of pawning their sons and daughters and wives, with very much the same indifference as that with which a German student would pledge his watch. A woman who has been pledged becomes the absolute slave of the person to whom she is pawned. When a pledged person dies the body is fastend to the bough of a tree, high in the air, beyond the reach of animals. The native tribes believe in the immortality of the soul, but they think the dead one cannot commence his wanderings to the eternal realms until his mortal remains have been consigned to earth. For this reason the relatives make every effort to redeem the body of a pawned person as soon as possible after death. The Fantees rejoice in the possession of two devils—Abousam, who presides over the souls of the wicked in the next world, and Sassabousam, a large, red-colored, long-haired devil, who rules on earth. The latter resides in the deep ravine of a gloomy forest, and near a gigantic mulberry tree.

The mortality among the children on the Gold Coast is very great. This is due partly to the sudden changes in temperature, and partly to the early loss of milk by mothers, who in lieu thereof nourish their children with a liquid called lauki, which is very apt to cause inflamation of the bowels.

SCANDAL.—The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected, that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

CESPEDES.—Another President, besides Fillmore, is dead—Manuel Cespedes, of the Cuban Republic. Though the "Republic" has been rather a shadowy institution, it has, nevertheless, for four years past, maintained an organization and enough of a military force in the field to give the Spaniards trouble. It has been a republic as the United States was when its little army lay barefoot at Valley Forge, or routed after White Plains, and Cespedes is only an unsuccessful Washington. Will the republic survive its President? Events must answer.

Finances of the United States.

In order to give our readers a clear understanding of the financial condition of the government of the United States, and its expenditures and demands, we must revert, says the New York *Herald*, to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury at the meeting of the present Congress. The Secretary did not put the estimates of the fiscal year from June 30, 1873, to June 30, 1874, in a lump, but takes for his exhibit the first quarter, and then the remaining three quarters separately. Putting them together we find the civil and miscellaneous estimated expenditures, including public buildings, light-houses, and collecting the revenues, to be $66,577,293; for Indians, $8,508,715; for pensions, $30,478,156; for the military establishment, including fortifications, river and harbor improvements and arsenals, $47,795,053; for the naval establisment, including vessels and machinery and improvements at navy yards, $27,792,451. In addition to these sums there is set down, $1,100,000 for foreign intercourse. This gives for the current expenses of the government, independent of interest on the public debt, $182,251,668. The interest on the debt, is near about a hundred millions—that is, on $1,218,729,150, at six per cent. in gold, $73,123,698, and on $508,478,800, at five per cent. in gold, $25,173,940, and in addition the small amount of interest on the three per cent. Navy Pension fund and the four per cent cortificates of indebtedness. Let us say, then, in round numbers, one hundred millions of interest on the debt. This, added to the $182,251,668 for current expense, makes a total of $282,251,668. The interest on the Pacific railroad bonds, amounting to nearly four millions, must be added. The amount required for the sinking fund, which is estimated for 1875 at $29,918,856, is not included. Including the interest on the Pacific Railroad bonds, the revenue required for the fiscal year of 1873-74 amounts to a little over $316,000,000. The Secretary's estimate for 1874-75 is $319,198,736. For the first quarter of the present fiscal year the receipts from all sources were $81,843,492, and the estimated receipts for the other three-quarters, were $187,100,000. The total is $268,953,492. To this must be added the premium on the sales of gold, which for the year will hardly amount to more than five or six millions.

Thus we see that the actual and estimated expenditures exceed the income forty millions to forty-five millions of dollars at least.

Beauty Everywhere.

Somebody has said that beauty is not local, but purely a question of taste—that the eye forms its own idea of beauty, and so on; and now an European traveler discovers that Hindoo women are pleasing to look at. "They attract the most," he says, "by their graceful carriage, their picturesque drapery, consisting of a full skirt and a sort of brunous, which passes over the head, almost completely veiling the face. These vary in color, being sometimes bright blue, and pink, and yellow, the skirt often bordered with a hem of some other color, often very gaudy; but the dark skin harmonizes it all. The most artistic to my mind is the deep indigo blue, but it is more rare in the northwest than in Southern India, where almost all the lower class women wear it. It is pleasant to watch the easy grace with which they walk, bearing round red earthenware or bright copper water-jars on their heads, steadying their burden with one well-shaped, small-wristed, dusky arm streached up to its full length, and covered almost to the elbow, and sometimes above it, with numbers of bracelets. These are sometimes silver, but oftener plated metal or red and green lace. Their easy grace of motion is well worth copying. The pale-faced race may perhaps pride itself on its superiority in the use of the contents of its head, but these dusky daughters of the sun certainly outdo their more favored sisters in the