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.
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If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

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GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 48--WHOLE NO. 2369. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1874. NEW SERIES--VOL. 15, NO. 19.

THE REPUBLICAN.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1874.

ANTIQUITIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is no song like an old song
That we have not heard for years;
Each simple note appears to throng
With shapes that swim in tears.
It may have been a cheerful strain,
But 'twas so long ago
That glee, grown old, has turned to pain,
And mirth has turned to woe.

There is no friend like an old friend,
Whose life-path mates our own,
Whose dawn and noon, whose eve and end
Have known what we have known.
It may be when we read his face
We note a trace of care;
'Tis well that friends in life's last grace
Share sighs and smiles they share.

There is no love like an old love,
A lost, may be, or dead,
Whose place, since she has gone above,
No other fills instead.
It is not we'll ne'er love anew,
For life were drear if so,
But that first love had roots that grew
Where others cannot grow.

There are no days like the old days,
When we, not they, were young;
When all life's rays were golden rays
And wrong had never stung.
Dear Heart! if now our steps could pass
Through paths of childhood's morn,
And the dew of youth lie on the grass
Which Time's fell scythe has shown!

Old song, old friend, old love, old days;
Old things, yet never old;
A stream that's dark till sunshine plays
And changes it to gold;
Through all winds memory's river on,
'Mid banks of sore regret,
But a gleam's on the peaks of long agone
That softens sadness yet.

Ivory.

Ivory is a beautiful and compact substance, obtained from the trunks of the elephant, the narwhal, the walrus, and the hippopotamus, and also from the teeth of some animals. The best and largest supply is, however, from the elephant.

The male elephant when full grown has two tusks, varying considerably in size in different animals, but most valued when they are large, straight, and light in color. These trunks are hollow at their insertion into the jaw, and for a considerable space therefrom, but become solid as they taper towards the extremity. The principal sources whence trunks are obtained, are the western coast of Africa and Hindostan; but the African tusks are most esteemed, as being denser in texture, and less liable to turn yellow. By an analysis, the African show a proportion of animal to earthy matter, of 101 parts to 100; while in the Indian it is 76 to 100.

The applications of ivory are so numerous that a large demand for elephants' trunks has existed for a lengthened period. It is estimated that in Sheffield, England, 180 tons of ivory are annually worked into knife-handles, etc. Reckoning the average weight of the tusks at nine pounds, we find that to supply that market alone, the annual slaughter of about 20,000 elephants is required. When we contemplate the various manufacturing centres which consume vast quantities of ivory for chess-men, billiard balls, keys of musical instruments, thin plates for miniatures, mathematical and other instruments, in addition to the thousand other purposes for which it is used throughout the world, it is a source of wonder that the breed of the elephant has not sensibly diminished.

The tusks of the hippopotamus afford a very hard and white ivory.—These are usually short and much curved, hollow at the place of insertion, and covered with a glossy enamel, and vary in weight from three pounds to thirty.

Great economy is used in cutting up the tusks, so that the only waste may be that which arises from the passage of a thin saw between the several pieces into which it is divided; and even here it can hardly be termed waste, for the clean saw-dust of the ivory is sometimes used in making jelly. Every portion is, in fact, turned to some account, the outside rind being used for handles of pen-knives, etc., and the scraps burned in retorts for the manufacture of ivory black, used in copper-plate printers' ink, and for other purposes. The saw used in cutting up the ivory is about the fortieth of an inch thick, with rather coarse teeth, about five or six to the inch, and is stretched in a steel frame to keep it very tense.

A substitute for ivory is commonly termed "vegetable ivory," the fruit of a species of palm imported from Peru, is largely manufactured into the many forms for which the real ivory is formerly used. This fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, with which travelers quench their thirst; this fluid afterwards becomes gradually sweet and milky, and at length acquires solidity, so as to be hard as ivory. If the fruit be gathered while the juice is fluid, the latter soon becomes acid; but when allowed to attain perfection, the kernels are of sufficient hardness to be employed by the Indians as knobs for walking-sticks, reels of spindles, and little toys, which are white, and perfectly hard while dry; if they are put under water they soften, but on drying their hardness is restored. Vegetable ivory is in fact the albumen or nutritious substance surrounding the embryo, and which in some other palms, as the cocoanut, constitutes a beautiful and firm substance lining the shell. The vegetable ivory is inclosed in a hard rind, some of which generally adheres to it as imported. The Down Palm has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries.

Rev. Henry Alicer, D. D., one of the oldest ministers of the Baltimore conference, died in that city on the 21st, aged 74 years. He was at one time chaplain of the United States Senate, and for many years one of the most distinguished divines of the Methodist Church.

An Iowa Granger thinks that there is too much lawyer in our politics, and that as a nation we have gradually given up to the lawyer nearly every place of honor and trust.

The Sick Room.

For this apartment, especially in winter, the sunniest room in the house should be selected. There is a life and healing in the solar ray, even if its light, which is only a part of the ray, is excluded. We all feel instantly, on entering a room on which the sunlight never falls, a chill and an absence of something essential to cheer and brightness. Observation shows that in hospitals more patients die in shady than in the sunny wards, and in cities disease is more fatal on the shady side of the street than on the opposite.

Next in importance to sunshine in the sick room is ventilation. If well people need fresh air, much more do they that are sick. A free circulation of air must be provided without endangering at all the safety of the patient. In cool weather an open stove (if possible, a soap-stone stove), with a wood fire, is perhaps as effective and pleasant a method as any other of securing this.

The aspect of the room should be inviting and pleasant. If the walls are naked, bring the pictures from that shut-up room, the parlor or the guest-chamber, and hang them where the patient can enjoy them. Set a rose or geranium in the window. If plants were unhealthy, the air of greenhouses would be different from the outer air, which is not the case. For the sake of the nurse, we would have the sick room on the first floor, to save the inconvenience and fatigue of continual running up and down stairs; for the sake of the patient we would have it on the second floor, which is usually more quiet and more thoroughly warmed than the first. If it is on the second floor, let every convenience be provided that can save steps—a broom, dust-pan, poker, tongs, by all means an earth-closet, and everything else that is likely to come into frequent requisition—so that everything necessary to be done can be attended to with the utmost facility. It is the want of little conveniences at hand that renders nursing in private families so fatiguing.

The utmost tidiness and cleanliness should be secured in the sick room.—The senses of the patient, rendered acute by disease, make disorder and dirt ten-fold more trying than they are in health. Every soiled dish or cloth should be at once removed from the room, and no accumulations of anything disagreeable permitted. We heard a young gentleman of refinement and culture say once that he should have married a young lady if her brother's sick room, in which she was nurse, had not been so untidy. Not, however, from interested motives, should the nurse abhor untidiness, but because it is in itself abhorent. "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Well-aired bedding is essential to the comfort of the patient. This can be secured with a little management. The patient may be removed to an easy chair or a lounge, and the bedding be thoroughly shaken out of doors, if the weather is fair, or in a room with the windows opened, if the weather is foul; then warmed by the fire and put upon the bed. None but the sick are fully alive to the blessedness of clean sheets. How much of disease is only the choking in one form or another of the natural outlets of the body!

The comfort of the patient in many cases is greatly increased by bathing. A cloth wrung from tepid saleratus or soda water may be passed over the body under the bedclothes, and, if followed by a dry towel, there is little danger that the patient will take cold.

If there must be light in the room all night, by all means use tapers. A box of these, costing ten cents, can be bought at the apothecary's, and will last a good many weeks. Each box contains a tiny socket or circle of tin with three sharp points, each holding a bit of cork; into this socket sets a button-mould a quarter of an inch in diameter, with a hole in the middle, in which is inserted a bit of waxed wicking. The whole affair, not larger in circumference than a walnut, floats on the surface of a cup or tumbler full of lard oil. It gives a very soft and pleasant light, and is perfectly safe. Kerosene lamps cannot be turned down without filling the room with unconsumed products of combustion, which are very unwholesome; candles and oil lamps are apt to smoke. The taper is economical, pleasant and safe. We have been thus circumstantial in describing this little contrivance so that those at a distance from drug stores can make it for themselves. In the nursery it is invaluable. An outlay of 33 cents will keep a light in the sick room for months.

The nurse shall be "vigilant, prompt, firm, obedient, self-possessed, her presence a balm, her step soft, her eye like May morning, her voice a lullaby." With these qualifications, and a room that we have suggested, it would be almost a pleasure to be comfortably sick.

A SPUNKY DRINKER.—On Monday of court week, in Lewistown, a well dressed gentleman, rather tipsy, being espied by Judge Bucher in the court room, was called before his honor, and interrogated as to where he got his liquor; but he refused or was unable to answer, whereupon the Judge sent him to jail. After lying in limbo until Saturday, he was again brought before the court—this time perfectly sober—and again interrogated as to where he got the liquor. He replied that he could not tell without being guilty of a breach of confidence, and therefore must decline to do so. "Well," said Judge Bucher, "you will have to decide between telling and going to jail for contempt of court." Picking up his hat the man thereupon turned around, saying, "Come on, Sheriff, I'll go to jail," and go to jail he did, too; though as soon as the court adjourned he was released.

Miles Querry, of Huntingdon county, is the owner of two aged mules—one 40 and the other 42 years of age.

Joseph Harper, of Georgetown, D. C., is 103 years old, and for twenty-seven years has been totally blind.

Novel Remedy for Hysteria.

Dr. Brown-Sequard says: The daughter of a friend of mine was attacked with a fit of hysteria every morning. I succeeded for a time in breaking up the fit by the use of violent means for half an hour before the paroxysm was due. But after a time the means I used completely failed. My friend then went to see a gymnast in Paris named Triat, who was far more daring than I am, and was in the habit of treating hysteria in a very bold and unique way. He used to take his patients, as he did this lady, up a ladder, after having bandaged their eyes so that they could see nothing.

After they had ascended to the height of about twenty feet, he made them walk very carefully on a plank that was about seven or eight inches in width. He, of course, was a gymnast, and accustomed to walk there, so that he could easily lead the person forward. When the young lady had reached the middle of the plank, which was pretty long—for it was a large gymnasium—he said to his patient, "Now you are perfectly safe, and there is no possibility of your fit coming on again." He had previously assured her that this means was infallible; had referred to hundreds of previous cases, and exaggerated his success in order to act on the mind of the patient.

"Now," said he, "after I have left you will not try to lift up the piece of cotton-wool that is fixed on your eyes until one minute has elapsed."—He started away and left the patient there in great danger, as you may imagine, of falling. After a minute had passed the patient removed the bandage and opened her eyes. Fortunately for Mr. Triat no accident has ever occurred there. How many patients he cured that way I don't know; but I know the daughter of my friend was certainly cured.

Henry Clay Dean.

The St. Joseph, Mo., *Gazette* relates this story: W. L. Tribbe, attorney for the Florence Sewing Machine Company, St. Louis, enlivened our editorial rooms yesterday. He tells a good one on the late Austin Brooks, editor of the Quincy *Herald*. Mrs. Brooks is remarkably neat in every respect, and least of all can she tolerate a man with a soiled shirt front. One day Mr. Brooks invited Henry Clay Dean (better known as "dirty shirt" Dean) home to dinner. Mrs. Brooks was shocked at his filthy appearance, and privately assured her husband that she could not eat with a man in such a shirt. Mr. B. told her Dean was a great man, a prominent politician and a particular friend of his, but to no purpose; that dirty shirt overshadowed all his virtues. At length a compromise was agreed upon. Brooks was to invite Dean to the bath-room, induce him to astonish his person with soap and water, and have one of his (Brooks') shirts ready for him when he came out of the tub, Dean submitted with bad grace, dipped himself briefly and donned Brooks' shirt.—Immediately after dinner Mrs. Brooks went to the bath-room, lifted Dean's cast off shirt with a broomstick and carefully pitched it out at the window. Four years later Dean came again, and was required to go through the same process. On going to the bath-room Mrs. Brooks was horrified to find that the shirt Dean had taken off this time was the same he had put on at her house *four years before*, and still bore the name "Brooks" in indelible ink.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.—The chief place of the manufacture of marbles—those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of boys—is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is carefully turned to good paying account by being made into small balls, employed by experts to knuckle with, and are mostly sent to the American market.

The substance used in Saxony is a hard, calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown, by the hundred or two, into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of eccentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or rather hard wood, of the same diametric size, is placed over the stones and partially resting upon them. The small block of wood is kept revolving while the water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called marbles. One establishment, with but three mills, turns out 60,000 marbles each week. Agates are made into marbles at Oberstein, by first chipping the pieces neatly round with a hammer, handled by a skillful workman, and then wearing down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "GO" AND "COME."—"If you want business done," says the proverb, "go and do it! If you don't want it done send, some one else." An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term, the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner if he would sell the farm.

"Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised.

"Yes, provided we can agree upon the price."

"That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year, and are able in a few years to buy it?"

"The reason is plain," was the reply; "you sat still and said *go!* I got up and said *come*. You lay in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business."—*Self Help.*

Flowers as Ministers to Health.

Window gardens are the loveliest finish to a city dwelling. That they are useful as well as ornamental is not sufficiently considered, else they would be oftener seen The trouble to a nice housekeeper in town is that the air coming in from the street is not clean. Her house may be spotless; that is in her power, but throw up the window for fresh air, and instead enters a current, tainted slightly perhaps but quite perceptibly, with manifold defilements; and this she knows is not only disagreeable but mischievous. Now suppose a box is fastened outside the window and filled with a dozen or more pots of fragrant flowers in vigorous growth, the tonic and purifying proprieties of this fragrance would alter the character of the inblowing air, and there is no telling how much sickness might thus be warded off. Hyacinths are in order now; of course while winter lingers they must be kept on the warm side of the glass; and tulips are not all show, but breathe out a subtle sweetness of their own. A box of mignonette the full length of the window-sill is not hard to grow, and the bloom continues long. The air that blows over daffodils and purple violets is not only suggestive of country freshness, it is actually sifted from city contaminations, and enriched with the tonic forces a spring breeze ought to have.

Frequent changes and constant attention are necessary to keep a window-garden in order. To be ministers of health flowers must be in a healthful condition. The life-principle, ozone, so abundant in sweet-smelling plants, is generated in proportion to the thrifty growth. It would be well to sow the ground between the pots in bloom with mint and lavender, for their wholesome exhalations in the sunshine. Hanging baskets might be used, where it is difficult to find room for flower-pots. People who stay in town all summer will find it will pay to keep a constant succession of these delightful disinfectants, pleasing soul and sense alike, and all the time quietly beneficently medicating the air for our breathing.

Japanese Dwellings.

The streets of Yokohama are wide and straight. Each house is built of wood, without an atom of paint, and is a real toy-house, a genuine Liliputian Swiss chalet, built with a taste, a nicety, and a neatness which are admirable. The Japanese are wonderful workers in wood, and it is a pleasure to see the roofs, so light and yet so strong, supported by walls that are made, like the side-scenes in a theatre, of thin strips of wood, over which are pasted sheets of cottony transparent paper. In the evenings, when the lanterns dispense their soft light round the inside of these white buildings, the spectator seems to be looking at a magic-lantern. During the daytime the sides of the houses are slipped out, as side-scenes are, and the house becomes only a roof resting on the four light corner posts, the whole interior being thus opened to the air. Every part of the house is exposed to view, and every thing done in it can be seen, while behind it appear the charming verdure, the cascades, and the diminutive plantations of the little gardens situated in the rear.

THE WITCHERY OF MANNERS.—Almost every man can recall scores of cases within his knowledge where pleasing manners have made the fortune of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, and, in short, men in every walk of life. Raleigh flung down his laced coat into the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud Queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tones in which he asks for a pinch of snuff are often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament—the most beautiful dress that man or woman can wear—and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn. The gruffest man loves to be appreciated; and it is oftener the sweet smile of a woman, which we think intended for us alone, than a pair of Juno-like eyes, or "lips that seem on roses fed," that bewitches our heart; and lays us low at the feet of her whom we afterward marry.

HUMOR AND SARCASM.—It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of the people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Æsop, who was doubtless the subject of many a gibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of "The boys and the frogs." What was jolly for the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in good part, and, instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your bandinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the purpose of uttering a sharp repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a dangerous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

John D. Stranahan, of Erie county, has recovered a verdict against the Pennsylvania Railroad company for $1,392.40, for burning his barn. The barn stood over one hundred feet away from the line of the road and took fire from the burning fence and grain in its vicinity which had been kindled by sparks from the locomotive of a passing train, Oct. 9, 1867. The defense was that the railroad company used the best smokestacks they could get and exercised ordinary care. This decision is important to parties living along the lines of railroads.

About a week ago Peter Beitler, an insane inmate of the Adams county Hospital, died from involuntary starvation, having positively refused to partake of food for seven weeks.