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 R. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 48—WHOLE NO. 2383. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1874. NEW SERIES—VOL. 15, NO. 33.

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. WRIGHT.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding.)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11.12.73 Clearfield, Pa.

R. T. WILSON, M. D. H. 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. jan1:74

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 in Court House, (Sheriff's Office). Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. jel1'72

J. W. BANTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 4. All legal business entrusted to his care promptly attended to. 2jy74

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 Nagle's Jewelry Store, Clearfield, Pa. jel4'73

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Graham's Row. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
11.1.73 Clearfield, Pa.

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

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 5. Jan. 5, 1874.

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. 26,'73:tf.

FREDERICK O'LEARY BUCK,
SCRIVENER & CONVEYANCER,
General Life and Fire Ins. Agent.
Deeds of Conveyance, Articles of Agreement and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 4. Clearfield, Pa., April 29, 1874.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 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 5 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 collections of claims made specialties. n1'71

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
(3p23) CLEARFIELD, PA. [1y

T. A. FLECK. A. W. BILLS.
T. A. FLECK & CO.,
Agents in Clearfield county for the sale of
E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S
Fashionable Patterns of Garments,
ALL STYLES AND SIZES.
3:18 Market Street Clearfield, Pa.

T. M. ROBINSON,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Harness, Saddles and Bridles,
Collars, Whips, Brushes, Fly Nets, Trimmings, Horse Blankets, &c.
Vaseline, Frank Miller's and Neatsfoot Oils.
Agent for Bailey and Wilson's Buggies.
Orders and repairing promptly attended to.
Shop on Market street, Clearfield, Pa., in room formerly occupied by Jas. Alexander. [3:6'74

JAMES E. WATSON & CO.,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Houses and Offices to let. Collections promptly made, and first-class Coal and Fire-Clay Lands and Town property for sale. Office in Western Hotel Building (2d floor), Second St. [my13'74y

Cards.

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. april 1-6m

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. 19 '.

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. *120nov74

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.
e29-1y 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. *12aug73

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. my20:ly-d

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.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d 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,'68-tf

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
jel9'72 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. Ryndер,
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 DEALER IN
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.

J. HOLLOWBUSH. S. DAVIS CAREY
HOLLOWBUSH & CAREY,
BOOKSELLERS,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
AND STATIONERS,
218 Market St., Philadelphia.
Paper Flour Sacks and Bags, Foolscap, Letter, Note, Wrapping, Curtain and Wall Papers. feb24,70-1ypd

H. F. BIGLER & CO.
have for sale
CARRIAGE & WAGON WOODS,
SHAFTS AND POLES,
HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, &c.
Carriage and Wagon Makers should make a note of this and call and examine them. They will be sold at fair prices. may22.72

STONE'S SAW GUMMERS AND SAW UPSETS.
We have received the agency for the above and will sell them at manufacturer's prices. Call and examine them. They are the best.
jel9-72 H. F. BIGLER & CO.

Mountain Echo Cornet Band,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.
MUSIC furnished for Picnics, Festivals, Concerts, Lectures, &c., on reasonable terms.
Address, E. E. SEGNER, Sec'y,
may6-6m Curwensville, Pa.

IN SUMMER TIME.

O Linden trees! whose branches high
Shut out the noontide's sultry sky,
Throwing a shadow, cool and dim,
Along the meadow's grassy rim.
How sweet in dreamy rest to lie,
Unheeding how the moments fly,
While woodland odors, faint and rare,
Of fern and wild rose scent the air—
And hear the light winds play around
From leaf to leaf with rustling sound,
And trill of bird, and insect's hum,
And all the lulling tones that come
In Summer time.

O Linden trees! so mossy-old,
What pleasant memories you hold
Of early childhood, and its days
Of frolic, sport, and guileless ways;
A time of joyance, bright and fair,
Beneath a mother's tender care.
And even on, till manhood brought
Maturer aims and deeper thought,—
And love arose, and life became
All radiant with its quenchless flame,
As here, within your shelter wide,
We met and lingered side by side,
In Summer time.

O Linden trees! as now once more
I live those happy moments o'er,
And stretched at ease upon the grass,
See picture after picture pass,
Another brighter vision stays
My backward thoughts and fills my gaze;
For look! where down yon shaded walk
A merry troop, in cheerful talk,
And gleeful laugh, and shout and song,
Maud and children pass along!
O Linden! tell me what could be
More sweet to hear, or fair to see,
In Summer time.

THE OLD SETTEE.

Settee, lounge or sofa, it matters not which, it is the same the world over. All the children know it, every man and woman grown remembers its inviting, persuasive look in childhood, for we have all been there; its sedative influence we have all felt and acknowledged, while its growing unpopularity we deplore. Over its cushions Morpheus reigns, and will reign forever more. I suppose there is a great similarity in our experiences, but here is a sample. Mother leaves the room an instant with the light; thereupon ensues a general scramble for the settee. You know said settee is very comfortable for one person, but unless we are playing "lion," with one underneath to personate that terrific beast, who snatches and snarls at all overhanging—hands, feet or clothing—we prefer to be alone; so the best fellow secures the lounge, while the other in revenge grasps and claims the pillow, with which he speedily makes a bed on the floor. This is forbidden, and mother's entrance makes the boy "get," but the pillow gets with him, and, though the night be a melting one in July, he sits on it as complacently as though it were January. Repeated nods soon tell the story, and after throwing the pillow (a not unwelcome missile) at the face on the lounge, he goes reluctantly to bed. Mother says: "Come, dear, you had better go too." But we are talking with volubility and do not care to hear. The truth is, before we approached that lounge we were wide awake; now it is as much as we can do to keep our eyes open. We close them for relief, and find the relief so pleasant; think of continuing it, but suddenly, in a semi-conscious state, we hear: "Come, you will get asleep if you lie there; get up immediately!" "Mother, let me stay here a little longer; I don't feel a bit sleepy;" and to corroborate this statement we drum on the back of the lounge with one hand, and hum a tune, which occasionally ends abruptly: "Harry! do you hear me?" "Yes, in—in—a—minute." Here we swing one foot to and fro (slow time), and turn over, ask sudden questions with jerks, and stare at the ceiling as best we can. Then comes a blank, and we are in dreamland. If going to sleep is pleasant, the awaking is detestable. By and by, after prolonged calls which elicit no response, or only groans on our side, mother shakes us and lands us at the foot of the stairs. We ascend with indifference, stopping at each step to gather strength for the next lift. The room is reached and our sleeping weight socked on the floor; the head falls on the knees and the hands grope around for those hateful shoe-strings; we take short naps by way of diversion, then go at the knots again with redoubled energy. The first shoe always comes off without trouble, but will the last ever come untied? We fumble and grumble—work always goes better with emphasis—and then as we are about to put stocking No. 1 through, and break the string, mother makes her appearance. Mother, who hears every noise in the house, from the clock tick to the child's croupy cough that fills her motherly heart with alarm. Six to one she administers a little wholesome correction as she patiently unties the obstinate knot, and we mentally vow not to go to sleep on the lounge again; but if we do to unlace the shoes first. Then we are tucked in bed, kissed good night, and our good mother vanishes. And would you believe it, the next night finds us on the lounge again! Do you know of a minor pain that settee cannot cure? No. Come home from school with a long-drawn face, and complain of an "awful pain" below the region of the heart. Forthwith we are sent to the settee, the room is darkened, and presently the odor of peppermint penetrates the pillow and olfactory organs. No need to look up; we know Aunt L. is at our side with "two nice swallows," for don't she believe that peppermint is the "cure all" for "all the ills that flesh is heir to?" That lounge allays the most excruciating tooth ache, assisted by a bit of cotton dipped in laudanum. Do you remember, after the long illness, how we were carried down stairs in father's strong arms and deposited on the beloved old lounge? How kind every one seemed, and the neighbors bring us delicacies. The small stand from the corner is moved up beside us, a waiter placed on it, and a spotless napkin over this. The first article that is ever put on that waiter is mother's old-fashioned sugar bowl she had when a girl. Bless you, we will always remember it—the cemented knob on top and the nicked edges; it invariably contains pulverized or "mouth-full" lump sugar, of unexceptionable quality. Then there is a slice of crisp brown toast that smacks of cream and butter (only mother can make such), and a little glass of jelly, saved by the same person for these extra occasions, and a small plate of chipped beef complete the invalid fare. The children stand around admiringly and envyingly, too, it must be confessed. As we grow older the lounge still has attractions for us. "Keep still, dearies, let mother sleep a little. Perhaps it will cure her headache." And the poor, tired mother sinks back on the lounge for rest. She need not "court the balmy;" it comes of its own sweet will. The tired look passes from her face, the tense lines from her mouth, and we know that when she wakes the headache will be gone.

"Change cars" is what a bootblack said to a countryman the other day when he had just finished blacking one of his brogans.

LOCKS AND LOCKSMITHS.

A curious illustration, tending to bear out the truth of the dictum of the wisest of kings, that "there is nothing new under the sun," is the fact that it has lately been disclosed that locks with "sliders" and "tumblers" have, for many centuries, been made in China, on the identical principles which have been "reinvented," so to speak, by modern English patentees. It is well known, also, that the Egyptians invented, and used in their houses a contrivance embodying all the principles of the modern tumbler lock, and which probably presented as serious an obstacle to the felonious attempts of the Theban, or Alexandrian burglar, as the late devices of Brahmah, Cotterill Hobbs or Yale, do to those of the modern house-breaker.

If the time-honored maxim, "Love laughs at locksmiths," has, like the Spanish proverb, "held good in every age and clime," the muscles of Cupid's chubby face must have been relaxed toward that particular class of craftsmen for a period not far short of forty centuries. The Egyptian locksmith was probably the first to excite the sly god's mirth. Next in order came the fabricator of the "door fastenings of dyverse colours, made of brass and ivory," of ancient Rome, followed by the maker of the still more elaborate *serrure de Tabernacle*, in the mediæval age, immortalized in early christian missals. The locksmith of the Celestial Empire then began to make his "strange instruments having wooden slides," the architecture of which was peculiarly adapted to the summer-house in which the fair heroine of the "willow pattern" was kept in durance vile. Then the locksmith began to flourish in England; and, by the time of good Queen Bess, the operations of the craft were so fully established in the towns of Staffordshire—to wit, Wolverhampton, Willenhall and Wednesbury—that Cupid must have indulged in peals of laughter worthy of the immortal Comus; and, after all the enterprise of later years, with its levers and wards, "detectors," and master keys, the Muse of Love is still able to chant, even in the hearing of Hobbs and Chub:

"My father he has locked the door,
My mother keeps the key,
But neither bolts nor bars can part
My own true love and me."

The Egyptian lock, the rude carvings of which are said to have embellished the walls of ancient Karnaks' Temple, and the Herculaneum, is thus described by Mr. E. Beckett Denison, Q. C.: "In this lock three pins fall into a similar number of cavities in the bolt, and so hold it fast; they are raised again by putting in the key through the large key-hole in the bolt, and raising it a little, so that the locking pins are pushed by the key out of the way of the bolt. The security afforded by this lock is very small, as it is easy to find the places of the pins by pushing in a piece of wood covered with clay or tallow, on which the holes will leave their impress, and the depth can easily be ascertained by trial." These locks were first introduced into England by the merchants of Phœnicia, who gave them to the Cornish miners in exchange for tin. Strangely enough, locks of similar construction, but evidently "homemade," are still to be found on the doors of many of the peasantry in Cornwall and Devon.

The locks of ancient Greece and Rome are quaintly described by the philosophers and poets of the time. Anatus compares the constellation of Cassiopeia to a Roman key, "having a curved stem" and a handle "shaped like the south stars of the group.—Eustathius says that those ancient keys resembled sickles, and were sometimes so large as to be carried on their shoulders, as reapers bear their sickles to the harvest field. This statement is confirmed by Callimachus in his hymn to Ceres, where he represents the priestess of Nicippe carrying a key on her shoulders. Homer's allusion to the lock and key on the wardrobe of the fair Penelope will probably be better known. The passage is thus rendered by Pope:

"A brazen key she held, the handle turned,
With steel and polished ivory adorned.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring.
The wards responded to the key, turned round,
The bars fly back, the flying valves resound.
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roared the lock when it released the spring."

Eustathius, a Greek commentator on Homer, who flourished in the twelfth century, says that the key here referred to was very ancient, and was known as "the serpent key," from its resemblance in form. It was in use before the siege of Troy, although some writers persist in ascribing its invention to Theodore of Samos.

The mediæval locks were, perhaps, among the most elaborate and artistic specimens of those articles ever produced. Beads, scrolls or floral wreaths, exquisitely graven in steel, lined the edges. Angel forms similarly wrought, surrounded the escutcheon, like the twin guardians of the fairies' grotto in the pantomime; while the surface of the lock presents as great a variety of leaves and flowers, all chased with the utmost skill, as Eugene Rimmel's beautiful boquet. These locks were mostly found on the doors of the ancient Continental cathedrals, or on the magnificent cabinets for which the middle ages were so famous, and Mr. Fairholt assures us that in either case the lock constituted no mean part of the profuse decoration of the door to which it was affixed. The skill of Continental locksmiths, after a considerable slumber, was revived in the seventeenth century, in the person of M. Reignier, a French artisan, who acquired great fame as the maker of "letter locks," with which the couriers' despatch boxes were secured. A Dutch writer, Von Ease, passing over the claims of his own countrymen, ascribes to M. Reignier the invention of the letter lock which is, in reality, of Dutch origin, and was made a century before this French Chubb saw the light. An allusion to it is made in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Noble Gentleman," printed as early as the year 1615, which completely sets aside Reignier's claim to the invention: "A cap case for your linen and your plate, with a strange lock that opens with A, M, E, N." and Carew, in some verses written five years later, has this reference:

"As doth a lock that goes
With letters, for all every one be known
The lock's as fast as though you had found none."

The latter quotation partly explains the construction of the letter lock, with which M. Reignier's name will always be connected as their most famous manufacturer. The letters of the alphabet were engraved on four parallel revolving rings, which by pre-arrangement on the part of the owner, were made to spell a certain word, or number of words, before the lock could be opened. If even the owner chanced to forget the "open sesame" on which he had determined, like the luckless youth in the story of "Ali Baba," the door would remain closed against him, till the magic watchword was recalled.

Some of the very oldest locks made by Chinese workmen were constructed almost entirely of wood, and adorned with grotesque carvings of "celestial scenes," such as those with which modern tea caddies have made us so familiar.

Tradition assures us that locks were made in England as early as the reign of Alfred the Great, and some go so far as to say that the ingenious monarch himself, like Louis XVI, of France, was an amateur fabricator of those articles. It is true, no doubt, that even at so remote a period ingenious blacksmith were wont to construct clumsy locks and keys, together with other articles of domestic use, when occasion demanded; but lock making was not recognized as a distinct craft in England until the fourteenth century; and two hundred years followed before it assumed proportions at all equal to those attained in earlier times on the Continent in China, and in ancient Egypt. The locks produced in England in the fifteenth century were massive and strong, but chiefly of simple construction. Almost the only specimen now remaining is to be found on the parish church of Snodland, in Kent. In the sixteenth century commenced the display of ingenuity on the part of English locksmiths which has been uninterruptedly maintained since that time, and which forms an interesting chapter in the curiosities of industry. During Queen Elizabeth's reign, the bows of keys were usually ornamented by the insertion of a cross, and the locks were frequently made of metal, sometimes imbedded in oak cases.—Latch keys—the terror of Mistress Caudle—also came into use about this period. Locks were for the first time made with alarm bells and chimes during this period. Some of these bells rang so loudly, in case of any unlawful tampering with the lock, as to arouse the whole street. Bells with chimes warned the inmates and alarmed the burglar in a much more soothing way. No sooner was the skeleton key of the intruder applied to the lock than the latter began to chime such plaintive airs as

"Home, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home;"

a sentiment with which the chagrined house breaker would doubtless concur as he took his precipitate flight.

The modern lock is a far more effective and economic affair than its old-fashioned predecessor. The vastly increased facilities for manufacture and the decrease in value of the raw material, enable the lock makers of to-day to turn out locks of the most admirable workmanship and approved pattern at a very low figure. As few branches of industry afford a wider scope for the exercise of ingenuity and skill, so there are few in which these qualities have been more signally and usefully displayed.

In no country have locks been brought to greater perfection than in this. Our safe and bank burglar proof locks would almost seem to have reached perfection, so strong, so ingenious, and yet so simple are they to those who understand the secret of their working, and yet every day brings out some new contrivance of still greater security and stength. The well known fecundity of native inventive genius has, moreover, conspicuously shown itself in the infinite variety of these contrivances produced here.—Among the multiplicity of patterns, it would be strange indeed, if a few were not more elaborate than effective, yet, upon the whole, our lock makers and inventors have every reason to be proud of the result of their labors; nor, if the number of failures had been in the ratio of one for every perfect lock produced, could we regret the exercise of competitive ingenuity in a branch of industry which contributes so essentially to the security of property and even life itself.

REPTILE HUNTING IN ARKANSAS.

The most relentless industry of the Springs is the capture of tarantulas and centipedes to sell to visitors. The tarantula is a horrible hairy spider, immense in size and very poisonous. The centipede is a long worm with innumerable horned feet. The bite of a full-grown tarantula is dangerous, while that of the centipede is painful. Neither will attack man, but, on the contrary, will get out of the way as rapidly as possible, but each has a disgusting habit of getting into houses and lurking in places where they are liable to be trodden on or clasped unawares in the fingers, in which event they are heard from. In the Hot Springs vernacular they are "trantlers" and "Santa Fes." The reptile hunter, carrying with him several glass jars, explores the mountain sides, turning over such stones as look promising, and when he finds a "Santa Fe" or a "trantler" he drives it in the mouth of the jar and closes it up. The reptiles are killed, preserved in alcohol and sold to visitors. The prices fluctuate, as a matter of course. The holder will ask an outrageous price and take what he can get. I have seen an average specimen of the centipede sold for $6. When I first went to the Springs tarantulas were high, a fair specimen being worth $3; but afterward I saw them go a begging at the shameful figure of fifty cents each. At the latter rates even the poorest of men could afford to have a tarantula, but it's rough on the dealer. The number of specimens offered for sale gives an impression that the country swarms with these poisonous reptiles. But the fact is they are far from abundant, and the industrious hunters keep the country well gleaned. I think I traveled about 1,000 miles in the vain endeavor to get a centipede or tarantula from first hands. I did see a little centipede one day, about two inches in length, but it got away. While sitting on the piazza of the Central one evening, I saw something black and apparently about the size of a two weeks old chicken run across the road and under the dresses of a couple of ladies who were walking along. There was a succession of shrieks, but the two ladies were game, and picking up stones they soon spoiled as fine a specimen of tarantula as I ever saw. It was very large and very hideous in its appearance. Likewise Mr. Joseph T. Long, who had a room at Maj. Gaines', on the hill, had a tarantula adventure. He was awakened one night from a sweet dream of peace by female shrieks and cries for help from an adjoining room. Mr. Long flew to the rescue, and in the moonlight saw the ghastly form of an immense tarantula crawling up the wall. He stabbed at it with a poker, chased it into a corner, and finally slew it, earning the everlasting gratitude of the lady.—Cor. *Indianapolis Herald.*

Toast at a railroad dinner: "Our Mothers, industrious tenders, though they sometimes misplaced the switch."

LUMBER.

STATE OF THE TRADE.

[From the Philadelphia *Press* of August 8.]

In an article published a few days ago on the lumber interests in this State, several facts were broadly stated concerning the present and prospective condition of the trade here as well as elswhere. In that article the only true way of changing the business aspect from its present fearfully demoralized condition was pointed out. The immediate stoppage of production on the part of the manufacturers and lumbermen generally was earnestly counselled, and the ruinous effects of overproduction squarely commented on.—That the counsel then given was both correct and judicious, the following self-explanatory resolutions adopted at a convention of

SOUTHERN LUMBERMEN,

since held in Norfolk, Va., will abundantly prove:

Resolved, That, in view of the fact that yellow-pine lumber cannot be sold at present except at ruinous prices, owing to the fact that a supply greatly in excess of the demand has been and still is being shipped to market with instructions to sell and the price left to the discretion of the commission merchant, it is therefore the sense of this convention that shipments should hereafter be made sparingly, until such time as there shall be increased demand, and manufacturers, now having lumber in market awaiting sale or shipping hereafter, instruct their commission merchants to make no sale of yellow-pine lumber until it can be sold at a price affording a living profit.

Resolved, That the chairman of this convention appoint a committee of three, whose duty it shall be to carefully prepare a plan, with suitable constitution and by-laws, for the organization of the yellow-pine manufacturers into a permanent association for the protection of that interest, to report at an adjourned meeting of this convention, to be held in Norfolk on the 3d of September, 1874.

Resolved, That the chairman appoint a committee of three to prepare a suitable circular, embracing the objects of the adjourned meeting of this convention, with statistics showing the present condition of the lumber market, and direct one to every manufacturer of yellow-pine lumber in Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, asking their attendance and co-operation at the adjourned meeting.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to manufacturers to reduce their production of lumber as rapidly as practicable, in view of the great excess of the supply over the demand now in the market.

It is necessary to state, in explanation of the adjournment referred to, that its object was that there might be a larger representation from Maryland, the James and York river districts, the different railroads of Virginia and North Carolina, Wilmington, and other points, all of which together represent a production of more than one million feet of yellow pine lumber daily.

At the late

GREAT LUMBER CONVENTION

held in Williamsport, composed of the wealthiest and most influential manufacturers and operators throughout the entire country, this subject was earnestly and seriously discussed. There can be no question but that prompt and decisive action would then have been taken on the matter, were it not that other and more important topics, at that date, were to be taken into consideration and decided. No doubt the notorious reciprocity treaty, and the formation of rules for the uniform inspection, measurment, and classification of lumber, were matters vital to the trade, and bearing squarely and directly on its interests. Still, in the face of the

ALMOST INEVITABLE BANKRUPTCY

that is now, and was then, impending over the Southern and not a few Eastern manufacturers, one would think that something should have been done to counteract the growing evil. It is surely not yet to be learned that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure!"

So widespread has the alarm on this subject now become that we find dealers and operators in square timber in Clearfield and several adjoining counties in this State issuing a call for a convention to be held on the 18th instant, to discuss the matter in its various bearings. The call in question invites all "who are interested in the most important industry of our county to meet at Clearfield, August 18, 1874, at two o'clock P. M., to consider what is best for the

INTEREST OF THE TRADE

that such measures may be adopted as to reduce the stock of timber the coming season to the actual wants of the market next spring. We cordially invite all to meet with us, to give their presence and their counsel, so that we may inaugurate and faithfully execute some plan that will protect our interests as well as those of our customers in the East, from ruinous sacrifice, which must result in the event of putting the usual stock of timber on the market next season." Amongst the signatures appended to the call are found some of the heaviest dealers and operators in the square timber business on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. It is more than probable that the proposed convention will result in the forming of

A LUMBER EXCHANGE

at Clearfield, as there is the feeling that an organization which will secure unity of action and a safe basis for business is much needed.

The *Boston Lumber Trade*, an acknowledged authority on all matters connected with the business, also falls into line with us on the question of over-production, as will be seen from the following extract:

The opinion is fast gaining ground that the manufacture of lumber must cease, for a time at least, or the profits of the business will be difficult to reckon. From every lumber market comes the same report—too great a supply. And we believe that the depression in the trade is not so much the lack of demand as it is this surplus of manufacture. By a curtailment of the supply alone can the trade be relieved. Dealers are almost unanimous in pronouncing the market dull, but one dealer said to us in conversation, "the trouble is, the business has been over-stimulated; it has been running on the high-pressure principle, and until all recognize this fact and act in accordance therewith, we shall have the same state of affairs." This is probably true of the lumber business. We cannot say nothing is doing, for the surveyor's reports show a weekly survey of about three million feet, and a good deal is sold that is not surveyed by the Boston officials. This weekly amount goes somewhere; it does not crowd our wharves, for dealers tell us stocks have not increased very much in the last month or two. It is almost entirely ordered stuff. Considerable lumber is being sold at the present time, at low prices perhaps. Arrivals have been light, and if

THE PROPOSED SHUTTING DOWN

measure can be made universal, naught can be seen but benefit to the trade.—Lumber is a staple commodity and must be had. The country cannot do without it, but the whole business has been overworked and there is a depression. This is true the world over. The United States shipped, it is said, to South America last year 120,000,000 feet, and the annual demand there is 50,000,000 feet. This year the South American market is full, and much of that which was sent will never pay a profit to us. This is quoted merely to show how the business has been treated. During the war it was worked up to a pitch; that ended soon after the war was over, but many dealers pronounce business dull if it is not clear up to the war standard. The generality of dealers do not expect any marked advance of prices before spring, and hope for an increased demand for lumber during the fall. All say that their salvation rests in the shutting down of the mills.

It is more than probable that this matter will be recurred to in a future issue. The recent conventions at East Saginaw, Michigan, and Ottawa, Canada, as well as the important topics of inspection, classification, and other matters peculiar to the trade, will also be dealt with.

VALUE OF SUMMER FRUITS.

A very mistaken idea has found a lodgment in the minds of many, otherwise sensible persons, to wit, that summer complaints, the generic term under which the disorders peculiar to the season are known, are caused mainly by the use of fruit, and that the wise and safe plan is to prohibit its use altogether.

The method, which neglects to take advantage of one of the most beneficent provision for man's use, comfort, and well-being, is detrimental not only to enjoyment but to permanent health.—The term "anti-scorbutic" expresses the value of fruits as food, and the estimation in which they are held by those who understand their relation to human want.

When fruit does harm, it is because it is eaten at improper times in improper quantities, or before it has ripened and is fit for the human stomach. Fruit ought not to be eaten between meals any more than any other food. It may be taken as a lunch, however, with very great benefit, or as a preparation for a mean, that is, before breakfast or dinner. Perhaps the very best time in the day for eating fruit is before or with the breakfast. A distinguished physician has said that if his patients would make a practice of eating a couple of Messina oranges before breakfast, from February till June, his practice would be gone. From June, which brings us the ever welcomed strawberries, until November, there is constant succession of fresh fruits which are a pleasure to the eye and a delight to the mind. The proof of their healthfulness lies in the fact that the more people make it a part of their regular daily food, taking the place in part of meat, and wholly of pastries during the summer months, the better and finer, more cheerful and more uniformly well they are, the less fever and thirst do they experience, the less ice water and other violently reactionary fluids are they obliged to drink, the less are they subject to changes and fluctuations of the system and temperature.

The principal difficulty with us is that we do not eat enough fruit; that we kill its finer qualities with sugar; that we drown them in cream. We need the medicinal action of the pure fruit acids in our systems. We need the cooling, corrective influence, and should accept it as one of the best gifts of Providence.

The waste of fruit is a crime, hardly to be pardoned when so many need it—are dying for the want of it. A fruit mission would be of infinitely greater value than the flower mission, beneficent as that is, for fruit is life-giving, and supplements the beautiful and thought inspiring. Give fruit, and it will make of life perpetual summer.

THINGS A WOMAN CAN'T DO.

A lady writer, who is slightly disposed to turn traitor to her sex, states that there are three things a woman can't do—the most important admission that has been extorted from her sex since Madame Eve ate the apple. Hear the following open confession:

First—She can't sharpen a lead pencil. Give her one and see. Mark how jaggedly she hacks away every particle of wood around the lead, leaving an unsupported spike of the latter, which breaks immediately when used. You can almost forgive the male creature his compassionate contempt as chucking her under the chin he twitches it from her awkward little paw, and rounds it and tapers it and shapes it in the most ravishing manner, for durable use. I wish to hear no more on that point, because when I once make up my mind, "all the king's men" can't change it.

Well, then, secondly—A woman can't do up a bundle. She takes a whole newspaper to do up a paper of pins, and a coil of rope to tie it, and then it comes undone at that. When I go out shopping I look on with the fascinated gaze of a bird in the neighborhood of a magnetic serpent, to watch clerks do up bundles. How the paper falls just into the right crease, how deftly they turn it over, and tuck it under, and tie it up, and then throw it upon the counter as if they had done the most common thing in the world, instead of