THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
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

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Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
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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

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1 square	$5 00	1 column	$50 00
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½ square	20 00	½ column	120 00
1 square		1 column	

GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Publisher.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. R. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 48—WHOLE NO. 2399. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1874. NEW SERIES—VOL. 15, NO. 49.

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 Fie'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,'71-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,
Lutherburg, 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,
Carwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb23'71tf

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.
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. [*]jy1872

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. my23:typd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
9-1872 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1872 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
je11'72 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,'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. [jy21'72

Miss E. A. P. Ryndner,
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 3, 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. feb24.72

D. R. FULLERTON
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
Hats, Caps, Furs & Straw Goods,
No. 331 MARKET STREET,
aug26-tf PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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. P. BIGLER & CO.

W. H. McENRUE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate Agent and Insurance Broker,
Houtzdale, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Agent for Outgoing and Incoming Steamers. Passages Secured by any Desirable Line. oct. 7-74.

A. M. HILLS
Would respectfully notify his patients that he has reduced the price of ARTIFICIAL TEETH to $20.00 per set, or $35.00 for a double set. For any two persons coming at the same time, to have each an upper set, will get the two sets for $35.00, or $17.50 each.
Terms invariably CASH.
Clearfield, March 20, 1872.

Cards.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
9:30'74 CLEARFIELD, PA.

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov1'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN N. WRIGHT.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding.)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-12'73 Clearfield, Pa.

H. S. WILSON, M. D. H. B. VAN VALZAH, M. D.
DRS. WILSON & VAN VALZAH,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in residence of Dr. Wilson.
OFFICE HOURS: From 12 to 2 P. M. Dr. Van Valzah can be found at night in his rooms, next door to Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store, up stairs. nov26'73

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.
Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-73

JOSEPH S. M'NALLY. 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. jan:1'74

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. je11'73

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

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

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
n11:1'73 Clearfield, Pa.

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

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

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Fie's Opera House, Room No. 5. Jan. 3, 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. 28:73: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 Fie'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.

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,
HOMOEOPATHIC 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. aug1972

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. n171

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [1

JAMES C. WHITE,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.
Rooms in the Leonard House,
sept9'74 Clearfield, Pa.

T. M. ROBINSON
Manufacturer and dealer in
Harness, Saddles and Bridles,
Collars, Whips, Brushes, Fly Nets, Trimmings, Horse Blankets, &c.
Vacuum, 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. [3:4'74

MITCHELL WAGONS.
The Best is the Cheapest!
Thomas Reilly has received another large lot of "Mitchell Wagons," which are among the very best manufactured, and which he will sell at the most reasonable rates. His stock includes almost all descriptions of wagons—largest small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr8'74 THOMAS REILLY.

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. [my15'74y

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of the years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take me and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul's wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like a mother's love ever has shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

THE ADMIRAL'S GIG.

ILLUSTRATING A SINGULARLY MIXED UP STATE OF AFFAIRS AT A NAVY YARD.

A vivacious correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* tells a story connected with an attempted reception of Secretary Robeson at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard a year ago, which he says was current at Rye Beach the past summer.

The secretary, who has apartments each season in one of the cottages at Rye, had sent word to the admiral commanding the yard that he would visit Portsmouth on a certain day and inspect the station. Great preparations were made to receive him. When the time for his arrival drew near, the admiral with all his officers in full uniform, four companies of marines, and the band, stood on the wharf ready to greet the head of all our marine forces, while the crew of a national frigate stood to their guns all ready to utter a little thunder in the Secretary's behalf.

There were two ways for the secretary to reach the yard from Portsmouth. He could cross the river by boat or drive around by the bridge.—The boat-landing at the yard and the entrance from the carriage-way are upon opposite sides of the grounds, and quite concealed one from the other.

The admiral, wishing to show all possible attention to the secretary, sent over to the Portsmouth side, first his gig gayly decorated and manned with eight expert oarsmen, a steam-launch, in case he should prefer to cross in that; and, lastly, his carriage and horses to convey the party around by the bridge, should they desire to go that way. A messenger was in waiting to ascertain which of these modes of conveyance the secretary selected, and to cross in advance and give the admiral notice, so that if the secretary chose the carriage, the officers and marines might be marched over to the gate to receive him. Of the secretary's party was Master ——, who was always prominent on occasions of this kind.

When the party arrived at the Portsmouth wharf an officer explained to the secretary that several modes of conveyance awaited his choice. He could be rowed across in the admiral's gig, or take the steam-launch, or drive around with the carriage. Master —— listened intently while the secretary was consulting the members of the party and making up his mind.

At length Mr. Robeson informed the officer in waiting that he would go over in the gig. Master ——, hearing this, concluded that he would jump on the ferry-boat which was just pushing off, and be the first to inform the admiral of the secretary's intention.

The ferry-boat passed the officers' boat on the same errand, and arrived at the dock far in advance of him.—Unfortunately, Master ——, is not a great sailor, and as a landsman he had been educated to suppose that a gig was something that went on wheels and was drawn by horse-power. So the moment the boat reached the wharf he jumped ashore, ran up to the admiral, and said, "The secretary will drive around." Then there was hurrying in hot haste. The marines started at double-quick for the gate on the other side, quite around and behind the great ship buildings, and wholly hidden from the river. The admiral and all his officers followed as fast as possible, and in three minutes the forces of all kinds and the crowd of visitors had passed behind all the buildings, and the river front of the yard was left without a sign of life, except an officer who happened to be off duty and opportunely came along a few minutes after the admiral and his forces had disappeared.

Meantime the secretary's party, minus Master ——, had disposed themselves in the admiral's gig and were being rowed rapidly to the deserted wharf. The stillness of things seemed unaccountable to Mr. Robeson and the visitors he had brought up from Rye to see how a Secretary of the Navy was received at a yard where there was a full force to do him honor. There was no thunder of cannon, rattle of drums, or music of bands. And the secretary, noticing the absence of the expected concourse of sound, cast his eye along the wharf and around the visible portions of the yard, and was thunder-struck at the general stillness and desolation. His wonder grew as the gig pulled up at the wharf, and no human being appeared to greet him, or even hand him a message. The situation was fast becoming embarrassing. However, the party all crawled out of the gig as best they could, and gathered in a knot on the wharf. Here they attracted the attention of the strolling officer, and as he came near and recognized the secretary, the whole situation flashed upon him. He was in fatigue uniform and not in any sense ready to "receive" the head of the navy, but, walking up and saluting the secretary, he offered to escort him to the admiral's quarters. At the same time he managed to inform the officer in command of the frigate in the next slip that the secretary had landed, and by the time the party started on its walk, the big guns began to thunder, and on one side of the yard the embarrassment of the situation was considerably relieved.

But what shall be said of the perplexity which prevailed at the gate on the other side? The carriage in which it was supposed the secretary was driving around had not appeared when the first gun fired on the river front. Peal after peal followed and still no carriage. At length, just as the admiral had given himself over to absolute despair, up came the carriage, driving furiously, and enveloped in a cloud of dust. It seemed that one heavy gentlemen of the secretary's party chose to drive around, and, hearing the first gun of the salute, the driver had attempted to reach the ground so that the guest might not miss any part of the reception. It was natural that all should suppose the secretary to be in that carriage, and the appearance of the stout gentleman confirmed the belief, so the admiral and all his officers gave the customary salutation in splendid style. The four companies of marines presented arms, and the band went into ecstacies. At this juncture the strange gentlemen got out, and the admiral was advancing toward him, when a messenger came up and informed him that the secretary had landed at the wharf, and was there alone. The strange gentleman was left to his fate, and under the swift orders of the admiral the whole force started on double-quick for the wharf, the officer in advance, and the battalion of marines, with its band, preceding, followed close after. The marines being more accustomed to double-quick step than the admiral and his officers, gained on the latter, and as the hurrying column pressed on it was well closed up. Then came the crowning catastrophe. Turning a sharp corner in the road, where it passed between two high buildings, and where the echo was altogether confusing, the admiral and his companions bore directly down upon the still more astonished secretary, and the next instant the drum major, with his big fur cap and baton, projected himself into the official presence, followed by drums and brass horns in dire confusion, and an instant later, the column of marines telescoped the whole party, after the manner of a railroad collision.

The situation was at least grave.—The admiral had grasped the secretary's hand at the first meeting, and was trying to explain, when the player on the biggest horn arrived, and before he could halt, had run the instrument over the secretary's shoulder, till, seen from his own party, the illusion of his having joined the band was complete. And to make matters worse, the thunder of the last guns of the salute was rattling between the buildings, rendering explanations on either side almost impossible. But after some two minutes, which to the admiral seemed as many hours, the salute ended, the marines regained their ranks, the band got itself together and withdrew to one side, and the admiral soon explained how he had been misled by the message from Master —— that the "secretary will drive around."

As the reception had been thus somewhat marred when judged by naval standards, the battalion of marines was marched to the parade ground, where they were reviewed by the secretary. Here everything passed off with the strictest regard to tactices, except that the secretary, instead of standing opposite the colors when the line formed for review, was furnished with a rocking-chair, which, on account of his previous fatigue, he occupied while the column passed twice in reveiw. After this the secretary and the other members of his party, all looking as if they had seen sights enough for one day, were escorted to the admiral's quarters and provided with a lunch, which restored the fortunes of the day. Before it was over, Master —— had learned the difference between gigs on wheels and gigs afloat.

THE FIRST THOUSAND.

The first thousand dollars that a young man, after going out into the world for himself, earns and saves, will generally settle the question of business life with him. There may be exceptions to this statement; yet, for a rule, we think it will hold true.

The first condition is that the young man naturally earns the thousand dollars in question. He does not inherit this sum. It does not come to him by a streak of good luck, as the result of a fortunate venture in the purchase and sale of a hundred shares of stock. It is the fruit of personal industry. He gives his time and labor for it. While he is thus earning and saving it, he must earn two or three, or perhaps four times as much to pay his current expenses. He is consequently held sternly to the task of industry for a considerable period. The direct consequence to him is steady, continuous and solid discipline in the habits of industry—in patient, persistent, forecasting and self-denying effort, breaking up all the tendecies to indolence and frivolity, and making him an earnest and watchful economist of time. He not only learns how to work, but he also acquires the love of work; and, moreover, he learns the value of the sum which he has thus saved out of his earnings. He has toiled for it; he has observed its slow increase from time to time; and in his estimate it represents so many years of practical labor. His ideas of life are shaped by his own experience. These natural effects of earning the first thousand dollars we hold to be very large benefits. They are just the qualities of mind and body which are likely to secure business success in after years.—They constitute the best practical education which man can have as a worker in his working world. They are gained in season for life's purposes, at the opening period, just when they are wanted, when foolish notions are most likely to mislead an inexperienced brain, and when, too, there is a full opportunity for expansion and development in latter years. Men have but one life to live; and hence they start from opening manhood but once. And the manner in which they start, the purposes which they have in view, and the habits they form, will ordinarily determine the entire sequel of their career on earth. To succeed, men must have the elements of success within themselves. One great reason why there are so many useless, inefficient and poverty-stricken men on earth—or, rather, boys seeming to be men—consists in the simple fact that they did not start right. A prominent reson why the children of the rich so frequently amount to nothing may be found in luxury, ease and indolence, which mark the commencement of their lives. It is the law of God that we should be workers on earth; and no one so well consults the best development of this being as when he confirms his practice to this law. The workers in some suitable sphere are the only really strong men in this world.

Dartmouth College grew out of a school established for the education of Indian children. It now has one Indian among its students.

THE SUBSTITUTE FOR STEAM.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY IF IT CAN BE PRACTICALLY APPLIED.

The interesting announcement of a substitute for steam as a motive power has been recently made in Germany, from a source entitled to a hearing.—The rapid consumption of the earth's fuel supply and drain on its forests, attended by so many disastrous consequences, have stimulated scientific inventors to find a successor of steam, and it is to be hoped the present discovery will prove a success. The new motive is carboleum, and its application to machinery is claimed for Dr. Beins, of Groningen, who has devoted many years to its study and utilization. Experiment first taught him that when the bicarbonate of sodium is heated in a close space at a temperature of eight hundred degrees Fahrenheit, liquid carbonic acid is distilled out of it, having the expansive force of fifty or sixty atmospheres.—Carboleum is not dangerous as an explosive, and the fact that, thus employed as the German inventor proposes, it is possessed of enormous motive power, was attested by scientific men to whom the experiments were shown. The heat required to bring out this motive power of the carbonic acid in the new carboleum engine is apparently very small when compared with that requisite for producing a high pressure of steam in the ordinary engine. In the former it is only three pounds of coal per hour for each horse power represented by the engine—an amount so small that it would be unnecessary in ships driven by the new process to devote much space for fuel. The chief value of the invention, however, is claimed to be its practicability in large factories. The author thinks that for the great industries the carboleum engine can, in nearly every instance, take the place of steam.

The scientific value of this discovery is immense, if mechanical ingenuity can successfully apply it in the direction indicated by Dr. Beins. If it is said that the supply of carboleum is not as plentiful as that element from which steam is made it may be answered it is almost as large as that of coal in some parts of the world. Carboleum is found inexhaustibly in the beds of common chalk in all parts of the earth. As common chalk contains carbonic acid to the amount of half its weight it will yield double its value of carboleum. And the chalk resources of the earth are vast beyond computation. The cretaceous rocks cover a large extent of subterranean Europe and Eastern Asia and abound in North and South America. The chalk beds which cross under the English channel at Dover have been gauged at five hundred feet in thickness, and similar beds have been found in France, Germany and Denmark, while the soundings of the ocean bottom show that they probably exist in a growing state in many geological districts. In the United States few formations are more widely distributed than the chalk, varying in thickness (according to some authorities) from four hundred feet along the Atlantic seaboard to two thousand five hundred feet in the Upper Missouri valley.

It is evident, therefore, that the proposed successor of steam, if mechanically applied, would be used over the larger part of the world as an invaluable anxilliary of steam, with an enormous economy of coal and work. The successful introduction of such a motive power, minimizing the fuel consumption, would be a boon of incalculable importance in the manufactures and arts. That the principle upon which its introduction is claimed to be feasible is scientifically correct seems hardly to be doubted. If the immeasurable chalk beds are stored with mechanical energy, as we know the coal beds are, the anxiety of physicists and economists, lest the world's fuel supply may fall short in the lapse of a few centuries, is dissipated. The utilization of the new fuel would give an impetus to all industries, and might revolutionize the commerce of manufacturing nations whose wealth and political power are mainly due to their coal supplies.

JACK IN THE BOX.—Some years ago there lived a personage well-known to the London police under the *sobriquet* of "Jack in the Box." He had perfected a most ingenious system of theft, which he worked with great pecuniary profit, through in the result disastrously. He had a box so constructed that he could himself lie in it easily and obtain the air necessary for respiration. He would have this luggage booked from one station to another, and labeled, "To be left till called for."—He took care to send it by a train that would arrive at its destination in the middle of the night, so that all the luggage, including his box—which included himself—would be stored till the next morning. Then, in the middle of the night, when all the luggage had been safely locked up, he would get out of his own box, and deliberately, and at his leisure, open all the trunks which he found around him.—He would have plenty of time for this purpose, and he had about him duplicates of all the keys employed by trunk-makers, so that he could open whatever he liked. He never took too much out of any one box, or robbed from more than one box of the same party, but went impartially collecting whatever was most valuable and least likely to be traced. These he packed into his own box and retired with them, duly locking himself up. In the morning he would be called for and handed over by the unconscious railway porters to his confederates in the scheme.

A MISER.—He may be called a miser. He lives near Buffalo, and is rich.—Lately he was drawn on a jury in that city, and this is how he turned the event, usually considered a misfortune, to actual profit. The pay was a dollar and a half a day for four weeks, aggregating thirty-six dollars. He found lodgings at fifteen cents a night with a poor and dirty family, the total bill being four dollars and twenty cents. He bought a tin pail for twenty cents more, and there his expenditure ended. How did he eat? Every morning he went to a free soup house, established for the feeding of news boys and bootblacks, and had his tin pail filled. Clear profit for the month, thirty-one dollars and sixty cents. He is a self-made man.

Recent discoveries in the ruins of Pompeii prove that the ancient Romans used window glass, but for centuries the houses of our ancestors were without window glass, the place of which was frequently supplied with waxed linen or oiled paper. At the end of the last century there were still men whose occupation it was to paste oiled paper into window sashes. Horn was also used as a substitute for glass.

THE ALTITUDE AT WHICH A MAN CAN LIVE.

There has been a great deal of discussion, says *Chambers' Journal*, as to the altitude at which human beings can exist, and Mr. Glaisher himself can tell us as much about it as anybody. In July, 1872, he and Mr. Coxwell ascended in a balloon to the enormous height of 38,000 feet. Previous to the start, Mr. Glaisher's pulse stood at 76 beats a minute, Coxwell's at 74. At 17,000 feet the pulse of the former was at 84, that of the latter at 100. At 19,000 feet Glaisher's hands and lips were quite blue, but not his face. At 21,000 feet he heard his heart beating, and his breathing became oppressed; at 29,000 feet he became senseless; notwithstanding which the aeronaut, in the interest of science, went up another 9,000 feet, till he could no longer use his hands, and had to pull the strings of the valve with his teeth.—Aeronauts who have to make no exertions have, of course, a great advantage over members of the Alpine Club and those who trust their legs; even at 13,000 feet, these climbers feel very uncomfortable, more so in the Alps, it seems, than elsewhere. At the monastery of St. Bernard, 8,117 feet high, the Monks became asthmatic, and are compelled frequently to descend into the valley of the Rhone for—anything but a breath of fresh air; and at the end of ten years' service are obliged to give up their high living and come down to their usual level. At the same time in South America there are towns, such as Potasi, placed as high as the top of Mont Blanc, the inhabitants of which feel no inconvenience. The highest inhabited spot in the world is, however, the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet. The brothers Schlaginsweit, when they explored the glaciers of the Ibi-Gamin in the same country, encamped at 21,000 feet, the highest altitude at which a European ever passed the night.—Even at the top of Mont Blanc Professor Tyndall's guides found it very unpleasant to do this, though the Professor himself did not confess to feeling so bad as they. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest (Himalaya), 29,063 feet, and the condor has been seen "winging the blue air" 500 feet higher. The air, by the bye, is not "blue," or else, as De Saussure pointed out, "the distant mountains which are covered with snow would appear blue also," its apparent color being due to the reflection of light. What light can do and does, is marvelous; and not the least is its power of attraction to humanity.

STEWED OR FRIED.

Dick G. was incorrigible. He was a bummer, and no discipline could make him anything else. At a time when the soldiers considered it wrong to steal a chicken, Dick confiscated them with a flourish. He would do this with impunity, although he was frequently punished for leaving the ranks. On one occasion he entered a yard, ostensibly to get some water. While at the well he hissed the farmer's dog on the chickens. As the agitated mistress of the house came to the door, Dick, in pursuit of dog and chicken, was close upon a fine fowl. It fluttered toward the door, and the woman caught it.—Dick reached out his hands, and taking it from her, said cooly, and with a bow, "Thank you, thank you." As the colonel thundered out, "Take that chicken back, sir." Dick said, "She gave it to me, sir,—said I was welcome to take it—ask her if she didn't," and the poor bewildered woman could not say no.

The next day Dick was notified if he fell out of ranks he would be punished at night sure. He kept up well until noon. Then, giving one of the boys his gun, he slipped out for a moment, but he did not come back, and the captain was furious. At three o'clock a carriage driven by a stylish negro passed the regiment at race-course speed. Dick reclined gracefully on the back seat, and as he passed lifted his hat and made a most elaborate bow to the captain and company.

When the regiment went into quarters for the night, they found Dick with fire made, and chicken, potatoes, etc., cooking. The Captain sent for him and ordered him tied hand and foot.

Dick came limping up, dressed chicken in hand. "I'm sorry, Captain, dogoned if I ain't. I couldn't catch up, and so rather than disobey your orders, I hired a darkey to bring me on, and here I am in good time. I thought you'd be hungry, and I made a fire.—I have the chicken—see how fat it is—ready to cook. Will you have it stewed or fried, Captain?"

"Hang the chicken! I was talking about you," roared the captain. "After all my cautions and threats you dropped out."

"But lordy, Captain, I was into camp afore you was," responded Dick.—"Will you have the chicken stewed or fried, Cap?" and Dick showed the Captain what a beauty it was.

The officer glared at him a moment and then snapped out, "*fried*, curse it!" And Dick served the chicken in triumph, and escaped all punishment, as he always did.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE RESULT.

The great victory for Democratic principles is bringing about the desired result. Confidence is being restored in all parts of the country and especially so in the South. The avenues of trade are being opened up as before, and the people, anxious to return to the pursuits which peace and prosperity secure, are now turning their attention to the great work of making not only the nation great and wealthy but themselves prosperous.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* lately remarked that a Republican merchant in that city having a large business with the South, stated openly last week that he considered his credits in that section worth twenty-five per cent. more since the recent elections. Not only this, but one of the most encouraging signs of the good results which a Democratic victory has wrought, can be found in the fact that the securities of this country in the European markets are in the very best possible condition. Notwithstanding the rise of the rate of money in London, no effect has been produced in the bonds of the United States except that they are at the exceedingly small trifle of one-half of one per cent. higher than before the election. Let the people be patient but for a short time. The people know and feel that prosperity will reign again as in the most promising days of the Republic. The victory is not complete. Let it only be made so two years hence so that the control of the government can be given into the hands of the Democratic party; then through their management we will realize that for which we now so fully hope.—*Bedford Gazette.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Love subdues everything except the felon's heart.

Drunkenness makes some men fools, some beasts and some devils.

As gold is purified in the furnace, so is character refined by pain.

Few men get their life-labor accomplished without sore heart-aches.

He who is ignorant of the way to the sea should take a river as a guide.

Idleness is the great slough into which the vices of the world drift and settle, to rise again in miasma.

Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.

Were it not for the clouds that darken us, there would be no rainbow in our lives.

It should not discourage us if our kindness is unacknowledged; it has its influence still.

Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers. The less men think the more they talk.

When we read, we fancy we would be martyrs; when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

Every nature must have the sub-soil plowing of sorrow, before it can recognize either its present poverty or its possible wealth.

Distrust is the death of the soul, belief is its life. The just shall live by faith. Infidelity is the abandonment of life, suicide of the spirit.

They who know the truth are not equal to those who revere it, and they who revere it are not equal to those who find pleasure in it.

Man is physcally as well as metaphysically a thing of threds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start.

To be able to practice five things everywhere under heaven constitutes perfect virtue; gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness.

How easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the room with the most graceful propriety. How easy to invest our homes with the truest elegance!

Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth; I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them.

There is no test to the christian character so severe as prosperity.—Through its means many fall who would have stood proof against all the direct assaults of Satan.

A man's own religion, though contrary to, is better than the faith of another, let it be ever so well followed. It is good to die in one's own faith, for another faith beareth fear.

The taste of emotion may become a dangerous taste we should be very cautious how we attempt to squeeze out of the human life more ecstacy and paroxysm than it can well afford.

Some seek power-success, and others praise-success; and they may gain the success which they seek, but they will lose other things. Whatever men seek earnestly and persistently, as a rule they have.

Never say what may lead you into a dispute with any one; if a person be in error and is obstinate, that is no reason why you should dispute with him and make yourself uncomfortable to put him right.

Cicero, who was born 106 years before Christ, wrote: "I consider this world as a place which nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn."

Many people hurry through life, fearful as it would seem, of looking back, lest they should be turned, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt. Alas, too! if they did look back, they would see little else than the blackened and smouldering ruins of their vices, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrow of the heart.

IT IS CUT EVEN, AFTER ALL.—Old Deacon Sidelinker was a well-to-do marine farmer, who occasionally so far far wandered from the paths of rectitude and strict morality as to imbibe sundry fluid extracts, and on such occasions found it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to retain an equilibrium, and while he managed with wonderful powers of mind and body to preserve a gravity of demeanor, the centre of gravity was entirely lost.

One day the old deacon had been absorbing liquids of a highly exhilarating nature pretty freely, and wandered into the fields where his men were cutting hay.

"I say," (hic) said he, sustaining his drooping frame against an apple tree, "you (hic) haint cutting that grass even, (hic) not by a——I mean not at all even." Just at this moment the fermenting fluids within him gained the ascendency over his physical powers, and he rolled on to the ground all in a sad heap. Raising his head up, and rolling his bleared optics wildly around, he said, "Well, (hic) come to stoop down here where I can get a good sight along the field (hic) I see it is cut even, after all."

A NEW INDUSTRY IN MAINE.—Among the latest industries established in Maine is that of collecting and drying sea-moss, which is followed in the town of Kittery. The moss is collected in dories in the neighborhood of White Island and Whale's Back.—Two men go in each boat, and with rakes for the purpose tear the moss from the rocks at half tide. It is taken to the beaches, where large beds are constructed by taking up all the large rocks and leaving only a surface of pebble stones. These beds contain from ten to three hundred barrels.—If there is no rain sea-water has to be thrown on the moss, and the sun bleaches it from the dark green color, first to a beautiful pink and then