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

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

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GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Publisher.

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.

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

S. V. WILSON, M. D. S. S. VAN VALZAH, M. D.
DRS. WILSON & VAN VALZAH,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in residence of Dr. Wilson.
OFFICE HOURS: From 12 to 2 P. M. Dr. VanValzah can be found at night in his rooms, next door to Hartwick & 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'CULLY. 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 offices 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. jo11'73

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 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. 26:63: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. 1:35:71

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. R. 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. aug1873

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n1'71

C. BAKER,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Shop in old Western Hotel, corner of Market and Second streets. [jan6'75

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

JAMES C. WHITE,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER
Rooms in the Leonard House,
sep18'74 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. [3:6'74

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—large and small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr6'74 THOMAS REILLY.

JAMES K. 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. 18 tf.

J. P. IRVIN,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
LUMBER, SHINGLES, &c.,
—AT THE—
CORNER STORE,
Curwensville, Nov. 25, 1874.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb27'71tf

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.
s25-1y 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. [*jy19'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,87

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-1'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:19'72 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
je11'73 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.,
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, 1872.

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

J. HOLLOWBUSH . . . . . H. 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

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.
ja19-72 M. F. BIGLER & CO.

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.

JAS. S. PARSONS, Pres't. R. E. BENCHOFF, Sec'y
CONTINENTAL
Life Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Assets.....$3,218,800
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities..... 122
Furnishes insurance at the very lowest cost. Policy-holders participate in the profits of the Company, thus continually reducing the annual payments.
For rates, &c., call on or address
R. M. McENALLY, Agent.
Office in Shaw's Row, Clearfield, Pa. j11'74

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE of the PEACE and Conveyancer, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 25jy72

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2405. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1875. NEW SERIES—VOL. 16, NO. 4.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the cold hearth-stone;
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn.
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While 'midst the leaves on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds her nest.
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bended trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green baize,
Lays a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled, with noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And in their flight, all shorn of its might,
A father—old and gray;
And the soft winds play with the snow white hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, nice footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

WINTER SPORT IN THE MISSISSIPPI BOTTOM.

BY FARRAN WEBB.

The extensive tract of lowland, forest and swamp, known as the Mississippi "Bottom," is one of the various regions in different quarters of the globe to which, at one time and another, I have resorted in search of sport; for there, at certain seasons of the year, an abundant variety of game is to be found. The Bottom is not to be recommended to anybody as the right place to go, either in the Summer or in the Fall, for at these seasons the unfortunate sojourner is so sorely afflicted with the tropical heat, the ague, and the mosquitoes and other blood-sucking insects, as to make life seem well nigh intolerable, and death a blessed relief. But with the first month of Winter the pleasant times begin, and for two or three months thereafter the man who loves a genial sky and bracing atmosphere, a rough labyrinth territory to explore in, work for his gun in variety and abundance, and last, though not least, very good living, that man will find in the Mississippi Bottom all these attractions. It has been my lot to shoot on both sides of the river; but I prefer the eastern shore, although the mallard in Arkansas has always seemed to me to be a bird of bigger size and brighter plumage than his kinsman of Mississippi. Of course, that is nothing more than a mere fancy. At a distance from any of the towns, the country on the Arkansas side is sparsely settled, and my recollections of it are not the pleasantest. Many a weary mile have I ridden in search of a cup of cold water, and often have I turned away from rude cabins and log huts almost always with the same answer—a scowl, and a slam of the rickety door. But I have found an excuse for such rude treatment, similar as it was to the inhospitality Goldsmith's "Traveler" may have experienced,

"—where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the messenger shut the door."

I say I have found an excuse for it, in the sickness prevailing among the people, for all seem to be wan and yellow, worn out and shaking with the fever and ague.

No such miserable experiences mingle in my recollections of Mississippi—only happy memories recur to me in thinking of that rich State. It cannot with propriety be called an Arcadia, but there is nothing in it to repel any one somewhat used to roughing it, and not afraid to wet his ankles. The temperature at this season of the year is apt to be changeable, and the ice of the morning is melted at noon. A roaring log fire is very desirable at night, especially in the airy frame houses of the Bottom, raised off the ground on tressels as they sometimes are, to keep them free from the damp. Nevertheless, it is no difficult matter to put oneself in a perspiration tramping through the woods in the daytime. But what a country it is for sport, when once the aquatic birds begin to fly south! Here they find great scope of open water and great scope of cornfields. The crops that are grown in the Bottom are corn, cotton, and sorghum—the corn averaging eight feet high, and the cotton five feet—and the fields are now no doubt white with cotton not yet gathered. But the cultivated land is a mere patch in comparison with the extent ocupied by the swamps, the woods and the canebrakes. Let me try to describe the features of the region.

Immediately behind the levee, constructed to keep the "Father of Waters" within bounds, there is generally a cypress swamp, a belt of cottonwood trees, or a canebreak—the canes being so dense that a man on horseback has a hard and painful job of it to get through their ranks, the while they conduct a vigorous bastinado on every port of his luckless body. After all, he may fail to penetrate. Behind these swamps and cane-brakes lie the cultivated fields and the tracts of "deadening," in which the tree trunks lie rotting, or stand upright, black, charred and spectral, amid the tall rank grass. How like ghosts these black trunks look in the dusky twilight, as they loom up from the vaporous ground and are dimly outlined against the murky heavens! And what a hard time you would have getting a "colored bradder" to pass in their awful vicinity after dark! In these fields of "deadening" the deer lie ruminating, and dogs give tongue ere they have been in their covers many minutes. Deer are to be had either by still hunting them or by running them before the dogs; but as the former method requires not only great experience, but also an accurate knowledge of the country, a stranger will find the other the more productive and satisfactory of the two. Although some of the planters in the Bottom keep their own packs of hounds, yet it will be as well for the sportsman, if he go south with the intention of running deer, to take along a couple of dogs. The people are generally very ready to point out the deer passes, or "stands," and I acknowledge that with or without dogs I never found myself in a difficulty, or came away disappointed. However, it should be borne in mind that a letter of introduction, though not absolutely requisite, will be found a never failing "open sesame" to the hospitality and good offices of the people.

Behind the swamps and cane-brakes, behind the cultivated fields and the tracts of "deadening," stretches the great forest, encroached upon at intervals by patches of cleared land, and intersected by lengthy bayous and broad lagoons. These are the winter haunts of aquatic birds, and this is a veritable sportsman's paradise, rivaling the hypothetical hunting grounds of the red man. Here the sportsman may bag ducks and geese innumerable, and swans also, if he can find them. All kinds of water fowl are as thick as blackberries in August, and may be shot in many places where they are easily recovered at the cost of a wetting; but when one has to thread his way among the lagoons and bayous, a good retriever is an almost indispensable assistant. Some of the lagoons are of great extent, and are almost invariably provided with a skiff, a dug out, or a floating machine of some sort, the use of which is generally to be had without any trouble by an application to the neighbor planter, whose property it is. To my mind, duck shooting afloat is better than duck shooting on *terra firma*. Pushing out from the little cove where the skiff has been moored, let the sportsman paddle towards one of the clumps of reeds which dot the surface of the water here and there like little islands, and let him run the skiff close by its edge, or even a short way among the reeds, so as to leave a fringe of them between his craft and clear water. By these means he is placed fairly in concealment. The birds in the neighborhood have of course been distributed by this manœvre, but before very long a string of ducks flies overhead, and when once the firing has begun all the water fowl on the lake are set in commotion by the noise, and one train after another sweeps past within easy range and in rapid succession. Indeed, it very soon becomes necessary to set about removing the dead and wounded birds, and though it is with considerable reluctance that one proceeds to paddle to and fro to find the birds he has hit, especially when the game is so plentiful as to give even a breech loader little rest; yet the duty should not be omitted or too long postponed, and no disabled bird should be allowed to creep into sedges or linger on in pain. When the birds have all been picked, the position should be changed to another clump of reeds; for ducks may soon become shy of the spot where their enemy lies concealed when once it is discovered, and are certain thereafter to give it a wide berth. Swan are also to be found in considerable numbers on these lagoons, but are not easy to get within range of; yet I have seen them very readily tumbled over by making a bullet ricochet along the ice. The best sort of place to post yourself to shoot ducks and geese in the morning and in the evening is among the rows of cornstalks in some field with a pond in it, as many fields in the Bottom have; or, at least adjacent to some water. A man with an observant eye very soon discovers the right spot, and is successful in his sport accordingly. Flocks of wild turkeys are often to be met in the woods in the Bottom, and, for my part, I prefer them to come across my path, for I have not been very fortunate when I set out to hunt them with premeditation. Often I have invited them to my neighborhood with dulcet notes blown upon the shank bone of one of their own kind, but my invitations have been in vain. They either did not hear my call, or, having heard, deigned not to give it the slightest heed, a circumstance which, while it has caused me to abate some of my pretensions to be a master of the sporting craft, has unquestionably raised the turkey in my respect as a bird possessed of some small modicum of sense, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. I have never had an opportunity to entrap them by means of a decoy bird, but at dawn of day I have lain in wait for them at their roost on the persimmon tree, and have carried off most of the brood. It is the early bird that gets the worm, and this early method of circumventing the turkeys is the only satisfactory method I have learned in my experience. There is only one difficulty about it—the difficulty of finding out their roosting place, but the roost found, one must be a very indifferent sportsman if he do not find the turkey also. If the visitor to the Bottom can enlist the aid of any of the local nimrods, he may probably vary the monotony of his sport with an occasional bear hunt. The bruin of the Bottom is far from being a formidable animal, and is rarely in a humor to molest anything bigger than a shote, or sucking pig; but when he has been smoked out of his hollow tree, or teased out of his cozy quarters into which he has retired to hybernate, or when, possibly, he has been slightly wounded with a bullet, or bit upon the nose with a heavy missile, then he is no gentle customer for dogs to encounter, or men either, for that matter. Bear hunts in the Bottom are all much alike, and they invariably have one issue; a tedious search for the bear—the provocation of him to combat, sometimes as tedious—a short, sharp tussel with the dogs—a few bold strokes with the knife—and that is the death of bruin. The fight with the dogs is the exciting part of the business, and if the animals seem in danger of faring badly, the bear receives the *coup de grace* so much the sooner.

The country in the neighborhood of Austin, Bolivar county, Mississippi, and in the vicinity of Helena, Arkansas, some twenty or thirty miles below Austin, answers very closely to the description given above. Indeed, in writing this article, I had these two districts chiefly in my mind. This winter three years ago I was hunting in Arkansas, a hundred miles or more north of Helena; but it is a much longer period since last I was in Mississippi in search of game. The folks then were trying to reconstruct and recuperate, and toiling very hard, with varying success, to grow a bale of cotton to the acre. The sport then was as good as I describe it, and from all I can learn it is little inferior now. But the sportsman has this great advantage in the Bottom: It is impossible he can be cribbed, cabined, and confined in one spot, for he has only to hail the first steamer in order to transport himself to "fresh fields and pastures new."—*Forest and Stream.*

CALIFORNIA STYLE.—Not long since, a German was riding along Sansom street, near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind him; heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat, and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party; "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German, "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," said the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken, Excuse me, sir, won't you take a drink?"

SWEETENING OLD LARD.—Take a small bunch of slippery elm bark and put it in the lard, and cook one hour.

"Hell closed for repairs" was the title of the Rev. Mr. Lutz's sermon, in New Haven, on New Year's night.

FASHIONS IN VALENTINES.

There was a time when valentines were simply love-letters written on very fancy note paper, with some poetry and a bunch of forget-me-nots at the head. Years ago my dear old grandmother made me happy by sending me one of these, which I have still, and very pretty it is, although the ink is faded to a yellow. The poetry is especially nice, but the punctuation marks are left out, as they didn't care about these troublesome little things in the good old days. I think it said:

"When the conchloe is around thee
In the dark and silent night
In the cottage and the palace
May thy way be always bright!"

Of course I couldn't imagine who sent it,—nobody who gets a valentine ever can,—but I strongly suspected Sally Lawton, and she had a bite out of all my apples until I found out my mistake. Tommy Jones was her valentine, and I gave him a punching for it, too, as he was mean, and pretended all the time that he didn't like her.

However, the old fashion has passed away, and valentines are now very elaborate things, employing thousands of skillful workmen in their manufacture. They serve as the covers of a l sorts of costly presents, and some of them are real works of art. Clever designers are constantly employed in the invention of the new combinations, pleasing effects of grouping or color, and whimsical surprises. The most careful labors of draughtsmen, lithographers, wood-engravers, painters, color-printers, card-board, artificial flower and feather makers are spent upon them, to say nothing of the assistance given by workers in silk, silver and glass. Even the tropical forests of Brazil and the depths of the sea are ransacked for fresh materials.

There is one firm in London which has three hundred and sixty-eight different kinds of valentines. The cheapest are two cents each, and the finest cost nearly sixty dollars. All are pretty, and some are magnificent. One is called "Love's Photograph." A tiny mirror is hidden beneath a bunch of flowers, and some dear girl finds that the reflection of her own face is your love's photograph. There are true lovers' knots painted on the softest satin; birds of bright plumage under gauze; girls in silver frames, paper flowers which bloom when the valentine is opened and close when it is shut; more paper flowers hidden behind screens of silver and in little wicker baskets, with exotic flowers painted by hand on the finest silk and framed in silver lace.

No florist ever succeeded better than the modern valentine-maker does in putting together the prettiest colors. Blush roses and forget-me-nots; camelias, with rich dark green leaves; lilies of the valley, water lilies, ferns and pansies are combined with a wondrous degree of taste and skill. Sometimes the valentine is the miniature of a transformation scene in a theatre. It is folded and unfolded by an ingenious arrangement, which reveals a garden, with a flock of birds flying over it, and a lake of mirror-glass, with a swan upon its shining surface.

Sometimes, too, the flowers are neither painted nor made of paper or muslin.

Far away in Brazil, there is a large convent, in which the sedate nuns make gay artificial flowers entirely out of the feathers of the gorgeous birds that haunt the forests of South America. I cannot give you an idea of how rich and lustrous they are. More than this, marine flowers gathered from the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea are used in valentines, and real birds are quite common. As Lucy opens the box that comes for her with a whole string of postage stamps upon it, it is possible that she will find the cunningest of humming-birds in a little nest, holding a message in its beak. Not the picture of one, mind you, but a real one, that has been caught and stuffed for the valentine-maker.

The latest fashion in valentines is to combine them with useful articles. A lace or pearl-handled fan, costing sixty dollars, is secreted beneath flowers and mottoes and Cupids. A fine silk necktie, for a gentleman or boy, is wrapped in white gauze, with the tender sentiment: "Through cloud and sunshine I am thine." Articles of dress or jewelry often are enclosed. Sometimes a smoking-cap or a pair of embroidered slippers. The descriptive catalogue of Mr. Rimmel, the London perfumer, includes valentines containing Japanese ornamental hair-pins, cravats, pin-cushions, chatelaine bottles, brooches, gold watch trinkets, lockets, turquoise and garnet rings, silver filigree brooches, ear-rings and bracelets, head-dresses and double smelling-bottle. Then, too, there are musical valentines in the form of glove and handkerchief or jewel-cases. One magnificent affair costs forty dollars. It is made of blue silk, and trimmed with gilt. At one side is a compartment for gloves, and at the other a place for handkerchiefs, with two beautiful smelling-bottles in the middle. As the lid is raised, a musical-box, hidden underneath, plays a favorite air, such as, "Then you'll remember me," or an air from an opera.

I am not sure that the new custom of making expensive presents is better than the old one of writing a love-letter, and it certainly is not a proof of greater affection in the senders.

A pleasant improvement might be made upon both the old and new customs without sacrificing the observance of the day. Let the boys and girls make their own valentines, during the long winter evenings. All the necessary materials may be purchased for twenty-five or thirty cents at a stationer's store. Suitable designs are to be found in many books, and some tinsel, crayons, water-colors, and lace-paper would enable clever young fingers to produce very pretty things. There might, for instance, be a simple Grecian border around a sheet of lace-paper, and, inclosed within this, a lily, a rose, or some illuminated verses.—Decalcomanie would do very well, in case the valentine maker could not draw; or, better still, pressed leaves might be called to the service. A red autumn waif or two, carefully dried, pressed, and mounted on tinted paper, and surrounded by a wreath of ivy, would be pretty. Or one might make something lovely out of very delicate grasses, mosses, lichens, arranging them at the head of the paper, leaving space for a letter beneath. This would call for a tasteful box-envelope. A little care, taste and patience would work wonders with the simple materials.

Valentines of this kind would be more highly prized by a sincere friend, too, than the finest productions of the professional valentine-maker. At the same time, their preparation would afford you many hours of amusement, and exercise in the use of color and from that would be profitable to you in countless ways.—[Alexander Wainright, in St. Nicholas for February.

TURKEY HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.

Having been sent after a load of corn to Tyas bend, Red River, where we would have to stay over night, C. and I placed our guns in the wagon and drove like John to get there in time to go hunting. Arriving some two hours before night, and mine host not being in, we shouldered our guns and marched down a deep ravine to Red River bottom. After starting several deer without getting a shot, we started back, traveling single file up the ravine, C. in the advance. Suddenly turning an angle, we came upon a flock of wild turkeys, and almost instantly C.'s rifle broke the silence of twilight, and a nice gobbler was fluttering on the ground. Hastily reloading, we advanced but a little distance, when C. dropped his turkey and brought his rifle to his face. Then turning to me he said:

"Must I shoot?"

I replied, "I see nothing."

"There, across the gully; don't you see that object?"

"Yes, shoot!"

Bank goes C.'s rifle again. The small white object, that had been partly obscured, now became clearly visible, and it was evident that C. had missed I now brought old Spitfire to a poise and fired. From the movements of the little animal, I was sure my shot had taken effect. Hurrying to the spot, C. said:

"Well! isn't it pretty?"

"Yes; what is it?

"I don't know; what do you say?"

"I don't know; unless it's a polecat. It looks like the picture of one."

"Pshaw!" said C. "I have seen many a polecat in T——, but they were not half so big as this. We'll have its hide, any how."

About this time the stranger made some struggles, and C. commenced stamping on it with his heel. Suddenly were our olfactories saluted with a scent that sent us off as fast as our legs could carry us, C. crying out—

"It is a polecat; we won't skin it, will we?"

On arriving at the house we found our friend Mc., who, on hearing of our adventure, exclaimed, "Green from the States," a term commonly applied to persons not up to all Texas tricks. After supper, Mc. said:

"Well, now get your guns, and we'll go down in the bottom and kill some turkeys."

This idea was quite novel to me—killing turkeys with a rifle by moonlight. The fact is, I doubted killing by moonlight myself, and thought best to let Mc. and C. have the first shots. The moon was not quite full, and just about the right height for shooting. And just here I will state that not only I, but almost every man on the border of Texas, feels a strange, sad feeling at beholding the full moon, for he knows that by the light of almost every moon the stealthy savage assails the sleeping frontiersman. But I digress.

We had not traveled far until Mc. pointed upward and whispered, "There they are!" On looking in the tops of some tall oaks I saw two dark objects tollerably plain. Mc. and C. already had their rifles pointed, and I thought I would try my luck at a venture. So I raised my gun, and bang, bang. Thump, thump, came the two turkeys.

Now ensued a quarrel between C. and I as to who killed one of the turkeys, which was only settled upon C. finding that his gun had not been fired. We now hunted but little longer, as we had about as much as we wished to carry.

In this same locality, some boys invited a learned divine, recently from the State, to accompany them. Of course the gentleman accepted the invitation. They soon found a tree full of buzzards, and very generously tendered him the first shot. Imagine his chagrin at killing an innocent buzzard, and the boys crying, "Green from the States."

ABOUT THE HAIR.

Men become bald! Why? Because they were close hats and caps. Women are never bald. Sometimes, from long-continued headache, heat in the scalp, bad hair-dressing and some other causes, women may have bare spots here and there; but with all these causes combined, you never see a woman with a bare, shiny, bald head. And you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches his skull. It will take it off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, not if he has been bald fifty years. The common black stiff hat, as impervious as sheet iron, retains the heat and perspiration. The little hair glands, which bear the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above ground, become weak from the presence of the moisture and heat, and finally become too weak to sustain the hair. It falls out, and baldness exists. A fur cap we have known to produce complete baldness in a single winter.

A man with a good head of hair needs very little protection when the hair grows. Women who live much within doors, and who are therefore peculiarly susceptible to the cold, oil their hair and plaster it down hard and flat upon their skulls, so as to destroy nine-tenths of its power as a non-conductor, have worn for years postage-stamps of bonnets stuck on the back of their heads, exposing the whole tops of their skulls, and then going out of furnace-heated parlors, have ridden for hours in a very cold temperature without taking cold and without complaint.

Man, with his greater vigor and habits of out-door life, and with his hair not plastered down, but thrown up loose and light, could no doubt go to the north pole, so far as that part of his person is concerned, without any artificial covering. And yet we men wear immensely thick fur caps, and what amounts to sheet-iron hats, and do not dare step out in a chilly atmosphere a moment lest we take cold.—It is silly, weak, and really a serious error. The Creator knew what he was about when he covered a man's skull with hair. It has a very important function in protecting the brain. Baldness is a serious misfortune. It will never occur in any man who will wear such a hat as we do—a common black high silk hat with five hundred holes through the top, so that there shall be more hole than hat. This costs nothing; the hatter will do that for you when you purchase your hat. If the nap be combed back the wrong way, and if after the holes are made it be combed the right way, no one will ever observe the peculiarity. The hat will wear quite as long—the hatters say considerably longer—because it is dry instead of moist; in brief, there is not a single objection to it, while it will certainly prevent baldness and keep the top of the head cool and prevent much headache.

THE POST OFFICE AS A DETECTIVE AGENT.

"You have no idea how many of those fellows who prey on other people come about us," said an old postoffice clerk. "People think we don't see them when they inquire for letters, sitting as we do inside of a glass box, and nothing of us visible but the face; but if they can't see in we can see out, and we take note of what we see. We get to know faces by sight as well as the owners of them do, and take a certain sort of interest in them. I have caught myself feeling sorry enough for a young Miss who came daily for letters and never found any, until I had a great mind to write her one myself, so that she shouldn't be disappointed so often. That was at the ladies' window, a long time ago. She disappeared after a while, don't know what became of her; city swallowed her up, I reckon.

"There was another woman—lady, I almost said—who lived in Newark, and I knew it, and knew her too, who came regularly once a week and inquired for letters in another name.—They were for her too. I knew well enough she had no such eager interests as her voice betrayed in another person's letters. Once when she received one I asked her if she was Mrs. Statira, and she said 'Yes,' and then I knew she lied.

"Once a detective came in and asked me if a certain man, whom he described, called for letters. I knew him as a person I had set down as a rogue without knowing anything of him, and said, 'Yes, he is here nearly every day. He comes at such an hour, and if you stay here I will give you the wink.' So he stayed where he could not be seen, but if you will believe it, the scamp never came near the place for a week; a great pile of letters accumulated for him. Finally the detective began to feel the fellow had 'lit out,' as he expressed it, and said he would just stretch his legs a little and come back.' Of course at that very moment the rascal appeared, and I was in a sweat, you bet. First thing when I saw him I sent a messenger after the detective; the next thing I stayed away from the window as long as I dared. When I did go to it I couldn't hear very well, and had hard work to catch his name. When that had to be stopped I couldn't seem to find any letter, though there were a hundred or so right under my hand. I shuffled them all over, both of us all the while on pins and needles, he to get away and I to keep him so he shouldn't.

"How do you spell it." I asked.

He spelled it.

"Where do you expect a letter from?"

"New Orleans."

I threw one, two, three, down.

"Ain't there no more?" he said.

"Wait a minute and I'll see. I stretched the minute all I could, till finally just as he was going away cursing me for my stupidity, I threw down the whole of them, and began to push them out to him; he turned to gather them up, but was himself gathered up by the detective who came back just in time. He was one of those swindling swindlers."

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

EZEKIEL WHITMAN'S APPEARANCE IN THE OLD CITY TAVERN OF BOSTON.

When Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm, and did much work on his land; and when the time came for him to set out for Boston, his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentleman assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them. "Ah, here comes a countryman of the homespun genus. Here's fun." Whitman started at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.

The ladies tittered.

"And what do you think of our city?"

"It's a pooty thick settled place, anyhow. It's got a sweeping sight of houses in it.

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should guess so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them."

"Ya-as, I beaus 'em home—tew meetin' and singin' schewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank-ee. Don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git out. I eat toast—never heard of sich a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give ye a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly as foll