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.

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1 square	$8 00	1 column	$50 00
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3 square	20 00	1 column	120 00

GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Publisher.

Cards.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
9:30:71 CLEARFIELD, PA.

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov1273

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
GARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN M. WORRELL.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-12-73 Clearfield, Pa.

E. Y. WILSON, M. D. E. 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 R. 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. 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. jel1'73

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. [nov21,68

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. 3. 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 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

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. aug18'70

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

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. [1y

T. M. ROBINSON
Manufacturer and dealer in
Harness, Saddles and Bridles,
Collars, Whips, Brushes, Fly Nets, Trimmings Horse Blankets, &c.
Varnish, 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—large and small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr8'74 THOMAS REILLY.

STOREKEEPERS, ATTENTION!
We desire to call your attention to our extensive Commission business and to our facilities for disposing of such produce as our consignors send us. Having a large trade with city stores, we are enabled to make quick returns, at full prices.
Storekeepers having Chickens, Butter, Eggs, or other produce, will do well to give us a trial. Where Groceries are taken in exchange, no commission will be charged.
S. L. KIRK, SON & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, No. 139 N. Third street, Philad'a. apr1y

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 1-1m

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.

J. P. IRVIN,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
LUMBER, SHINGLES, &c.,
—AT THE—
CORNER STORE,
Curwensville, Nov. 25, 1873.

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.
W. ALBERT & BROS. n23-1y

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. [8jy1'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr1,'67

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

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-1'72 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 85d 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,'65-tf

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
je10'72 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, 1874.

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

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.
je18-72 H. 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, July 1, 1874.

KRATZER & LYTLE,
AGENTS IN CLEARFIELD COUNTY FOR
LORILLARD'S
Celebrated Brands of
Smoking & Chewing Tobaccos.
We are enabled to wholesale to dealers throughout the county at city prices.
KRATZER & LYTLE,
je3:74-tf Clearfield, Pa.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned are now fully prepared to carry on the business of
UNDERTAKING,
AT REASONABLE RATES,
And respectfully solicit the patronage of those needing such services.
JOHN TROUTMAN,
JAMES L. LEAVY.
Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 18, 1874.

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 22jy'72

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2413. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1875. NEW SERIES—VOL. 16, NO. 12.

MOTHER.

When she undid her hair at night,
About the time for lying down,
She came and knelt. I was so small
There in my bed, her curls did fall
All over me, light gold and brown.

I fell asleep amid her prayers,
Her fair young face (for off it sunnis),
Her girlish voice, her kisses sweet,
The patter of her busy feet,
Passed with me into charming dreams.

And when I woke at merry morn,
Through her gold hair I saw the sun
Flame strong, shine glad, and glorify
The great good world. Oh, never can I
Forget her words—"My darling one!"

Ah! checkered years since then have crept
Past her and me, and we have known
Some sorrow and much tempered joy,
Far into manhood stands her boy,
And her gold hair snow-white is blown.

The world has changed by slow degrees,
And as old days recede, alas!
So much of trouble have the new,
Those rare far joys grow dim, seen through
Sad times as through a darkened glass.

But just this morning when I woke
How lovingly my lips were kissed!
How chaste and clear the sunlight shone
On mother's hair like gold-dust sown
Athwart thin clouds of silver mist!

SNOW SLIDES IN UTAH.

THE TOWN OF ALTA DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE—A WHOLE FAMILY SMOTHERED IN THEIR HOME—OTHER FATAL CASUALITIES.

On Tuesday night the people of the thriving little mining town of Alta, at the head of Little Cottonwood Canon, were startled by the dread cry of "Help! snow-slide!" in the distressing tones of a woman from an elevated part of the targ. Simultaneously was heard a sharp rumbling as of quick and near thunder, and then followed deafening roars, the crashing and snapping of timbers, and the general rushing and crushing of mighty matter. Scarcely had the echo of the female voice ceased before the "whole town had turned out." Trembling women were running hither and thither, all searching for a place of safety, no one knowing where to go to get away from the dread destroyer. A snow-slide had descended on the camp, and though the bulk of the avalanche had rested at the upper part of the town, in their wild flight the unhappy denizens of the place half expected that at the next moment they would be buried and crushed in a bank of treacherous snow

After the first shock was over, the frightened people, partially restored to useful activity, with one object in view, rushed up the street to the elevated bench on the north side of Alta, some carrying lanterns, others shovels, and others with staves, poles, or anything that could be used in digging through the snow. About fifteen rods from the business centre of the town a wild scene presented itself. The snow was piled up to the depth of thirty feet, and projecting from the packed surface were large bowlders, heavy mining timbers, and here and there a portion of what had once been a frame dwelling-house. They realized that from the location of the slide some of their acquaintances—their friends, and perhaps relatives—were beneath the mighty mass of snow and *debris*, and scores of hardy miners went to work digging away the snow from where had stood houses occupied by human beings. While thus engaged a faint cry of "Help" came through the snow; again it was heard, and again, but growing more faint and weaker at each successive cry. It did not take long to ascertain the direction from which the voice proceeded, and when once the men on the surface had found the location there was lively shoveling of the snow for a few minutes. Short as those minutes were, each must have been an age to him who was underneath; but the quick strokes of the shovels grew more distinct to the ears of the almost doomed man, and finally he was lifted from his snowy bed and the light of a dozen or more lanterns shone full in his face.—The fortunate-unfortunate man was George Tomlins, an old gentleman who had made Alta his home for several years. By his side, in the bed on which he had been lying, was the body of Michael Kelley—"Old Mickey"—who was known to every resident of Alta and vicinity. The snow had done its work for "Old Mickey." He and Tomlins had retired early, but were not asleep when the avalanche came. Before they knew what was the matter the building was crushed and the two men buried under at least six feet of snow. "Mickey's" back was broken, and it is thought he died instantly, but Tomlins was more fortunate. True to his former self, after being resurrected, the old man called for a "whisky straight," and in quick succession poured down several "drinks" of his favorite beverage. He had been "very dry" during the day, and as the whisky ran freely, long before the excitement had ceased the old man was on a "jolly spree."

While Tomlins and his mate were being uncovered, there was a busy scene at another place. The residence of Mr. James Carey was in the course of the slide. Above the site of the location the men commenced working with their shovels, and soon succeeded in finding what had been the interior of the frame house, though the building was broken to pieces and some of it carried away. A little more shoveling discovered a heart-rending sight, which caused many of the stern, hardy miners to shed tears. Seated in an easy-chair, and clasping to her breast her infant babe, sat Mrs. Carey—mother and child both dead. Near them were the lifeless remains of the husband and father, and in another part of the room was the corpse of an adopted daughter, a bright little girl about six years old, named Laura Wilson. None of the bodies exhibited bruises of any kind; they had all suffocated. The expression in the mother's countenance was one of mingled anxiety and despair, as if she had hoped that her dear ones might yet be saved, but had finally died, realizing that all must perish.—The snow around the husband's body showed that he had struggled hard to extricate himself.

In another place the dead body of an old miner named Vanderleen was found. Up to last evening no other victims had been discovered, though a number of men are missing, and it is believed they are under the snow. It is impossible to tell how many were killed or what is the damage to property; and it will probably be late next spring, when the snow melts, before all the fact are known. There were apparently two slides, each of immense proportions, which started about the same time; and though they headed at different points and did not travel the same route, they united immediately above Alta, the whole force and mass entering and crushing through the town. One of the avalanches started from near the Mackay Mine, above and west of the Emma, and on its course of destruction swept away the extensive trestle-work and the large ore-house at the latter mine. The other started from the Stoker Mine, near the top of the ridge between the two Cottonwoods, and passed down a gulch east of the track of the first, the junction of the two being at the foot of the mountains, on the elevated plateau north of Alta. It is unusal for snow-slides to occur in that vicinity, and those of Tuesday are the largest ever known there. Rain had been falling very fast all the afternoon, and the snow had become thoroughly saturated and soggy with water, and the weight being thus increased caused the slide.

The people of Alta, though not expecting one of the catastrophes, were fearful that one would occur. Nearly all night on Tuesday the most terrible fears rested on the more timid of the town. The ladies there could not be induced to sleep anywhere in the vicinity of the slide, and were furnished beds in the lower and better protected part of the burg.

Yesterday morning there was considerable of an exodus from Alta, sixteen men from that place commung to this city, and we understand between twenty and thirty others will leave there to-day. One more avalanche would have the effect of almost depopulating the town. The snow was falling very fast yesterday, and snow-slides were expected at any time.

At half-past twelve o'clock last night Mr. Sol. Kimball, the Big Cottonwood mail-carrier, reached this city, bringing the sad intelligence that six men were killed in a snow-slide in the above canon yesterday afternoon. The slide occurred between one and two o'clock, and was one of the heaviest that has come down this winter. It started from near the top of the mountain above the Richmond Mine, and, descending with irresistible fury, crossed the gulch, carried off the the Wellington Company's blacksmith shop, the two men who were in it narrowly escaping with their lives. About one hundred yards below the Richmond the slide overtook eight "snakers"—men who were engaged in drawing the ore from the Richmond down the mountain on raw hides. All of the unfortunate party, with their horses, seven in number, were buried in the avalanche. The miners from the neighboring mines turned out and worked bravely to extricate their fellows, but only succeeded in saving the lives of two, and one of these was so badly injured that it is feared he cannot recover. The names of the two that were rescued are George McCorlin and Thomas White. The former, who is in a critical condition, was entombed in the snow three hours. White was relieved from his perilous situation after being under the snow thirty minutes. The remaining six of the party are buried in thirty feet of snow.—Their names are Thomas H. Broderick, William Ritter, Charles Dabble, Joseph Breeze, Henry Atkins, and Reuben Moore. When Mr. Kimball started to come to the city, at seven o'clock last night, there were between fifty and sixty men at work shoveling snow in search of the bodies. The intention was to continue the digging all night, and until the bodies were found. The slide is said to have run three-fourths of a mile, and was two hundred yards wide.—*Salt Lake Herald, January 21.*

YOUNG GIRLS INITIATION INTO WASHINGTON LIFE.

On none who indulge in so-called "society" does its blight fall so heavily as on the young girls. Take any one of them fresh from the wholesome regimen of a quiet home among the eastern hills, or on the western prairies. She is impulsive, impatient of restraint, inexperienced, galled a little by school discipline, with attractions enough to invite, and in a position to reciprocate attention, and she has just arrived at the most sensitive and impressive part of her moral and physical existence. Consider her daily career. She dresses for an indigestible breakfast at ten o'clock, followed by a fashionable luncheon party, which ends in a dance. A second toilet for afternoon calls, at many of which she dances again. A third toilet for a dinner party, and still a forth for the german, which lasts till the gray morning light, and includes intense heat, draughts of cold air, heavy supper, to say no more.—Sunday graciously intervenes, but one can hardly make amends in twelve hours for a week's dissipation. Moreover, calling is always *en regle* Sunday evening; and there are quiet little teas, where the appetite is sanctified by terrapin and divers French dishes.

Soon hollow circles begin to form around her eyes; then the beautiful color which alternately kindled and waned in her cheeks goes out altogether; and at last she finds that, even if she stay in bed till noon, she is not rested, for sleep is denied her. Then, though the first suggestion of the kind was repugnant to her, she gradually experiments on the virtues of bella donna; she learns the arts of red and white powders, and the secret of charcoal pencils. In the beginning she practices slyly, and seems ashamed even before her mirror; but ere long she becomes brazenly indifferent as to painted lips and brows, and cheeks that simulate the blushes they no longer know. More yet! Champagne—she takes it to "strengthen" her; chloral—to woo sleep. Her highest ambition is now a german favor; her only standard, dress; her most innocent emotion, vanity. Physically, morally and intellectually she is stunted and warped.—*N. Y. Post.*

MEASUREMENTS OF ANCIENT CITIES.—Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty-six miles around, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof; it was one hundred years in building. The largest of the Pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in height and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length and the layers are two hundred and eight. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins seventy-seven miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

"She's a small woman," said a youth of his mother, "but when she hauls off her slipper and says, 'Sam'l come here this minnit,' we boys go just as though she weighed four hundred pounds."

CLARA MORRIS.

This lady is rusticating for her health's benefit, and enjoying the mud baths of Santa Barbara, from which point she writes the following entertaining and characteristic letter to a friend:

The journey was a little too much for me. Oh that dreary, dreary ride of ennui and pain. How we rattled and banged for days and days over weary plains and then climbed the long reaches of desolate hills, in the teeth of icy blasts, make remembrance a nightmare. And how I have worked here, stimulated to effort by the warm sympathizing hearts of this wondrous people. I remember your telling me once that crossing the Rocky Mountains seemed to enlarge human nature, making a Californian out of a man as a grizzly bear might be supposed to be made from our little brown fellow. They nearly killed me, kind hearts. I had a physician four and five times a day, was carried to and from the theatre, while between the acts we had a procession with an almost lifeless body carried to and from the dressing-room. But how their enthusiasm stimulated me. When acting or called before the curtain I seemed full of rare old wine.

I am better to-day, and have been out for a long drive. I got out the phæton when we gained the beach and sat myself down upon the hot sand under a blazing sun, and basked like any little animal. The weather is simply perfect; while you are shivering in pulverized ice mountains, I, in the open air, draw in great mouthfuls of health-giving, delicious air, and giving in return a mouth full of pain.

We have had two earthquakes and a fire. The last I did not mind to any disagreeable extent. I am used to that article, having been burned out twice at midnight. But I must confess the earthquake left me very cold about the lips and shaky in knees and elbows. Much as I fear lightning, I prefer heaven's artillery, however loud or crashing it may be, to this ague in the earth. It is so horrible to feel the solid, everlasting earth giving way under one. Think of the thin crust, on which we bustle out our little lives, with the molten fire beneath.

On Saturday night, or rather morning for it was half-past 3, we were awakened by a cry of fire. We are on the top floor, with but one stairway, and the fire was at the head of the first flight—pleasant that to one who does not believe in cremation. I was equal to the occasion. I told H. to take the jewel-case, and I seized my birds and dog. Couldn't help laughing at the absurd idea that seized me that if we did cremate we would appear before St. Peter with all our household goods. But assistance came, and the fire was extinguished, and returning to bed, I slept that sleep of peace and innocence that comes from a matinee and night performance.

I have visited the Chinese quarters, been in their eating-houses, their Joss-houses, and their opium dens, I was received with high honor at their theatre, and taken behind the scenes. What a sight! They had one small department to serve as wardrobe-room, green-room, and general dressing-room. The place was crowded with men, no females act, you know, the men taking female parts. Where are dear Mrs. Stanton and Dickinson that this is permitted? A number of actors were changing their costumes, and the cool indifference, not to say gravity, with which they stripped themselves to the bare brown skin in my presence, was startling. I had some difficulty in finding a nook I could fix my eyes on without being shocked. While I stood looking about me, so as to avoid male chemise in the abstract, one almond-eyed gentleman approached, and smiling, asked:

"You-ee act-ee?"

I nodded in the affirmative; whereupon he shook his brown little hand from out his long, flowing sleeve, and extended it to me with a genuine American grasp. The manager then remarked:

"Ell muchee *bit* act-ee."

And every actor present, more or less dressed, nodded and smiled, and I nodded and smiled back again.

I then visited the kitchen, for, mon ami, the Chinese actors live in the theatres, and their sleeping-dens, bah, I sicken as I think of them. The leading man receives $700 (gold) a year and his rice. Happy thought! Why not engage Mr. Hector Buskin for two thousand a year and his liquor, or Helen Lofty and her bouquets?

And now, kind heart, adieu. Next week I do not act. Only think of it,—no dresses, no wigs, no rouge, no rehearsals, no fear of critics (!) no fear of failure through utter prostration. I go to the mud-baths of Santa Barbara to see if, like Antæ,—was that his name,—I can gather strength from touching mother earth. Would I could send in my letter some of this sunshine, some of this delicious air. But I send kind remembrances, with the prayer that they may be the same.

AMBITION.

A love of activity, a desire to excel and to gain a position in the world are commendable. They who bless the race, elevate man, inspire him with true courage, soften the indurations of our being, increase mental and moral power, are the true heroes and heroines. They are the benefactors of the world who leave it better for having lived in it. But he who encourages cruelty and delights in blood, either on the field of battle or in the retired wayside is the native and true ruffian. He who kills, prompted by a love of glory (?), is not less a *murderer* than he who steals stealthy on his victim to gratify an uncontrollable hate, while the enormity of the crime must be graduated by the number of lives sacrificed in the injury sustained. He who robs a nation of its wealth destroys its material growth, abridges its peace, happiness, its prosperity, its mind, muscle and morals by war is not less a *robber* than he who takes the private purse and then kills. The more guilty one is he whose depredations are on the most extensive scale. Music, gay tinselry and dazzling accoutrements can never change the real nature of crime. To murder is to maliciously take life. The more lives taken, the greater the turpitude, the deeper the criminality. To rob is to take wealth, material, mental or moral—ruthlessly, while the more extensive the scale the more robbery is committed.

A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and excused his conduct by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him, "If ever you feel any more such fits coming on, you had better come right here, where your infirmaty is known, and we will take care of you."

A CHARACTER NOT YET IN COURT.

HENRY C. BOWEN AND HIS WONDERFUL SECRETS.

Last night I met one of the numerous Bowens entangled in the complications of this case. It was one of the sons of Bowen whom, after literally building Plymouth church, its more devoted worshippers propose to offer up as a burnt offering and a smoke offering on its crumbling altar. The Tilton faction had subpœnaed "old man Bowen," as we call him, but, for some reason, he will be denied the opportunity of exposing to the world all the dreadful history which is compressed within his scraggy bosom. There is no doubt that he hates both Beecher and Tilton with a magnificent hatred, being held back from the firing of their unctuous pyre by an inspiration which must steam up from Satanic furnaces. He has an undiscoverable motive for his terrible speechlessness. In his long, thin head is hidden the key to other Eleusinian mysteries than that which twelve men are risking their sanity to solve in the city court. He stands at the door of a charnel house, with his cadaverous finger on his lips, and upon his tongue the icy silence of the grave. More confidence, more secrets have been shoveled into that human sepulchre than could the breast of any other living creature contain. He is a gravestone under which are the dead of many tragedies, but upon whose face there is not a single epitaph. On the Last Day, when the earth shall vomit forth its corpses and the sea give up its dead, then Henry C. Bowen will have to yield the ghastly tenants of his brain. He is Beecher's gaunt Nemesis, dogging him mutely with the constant shadow of death; sitting face to face with him, and looking into his eyes every Sunday, sharing the sacramental elements with him in the Holy Communion, and knowing his secrets with a knowledge possible only to his victim and their God. When Beecher looks down from his platform into the sepulchral face, what fantoms are they which well up in spectral procession from Bowen's eyes? Bowen knows. Beecher knows.

Some great bond unites Beecher and Bowen. What that bond may be the keenest intelligence, the most persistent search, have failed to discover. Bowen has publicly said that he can, when he likes, drive Beecher out of Brooklyn. How did he achieve that tremendous influence? Why has he desisted from applying it?

Frank Moulton, from occupying the most unhappy relation to this case, has ended by occupying, perhaps, the happiest relation to it. In his very dilemma was his apology; in his nondescript relation were all the elements of his explanation; his perfect embarrassment gave a tone of the ludicrous to the facts, and the people unravelled the man from the absurdity of seeking to be second for two principals at the same time. His ready faculties, good memory, red head and gentlemanly associations relieved him from the imputation of a conspirator, and if he was for a long time undecided as to which principal he represented, there was no doubt on the subject when his resentment gave him a status.

Moulton has for the future very little association with this case in the public mind. He has ceased to be a principal, and although an inveterate, stern, dogged antagonist of one of the chief parties, he retains an almost absurd weakness for that opponent. Outside of the court room his status is nearly as undecided as formerly. His business partners have appreciated his candor and misfortune and have come to the front with such an indisposition to keep in the rear that their very unwillingness has been testimony in his favor. It seems that he is not the brother-in-law of the second member of the firm of Woodruff & Robinson, but the husband of Mr. Robinson's niece. Mrs. Moulton is a candid, unsuspecting, gentle-minded wife, parishioner and friend. Persons who have her acquaintance say that for a long time she suffered keenly in the anomalous situation she bore to Mr. Beecher as communicant and friend, and to Mr. Tilton as her husband's oldest friend; but that she has made up her mind to the inevitable, and will be a witness if she cannot help herself, and will tell only the truth as she understood it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

JOHN MITCHEL AND DR. KENEALY.—John Mitchel and Dr. Kenealy have been elected to the British Parliament. These events, says the New York *Herald*, will cause great excitement in England, and the election of Mr. Mitchel will command attention everywhere, as it involves constitutional questions of deep importance. Dr. Kenealy, who is so well known as the counsel for the claimant in the Tichborne case, was chosen from Stoke-on-Trent by a majority of two thousand—an unexpected victory for a man who has so lately been driven out of his profession; but Mr. Mitchel's triumph is far more startling. Dr. Kenealy has sought from the people a vindication from the accusations of his fellow barristers; but Mitchel has appealed against the sentence of the Crown itself. His election to the House of Commons from Tipperary, without opposition, appears to be understood by the English government as a defiance. Mr. Dyke moved in the English House for copies of all the documents connected with the trial and conviction of John Mitchel in 1848, and with his escape from Van Dieman's Land. This motion was adopted by a vote of one hundred and seventy-four to thirteen, and the debate shows that the government is determined to regard him as an escaped felon, and to deny on that ground his eligibility to election. In execution of this policy Mr. Disraeli moved that a new writ of election be ordered for Tipperary county. Both cases are singular examples of the way the whirligig of time brings about its revenges, and their progress will be watched with as much interest in America as in Ireland or England.

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.—The man who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges in no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasure, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who intensely feeds on high seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SMALL FARMS.

A correspondent writes to the Department of Agriculture from Van Buren, Iowa, that he is running a small farm of forty acres, with twenty under cultivation in fruit, vegetables, and small grain. "My income varies from $1,500 to $2,600 a year," he appears proud to acknowledge. The more industry and intellect one puts into an acre of soil, the more money he is likely to take out of it. His judgment should tell him what crops will pay best in the markets within his reach, with a small farm close in hand, small taxes, and small outgo for labor, feed, and working stock. There is both art and good sense in keeping down expenses on the farm, and in other branches of business.

Success in tillage and husbandry depends on the capacity of the human brain, rather than on the size of one's plantation. One family, by skill, industry and economy, becomes rich by cultivating twenty acres only, while another family grows poor by the bad management of 2,000 under the plow. It is not the pursuit, but the man, that is a failure. The farmer often grasps more acres than he can handle to the best advantage, and all are more or less slighted at certain times and seasons to the injury of his cash income. Labor is misdirected, or neglected till out of season, when vitality in seeds and cultivated plants does no good.—On a small farm every blow may be struck at the proper moment.

Every person has but a limited quantity of force, physical and mental; and it is the most common of all mistakes to dilute and spread this force over too large a surface. It is not the diffusion of muscular strength, but its concentration that bores artesian wells, and draws a fountain of living water from the strata of rocks hundreds of feet in thickness to the surface for the use of uneducated man. Diffused labor on a large farm is like the scattered rays of light in the interstellar spaces before the telescope collects them together, and thereby extends human vision and knowledge to millions of suns and worlds before unknown.

The cultivator of the earth needs time and opportunity for profitable study. How shall he command such an advantage? Not, surely, by holding more land than he uses with any benefit to his family, or to mankind at large. The Democratic doctrine of seeking "the greatest good of the greatest number," forbids all land monopoly. Seventy-five men are said to own one-half of the soil of Scotland. Such a state of society cannot last many centuries in the future. Live and and let live is a principle good for all time.—*Nashville Union and American.*

MAKE CHILDREN USEFUL.

The energy which some children manifest in mischievous pranks may be made to subserve useful and instructive purposes. Little odds and ends of employment may be given them—work suited to their small capabilities may be assigned them—and under judicious direction and considerate encouragement their little heads and hands can accomplish much, and that gladly. The bright little ones who would "help" mamma should not be repelled with a harsh word, but some simple task should be devised for their occupation, and some trifling thing—so very great to them—should be the reward of its performance.

As a general rule, give your children something to do. A daily employment of some sort will exercise their minds healthfully, and develop elements of usefulness and self-reliance which may prove incalculably valable to their manhood and womanhood. Miserable is the plea urged by some that they "have not the time" to look after their children. No such pretext can divest them of the grave responsibilities which the having of children imposes. The laws of God and of humanity demand of parents the best care and training for their children they can bring into exercise. How many poor wretches there are, taxing society with their worthlessness and sins to the negligence of their parents in developing and directing good natural endowment for lives of industry and independence! Large Firmness in a child is a good thing; it contributes to steadiness of thought and deed. Large Self-Esteem is desirable, in that it confers the sense of personal worth and dignity. Large Approbativeness is most serviceable in its restraining and stimulating ministration. Large Destructiveness is a good heritage; under proper control it contributes to activity and achievement. Large Combativeness is a good quality; it contributes courage, boldness, and progression to the character. Large Acquisitiveness, rightly trained, supplements industry with economy and thrift. But such qualities in children need the guidance of a discreet parent. Mismanagement, neglect, easily lead to their perversion and the ruin of a life which otherwise, might have been a splendid success.

JAY GOULD.

HOW HE WORKS THE STREET.

A friend of mine, says a correspondent, had an interview with Jay Gould the other day at his own house, and there are some who may be interested to know how the operator lives, and by what method he works. His house is on Fifth avenue, a corner house, with a bay window nearly opposite the Windsor Hotel—nothing remarkable about it in any way. The door is opened to visitors by an unassally plain and stupid looking Hibernian female, (it is said he dare not have a smart colored man for fear he would learn too much,) and persons whom he meets on confidential terms are invited to the front basement, which is smoking room and office. It is here, in this room, that he transacts business, bears stocks, breaks up combinations, and performs those daring acts which separate him from the mass. In this basement are four telegraph machines, controlling eleven wires, through which he communicates with Wall street with infinitely greater ease than if he was upon the spot. With these wires he can do as much in one hour as he could in Wall street in two days. Besides, he does not dare go into Wall street—his face would be watched by a h